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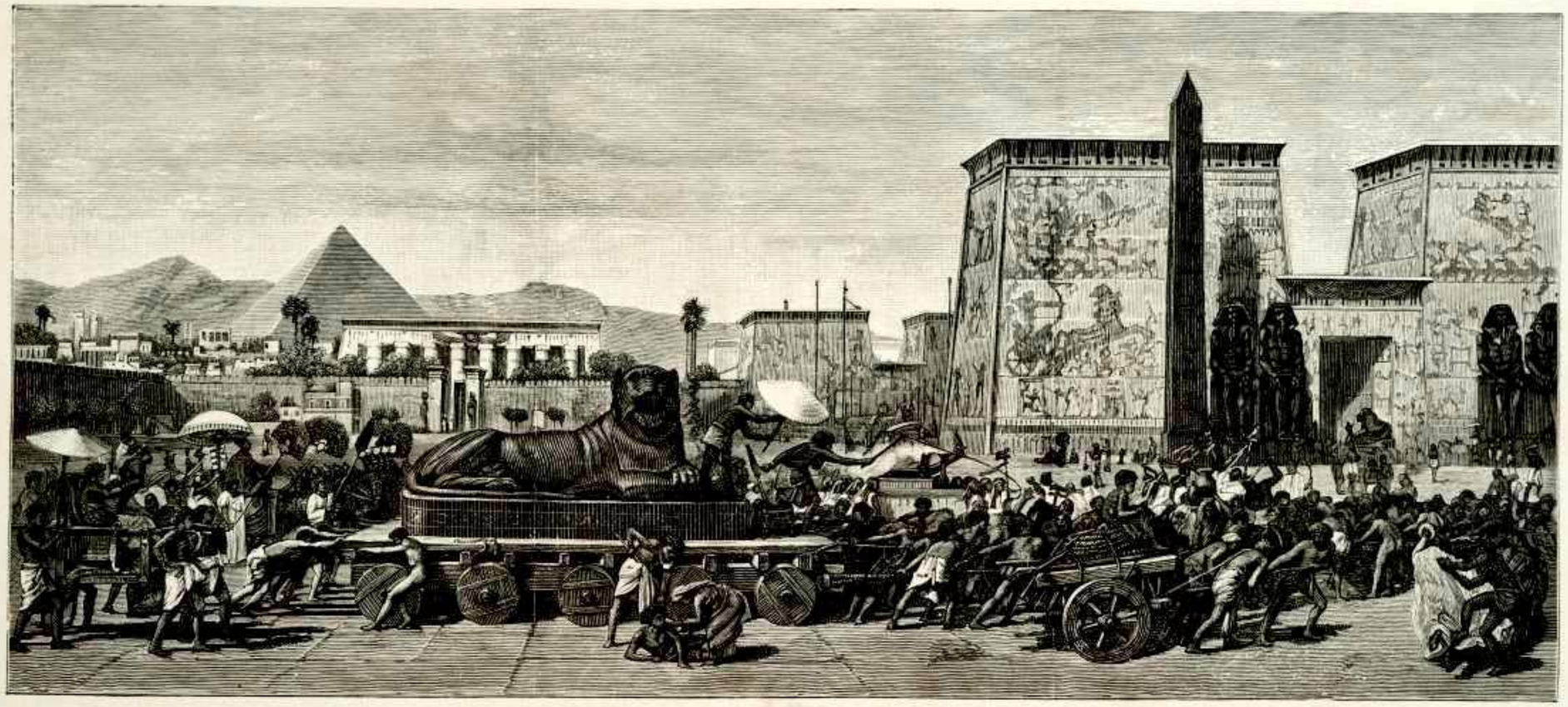
by

Prof. G. EBERS.

Picturesque Egypt

by

Prof. G. Ebers.



ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

From the Picture by E. J. Poynter, R.A. *(By permission of the Autotype Company.)*

EGYPT:

DESCRIPTIVE, HISTORICAL, AND PICTURESQUE.

BY

G. EBERS.

Translated from the Original German

BY

CLARA BELL.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

WHEREIN lies the mysterious attraction which is peculiar to the land of the Pharaohs? Why is it that its name, its history, its natural peculiarities, and its monuments, affect and interest us in a quite different manner from those of the other nations of antiquity?

Not only the learned and cultivated among the inhabitants of the Western world, but every one, high and low, has heard of Egypt and its primeval wonders. The child knows the names of the good and the wicked Pharaoh before it has learnt those of the princes of its own country; and before it has learnt the name of the river that passes through its native town it has heard of the Nile, by whose reedy shore the infant Moses was found in his cradle of rushes by the gentle princess, and from whose waters came up the fat and lean kine. Who has not known from his earliest years the beautiful narrative, which preserves its charms for every age, of the virtuous and prudent Joseph, and heard of the scene of that story—Egypt—the venerated land where the Virgin, in her flight with the Holy Child, found a refuge from His pursuers?

But the Holy Scriptures, which first familiarise us with the land of the Nile

valley, say nothing of its Pyramids and other monuments of human labour, which, apparently constructed to endure for ever, seem as if they were not subject to the universal law of the evanescence of all earthly things. And yet who has not, while yet a child, heard of those monuments, on which the Greeks bestowed the proud name of "Wonders of the World"?

The name "Pyramid" is given to a simple mathematical solid form, which frequently occurs in Nature, and the name was derived from the Egyptian structures which have that form, not *vice versâ*; just as we call any confused and complex arrangement a "Labyrinth," from that magnificent palace, built by Egyptian kings, from whose intricate series of chambers it was difficult to find an issue. Thus, too, "Hieroglyphic" has come to mean any idea veiled by its mysterious mode of exposition—another metaphor derived from the picture-writing of the ancient Egyptians. Every day and every hour, though generally unconsciously, it is true, we have something to do with objects and ideas whose first home was the land of the Pharaohs. The paper on which I write these words owes its name to the Egyptian Papyrus, which was also called Byblos, whence the Greek word Βιβλος and our word Bible. A hundred other current words and ideas might be mentioned whose native land is Egypt, and if it were here possible to go deeper into the matter and to lay bare the very roots of the artistic possessions and learning of the West we should find more and more reason to refer them to Egypt; but we must not in this place linger even at the threshold of this inquiry.

We invite the reader, in these pages, to accompany us to Egypt. Enchanting and quite peculiar it remains to this day, as when Herodotus, the father of history, declared that the valley of the Nile contained more marvels than any other country; and just as the climate of Egypt is exceptional, and the great stream itself differs in character from every other river, so the inhabitants of the land differ in almost every respect from other nationalities, as much in their manners as in their laws.

The Nile with its periodical fertilising overflow, the climate of the country, and many other circumstances, remain just as Herodotus described them, and the lapse of time has had but little effect even to this day in counteracting the influence of the natural peculiarities of Egypt. The customs and laws, it is true, are wholly changed, and only a diligent inquirer can find in those of the present day any relics or records of antiquity.

To the Pharaonic period succeeded the Greek, the Roman, the Christian; and after all these came the dominion of Islam, the unsparing revolutioniser. At the present day a sovereign sits on the throne of Egypt who is striving with success to adapt the forms of European culture to his Mohammedan subjects; but Civilisation, that false and painted daughter of the culture of the West, with her horror of all

individuality and her craving for an ill-considered and monotonous equality, has forced her way into Egypt, and robs the streets and market-places in the villages and towns of the magical charm of their primitive character, sprung of the very soil of the East; she finds her way into the houses, and in place of the old luxurious abundance of space she introduces a meagre utilisation of it; she strips the men of the stately splendour of their flowing robes and decorated weapons; and makes the women covet the scanty draperies and smart clothing of their envied European sisters. The whistle of the steam-engine, as it drives across plain and desert, laughs to scorn the patient strength of the camel and the docile swiftness of the Arab horse; the uniform and arms of the soldiers are made to resemble those of the West more and more. The people's festivals still preserve their peculiar character, but European carriages are beginning to supplant the riding horse, and Egyptian military bands play airs by Wagner and Verdi. In well-appointed Arab houses sofas and cabinets from Europe are taking the place of the divans and beautifully carved or inlaid chests, and coffee is no longer sipped from a "Fingan" of finely chased metal, but from cups of Dresden china. All the stamp and character of the East in great things and small are being more and more destroyed and effaced, and are in danger of vanishing entirely in the course of years.

As yet, however, they have not entirely disappeared; and the artist, as he wanders on through the towns and villages, by streets and houses, under the wide heaven and in the tent, among the magnates and the citizens, the peasants and the sons of the desert, at the solemn occasions of rejoicing or of mourning; as he watches the labours or the repose of the dwellers by the Nile, may still detect forms of antique, various, picturesque, attractive, and characteristic beauty.

Glorious remains of the three great epochs of art—the ancient Egyptian, the Greek, and the Arab—still survive in Egypt. The last, indeed, will endure a little longer; but much of what is most fascinating in the peculiarities of Oriental life will have disappeared within a decade, much even before a lustrum has passed —everything probably by the beginning of the next century.

For this reason the writer of these pages, who knows and loves Egypt well, has with pleasure undertaken the task of collecting all that is most beautiful and venerable, all that is picturesque, characteristic, and attractive, in ancient and modern Egypt, for the enjoyment of his contemporaries and for the edification and delight of a future generation.

Yes! for their delight; for the pictures, which it is his duty to explain in words, are unsurpassed of their kind. Our greatest artists and most perfect connoisseurs of all that the East can offer to the painter's art have produced them

for us, and Egypt is thus displayed not merely as it is, or as it might be represented on the plate of the photographer, but as it is mirrored on the mind of the artist.

In treating of the solemn festivals held by the Cairenes, and of the tales they narrate, Dr. Spitta, of Hildesheim, the librarian to the Khedive, has given much valuable assistance; and Dr. J. Goldhizer, of Buda-Pest, an accomplished and well-known Orientalist, who was himself one of the students in El Azhar, the University of Cairo, has contributed a fine chapter on that centre of Mohammedan life and Mohammedan science in Cairo.

Those who already know Egypt will in these pictures find all that they have seen illuminated by the magic hand of genius; those who hope to visit the Nile valley may learn from these pages what they should see there, and how to see it; and those who are tied to home, but who have a desire to learn something of the venerable sites of antiquity—sacred and profane—of the scene of the "Thousand and one nights," of the art and magic of the East, of the character and life of Orientals, will here find their thirst for knowledge satisfied, and at the same time much to interest them and give them the highest kind of pleasure.

GEORG EBERS.

Leipsic, 1878.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

I have had the advantage of the assistance of Dr. Edward Meyer, long a resident in the East, in the orthography of the Arabic words and names that occur in this Work. The vowels are pronounced as follows:—A as in ant; aw as in jaw; ee as in seen; ey as in whey; i as in sin; oo as in boot; y (consonant) as in yet.



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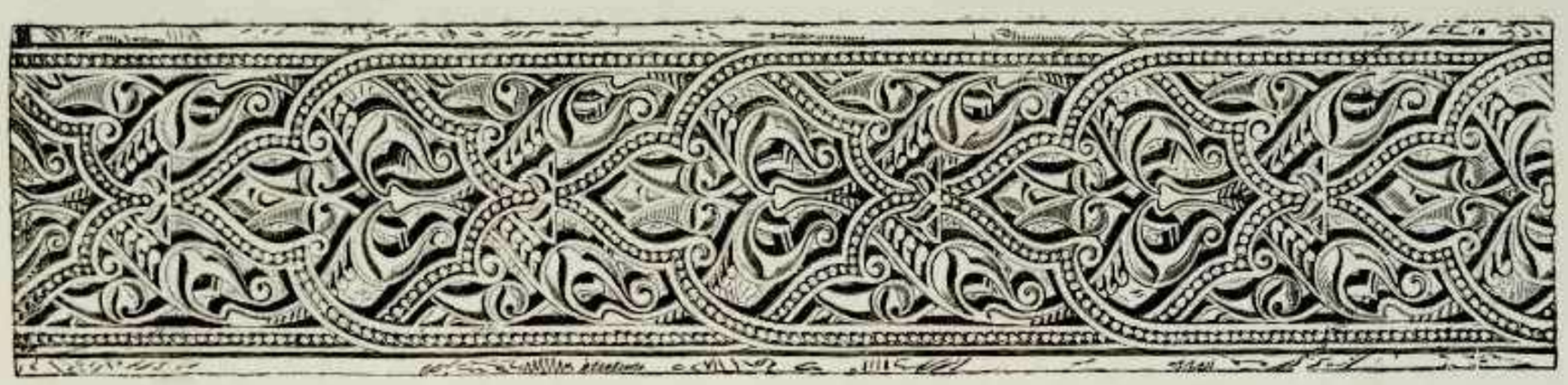
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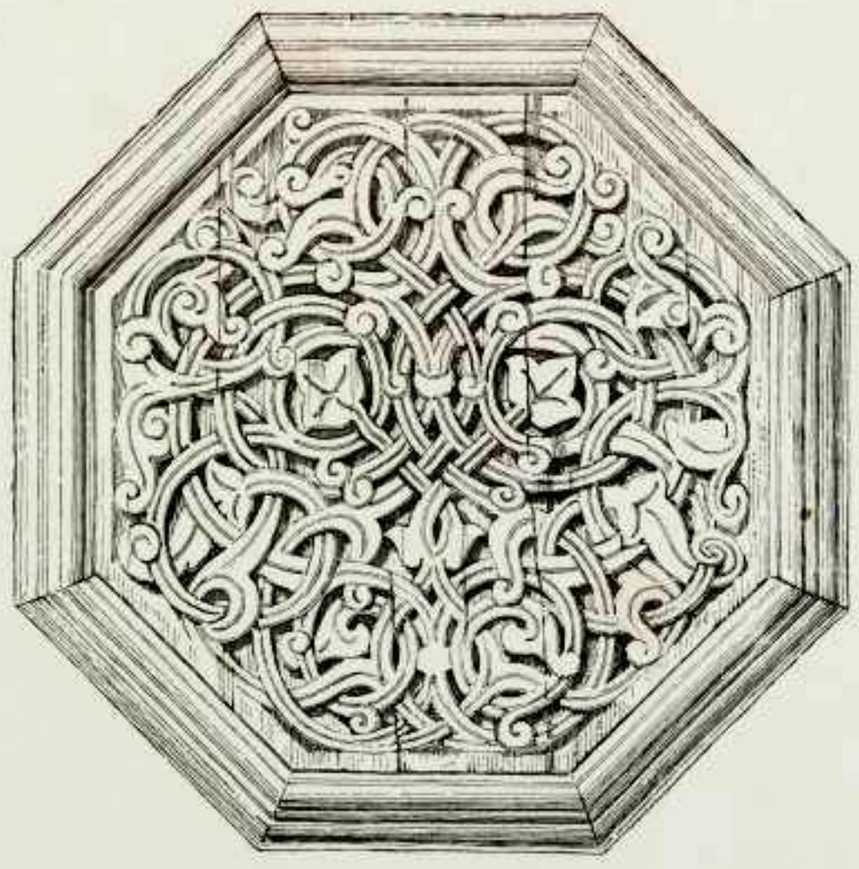
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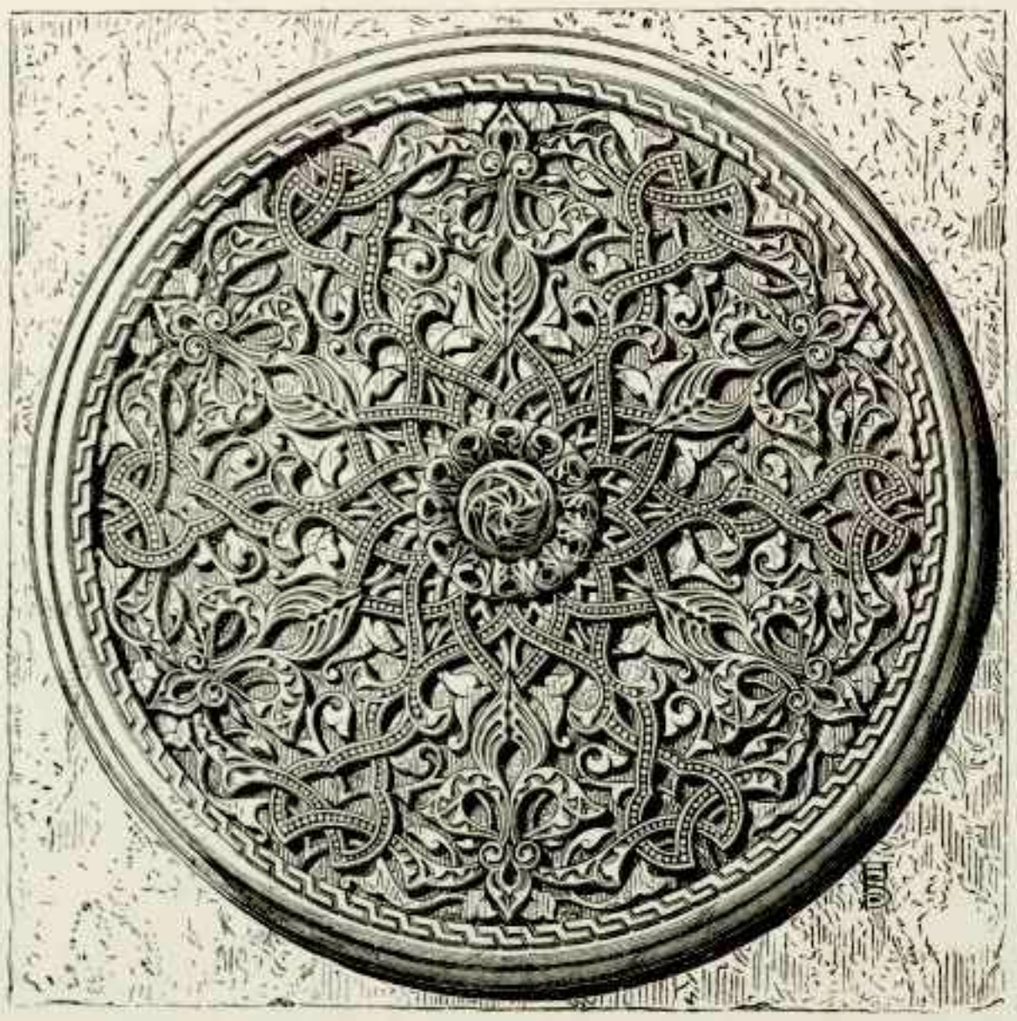
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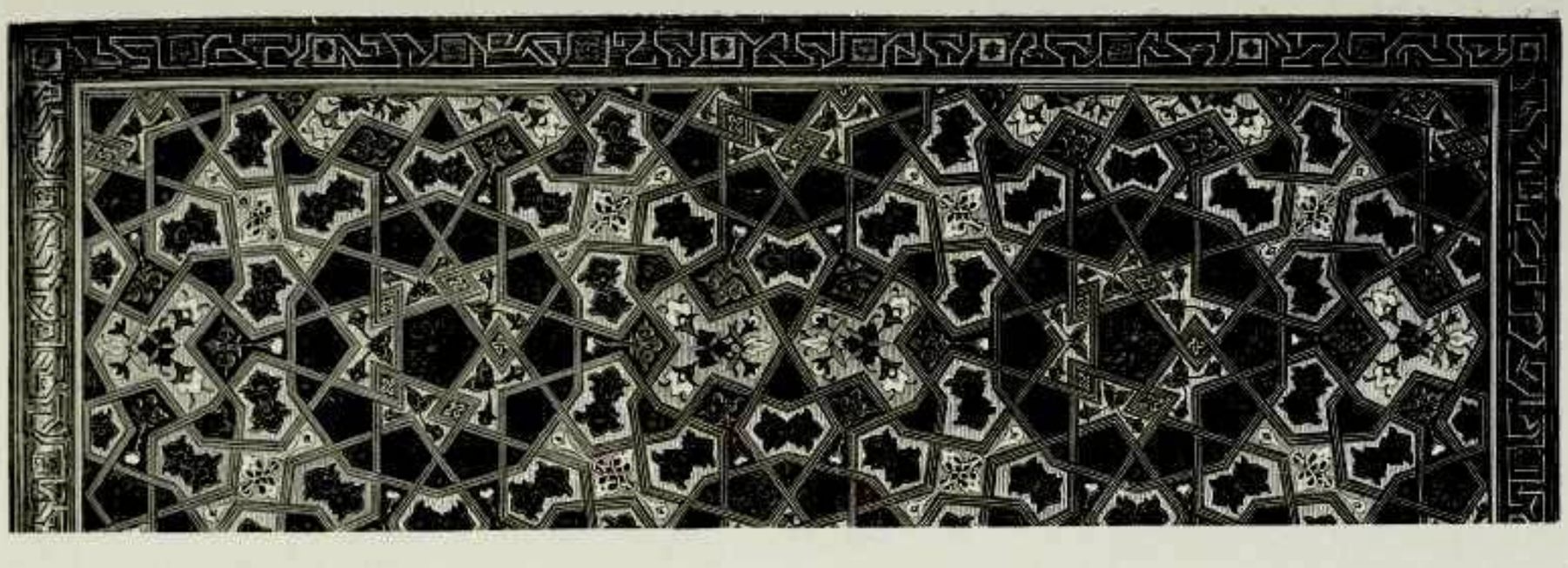
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INTRODUCTION.



HOW often has that wonderful land—the subject of the present work—been visited and described, from the time of Herodotus in the sixth century before Christ to the nineteenth after! What numerous narratives of its history, its monuments, its physical condition, and its political state, have flowed from a thousand pens! How many eyes have scrutinised its remotest nooks, with a view to its condition—past, present, and future! What, after all, is Egypt—the gift of the river, the products of the Nile, the bed of that old serpent of the waters, varying with the change of season, broad in winter, narrow in summer, by turns sheeted with water like a lake, or the slimy dark alluvial of a marsh, or else verdant with vegetation, or yellow with the harvest—the granary of the Old World, the cotton, tobacco, and indigo field of modern times, with its five millions of acres of cultivable land and its four millions and a half of population, with a river of fifteen hundred miles for its highway, at the edge of the Libyan Desert, close to the Red Sea, remote from the Atlantic, bathed on its north coasts by the Mediterranean, clinging to Asia by an isthmus, which, now divided by the thin streak of a canal, makes Africa a gigantic island? Egypt, too—the result of the outpour of the great African lakes—the reservoirs of the tropical rains—with its rainless sky, its tropical climate, has from times remote had the charm of historical recollections—the first cradle of the human race, the earliest

evolution of civilisation, the oldest theatre on which the great drama of mankind was played, with all its shifting scenes and startling incidents. To Egypt also point the arts and sciences as the cradle of their earliest infancy: sculpture, architecture, and painting, there first started forth from small beginnings; literature there began; and religion, the mental bond of civilised communities, there sprang into life, with all its Protean phases of polytheistic forms.

Whence came the first man who trod its alluvial plain? Was he a rude savage, clad with skin, and equipped for the chase with implements of stone, to do battle with the hippopotamus and the crocodile, with which the stream and its estuaries abounded, or to spear the African lion, hunt the howling hyæna, or shoot the countless flocks of birds of the banks of Nile? Came he as a Nigritic wanderer, from Equatorial Africa, from the fringe of the Libyan coast, or from the Semitic races beyond the Suez isthmus? Was he an aboriginal—some type of mankind which, blended with all sorts of races, has melted away and left no representative except some occasional and abnormal form, such as Nature throws out from time to time like a recurrent thought in the cosmic mind, some dim recollection of a vanished past? The long duration of civilisation has cleared away, even from the preserving valley of the Nile, nearly all the evidences of palæothetic ages or neolithic remains, although here and there fragments attest the use of stone prior to the employment of metal, but so rare as to cast shadows of doubt on the existence of prehistoric man.

This Egypt, whose tradition recounts the reign of gods and demi-gods, first gives evidence of its existence by its Pyramids—those tombs of geometric form which prove the highest knowledge of the exactest of the human sciences, raised with wonderful care, and evincing unrivalled knowledge of the principles of construction. They show an enormous population, a long antecedent period of human experience, and a development of technical skill in its way unrivalled at the present day, a combination of profound thought and trained dexterity evolved by motives of intense belief and religious enthusiasm, while at the same time everything necessary to an advanced civilisation marked the period, minute divisions of the religious systems and civil administration, a practical knowledge of all the arts and sciences, without which architectural conceptions would be failures, the conquest of the Arabian peninsula and search for mineral wealth, the subjugation of the South, and the successful extract from its primitive rocks of the granite and basalt required to case the pyramid or mould into sarcophagi, and these blocks transported in vessels of

great size down the river at its highest flood or annual increase, to their destination. Civil and military requirements were met with careful organisation, and the sable races of Egypt's southern border drilled to expel the hostile tribes that infested its adjoining deserts. Since Ebers wrote three more pyramids of the Sakkarah group have been opened, and have revealed, by the details of their long inscriptions, that at the remote period of the VIth Dynasty the religious thought or belief in the circle of gods was as complete as at tne close of its faith, of its polytheism. Pepi or Phiops, Merenra or Haremsaf, and Neferkara or Nephercheres had their costly sepulchres adorned with prayers and formulæ from the myth of Osiris, and direct declaration of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul.

The age of pyramids once past, and Egypt assumes another feature: the arts still improve, architecture rises to a higher conception. The temple surpasses the tomb at the time of the XIIth Dynasty, and the Doric column springs into life. The South is conquered for its gold and slaves; the North is advanced on for its mineral wealth; the Libyan or African wanders, as an itinerant juggler or a mercenary soldier, to Egypt. The Semitic families render obeisance to their Hamitic superiors, and enter Egypt as friends or vassals. The grasp which held the valleys of the Sinaitic peninsula retains it still more tightly, and Egyptian adventurers receive a lordly welcome at the court of Edom. The hereditary nobility are fostered by the Pharaohs of this and the subsequent line. Hydraulic engineering constructs vast reservoirs for irrigation, and the lake Mœris alone marks an era. The Labyrinth and the Obelisk, which attain a world renown, complete the circle of its civilisation, and are imitated by the other races of mankind. Literature still flourishes, religion retains its ancient features. From hence till the XVIIIth Dynasty there is a decline or an eclipse; but in the long interval, and towards its close, a new race of men—the so-called Shos, or Shepherds, Nomads, or Crossers — make their appearance. They seize the Delta, subdue the Egyptians, whom they drive back upon the swarthy Æthiopian. The ethnological relations of the Shepherd races are as obscure as the Egyptians. They resemble in type the Semitic; but some have endeavoured to connect them with the Hittites. Inferior in civilisation to the Egyptians, they adopted Egyptian arts, and their ascendency does not seem to have influenced in any remarkable degree Egyptian civilisation. The religion was also connected, through the god Set, with that of Egypt. At Tanis, their capital, are their remains; and the only distinctive marks of their rule is the appearance of the horse, which, brought from the plains of Asia, had probably contributed to the conquest of the valley of the Nile. Egypt expels the

Shepherds, and a new native dynasty—the XVIIIth—surpasses the glories of those which preceded it. Thothmes III. defeats at Megiddo the combined hosts of Eastern Asia, and marches to the Euphrates. Nineveh and Babylon become his tributaries; and the world known to the Egyptians contributes its united wealth to the treasuries of the Temple of Amen. His sisters had already sent embassies and naval expeditions to the eastern coast of Africa. It is no longer an age of gigantic pyramids, but one of colossal temples. Thebes inflates to overwhelming proportions; stones and temples are piled on one another, and the statue of Amenophis III., lisping to the rising sun, adds another wonder to the list of Egyptian marvels. Subject to vicissitudes, religious animosities impair the extent of empire, the Delta falls into anarchy or foreign hands; but a new dynasty, itself of Semitic origin, wrests back the country, re-conquers Palestine, and breaks the strength of its great rival, the Khita, or supposed Hittites. One heroic figure—Rameses II., the Sesostris of Greek legends—stands out in the fierce glare of historic light. Poems and official inscriptions record his unwonted prowess, and his great battle of Kadesh, on the banks of the Orontes, restores the independence, if not the supremacy, of Egypt. The canal to join the two seas is commenced by his father, a long wall is built to resist the return of Asiatic hordes to Egypt. The Exodus takes place under his successor; and Egypt, now attacked by Libyans and other Mediterranean nations, victorious at the brunt, again relapses to another decadence, to be again restored to its pristine condition. After an intestine struggle, another Rameses III.—equally devoted to the life of the camp and the palace—drives off the invaders. From north and south, east and west, Libyans, Asiatics, Europeans, and negroes are all repelled. Thebes especially, the quarter of Medinat Habu, is embellished and increased. But here end the glories of the line; a long and inglorious suite of feeble successors led to sacerdotal usurpation. Assyria, emerging from its Western struggles, directs its attentions to the East, and in Egypt a dynasty with ambitious views and powerful armies marches its hosts into Palestine, under Shishakh, and pillaged Jerusalem. Henceforth possession of Egypt was alternately disputed. Assyria and Æthiopia, Sabaco and Tirhakah (B.C. 727) appear on the scene, to retreat before the victorious hosts of Nineveh; and when Assyria succumbs to Babylon, Nebuchadnezzar defeats Necho at Carchemish—Necho, who renews the attempt of the canal of Seti, and first endeavours to circumnavigate the continent of Africa. But Babylon has fallen to the Persian Cyrus, and Cambyses conquers Egypt (B.C. 527); the supremacy of Persia, shaken and contested for almost two centuries, is riveted, in B.C. 340, on the country, and the fall of Persia to the Greeks (B.C. 330) ends by the establishment of

the Greek rule of the Ptolemies: the whole civilisation changes—arts, language, and organisations, are Hellenised. It is no longer Memphis or Thebes, but Alexandria, that is the capital; wealth accumulates, but men decay; the religion is not altogether effete, for splendid temples of inferior art are still erected, as evidences of a failing faith. Pedantic disputes and philosophic sophisms replace the mysterious dogmas of the old religion at the Court of the Ptolemies, and one monument alone—the Pharos or Light Tower—marks an addition to the progress of civilisation. The dramatic incidents of the ultimate fall of the Ptolemies, and the final conquest of Egypt by the Romans after the battle of Actium, are the story of a foreign race, and no magnificent ruins attest the Greek rule in Egypt. The Roman sway was a mere continuation of the Greek in its development. A superstitious veneration of Egyptian polytheism repaired or added to some of the older monuments, and built some newer temples, or continued those of the Ptolemies, but arts and sciences declined, and the rise of Christianity was the signal for the neglect or abolition of the devices of Paganism, without adorning the country with monuments of architecture or art, and subtle disputations on points of faith replaced Egyptian culture and Greek philosophy, while monks and hermits meditated in deserts political revolution, or the destruction of ancient edifices, and the Patriarchs of Alexandria consented to the pillage of its temples and its libraries.

But the conquest of Egypt by the Arabs in B.C. 630, although at first attended by destruction and disaster—owing to the religious fanaticism of the Mohammedan victors—gave an entirely new phase to the arts and sciences; and if sculpture disappeared, architecture took a new development. Manners, customs, and civil organisation, were all remodelled or absolutely changed. Under the Abbaside khalifs in the eighth century A.D. it had attained the highest grandeur during the reign of Haroun-er-Rashid, and continued still to develop under the rule of the Touloonide and Fatimite khalifs. The present work illustrates all this in the most striking manner, and exhibits all the peculiarities of Arab life and art—the marked influence in architecture which the pointed arch, in metallic products the damascened or inlaid work, in pottery the brilliant glazes, in the woof the embroidered garments, and in design the fantastic and interlaced patterns—exercised on the material civilisation of the West. The age of the khalifs was an age alike of poetry and romance, of enormous wealth and capricious prodigality to favourites, poets, and musicians, intermingled with vain ostentation, love of learning, and public oppression, which preceded the arrival of the Crusaders in the East, and their entrance into Egypt

in A.D. 1217. These warriors, however, left no memorial more important of their advent than a rare and insignificant coinage struck at Damietta. This was, however, the age of Saladin, Richard Cœur de Lion, and Louis the Saint of France, and the termination of a vain enterprise of a rival fanaticism. The Sultans of the different dynasties have left, however, behind them magnificent mosques and splendid sepulchres, fallen into neglect and destined to ruin unless the interposition of public sentiment in Europe demands that they shall be preserved. The Turkish rule in Egypt, which began in the sixteenth century, had no great influence on the country, and collapsed under the rival intrigues of the Mamelukes and the Porte, but the French Expedition in 1798 renewed the old acquaintance with Egypt, which had been much impaired and almost lost since the first Crusade. For the conquest of Egypt by the French under Napoleon, the enlightened administration and scientific inquiry which accompanied the arms of France opened the eyes of Europe to the vast interest revealed by the oldest centre of human civilisation. All the ancient remains of Egypt were studied; those apparently most important were correctly engraved, and, for the first time, accompanied by scientific descriptions.

The French Expedition discovered the trilingual inscription known as the Rosetta Stone—the key to the interpretation of the hieroglyphs—and this monument enabled Young and Champollion to decipher and interpret the lost language of ancient Egypt, which, up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, had been laid aside as a problem apparently hopeless to solve, or taken up as a toy for the amusement of pedantry. The solution of the question in its fullest details by Champollion is one of the great literary discoveries of the century, and, when accomplished, astonishment and delight possessed all inquirers not inveterate in error or malignant by design, and a new charm pervaded every inscription, for the meaning, the age, and the object of which had been previously obscure, was rendered intelligible and plain. Religious history, manners, and customs, all were illustrated in a novel and surprising manner; the very walls, hitherto inarticulate, appeared to be endowed with speech. Stores of information contained in the various texts on the monuments, —mythological, historical, or explanatory—the speech of the noble and the exclamations and replies of slaves and peasants, were revealed. The papyri relating to the mythology, or the ritual to the funeral ceremonies, hymns to the gods, historical documents of all kinds, lists of monarchs, the epic poems of Pentaur in honour of Rameses II., the record of the donations of Rameses III. to the principal shrines of Egypt, an extensive literature and correspondence of scribes during the XIXth

Dynasty, and earlier treatises on ethics, even works of fiction, sales, marriage contracts, and accounts, have, in consequence of the discovery, stood exposed to the eye, and form a new and extensive literature.* How much the charm of Ebers' work is enhanced by his deep acquaintance, not only with the monuments and works of art, but with their interpretation of them, and with all that has been said or written on the subject!

The modern period, from the ascension of Mohammed Ali in 1811, after the destruction of the Mamelukes, is distinguished by the plans of that ruler for the civilisation of the country on the European model, and the efforts of his successors to improve its prospects and attractions by excavations of the principal ruins, and the preservation of its antiquities by Saïd Pasha; the completion of the Suez Canal by Ismail Pasha, in 1869; the grand scheme of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps; and the extension of the limits of the country on its southern confines. The administration of its finances, and the consequent improvement of the country by the joint action of France and England, close the history of a period of nearly seven thousand years.

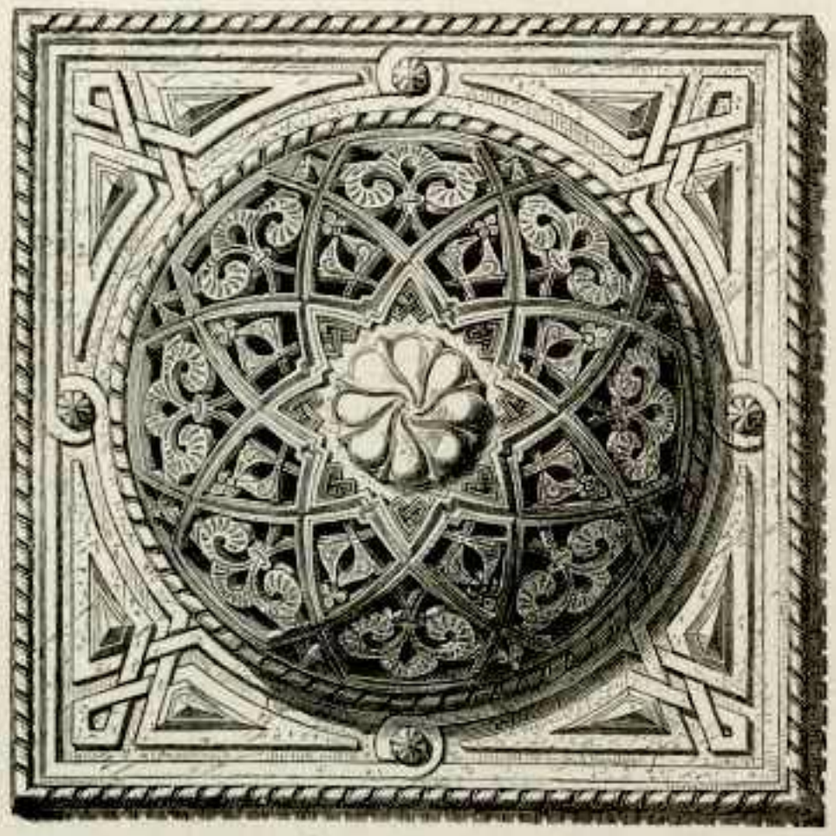
The modern Egyptians, the manners and customs of the different races, have been already described by Lane, Poole, Whately, Audouard, Goltz, Klunzinger, Zincke, and innumerable authors and travellers; and the personal experiences of Professor Ebers, besides his extensive knowledge of the principal authors in Arabic literature, have been added to the labours and remarks of his predecessors. His discovery of the ancient medical treatise of the old Pharaonic period, written in Hieratic, known as the Papyrus Ebers, and his scientific and philological works on Egypt and the books of Moses, hieroglyphical system of writing, in the "Zeitschrift fur Ægyptische Sprache" of Berlin, attest his researches into old Egypt; and his successful novels, "An Egyptian Princess," besides "Homo Sum," "Uarda," and "The Sisters," published in 1870, prove the power he possessed of popularising a subject hitherto deemed recondite. In the present work is the latest account of the Egyptians, for whom there will probably be a more brilliant future as civilisation advances, and more correct principles of political economy, and the importance of European civilisation as a means of political

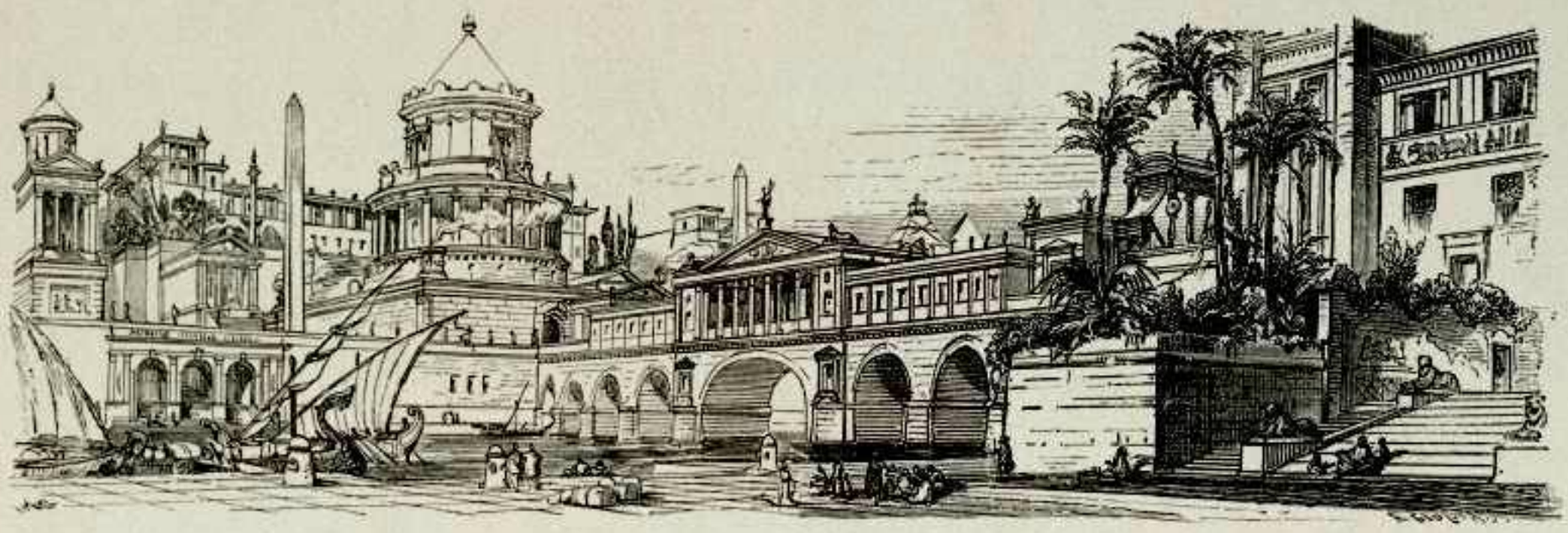
* The archæological discoveries of Egypt are by no means exhausted, for quite lately the tombs of the monarchs of the XXIst dynasty accidentally revealed at Thebes, with thirty-nine mummies and their coffins, comprising kings of the XVIIth and XVIIIth and XIXth dynasties, and the remains of the great Thothmes III., and the heroic Rameses II., or Sesostris, and the sacerdotal monarchs of the XXIst line, with their papyri and other objects, receive illustration from the labours of Champollion.

regeneration, become diffused in the far East. The interest offered by modern Egypt from all points of view, the comparison of its past and present condition, the striking difference between them and European costume and custom, receive a striking illustration from the aid afforded by photography and engraving, which give precision to descriptions however brilliantly animated or severely exact; and although Egypt, like the rest of the East, is intensely conservative, gradual change still insinuates itself, though rapid improvement lingers on its path.

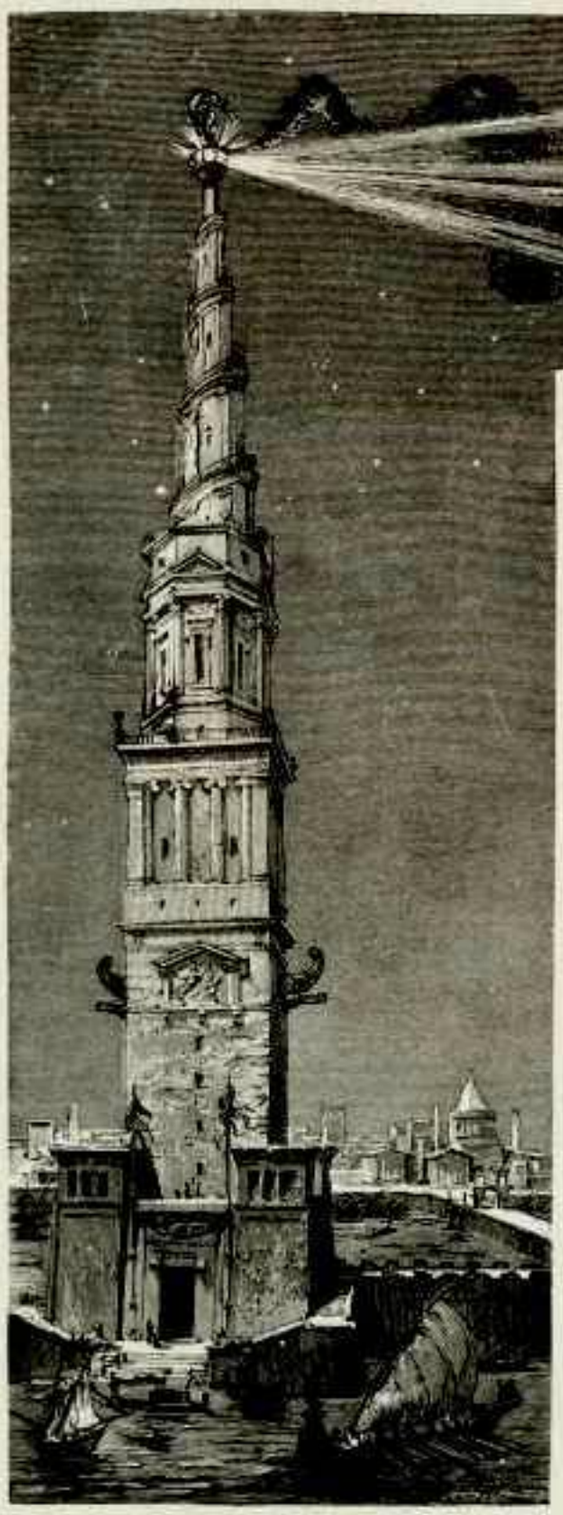
It has been necessary in the English edition to add occasional notes to guide the reader as to the dates and other facts mentioned in the German text, which will thus receive illustration of points which might otherwise appear obscure; for although Egyptian chronology has been long debatable ground, and opinions on the remotest period vary to the extent of at least one-third of the whole chronology, history without some chronological indications presents only a hazy succession of events to the mind. In all cases, however, a probable date has been given, and even at the remotest period of the vast antiquity of the age of Pyramids the most recent discoveries tend to show the hoar antiquity and great age of these monuments, already preceded by a long duration of civilised human life and knowledge of arts and sciences. The importance of Egypt, both past and present, increases daily in the minds of Europe, as well as the conviction that it rivals with Greece and Rome, and shares with Assyria and Babylonia, the claims of attention to the past and future of the present day.

S. BIRCH.





ANCIENT ALEXANDRIA.



PHAROS IN ANCIENT ALEXANDRIA.

WHOEVER arrives in Egypt, be he a native of the North or of the West, must first set foot on the soil of Alexandria. Weary of the long sea-voyage and of all the novel pictures that meet his eye in this strange quarter of the world, he retires to his night's rest, and closes his eyes to think of home.

Suddenly, a clear resounding song breaks the silence of the night; it is the Muezzin's call to prayer—the bell's chime of the East—nature having bestowed on man a tongue and tone fitted to rouse a response in the heart of every hearer.

The Muezzin sings out his benediction over the sleeping city in deep long-drawn tones. "Prayer is better than sleep," he cries to the sleepless; and his voice rises to its highest pitch when he shouts with three-fold iteration: "There is no God but God!" or "Allah, Allah, Allah!" as introductory to a beautiful prayer.

Before rising from bed to make acquaintance with the Alexandria of to-day—the half-European threshold of the Nile valley—let us turn our minds to the past, and attempt in some degree to depict to ourselves the great Græco-Egyptian city, the most celebrated spot of later antiquity.

Alexandria, one of the youngest cities of the ancient world, was at the same time the largest and the most brilliant. The rate of its increase in extent, population, and commerce was in no way behind that of the greatest cities of the New World; and as regards the rapid development of the higher gifts of humanity—

the arts and sciences—no American city even can offer anything approaching a parallel example.

Was it to its happily chosen situation that this great centre of learning and commerce owed its marvellously rapid growth? This is hardly evident at a first glance.

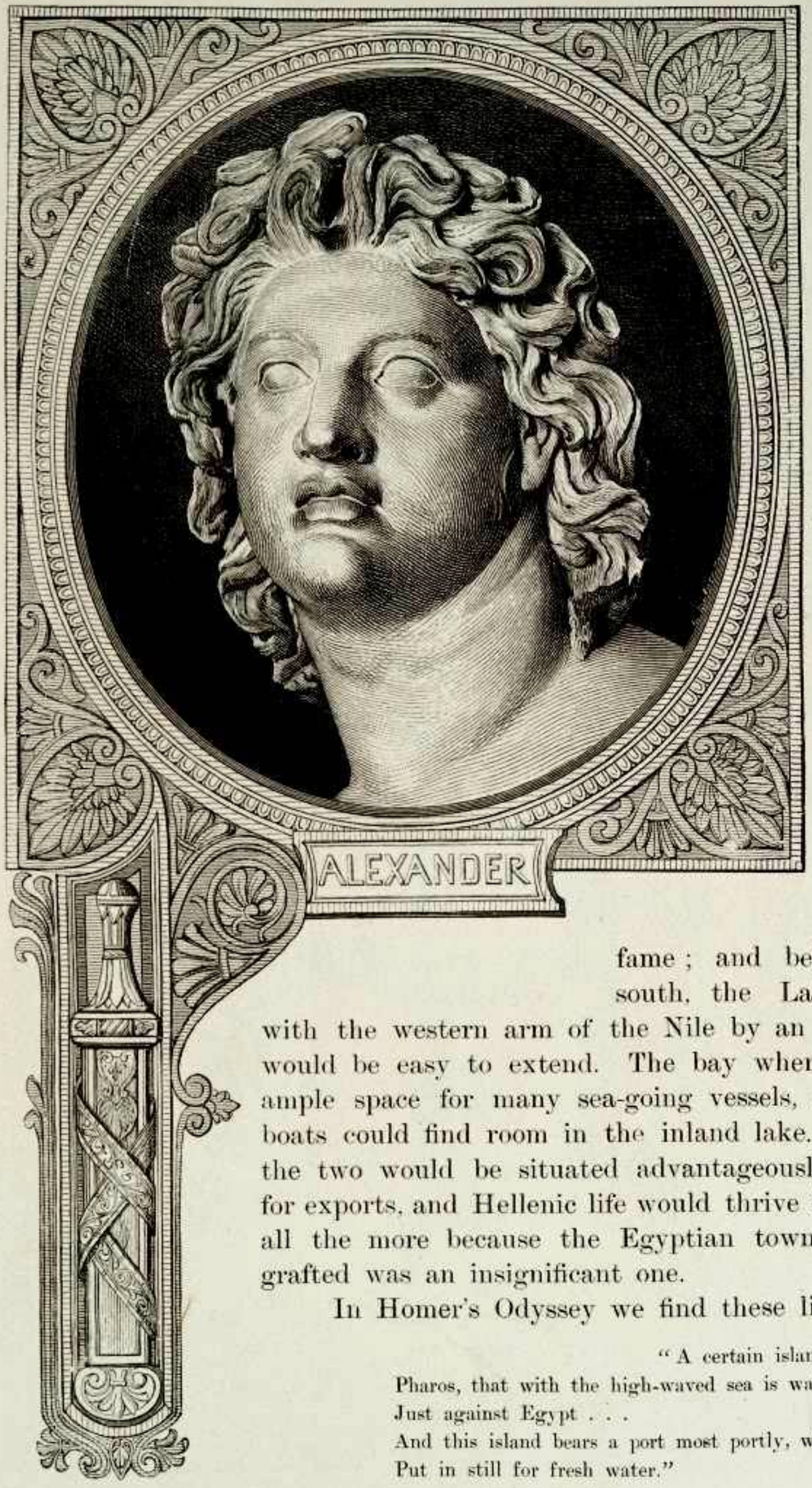
The northern coast of Egypt is flat, uniform, and unlovely, and though the waves of the Mediterranean sparkle in the sunshine in the harbour of Alexandria no less blue than on the orange-scented shores of Sorrento, or in the sunny bay of Malaga, they here break on many and dangerous rocks. In spite of the far-gleaming beacon of the Pharos of Ras-et-Teen, no vessel at the present day can enter the harbour of Alexandria by night.

An artificial canal begun by Mohammed Ali, the founder of the Vice-regal house, and named after the then reigning sultan the Mahmoudeeyeh Canal, washes the city precincts—but it is no branch of the Nile—and yields drinking water which could not be otherwise procured by digging wells, for from the soil of Egypt only salt springs rise. The coast in the vicinity of Alexandria, during the winter months, is beaten by storms of wind and rain; and the sky, whose pure azure is, at Cairo, rarely veiled, and then only by clouds that are dispersed in passing showers, is not less often obscured at Alexandria than in the peninsulas of southern Europe. Besides these drawbacks, the spot chosen by Alexander to be the site of a mart where the riches of Egypt might be exchanged for the treasures and marvels of the Indies, was at the extreme north-west of the Delta, equally remote from the Red Sea and from the high-road of the caravans by which Egypt and Syria held communication.

Nevertheless, the site selected by the genius and penetration of Alexander was the only one in Egypt which combined all the conditions indispensable to such a metropolis as he dreamed of, and such as, in fact, arose in fulfilment of his purpose.

A great Græco-Egyptian city, according to his idea, was to fill a double function; first, its harbour was to be a central mart both for the produce of the Nile valley and for goods imported from the south by way of the Red Sea, and these wares were to be dispersed throughout the world by the Greek merchants; while, in the second place, all the beauty of Hellenic life and culture in the new emporium was to be brought to bear upon Egypt. He had found the ancient realm of the Pharaohs still and stark as its mummied dead; in Alexandria the genius of the Greek was to find a new home, to release Egypt from the bonds of centuries, and to transform the barbarian nations of the Nile country, making them a controllable member of that mighty body of universal Greek dominion, which was the end he had proposed to himself as the goal of his heroic course.

On the eastern Egyptian coast lay the ancient harbours of Pelusium and Tanis on arms of the mouths of the Nile. He selected neither of these for the site of the new Greek city; for it did not escape his observant eye, or that of the scientific men who accompanied his armies, that the current of the Mediterranean bathing the Egyptian coast sets from west to east; and that, by carrying the alluvial earth annually brought down by the inundations of the Nile constantly eastward, it was destroying the harbours to the east of the delta.



How just was his foresight has since been proved; for at the present day, while thousands of ships crowd the quays of Alexandria, the ports of older fame—Pelusium and Ascalon, Tyre and Sidon—are choked by alluvial deposits, barred and useless.

In the year 332 B.C., Alexander laid the foundation of the new city, encouraged to the great work by dreams and omens which promised it a glorious future.

Directly opposite to the Egyptian port of Rhacotis to the north, close to the coast, lay the island of Pharos, of ancient fame; and behind the town, to the south, the Lake Mareotis, connected with the western arm of the Nile by an artificial canal which it would be easy to extend. The bay where the island lay offered ample space for many sea-going vessels, and thousands of Nile-boats could find room in the inland lake. A city rising between the two would be situated advantageously alike for imports and for exports, and Hellenic life would thrive and flourish unhindered; all the more because the Egyptian town on which it would be grafted was an insignificant one.

In Homer's Odyssey we find these lines:—

"A certain island call'd
Pharos, that with the high-waved sea is wall'd,
Just against Egypt . . .
And this island bears a port most portly, where sea-passengers
Put in still for fresh water."

CHAPMAN.

These lines, it is said, were heard by the sleeping Alexander at Rhacotis, uttered by a venerable old man who appeared to him in a dream.

Orders were given for the measurement of the ground and foundations, and the architect Dinocrates was commissioned to prepare a plan. This took the form of a Greek *peplum*, or of a fan, and the work of indicating the direction to be followed by the roads, and the extent of the market-places, was begun by strewing white earth on the level ground. The supply of this material falling short, it was supplemented by the assistants of the architect taking the meal which had been provided in abundance for the labourers. The legend goes on to say that hardly had this been sprinkled on the soil when numbers of birds came flying down to feed on the welcome supply of food. Alexander hailed the appearance of these feathered guests as a favourable omen, signifying the rapid prosperity and future wealth of the city.

And in truth, as birds fly to corn, so, from all Hellas, enterprising immigrants soon



RUINS OF THE CITY WALL OF ALEXANDRIA.

came streaming in; merchants and fugitives from Syria and Judæa, labourers and dealers from Egypt crowded to the new mart; and Alexander's distinguished general Ptolemy, the son of Lagus—who received the surname of Soter, or the preserver—fixed his magnificent residence there, first as governor[1] and then as king.[2] His talented successors, Philadelphus[3] and Euergetes,[4] not only did their utmost to promote the external power of Egypt, as well as its wealth and commerce, but strove eagerly to concentrate in Alexandria the culture and genius of their time; so that the learned men of the East and West crowded to the city, and learning and commerce vied with each other in the splendour of their bloom.

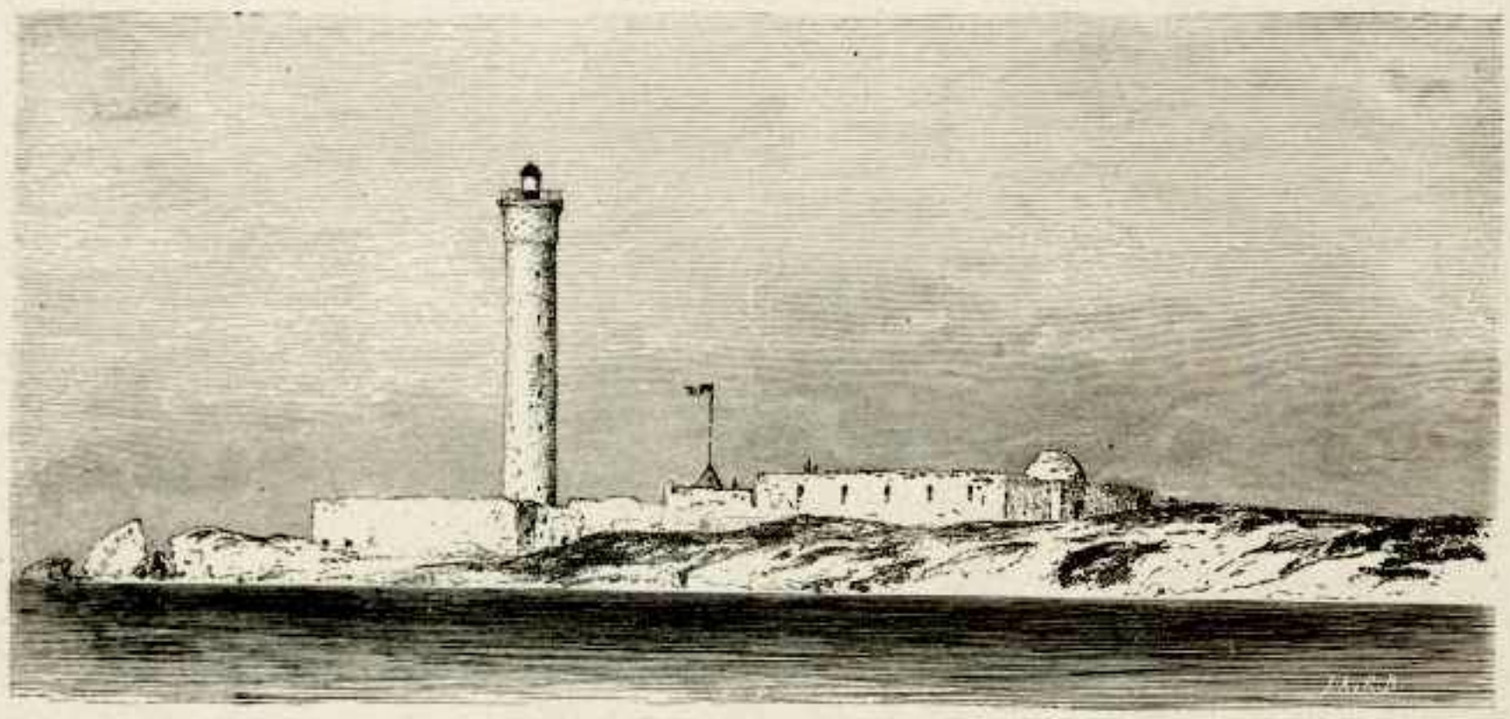
There is no city of antiquity of which we have such abundant records, and yet of which so few recognisable remains are left as of Alexandria. In vain we seek for an island opposite the city, although the little islet of Pharos does in fact still exist. The Ptolemies connected it with the mainland by a mole of quarried stone; and this huge mass of masonry was called the *Hepta-stadion*, from measuring seven *stadia*[5] in length. It contained the aqueduct by which the island was supplied with water,

[1] B.C. 324. [2] B.C. 305. [3] B.C. 284. [4] B.C. 247. [5] About 1,410 yards, or $\frac{7}{8}$ of a mile.



THE MUEZZIN'S CALL TO PRAYER.

and divided the harbour into two basins, which still exist. The Eastern, or New Harbour, which is no longer used, was in ancient times called the Great Harbour; the Western basin, in which the traveller from Europe disembarks, and which is being greatly extended by the Viceroy of Egypt, is now known as the Old Harbour, and in the time of the Greeks was called the Harbour of Eunostus, as it would seem after the son-in-law of Ptolemy Soter and Thais; this name, meaning "good return," survived for a long period. The two communicated by channels that were bridged over; they have long since been closed up by mud and detritus, and a broad tongue of land has been formed by the falling in of the piers of the bridges erected by the hand of man, and by the pebbles and ruins flung upon them by the waves, supplemented by artificial



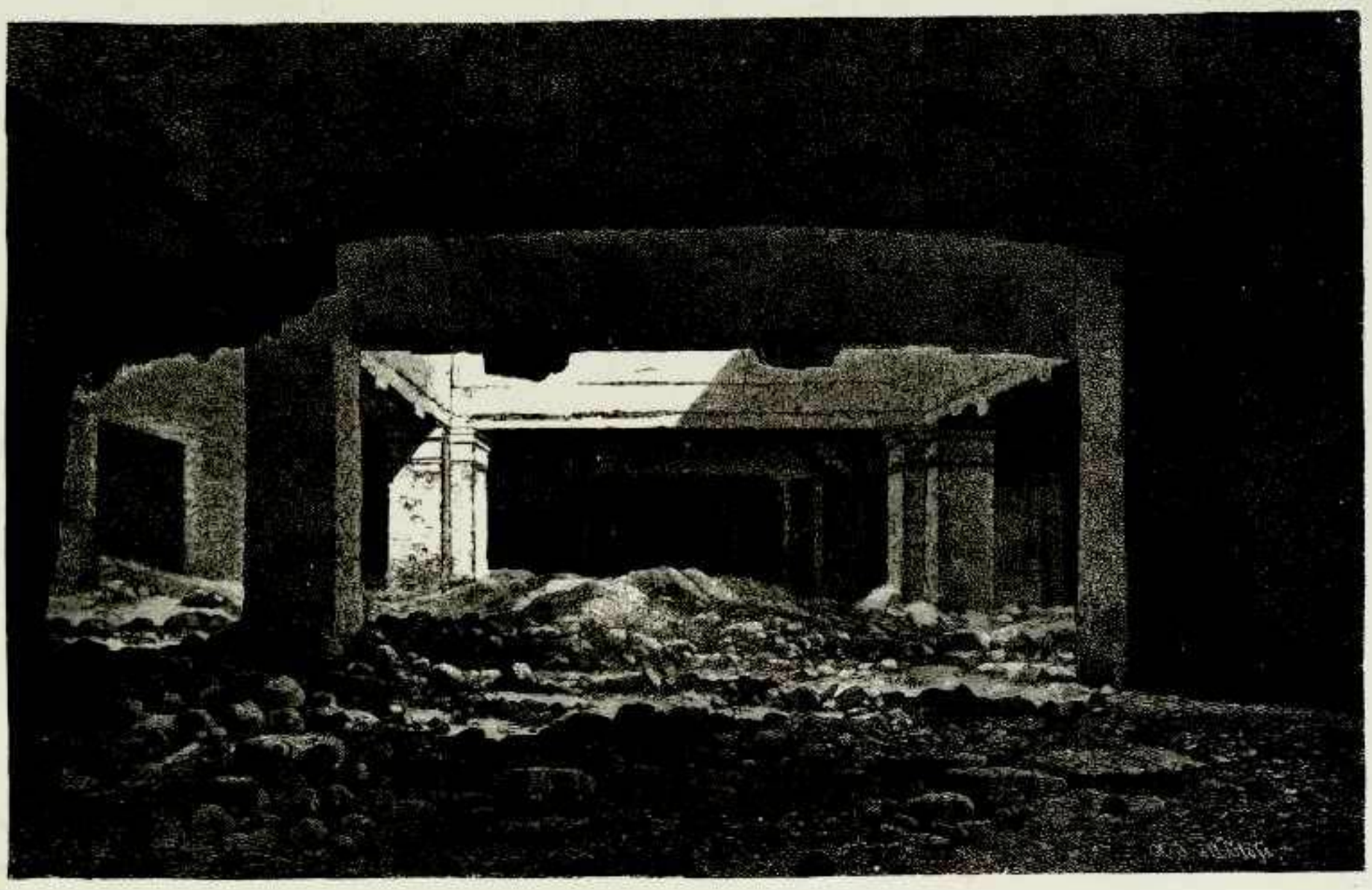
MODERN LIGHTHOUSE AT ALEXANDRIA.

additions. Many houses of the modern Alexandrians stand on the ancient Heptastadion, and its soil is the first to be trodden by the newly-arrived stranger; for the largest of the western steamships cast anchor by its eastern quay.

The Pharos island now forms its northern point; it still bears a lighthouse, but this stands at the western angle, while the old renowned structure of Sostratus—which from its site was named "*the* Pharos," and from which we to this day call a lighthouse a Pharos—stood at the opposite end of the island. It served to show the way into the rocky harbour, and was reckoned one of the most remarkable wonders of Alexandria and of the ancient world. It surpassed even the Pyramid of Cheops in height; but, thanks to the advanced state of science in our day, the light of the present lower tower shines out farther into the night than the beacon-fire which flared from the summit of its predecessor. Ptolemy Philadelphus caused it to be constructed of white marble by Sostratus of Cnidus, and he dedicated it to his deified parents. The famous architect carved his name, with an inscription, in the stone at the top of the tower. Over this, it is said, he spread plaster, and wrote on that the name of the royal builder or architect, so that when the more fragile material should have perished his own name might be read by future generations.

Let us now return to the mainland and seek the traces of the principal quarters, streets, and public buildings of the city.

By far the most magnificent portion was the *Bruchium*,[1] bathed by the waters of the Great Harbour, and adjoining the oldest part of the city, namely, the original fishing port of Rhacotis. This old quarter was always the residence chiefly of Egyptians; and, as in all Egyptian cities, on its western side lay its "City of the Dead." For, as the sun after its day's course sinks in the west, so the soul, after its life's course, found its rest there where spread the desert inimical to all life, and where the realm of death was supposed to lie. The colonists, following the example of the



CATACOMBS IN ALEXANDRIA.

Egyptians, interred their dead there too, until late Christian times; and the traveller who at this day visits the neighbourhood of Pompey's Pillar, and wanders westward along the sea-shore, will come upon tombs hewn in the rock, and farther inland will find catacombs of considerable extent. Even in Alexandria the native Egyptian citizens had their dead embalmed, while the Greeks adhered to their national custom of cremation.

In the eastern part of the Bruchium dwelt the Jews; they had their own quarter, kept up but a slight connection with their brethren in Palestine, and at some periods exceeded in wealth and influence all the rest of the population, though at other times they suffered severely, and not altogether without fault on their part.

[1] The name of this quarter has been given by different classical authorities as Bruchion, Bruchium, Proucheium, and Puroucheion. Its name is supposed to mean the granary or height.

These quarters were connected by a maze of streets, in which riders and vehicles could move with comfort; they debouched on two main thoroughfares that crossed each other. The longer of these, running south-west and north-east, went from the City of the Dead to the Jews' quarter, and ended, eastwards, at the Canopic Gate—the Rosetta Gate of the present day; the other, cutting it at a right angle, led to the two gates of the Sun and Moon, and a layer of mould which has lately been discovered mingled with the pavement seems to indicate that both roads were ornamented with plantations. They must have been unusually broad and handsome. The vehicles of the rich, the loaded waggons, and the lordly processions on horseback which entered the city from the Hippodrome by the Canopic Gate, found ample room on the paved way of square granite, forty mètres[1] broad; and when the sun was blazing hot, or when violent storms of rain fell, the pedestrian found shelter, for the wide side-paths were overarched by colonnades.



GROUP AMONG THE RUINS OF ANCIENT ALEXANDRIA.

The gates of the Sun and Moon have vanished, the colonnades are overthrown, and recent layers of soil overlie the ancient pavement; however, the aqueducts under that pavement were, a few years ago, restored to their original purpose. Little remains of the houses of the inhabitants; yet the inquirer, if he quits the quarter occupied by the well-to-do Europeans, and betakes himself to the more modest Egyptian quarter on the western side of the city, and follows the line of the coast, or, passing through the Canopic Gate (the Rosetta Gate), walks across the open country, may come across many traces of ancient houses and public buildings. He has only to look round him. It is certainly vain to expect to discover monuments of any particular artistic merit; but he will find tanks of very early structure, traces of the foundation-walls of temples and palaces, thresholds, door-posts, and architraves in marble; in the mosques beautifully carved pillars from the Greek sanctuaries; a stone sarcophagus serving as a trough from which an ass quenches his thirst; the shaft of a pillar on which some Arab mother sits nursing her child, or which lies before a doorway, half covered with sand and overgrown with the herbs of the desert. The daily traffic of the Alexandrians was from the inner harbour by the Lake Mareotis to the sea and back again; on high festival days they betook themselves principally by the larger streets to the Bruchium. Here stood the Palaces of the kings with the Museum

[1] About 136 feet.

and its library, the noblest temples of the Greek gods, the Mausoleum called the *Soma*, containing the body of Alexander the Great, the circus and the theatre, the gymnasium, the Hippodrome with its winding course, and many other public buildings to which the principal officials, the learned and the artists, the freeborn youth, and the pleasure-seeking crowd constantly flocked.

Theocritus[1] has given us a picture of the crowd on the day of the festival of Adonis, which two women—intimate acquaintance, and wives of citizens of Syracuse settled in Alexandria—have gone to assist at together. Gorgo and Praxinoa[2] behave under the circumstances exactly as if they had been born in the nineteenth century after Christ instead of in the third century before.



Gorgo appears and Praxinoa orders her maid-servant:—

"Quick, Eunoa, find a chair,
And fling a cushion on it."

When Gorgo has taken her place and recovered her breath, she sighs out—

"Oh what a thing is spirit! Here I am,
Praxinoa, safe at last from all that crowd
And all those chariots——every street a mass
Of boots and soldiers' jackets. Oh! the road
Seemed endless, and you live so far away."

Praxinoa laments over her "odious pest of a husband" who has taken this dwelling at the end of the world (probably near the Gate of the Sun). Gorgo warns her not, in her child's presence, to speak thus of its father, and Praxinoa calls out to the boy:—

"There, baby sweet, I never meant papa."

But the small citizen is too sharp, and his "aunt" Gorgo says:—

"It understands, by 'r lady![3] dear papa!"

At last Praxinoa has completed her toilet with the help of the maid, who does not get through the business without a scolding, and Gorgo exclaims:—

"My dear, that full pelisse becomes you well.
What did it stand you in, straight off the loom?"

[1] Idyll 15. [2] As they speak in Doric their names are spelled so, instead of Praxinoe, Eunoe. [3] Proserpine.



EGYPTIAN WOMEN DRAWING WATER.

To which her friend replies :—

"Don't ask me, Gorgo; two good pounds[1] and more;
Then I gave all my mind to trimming it."

The smart lady then has her mantle thrown round her, her sun-shade elegantly put up, and when all is done she gives the child in charge of the nurse, desires her to call in the dog and to lock the door, and then hurries off with her friend, down the road towards the royal palace on the Bruchium. They get through the crowd unharmed as far as the palace gate, but there the mob and confusion are much greater, and Praxinoa cries out :—

"Your hand please, Gorgo. Eunoa, you
Hold Eutychis—hold tight or you'll be lost.
We'll enter in a body—hold us fast!
Oh! dear, my muslin[2] gown is torn in two,
Gorgo, already! Pray, good gentleman,
(And happiness be yours) respect my robe."

The gentleman appealed to is gallant, and when they have reached their destination Eunoa says, laughing :—

"We're all in now,
As quoth the goodman, and shut out his wife."

We will follow the Syracusan ladies to the Bruchium and the king's palaces, which stood on the eastern side of the harbour, and eastward of the spot where Cleopatra's Needle lately stood, southwards from the peninsula of Lochias, which, however, can now hardly be recognised. Magnificent gardens surrounded the palaces of the Ptolemies, and adjoining them stood the most celebrated of all the institutions founded by the dynasty of the Lagidæ, the Museum with its library. If the Syracusan ladies had in fact come from the neighbourhood of the Gate of the Sun, they must have crossed the market-place, and thence have followed the Canopic way a little to the east; then they would have turned to the left by a side street, have passed the huge Circus of the amphitheatre—where tickets and programmes of the games to be performed would be offered them for sale, and horn or ivory passes for the performances at the festival. But Gorgo and Praxinoa resisted the temptation, and did not rest till they reached the grove of trees which was planted on the top of the artificial mound of Soma, the Mausoleum of Alexander.

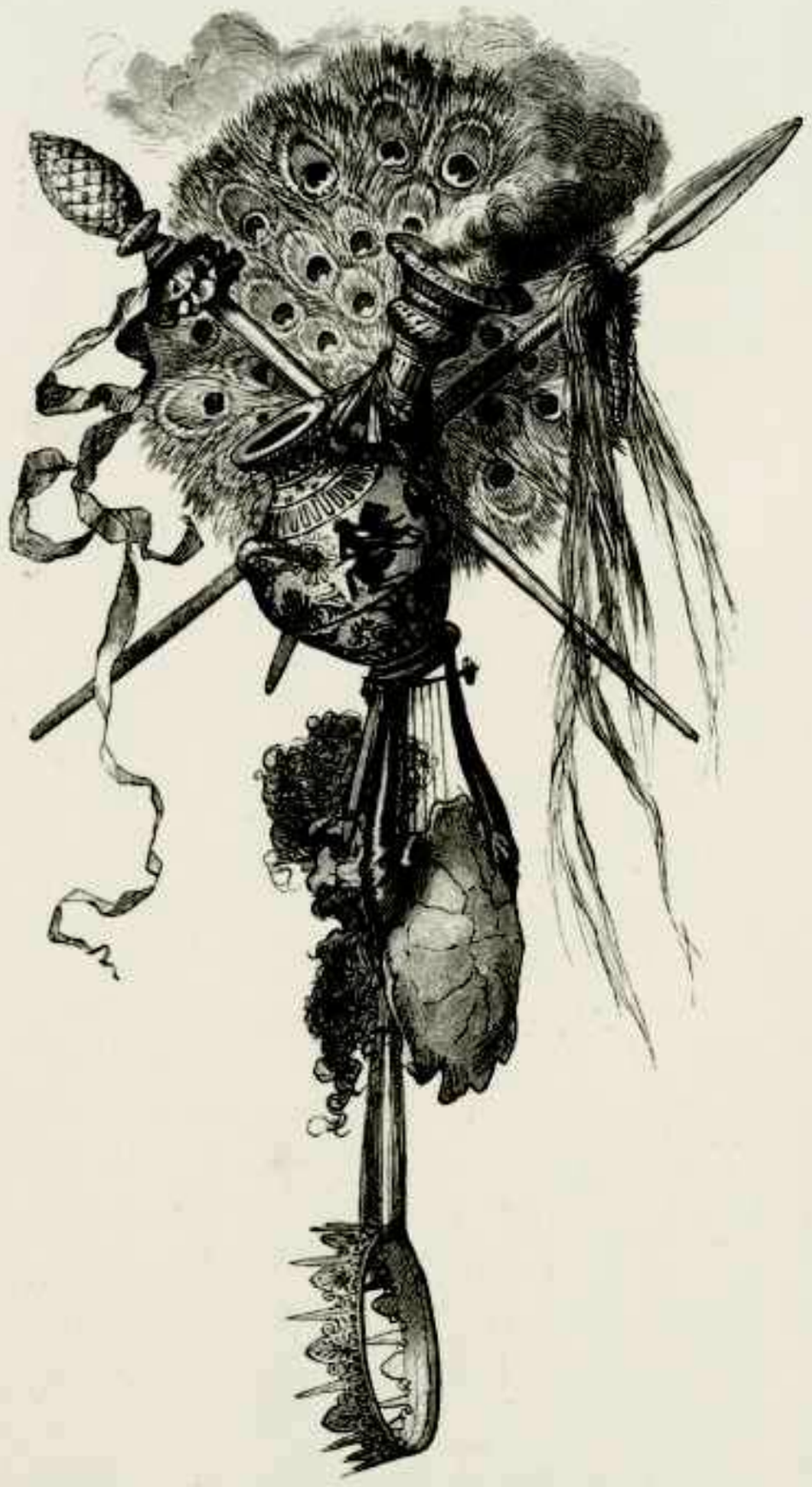
The body of the great founder of the city had been already brought from Babylon[3] by the first Ptolemy,[4] and it remained in its golden sarcophagus till a degenerate son of the Lagidæ sacrilegiously melted down the metal and substituted a glass sarcophagus for the golden one.

The ladies went up by the citizens' steps, for the levelled way which led out from the palace through the Bruchium to the high streets might be used only by members of the court. It was called the "Royal Road," and it was in reference to

[1] Minæ, or 200 drachmæ, about £7 10s.
[2] The *Thecistrion*, or thin summer garment, covering the head and face.
[3] It was visited by Augustus, who touched, and so injured the nose of the corpse.
[4] Supposed to be represented on the gold staters or didrachms of this monarch.

this that Euclid made the famous reply to Ptolemy Soter, who asked him for some easy method of attaining to a knowledge of his propositions—"There is no Royal Road to mathematics."

The gymnasium to the right as they go on, is empty to-day, for all the youth of Alexandria are taking part in the festival; even in the courts and halls of the Museum, which for the present we will pass by, all is still; for the king has invited the most illustrious of those who dwell there to be his guests. Our Syracusan ladies are allowed to enter the vestibule of the palace, where the statue of Adonis lies on costly drapery spread on a silver framework, and surrounded by beds of flowers, and where the form of the lovely Cypris[1] is to be seen on a not less magnificent couch. They are permitted to hear the festal song of the noble singer who was crowned mistress of song in the Ialemos[2] the year before; but they have to hasten home, for Gorgo's husband has not yet broken his fast, and "without his supper," says she, "Diocleides is simply vinegar."[3]



Just as the feast of Adonis tempted the two ladies to the Bruchium, so the greatest festival of the Alexandrians, the Feast of Dionysus, brought all the men to the palaces and their vicinity. This Feast of Dionysus was celebrated with even greater delights and tenfold more splendour than at Athens itself, though, no doubt, with less of the true sentiment of beauty. The Ptolemies made it the occasion for displaying the full extent of their wealth, and all the wild enjoyments of life and sensual desires that fermented and seethed in the souls of the excitable inhabitants of the metropolis of the world, at these feasts threw off all control, and rioted and revelled without restraint. Moderation was accounted a crime, and the Bruchium was the scene of a vast orgy.

Only a privileged few could share in the magnificent banquets within the precincts of the king's palaces; but every one was free to partake of the bounty bestowed on the people at the festal procession. The account of this feast as given by Callixenus, who was an eye-witness, sounds quite fabulous; nevertheless it must

[1] Aphrodite or Venus. [2] "In singing the dirge." *Ialemos* is the dirge or threne. [3] Theocritus in English verse. C. S Calverley.

have some claim to be believed, even though it is allowable to make deductions from the numbers he gives. The representations given on this solemn occasion were connected with the myth of Dionysus, not however kept free from all admixture with Egyptian traditions and customs.

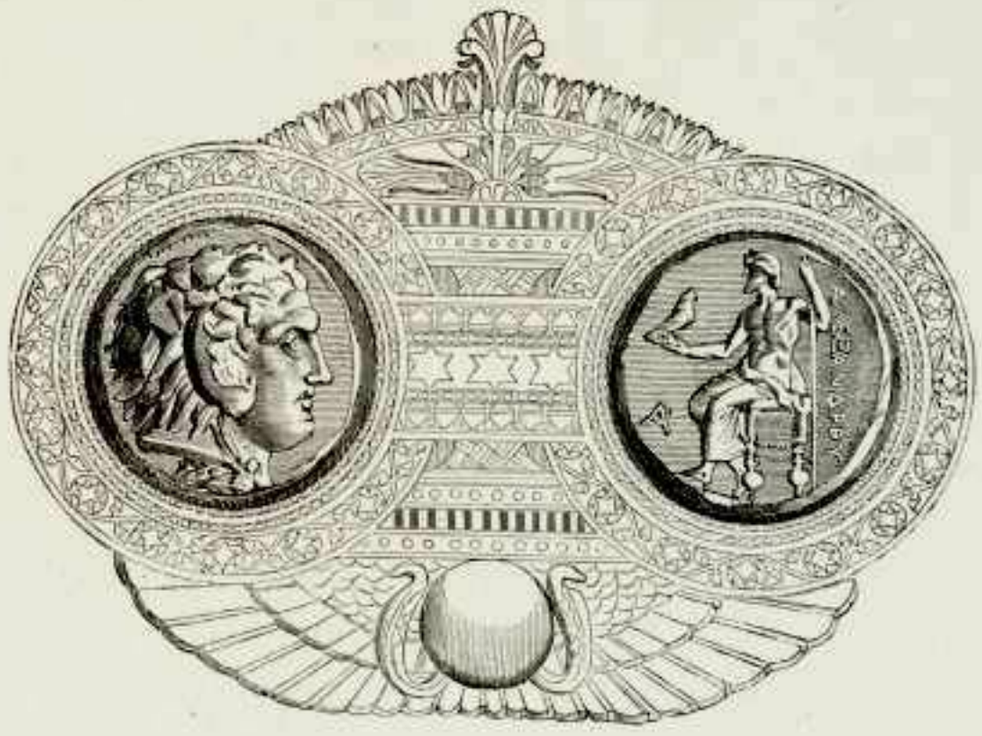
The procession with the mythological impersonations must have been interminably long. In the time of the native kings the ancestral images of the Egyptian gods and Pharaohs had been introduced;[1] and in the same way the gods of Olympus with the Macedonian princes, Alexander the Great, Ptolemy Soter, and his son Philadelphus, were now represented. To add to the delights of the feast splendid sham fights were held, where the victors, and among them the king, received golden crowns as prizes. One such feast-day under the Ptolemies cost between £300,000 and £400,000; and how enormous must the sums have been which they expended on their fleet—eight hundred splendid Nile-boats lay in the inner harbour of the Lake Mareotis alone—on the army, on the court, on the Museum and the Library!



COIN OF PTOLEMY SOTER.

No sovereign house of that period could compare with the Lagidæ in wealth, nor have any kings ever applied their treasure to more profitable purposes than the first Ptolemies.

Ptolemy Soter, first as governor under Alexander[2] and subsequently as king, was the founder of the splendid edifices on the Bruchium, many of which were only finished by his son Philadelphus. He expended but little on his own palace, for he was wont to say that a king should be lavish to others and not to himself. He was a frugal and at the same time a wise and powerful sovereign, who sowed the seeds of most of the learning, and laid the foundations of most of the institutions that afterwards made Alexandria great and famous; and his disposition to promote science and art was inherited even by the most worthless of his descendants. He followed Alexander's example in leaving to the Egyptians their old laws and



COIN OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

[1] A series of statues of deceased kings carried in the procession of the festival of the god Amsi or Khem, in the reign of Rameses III., of the XXth dynasty, is given by Wilkinson, "Manners and Customs," Vol. III. pl. lx. (New Edition.)

[2] B.C. 331.

gods; but he held them in subjection by establishing military colonies. He might even have succeeded in engrafting Hellenic life and the Greek spirit throughout the Nile valley if he had not denied all municipal rights to the children of mixed marriages, with a view of keeping the blood of the Greek colonists pure. Many as there were among the inhabitants of Alexandria who were not Greeks, the council was always addressed as "Men of Macedonia."



LADY OF ALEXANDRIA IN A ROBE OF TRANSPARENT BOMBYX SILK.

Soter was equally zealous in the cause of commerce; he had the harbours of the city enlarged and improved; he brought eight thousand ship-builders from Phœnicia, and a great number of cedar trunks from Lebanon to use in increasing his fleet. The old Egyptian merchants had not known the use of a coinage, but had carried on their dealings by weighing out metal, which was commonly wrought into the form of rings. Ptolemy Soter[1] followed the example set by the states of the Greek metropolis, and caused coins of gold, silver, and copper to be struck in Alexandria. Many of the Ptolemaic heads, particularly those on the more precious metals, are hardly surpassed in beauty of workmanship, and enable us to form a personal acquaintance, so to speak, with the different individuals of the family of the Lagidæ. The mathematician Euclid, the physicians Erasistratus and Herophilus, the Athenian Demetrius Phalereus, were among the circle of learned men which Soter gathered round him; Demetrius Phalereus he first took into his council as learned in law, and it was from him that the suggestion to collect a library afterwards emanated. He wrote a history of the wars of Alexander the Great, which is unfortunately lost to us. Among the artists who flourished under him in Alexandria, we need only name the painter Apelles and his rivals, and the sculptor Antiphilus. Buildings were needed in the new metropolis, pleasure and splendour were in great request in the great emporium of the products of three continents; what wonder then that Alexandria attracted artists of every description, that architects and pleasure-loving Greeks congregated there, that the East and West clasped hands there, the sovereign house setting the example of adorning life with all that was most lovely and delightful?

The *hetaira* Thais was Soter's first wife; his second was the Macedonian Berenice.[2] Both these queens taught the Alexandrian ladies how the Greek feeling for beauty could be combined with the oriental love of splendour. The most exquisite of all the gems that have been handed down to us were engraved for the Ptolemies, and it was especially for the ladies of Alexandria that the weavers of Cos

[1] Ptolemy Soter coined gold staters, or didrachms, 55 grains in weight, equal to 25 silver drachms; and pentadrachms, of 275 grains, in the same metal, equal to 125 silver drachms; and silver tetradrachms, of 220 grains. It is uncertain if he coined large copper, which was issued on the old Egyptian standard, but must have been employed for small change.

[2] From this name a whole set of words is derived, including *Bernstein*, the German for amber, and through a series (vernice, vernix, vernis) the modern forms—varnish, Eng.; vernis, Fr.

manufactured a delicate fabric of bombyx or silk,[1] a kind of firm but transparent gauze, which covered without concealing the fair form of the wearer.

This is not the place to enlarge on the wars conducted by Ptolemy Soter. Towards the end of his reign, B.C. 284, he associated Philadelphus, his son by Berenice, in the government. This prince found Alexandria in an advanced state as to its structures, to which only the ornamentation was lacking—and nothing could more perfectly accord with his talents and tastes than the fulfilment of this task. A man of much smaller powers than his father, he would never have been equal to the effort of creating a great city out of nothingness; but the disciple of Straton[2] and Philetas,[3] the wealthy and tasteful patron of science, was eminently fitted to finish and elaborate that which lay under his hand. He and his father have been happily compared to Solomon and his father David.

Under him Alexandria reached the summit of its glory. No member of his family, with the exception of the last Cleopatra, earned a greater celebrity than he; and that not by the splendour of warlike deeds, but by the quiet arts of peace for which his reign of three-and-thirty years and an unheard-of influx of wealth gave him ample time and means. Under him was made that translation of the Bible into Greek which is known by the name of the Septuagint; but the story which tells of Seventy translators who, although they worked apart in different rooms, produced renderings which perfectly agreed, must be consigned to the class of legends.

The greatest and most valuable work of Ptolemy Philadelphus was his anxious care for the Museum, which under him attained its most flourishing development. In this magnificent structure the most distinguished sages of the time of the Ptolemies found a welcome, and such protection from external worries as conduced to their advantageous co-operation in study and in teaching. It was situated in the same quarter as the king's palace, and consisted of a "Grove," *i.e.*, a large court with fountains and arbours; an extensive open hall protected from the weather by a colonnade in which the learned met, disputed, and found room to gather their disciples around them; and a large building with a spacious dining-hall. Here the members of the institute reclined at their meals—for the Greeks always ate reclining—classed according to the schools to which they belonged; the Aristotelian reclining by the Aristotelian, the Platonist by Platonists. Each mess chose its principal (or president), and the body of principals constituted a senate whose sittings were presided over by a neutral High Priest chosen by the government.

The structure was spacious, the decoration of its courts and halls was splendid and artistic, and the independence of the individual sages appears to have been perfect; they were always at liberty to teach or to pursue their investigations in the quiet of seclusion.

In the time of Philadelphus the Museum was the focus which collected all the rays of the spiritual and intellectual life of the period, and the means of culture put at the disposal of its members were unequalled; for Philadelphus displayed so much

[1] A kind of silk, according to some authors (Yates, "Textrinum Antiquorum," 1843, p. 168, where all the classical authorities upon the Bombyx and the Coian garments are cited and discussed). A description of their transparent fineness is given by Seneca, "De Beneficiis," vii. c. 9. The transparent garments of Cleopatra are mentioned by Lucan, x., l. 141.

[2] A philosopher, who taught physics and material pantheism. [3] Poet and grammarian.

judgment and liberality in extending the collection of books made by his father, and had it so admirably arranged and catalogued, that this library—which was in connection with the Museum of Alexandria, and contained four hundred thousand rolls—was justly regarded as the finest of all antiquity. By the time of Cæsar, when these treasures, which had guided the labours of many Alexandrian sages, fell a prey to fire, the collection begun by the Ptolemies seems to have increased to nine hundred thousand rolls.



COIN OF PTOLEMY V. EPIPHANES.

There is no province of science which was not cultivated in the Museum of Alexandria, no branch of learning which was not promoted there; but the most important and permanent results were produced in the departments of grammar—philology in the modern sense of the word—and in natural sciences.

It is to the critical labours of the Alexandrians that we owe the preservation of the literature of the Greeks, and the decisive influence that this has had on the culture of western Europe need hardly be pointed out. As regards natural science it is quite certain that the splendid advance it has made in our own time is indissolubly linked with the results obtained, and more particularly with the methods introduced by the Alexandrian school. The revival of science was in the first instance no more than a return to the principles of the Alexandrians.

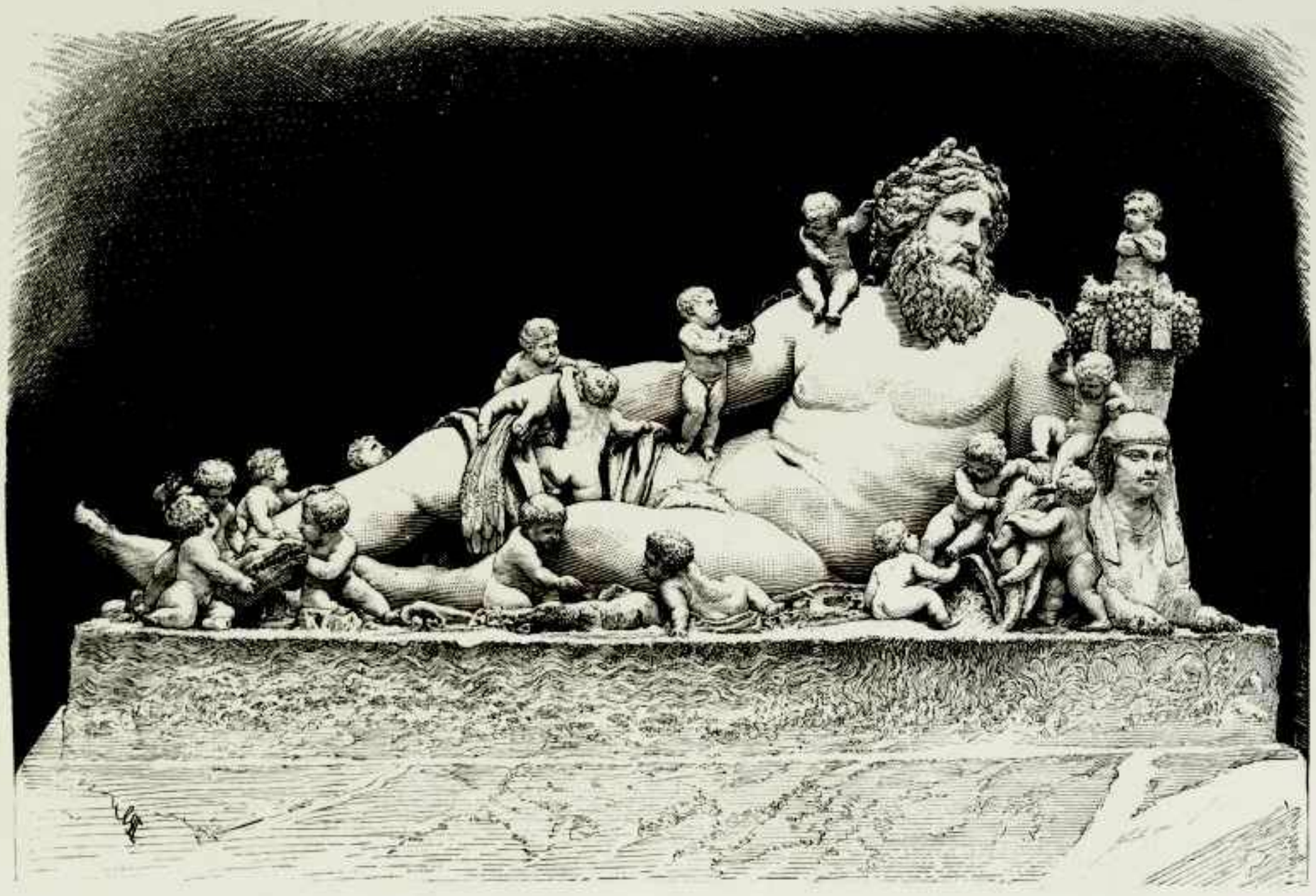
The Ptolemies took delight in their intercourse with the sages of the Museum, and they strove to gather together within its walls all the most eminent minds of the time. Letters have been preserved from the hand of Menander, the great Athenian author of comedy, and from his lady-love Glycera. Menander writes to her:—"I have received letters from Ptolemy the King of Egypt, in which he invites me and Philemon in the most pressing manner, promising us in a princely fashion the good things, as they call them, of the earth. . . . . Let him consult for himself. I shall want no advice. Thou, my Glycera, art my Hellenistic jurisdiction; thou art to me a whole council of Areopagites, hast ever been and shalt continue to be my every thing."

Glycera answers:—"As soon as you sent me the letters of the king I read them. I call Calligenia [Ceres] to witness, in whose temple I am now serving, that I rejoiced, Menander, beyond the power of containing myself, nor did my joy escape the notice of those who were present. There was my mother, with my sister Euphronion, and a female friend whom you are acquainted with. . . . . Seeing unusual joy in my countenance and eyes, they enquired of me: 'What great piece of good fortune, my dear Glycera, has befallen you, that you appear so totally changed in body and mind, while a certain gleam of joy and pleasure shines through your whole frame.' 'Oh!' said I, in a tone and voice loud enough for every one who was present to hear me, 'Ptolemy the King of Egypt has sent for my Menander, promising him in a manner half his kingdom!' and when I spoke this I held out and brandished in my hands the letter with the royal seal."[1]

[1] Alciphron's epistles, translated by Beloe, p. 121.

If these letters are not genuine, they at any rate show us with what feelings the Greeks received an invitation to Alexandria. Menander certainly could not quit Athens, but many other poets and philosophers accepted the bidding of the Ptolemies, and found in Alexandria a new and congenial home, dear to them even long after the glories of the Ptolemaic dynasty were extinct.

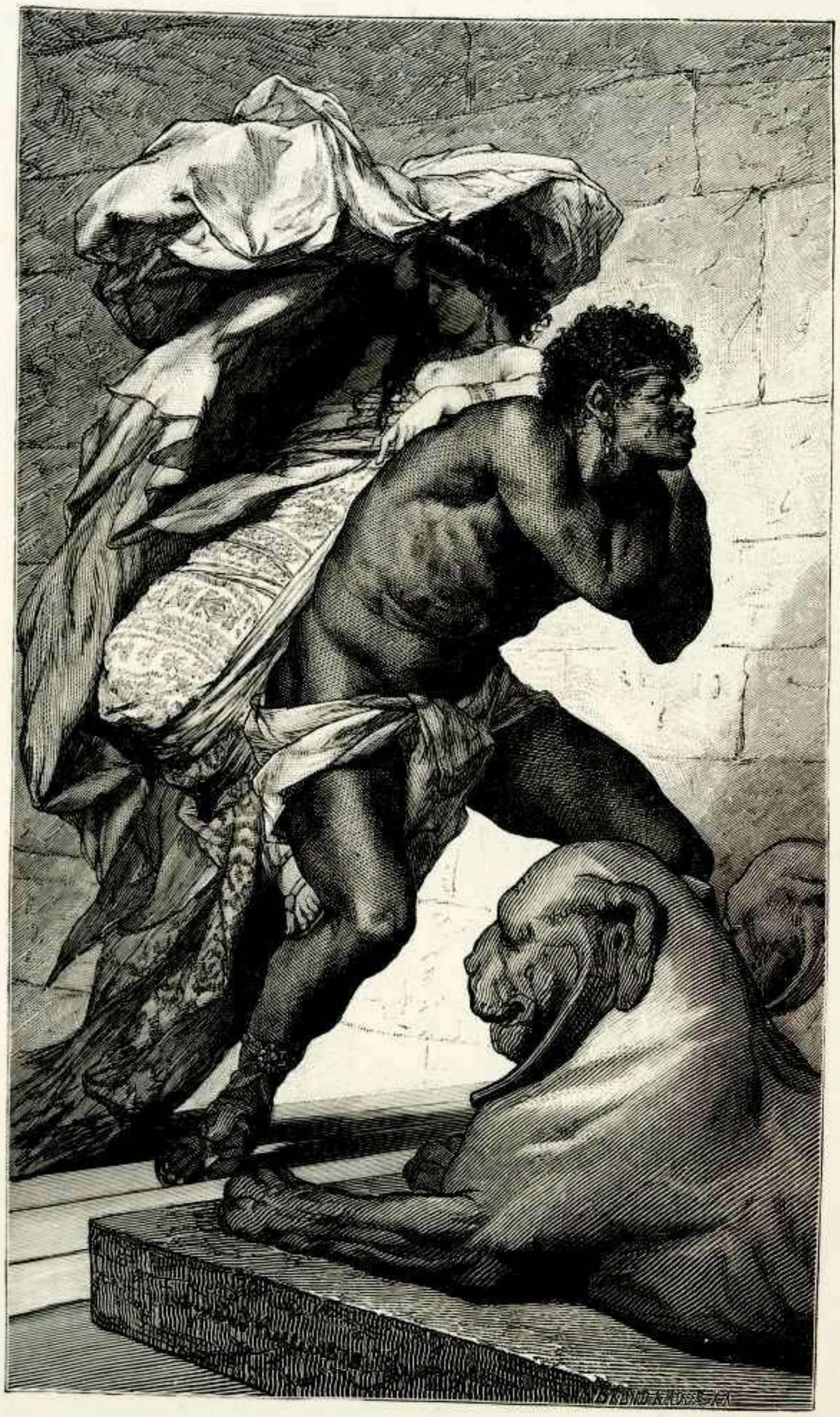
Soter and Philadelphus were succeeded by Euergetes I., the son of the latter king; he greatly extended the frontier of Egypt eastward, and at the same time found time, taste, and means to maintain Alexandria as the metropolis of art, learning, and commerce.



FATHER NILE. *(In the Vatican, Rome.)*

During the minority of Ptolemy V. Epiphanes, and after the defeat at Paneas,[1] the protectorship of this king was placed in the hands of the Roman Senate, and from that time Roman influence was increasingly felt in Alexandria, even under Euergetes II., surnamed Physcon, B.C. 146, whose strong, though crime-stained, hands and far-seeing ability availed to postpone for a short time the inevitable fall of his degenerate house. During the last peaceful interval of his stormy and interrupted reign, he found means greatly to develop Alexandrian trade; but his next successors lost all that they might still have preserved. The Roman general Pompey was appointed protector of the famous Cleopatra and her husband, who was also her brother;

[1] The battle of Paneas was fought between Scopas, the general of Epiphanes, and Antiochus, B.C. 198, and resulted in the defeat of the general of Epiphanes.



CLEOPATRA CARRIED INTO THE PALACE.

and after the battle of Pharsalia he was murdered off the Egyptian coast at the instigation of his ward. Cæsar himself disembarked a few days later at Alexandria, and after defending himself on the Bruchium against a superior force, he, with the aid of Mithridates, routed his Egyptian foe. Ptolemy sank with the ship in which he was, in the battle with the Romans that was fought on an arm of the Nile by the Delta, and from that time, B.C. 47, Egypt, including Alexandria, belonged to Rome; although Cleopatra and her young brother, only eleven years of age—who was at first co-regent with her, but from whom she soon freed herself—continued to wear the double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt.

While Cæsar was defending himself on the Bruchium, Cleopatra, then seventeen years of age, had had herself rolled up in a carpet like a bale of goods, and smuggled into the palace on the back of a servant. Her marvellous gifts of body and mind soon achieved the conquest of the heart of the great Roman; but, unlike Antony, who not long after sacrificed his duty and his fame to the intoxicating joys of a life with this woman, Cæsar never showed himself greater as a general than at the defence of the palace of Alexandria. In those days of extreme peril the famous library of the Museum fell a prey to the flames; Cleopatra subsequently endeavoured to repair the mischief, and induced Antony to transport the two hundred thousand volumes of the library of Pergamus to Alexandria. By so doing she carried out the traditions of her house, which always supported science and those who fostered it. Under her the aged physician Dioscorides produced his works, and the Alexandrian astronomer Sosigenes, who was no stranger to the Egyptian mode of computing time, assisted Cæsar in the introduction of that new method of calculating the calendar which is now universally known as the Julian Era.



On the occasion of Cæsar's triumph at Rome, a statue of the Nile and a model of the Pharos of Alexandria in many coloured lights were exhibited to the people of the Tiber; and when, three years later, B.C. 44, the dagger of the assassin pierced the heart of the great Dictator, Cleopatra was living with her son and his, named Cæsarion, in a villa on the banks of the Tiber.

Days of the greatest splendour and most intoxicating delight were destined once more to shine on the Bruchium in Alexandria when Cleopatra, then five and twenty, induced her judge and conqueror Antony, after the battle of Philippi, to follow her to Alexandria and devote himself to her cause; attracted by a passion which she seems to have returned, and which was at any rate most romantic. The dazzling splendour of the boat in which the enchantress of the Nile went to meet the Roman conqueror, the irresistible fascination of her beauty and charm, and the

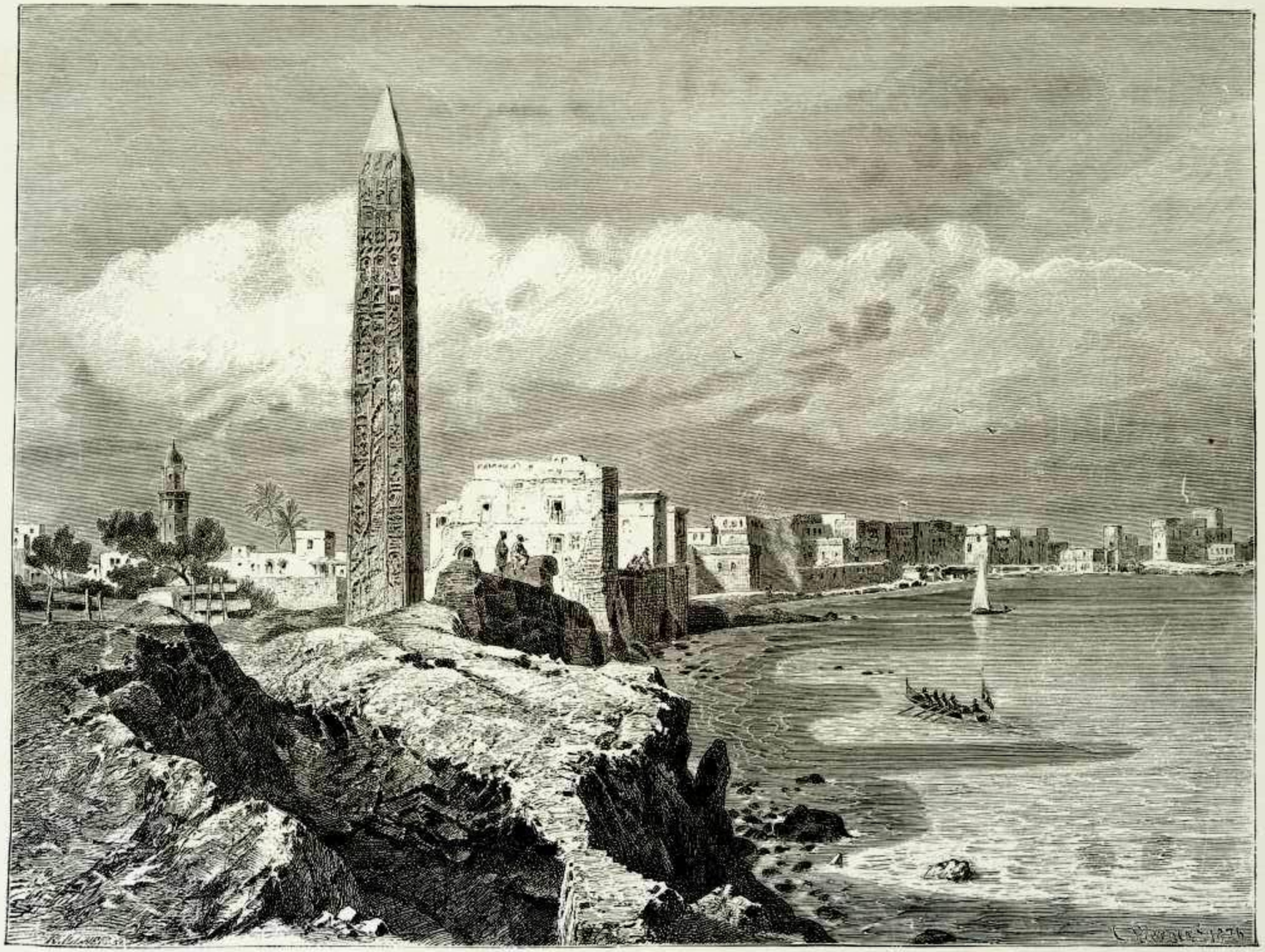
admirable talents of the woman who could talk to each officer in his native tongue, have been painted by Plutarch in such glowing colours that Shakespeare, in describing the first meeting of these famous lovers, has closely followed the historian's narrative.

"The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne
Burnt in the water; the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick: with them the oars were silver·
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'erpicturing that Venus where we see
The fancy out-work nature; on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool
And what they did, undid.
Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swells with the touches of those flower-soft hands
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned in the market-place did sit alone,
Whistling to the air."



CLEOPATRA ON THE CYDNUS.

The life of debauch led by Antony and Cleopatra has become a byword, and in fact the unlimited variety of sensual delight indulged in by this pair, the new pleasures invented by them, and their immeasurable expenditure remain as unparalleled as



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

their indefatigable powers of enjoyment. At their banquets the guests waded through roses, the vessels were of unheard-of value, the food of unrivalled delicacy; and not only were the revels carried on through the night in the palace, but the guests wandered in disguise through the streets of the slumbering city. Music and song resounded, and costly perfumes floated in the air, in constant accompaniment to the games, the feasts, the hunting, and the boating of this famous couple who, with appropriate reference to the gold and silver splendour of their lives, called their children Alexander Helios (the Sun) and Cleopatra Selene (the Moon). The treasures at their disposal seemed to be inexhaustible; Cleopatra was the first to dissolve a pearl in order to increase the costliness of a draught of wine, and she came to the conclusion, as a connoisseur in luxury, that nothing was so extravagant as the most expensive incense; everything else having some certain value or outcome, while the worth of four hundred denarii[1] of spices used but once to anoint the hands was wafted away on the air and lost for ever.

The days of repentance followed when Antony was defeated at the sea-fight of Actium, without attempting to avail himself of his powerful infantry, and forgetful even of his own often-proved and heroic courage. After this disgraceful defeat, he withdrew into a tower on a spit of land washed by the waters of the great harbour of Alexandria, which he called his Timoneum, after the misanthropical philosopher of Athens, concerning whom the most famous poet of the Alexandrian Academy wrote the following epigram :—

A. Timon, who Timon art no more—
Light, darkness, which is worst a bore?
B. Darkness—for in the grave I find
Worse swarms of those I'd leave behind.[2]

But once more Antony, abandoned by his followers, met his Cleopatra for a brief spell of wanton luxury. Once more, in his struggle with Octavian, he found his old manly spirit, and then the hour of doom fell upon him and his queen. Both fell into the hands of the conqueror, but only in death. Antony evaded the hopeless future by a stroke of his sword, and Cleopatra by the bite of a poisonous asp.

When Augustus mounted the throne of the Cæsars, B.C. 30, Egypt bowed unresistingly to his sceptre, and became a Roman province. All the subsequent emperors were acknowledged by the priests, even in the inmost chambers of the temples, as Autocrats[3] (or independent rulers), and enjoyed the divine honours paid to the Pharaohs, even in the sanctuaries at the Cataract and in the Oases of the desert. Augustus caused the suburb of Necropolis to be founded on the plain to the east of Alexandria, where he had defeated Antony; and later emperors still contributed to decorate the Egyptian capital with splendid buildings. The Alexandrians erected the so-called Sebasteum in honour of Tiberius on that spot, by the great harbour, where now stands an obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle, to which the city of Trieste

[1] About £12.

[2] Callimachus, Major R. G. MacGregor's translation.

[3] The word *autocrator* is a Greek equivalent of the Roman Imperator, and appears with Augustus in Egypt, as the official language of the country was Greek, not Latin. In the hieroglyphical inscriptions of the Roman period the word *autocrator*, or its equivalent (in hieroglyphics), is used as a prenomen and inclosed by a royal oval or cartouche.

pretends to lay claim.[1] Its companion, which for a long period lay on the earth, has been erected in London. It escaped the perils of an adventurous voyage, in a singular vessel constructed for the purpose, and was landed safely near the Thames. Neither of the obelisks has anything whatever to do with Cleopatra, nor is it true that that queen built the Sebasteum in honour of Cæsar after the birth of Cæsarion. The obelisk was only named after her because her name is one of the few among those of antiquity which has remained familiar to the memory of succeeding generations, and is therefore associated with all the great works of ancient times. The celebrated obelisk that decorated the Sebasteum was brought from the old city of the Sun, Heliopolis. It is 21·6 metres high (about seventy feet), and the sister obelisk, now for ever parted from it, stands on a London quay, the Thames Embankment, as the obelisk of Luxor[2] has long stood on the Place de la Concorde in Paris. King Thothmes III. erected the obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle at the most splendid epoch of ancient Egypt, in the sixteenth century before Christ. The hieroglyphics engraved in the granite to perpetuate the glory of his name, were inlaid with silver-gilt,[3] and its point was capped with the same metal. It was dedicated to the Sun-god Ra, and formerly the beams of the day-star were mirrored in the polished surface of the granite and gold. These obelisks stood before the door of the Sebasteum, around which lay gardens, and its colonnades were decorated with paintings and statues. This magnificent edifice was burnt down during a revolt of the heathen against the Christians, A.D. 366. How and when it was again destroyed after its restoration is uncertain. At the present day a stone-mason has established his store and yard on the site of this once splendid structure, and the whistle of the locomotive from the neighbouring station of Ramleh disturbs the contemplative visitor. The venerable monument in its sordid surroundings arouses no sentimental feelings, and it is only when it was seen from the sea that it had some picturesque charm or reminded us of the past greatness of the Greek city.

The famous "Pompey's Pillar," too, carries us back to the Alexandria of the Roman emperors. It stands south-west of the city, and marks the spot where once the Serapeum must have stood, and where the Necropolis adjoined the Egyptian quarter of Rhacotis.

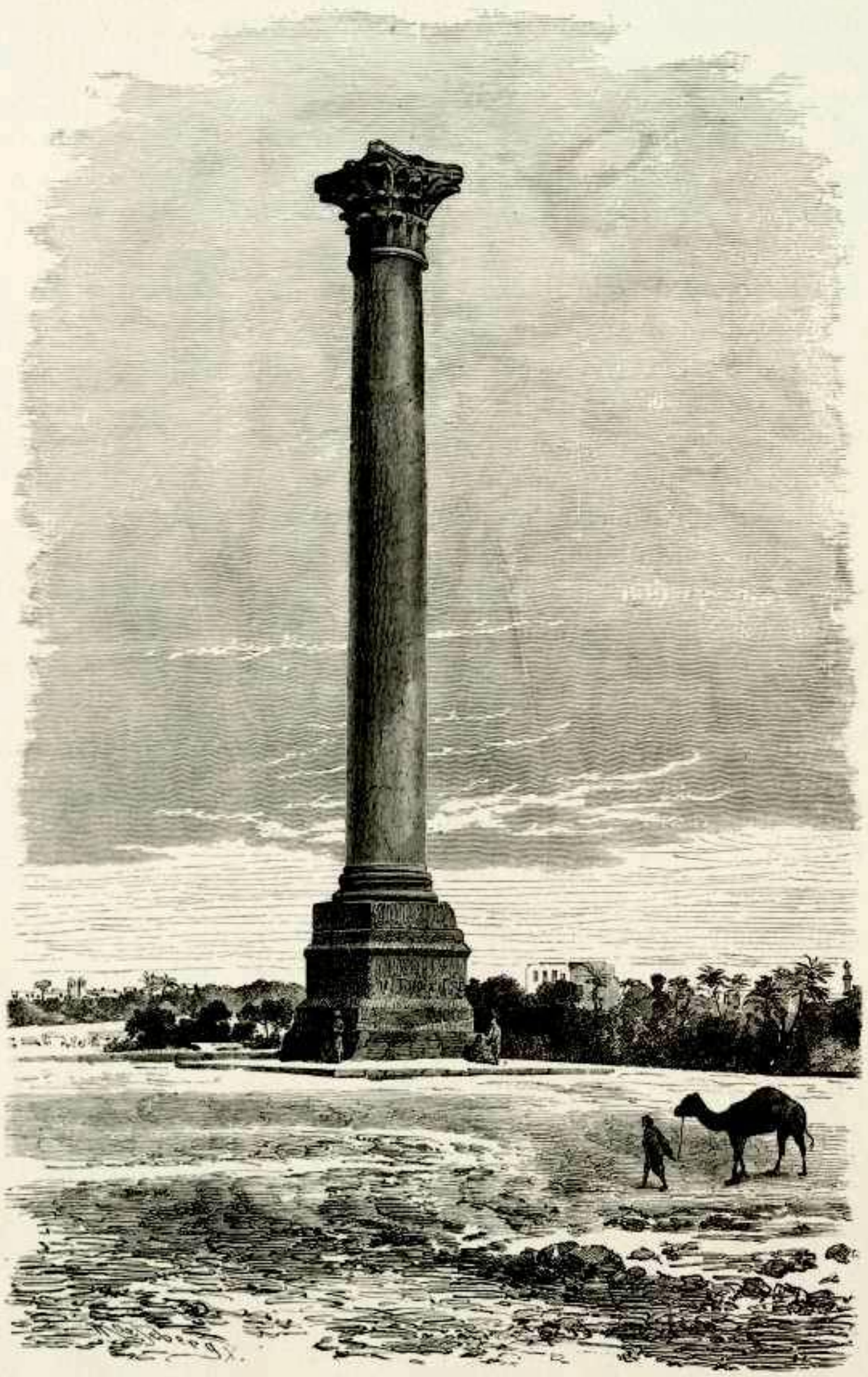
The Serapeum was by no means merely a temple to the god Serapis, whose worship was introduced by the Ptolemies, in order to give to the mixed races they governed a deity which Greeks and Egyptians might worship with equal devotion. It was also a learned institution, with numerous branches annexed, and it became at a later period a centre for the spiritual and mystical requirements of all the various shades of creed and opinion that met in Alexandria. In the time of the

[1] This obelisk has been conveyed to New York.

[2] The obelisk stood on four bronze crabs, which supported it, and on one of these was found a Greek and Latin inscription, that it had been re-erected by the architect Pontius, in the 8th year of Augustus, A.D. 24. The inscriptions show it was originally erected by Thothmes III., at Heliopolis, and erected again by Rameses II. at the same place.

[3] The expression on the obelisk itself, *tasm*, or *uasm*, appears to mean gilded, for this word does not appear in any lists of metals, nor does it enter into the computations of metals, or lists recording the weight of different kinds of gold. It is, however, occasionally mentioned on obelisks that they were capped with this material; or, perhaps, merely tipped with it. One idea is that the expression meant copper; but the already-mentioned objection is equally adverse to that idea, although Abdallatif notices that in his time some obelisks remained capped with that material.

Cæsars only the Capitol of Rome excelled it in splendour. It towered far above its surroundings, carriages approached it by a well-paved way, and pedestrians went



POMPEY'S PILLAR.

up to it by a flight of a hundred steps that grew wider towards the top. The fore-court was entered by a circular domed gateway, supported on four pillars, and at last the Temple itself came into view with its obelisks, its fountains, its subterranean rooms, and cells for penitents; with its library, containing three hundred

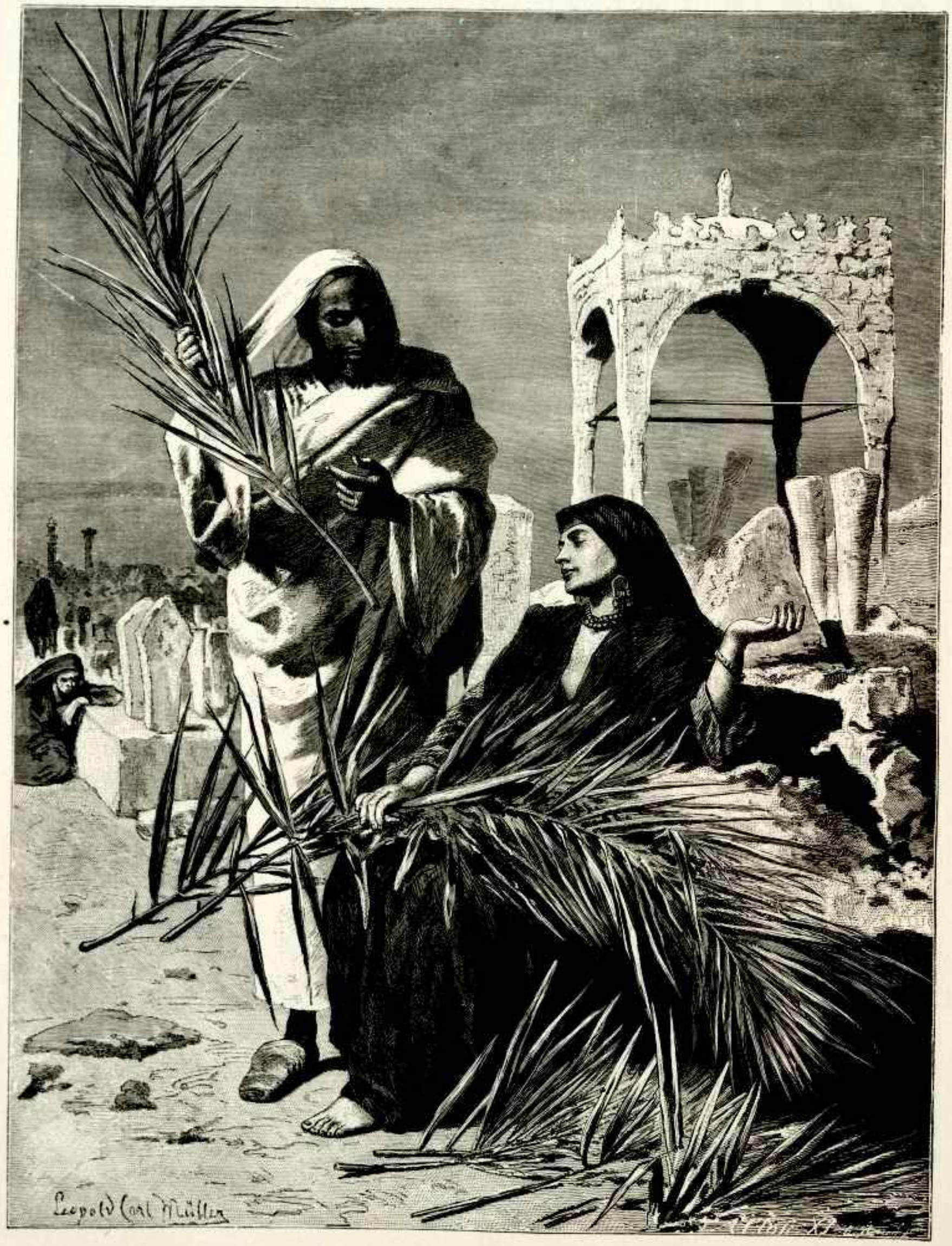


EGYPTIAN GIRL.

thousand volumes, its halls and the gigantic pillars which could be seen from afar, even at sea. Paintings attracted the visitor, and the glitter of precious metals and stones dazzled his sight. A pious thrill filled his soul as he approached the sanctuary where the statue of the god—probably executed by Bryaxis—sat enthroned. It consisted of plates of precious metal, skilfully overlaying and concealing a nucleus of wood; it wore the Calathus on its head, and at its feet lay a Cerberus, with the heads of a lion, a wolf, and a dog, entwined by a snake. Through an opening, which was cunningly contrived in the half-dark sanctuary, rays of light fell on the lips of the god as though to kiss them. Under Marcus Aurelius fire broke out in the Serapeum, but the library and the statue of the god escaped injury. All that was destroyed was restored with new splendour, for Alexandria proudly styled herself the city of Serapis, and this god, like the Egyptian Isis, found priests and votaries throughout almost the whole Roman Empire.

When, under Aurelian, A.D. 273, the Bruchium was destroyed, and with it all the Museum buildings, the Serapeum became the meeting-place of the learned. It was not until Christianity rapidly took root in Egypt that the worship of the god was endangered; and when Theodosius promulgated his decree against the images worshipped by the heathen, and Theophilus, archbishop of Alexandria, devoted himself to carrying it out with fanatic zeal, the temple of Serapis was razed to the ground, and with it the statue of the god. The history of its destruction is full of dramatic interest. Every one believed that if any man ever dared to lift a sacrilegious hand against the sacred person of the god, heaven and earth would fall in ruins. But a soldier was found bold enough to lay a ladder against the statue, to seize a heavy axe, and to mount the steps. The blood curdled in the veins of the spectators, and even the Christians who were looking on watched the soldier's deed in trembling, and held their breath, awaiting some monstrous issue. The soldier swung his axe and hit the image on the cheek, which fell off rattling to the ground. All listened and none dared stir; but no lightning fell, no thunder roared; the sun shone brightly; no quakings shook the earth! The soldier struck another blow, a third and a fourth; the precious metal fell ringing down, and the mutilated body of the god was dragged through the streets—those probably who had trembled most with terror being those who treated it with the most impudent contempt. Finally it was burnt in the amphitheatre.

Nothing remains of the splendid edifice but a few shafts of columns lying on the ground, and Pompey's Pillar. An Arab cemetery with innumerable graves now occupies the site of its former splendour, and the mourners who come with palm-branches to the resting-place of their dead, and tell how bitter a loss has fallen on them, little guess how fitting an echo their lamentations over the transitory nature of all earthly things find on this spot. Pompey's Pillar, the last witness to the splendour of the past, still stands up against the sky, tall and stark, and little injured. It is the only work of art in the Greek style that can compare in magnitude with the work of Pharaonic times, and it is a masterpiece of elegant proportion. It is constructed of red granite from the first cataract, it stands on a quadrangular plinth, and, with this and the capital, is about 99 feet high. The capital, which is Corinthian, either is much weather-worn or was never finished; on the top a



ARAB CEMETERY.

statue formerly stood. This pillar does not in any way owe its name to the great Pompey who was murdered off the Egyptian coast by his ward Ptolemy, but to a Roman prefect of the same name who, as is proved by the inscription it bears, erected it in honour of the Emperor Diocletian, the "guardian genius of the city," in gratitude for a gift of grain he had sent to the Alexandrians.

The citizens erected another monument to the same emperor, namely, the bronze image of a certain horse, to which, indeed, they owed much gratitude. One Achilleus[1] had set himself up as emperor in opposition to Diocletian; the Alexandrians took up his cause, and Diocletian had to besiege the city for eight months before it surrendered. Achilleus was killed, and the emperor ordered that as many of the citizens should be massacred as would bring the blood up to his horse's knees. The butchery began, and he went towards the place of execution; suddenly his horse stumbled over a body and fell on his knees, that were wetted with blood. The emperor's threat was fulfilled, and the horse deserved the gratitude of the citizens, for far worse had befallen them some time previously.[2] Caracalla, roused to anger by some jests and epigrams of the satirists of the great city—which had received him joyfully and worthily—fell upon the elders at a banquet, and on the youth of the city at the gymnasium, and had them all killed. The massacre and plundering lasted for several days; the waters in the harbour gleamed red with the blood of the slaughtered citizens, and the number of the killed was so enormous that the emperor dared not render any account to the senate; in his report he boasted that he had spent these days in pious offices, and had sacrificed the men with beasts to the gods.[3] He had a strong wall, with forts at intervals, erected all across the city, to reduce the inhabitants to unresisting submission.

Happier memories were associated with the visit of another and earlier emperor, namely, with that of Hadrian, who disputed with the philosophers of the Museum, and was thanked by them with much flattery.[4] The poet Pancrates, for instance, offered him a rare red lotus-flower, and declared the blossom had grown from the blood of a lion that the emperor had slain with his own hand in the Libyan desert. At that time posts in the Museum were indeed mere sinecures, but many men of conspicuous merit were happy to fill them, besides a number of less worthy persons—curiosity-hunters and dealers in trifles; we may instance the grammarian (or, as we should say, philologist) Apollonius Dyscolus, and the astronomer Claudius Ptolemæus,[5] whose system of cosmogony was pre-eminent for more than a thousand years in the Mohammedan and Christian worlds.

Even at a later date philosophers of distinction were not lacking at Alexandria, and it was still the soil where Athenæus[6] could live and flourish—a man to whom no sage saying, no anecdote of antiquity was unknown; and where so keen a judge of mankind as Lucian[7] found food for his satirical tastes and powers.

[1] An usurper who reigned four months, A.D. 296.

[2] A.D. 284.

[3] A.D. 216. He was present during the time of the massacre at the Serapeum.

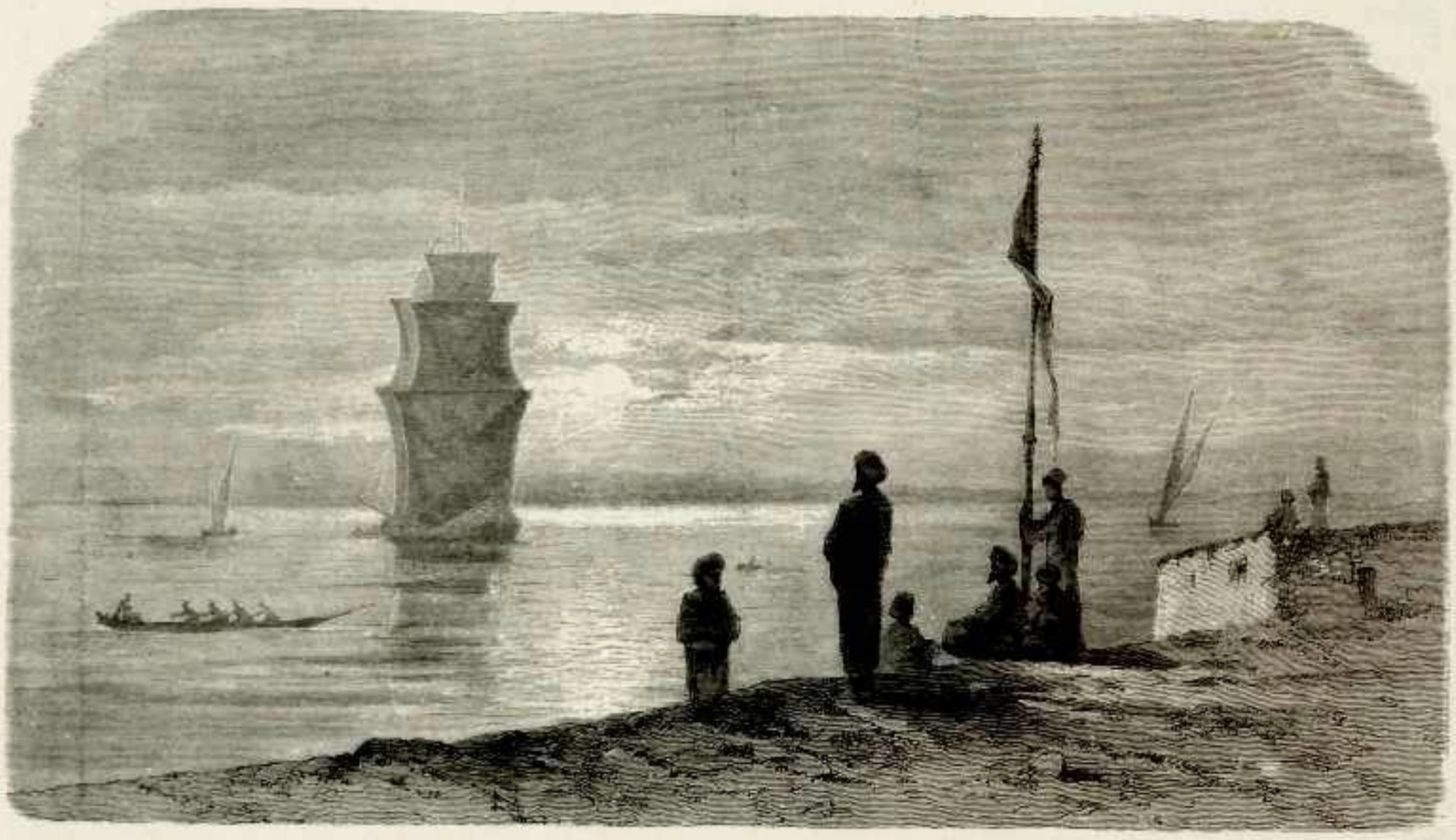
[4] A.D. 130. Coins were struck to record his visit, with figures of the Nile, Egypt, and Alexandria; the most remarkable represents Hadrian and his wife Sabina sacrificing to Serapis and Isis.

[5] Supposed to have lived about the period. His observatory was at Alexandria.

[6] Born at Naucratis, he wrote the *Deipnosophistæ*, or banquets of the learned, about A.D. 228.

[7] A.D. 170.

Indeed, a marvellous vitality seethed in the blood of even the later Alexandrians. Under the Egyptian sun all that has any inherent capacity for growth must thrive luxuriantly. The quick blood of the Greek throbbed here with a more rapid pulse; but Greek vivacity degenerated to an insatiable craving for civil revolution, the spirit of enterprise to rash temerity, energy to a fevered struggle and contention for wealth, and the wit of the Greeks to reckless and frivolous mockery, which too often met with a sanguinary revenge. At the same time the sources of wealth, in the city which the Romans so often laid under contribution, seemed to be so inexhaustible that it was asserted on the shores of the Tiber that the Alexandrians



NIGHT ON THE RED SEA.

possessed the secret of making gold. And yet they enriched themselves in a very natural way; the exports of the produce of Egypt—the granary of the ancient world—lay in their lands; all the paper needed alike in the East and the West was prepared from the Papyrus, indigenous to Egypt, and had to pass through Alexandria; all the treasures of the interior of Africa—ivory, ebony, ostrich-feathers, and the gaudy fells of beasts of prey—were discharged on the banks of Lake Mareotis, and either carried in barques by way of the navigable canal to the harbour of Eunostus, or forwarded to the great mart on the quay of the larger harbour. Enormous profits also poured into the merchants' coffers from their dealings with Arabia—the land of spices—with the Somali coast, Ceylon, and the ports of Malabar and India, whence costly rarities were brought for which the luxurious Romans paid insane sums. The most valued were diamonds, and next to them pearls, and a pound of silk was exchanged against its weight in gold. The fleets sailed from

Myos-Hormos at the season of the longest nights, down the Red Sea, and returned usually by the next December. The wares were disembarked at Berenice, conveyed by beasts of burden to Coptos on the Nile, and then forwarded by ship down the river to Alexandria. Here merchants from all nations awaited their arrival, but most found their way to Rome. The business done in the inner harbour of Lake Mareotis was more important than that of the maritime port, where the exports far exceeded the imports in quantity and value.



OLD EGYPTIAN VASE.

The industrial activity of the Alexandrians was as restless as it was successful. When Hadrian passed some time among them, he wrote a letter to Servianus[1] which has come down to us, and is of great value, first, because it shows that even in his time the Christians—whom indeed he did not distinguish from the worshippers of Serapis—were a conspicuous body, and also for the picture that the emperor cannot forbear sketching of the activity of the Alexandrians, whom, however, he describes as a frivolous, capricious, refractory, and worthless community, running after every new rumour. "Their city [Alexandria]," he says, "is wealthy, splendid, and industrious; no one lives there in idleness. Glass is made there; some work in paper-making, others in weaving linen, and all the busy population seem to exercise some handiwork. The gouty, the blind, even the crippled find something to do. They all have but one God [Mammon?]. Christians, Jews, and all nationalities worship him. It is a pity that the manners of the city are so corrupt, for by its importance and size it is worthy to be the capital of all Egypt."

The emperor's praise was as well founded as his blame. Gibbon says very justly of the Alexandrians that they united the vanity and instability of the Greeks with the superstition and obstinacy of the Egyptians. Perfect peace in the city was rare after the time of the Ptolemies, and quite unknown after the introduction of Christianity. The most trifling cause — a temporary lack of beasts or of grain, an oversight as to some customary greeting, an

[1] Given in Flavius Vopiscus' Life of Saturninus.



GEM, WITH PORTRAITS OF PTOLEMY PHILADELPHUS AND ARSINOË, DAUGHTER OF LYSIMACHUS.

error as to precedence in the public baths, or some religious dispute, at all times sufficed to stir up a tumult among the vast populace, whose vengeance was at once furious and implacable.

It is amazing to note what this hot-blooded, superstitious, and restless race was capable of in industrial produce, not to mention the mechanical inventions of such men as Ctesibius[1] and Heron,[2] who devised their automata in the peaceful seclusion of the Museum, such as *clepsydra* (or water-clocks), hydraulic engines, organs, and the like, and discovered the power of steam. Alexandrian woven stuffs were famous throughout the world,—from the coarsest horse-cloth to the most gorgeous hangings covered with artistic embroidery—from white cotton to the most gaily-lined silken robes. Their ship-building was the most perfect then known, and the carriages which the Alexandrians used in their promenades through the streets were not less famous than their fine cabinet-work. The tables which they made of thya[3] wood, with feet of ivory, were purchased for as much as 1,400,000 sesterces (about £10,500). The engraved and incised works in the finer and baser metals were carried to the highest pitch of perfection in Alexandria, and of all the gems that have been preserved to our day the finest were executed in Alexandria. In goldsmiths' work and the setting of jewels for ornaments, cups and vases, as well as in the fabrication of arms, beautiful specimens were produced, as also in glass-blowing, an art which was brought from Alexandria into Italy. Even glass mirrors, window-glass, and coloured glass Mosaic (millefiori)—a sort of work previously known to the ancient Egyptians—were produced here, and the Alexandrians devoted great attention to grace of form in their vases of artificial crystal. We shall presently take the opportunity of speaking of the arts of masonry in Egypt, and of the manufacture of papyrus, but must now make an end of our wanderings through heathen Alexandria, the magnificent burial-place of the great and splendidly endowed Conqueror whose name it bears.

[1] A.D. 251. [2] A.D. 284.

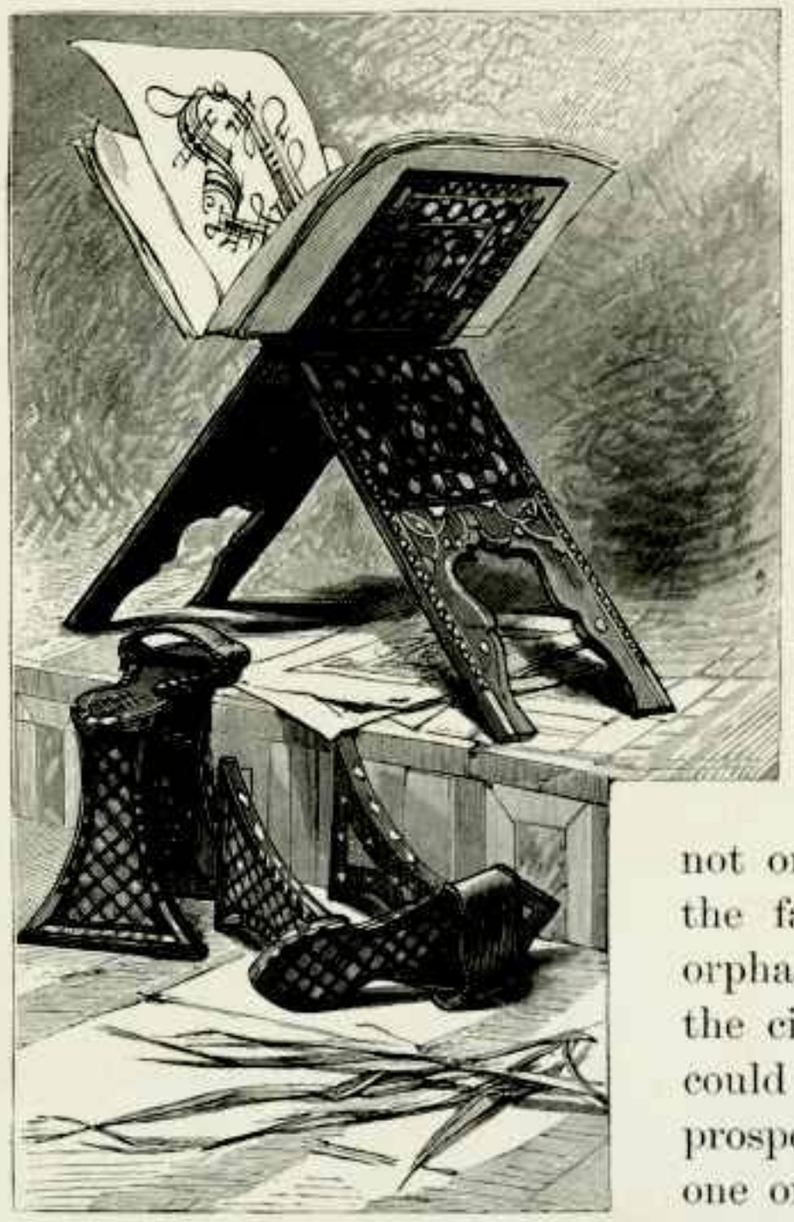
[3] The wood of *Callitris quadrivalvis*, one of the Cupressinæ. A minute and interesting account of the tree is given in "A Journal of a Tour in Morocco," by Hooker and Ball. App. D, p. 389.



HEAD OF SERAPIS, AND ZODIAC.



MODERN ALEXANDRIA.



A TRAVELLER named Norden, visiting Alexandria in the middle of the last century, compared it to an orphaned child who had inherited nothing of its father's possessions, but only his name. The traveller who at the present day goes down to the swarming quay of Alexandria, where steamships of every nationality lie at anchor—who surveys the enormous new buildings in the harbour—who walks through the splendid quarter of the Franks, and in the afternoon follows the string of carriages which drive through the Rosetta Gate, the old Canopic Gate, out into the country, would think this judgment too hard, and would be inclined to believe that not only the name, but a good share of the wealth of the famous father, had been handed down to the orphan. And yet Norden was right, for in his time the city had only as many thousand inhabitants as it could count hundreds of thousands in the flower of its prosperity. Its commerce had fallen off by degrees; one of the harbours—the only one in which European vessels were permitted to anchor—was so ruinous and insecure that, when Volney visited the city,[1] one single storm of wind wrecked forty-two ships against the harbour quays, and every vessel that entered was in

[1] A.D. 1782.

danger of running aground; while the other—now called the old port—which Turks only might enter, was, with true Oriental indifference, being utterly ruined, ballast being constantly thrown overboard, and gradually choking it.

The population was pauperised and wretched; dearth affected every necessary of life; even water, that most indispensable requisite, was wanting when the season of the inundation was over, and the Nile ceased to supply the cuttings which connected it with the city. The houses were low and squalid; nothing was to be seen in the market but dates and flat round cakes of bread, and the streets were choked by rubbish and ruins. The howl of the jackal and the screech of the owl disturbed the night, and on the neglected fortifications hardly four cannon were to be found in a proper place and condition. At the beginning of this century the great city founded by Alexander was perishing of inanition and want; its life and wealth had vanished; but the last quarter of the century finds it healthy and thriving, the sick man is convalescent. Let us see how it happened that the tree lost its first bloom, and how a new spring has caused it to blossom again.

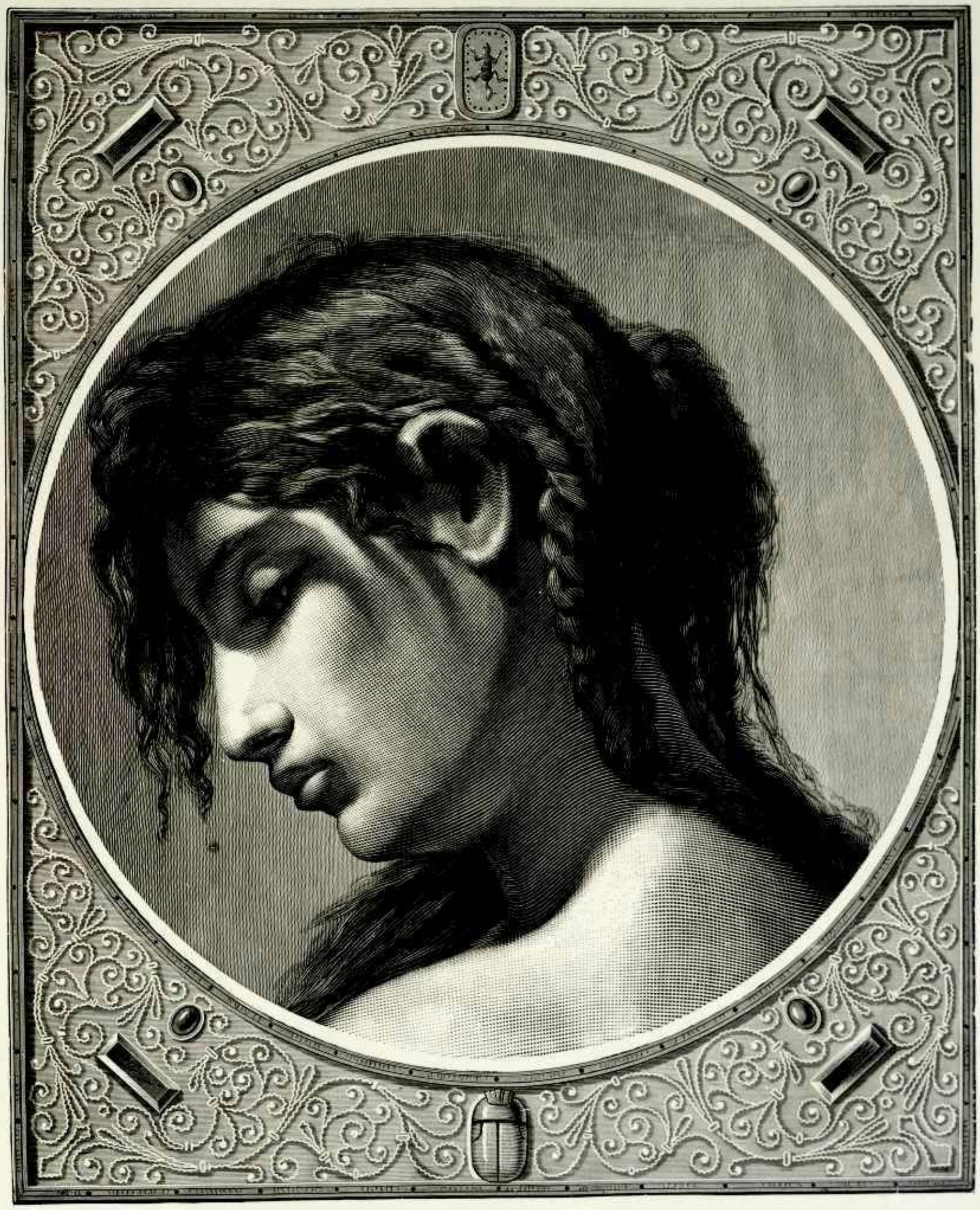


ISIS SUCKLING HORUS.

Within the first century after the birth of the Saviour, Christianity had extended rapidly throughout Alexandria and the Nile valley. It is believed that St. Mark the Evangelist himself preached the new doctrine there, and the Egyptians were better prepared to receive it than any other nation of antiquity. They had been accustomed for ages past to turn their thoughts to a future life; to regard this world as "a tabernacle," and the next world as man's true home. The initiated among the priesthood worshipped the One God, whom they declared to the people under many names and forms. They represented the course of life under a beautiful myth, in which the hero triumphed over death, darkness, and sin. The images of Isis, with the child Horus at her breast, are the first representations of a divine mother and child, and repentance and penitential exercises were familiar to the Egyptians.[1] In Alexandria, even, there were cells attached to the temple of Serapis, in which world-weary souls secluded themselves from the turmoil of life;[2] and a Roman satirist ridicules the pious ladies among the votaries of Isis who allowed the priests to inflict on them any penance, even bathing in the river in midwinter, as a punishment for pleasant sins. This readiness to do penance, which was foreign to the pagan Roman spirit, won many disciples to Christianity on the shores of the Nile. Among the numerous Hebrew inhabitants of the city, too, it spread rapidly, for the cold theism of the Jews had become much modified in Alexandria by the religious and philosophical efforts to which the spiritual leaders of the Hebrew community had devoted themselves—men who had all experienced Greek culture, and who spoke and wrote the Greek language. The religion of the East and the

[1] Figures of the goddess Isis seated, of bronze or porcelain, have been found in great numbers. They are generally of the period of the 26th dynasty, about B.C. 650, and continue till the period of the Roman conquest, B.C. 30.

[2] They were called *en katochê* in Greek, and are mentioned in the Greek Papyri of the Serapeum of Memphis.



COPTIC MAIDEN.

philosophy of the West here solemnised their union. The new doctrine of redemption was received from Palestine with open arms on the Nile, and in Alexandria—the city of philosophical thought and methodical interpretation—its unfixed traditions were cast into a mould and established on a basis which made them hard to refute, and at the same time attractive to the Western mind.

Christianity was born in Palestine, but it was educated in Alexandria.

This is not the place to relate the struggles which the Christian community in Alexandria were forced to carry on against the heathen authorities that ruled them. Those days of persecution came to be known as the Epoch of Martyrs,[1] and many of the noblest blood-witnesses of the Catholic Church were dragged to execution in Alexandria. However, when Christianity was made the state religion, heathendom also had its martyrs; and by the side of the touching figure of Saint Catherine we may well grant a place to the maiden form of the fair philosopher Hypatia,[2] whom Cyril the Bishop caused to be slain by the hands of fanatical monks.

It was as early as the third century after Christ that the Patriarch Thomas ventured to dedicate a church in Alexandria to the Virgin Mary, and in the fourth, after the death of Julian the Apostate, who had vainly attempted to restore the heathen gods to the place they had lost, all Egypt embraced Christianity. But the Gospel of Peace had no power to control the stormy and irrepressible nature of the mixed races of Alexandria, or to cool their hot blood. The unbridled love of rioting possessed by the excitable natives of the great city now took another bent, and displayed itself in other scenes. These arose from questions of creed. Just as in former times they had been ready to seize the sword in petty and worldly quarrels, so now they were prompt to use it when the matters in dispute were shades of dogmatic meaning; and there was no lack of such occasions for its use in this city of disputants, of critics and hair-splitters, who now began to analyse the nature of Christ, just as they had formerly exercised their subtle wits in investigating philosophical systems, grammatical forms, and historic data. A lamentable spectacle! and yet grand in its way; and unique as evidencing how deeply the life of that time was penetrated and permeated by religious feeling.

The most famous of these disputes, and involving the most important consequences, were those as to whether Christ was of a similar or identical nature with God, and whether it was to be received that two natures, or only one—the divine—existed in Christ. The latter view, defended by Eutyches, was also supported by Dioscorus, the patriarch of Alexandria, and his congregation, while at the Council of Chalcedon it was rejected and stigmatised as a heresy. The Alexandrian emperors who governed Egypt, and who submitted to the decision of this council, combated the error of the Monophysites—those, that is to say, who acknowledged only one nature in Christ—but the Egyptians clung to their creed nevertheless, and poured contempt on the followers of the orthodox doctrine, calling them "Melikites," which we may interpret as "King's Men." To this day the native Christians of Egypt, the Copts, are adherents of the Monophysite confession.

The officers and troops of the orthodox emperors persecuted their fellow-

[1] Commencing 20th August, A.D. 281.

[2] Massacred A.D. 416; daughter of the mathematician Theon, and teacher of an eclectic system of philosophy.

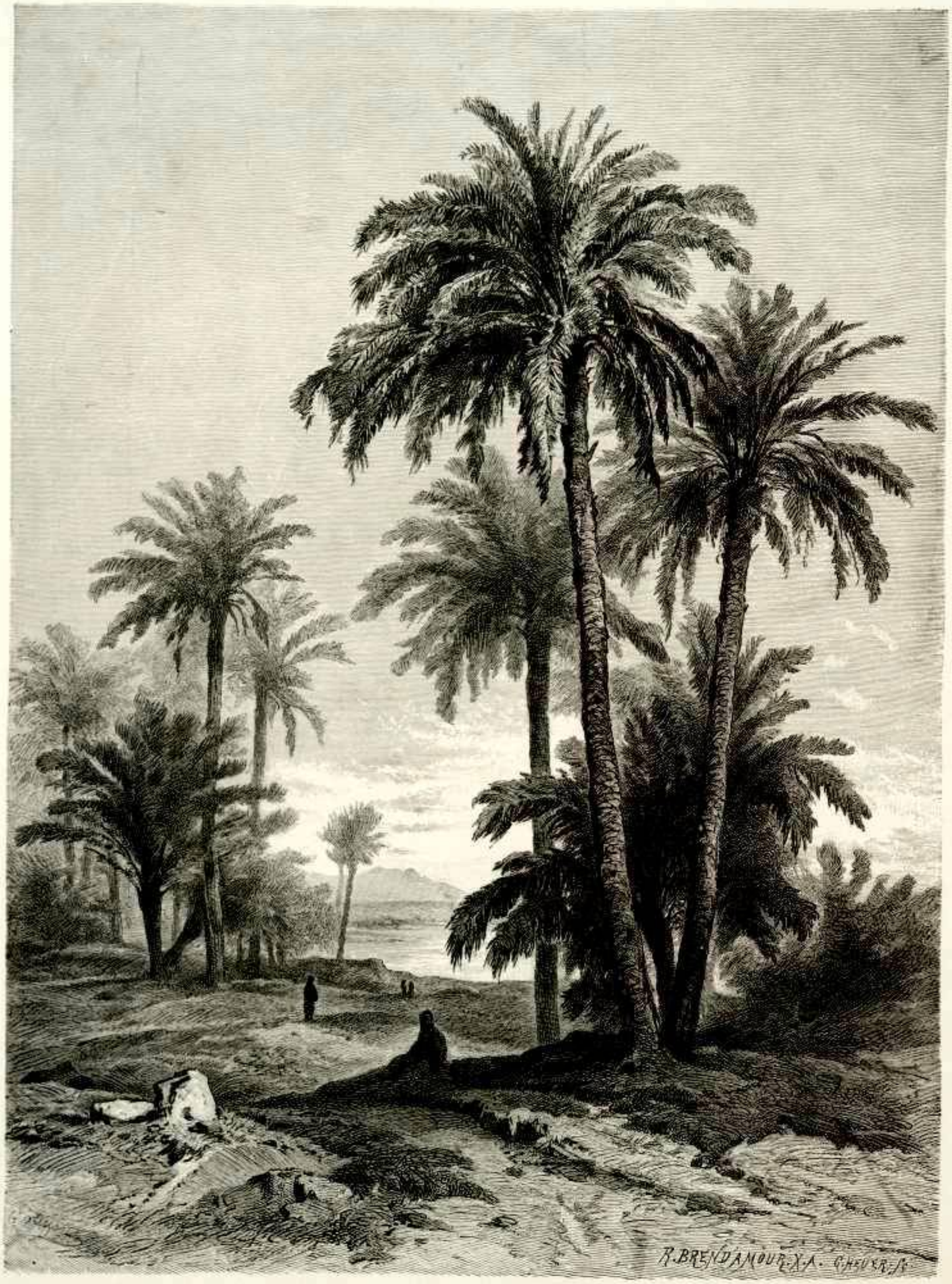
subjects of the heretical creed with great cruelty, and these on their part resisted a compulsory change of bishop; sanguinary street-fights, in which the soldiers commonly remained victors, decimated the citizens of Alexandria, where now a new and stormy element was introduced. An enormous number of servants of the Church, contemners of the world, monks and anchorites, came streaming in from all parts of Egypt, which from the end of the fourth century was richer in monastic institutions than any other country of the world.



A COPT.

It might appear as if, at that remarkable period, true religious feeling had ceased to exist, and all Christendom was animated by merely the spirit of dogma. It was not, however, really so; only in the works of historians, who at that time had so much to narrate of grand foundations and conversions, of martyrdoms and visions, of fights with word and sword for the faith, no space was found for describing the inner life of Christian homes and families, or the lives of those hermits and penitents who, by an existence full of physical privations and rich in spiritual rapture, silently and sincerely strove for redemption and purification. Many of these had unostentatiously given all their possessions to the poor, in order to withdraw from the world and win Paradise by prayer and mortification.

Orthodox Byzantium was a more dangerous foe to Christian Alexandria than



THE PALM, THE CHARACTERISTIC TREE OF THE EAST.

heathen Rome had been, for it not only demanded the wealth and blood of her sons, but sought, too, to rob her of her noblest and proudest title—the Metropolis of Learning. Besides the heathen philosophers, the greatest Christian teachers of the



COURT OF AN EGYPTIAN HOUSE OF THE TIME OF THE KHALIFS.

time of the empire had lived in Alexandria—Clemens, Origen, and Athanasius. But now even the higher spiritual life and endeavour of the city were extinguished, for Alexandria was destined to escape no possible misfortune.[1]

The Byzantine garrisons were too weak to protect the frontiers of Egypt

[1] Alexandria was decimated and burnt by Narses, A.D. 553.

against the incursions of the marauding desert tribes, and the governors were too avaricious to take due care for the irrigation of the country. The harvests and exports of corn fell short, commerce became stagnant, and the industry of the country was paralysed. Added to these came pestilence and famine, and furious insurrection of the starving citizens, oppressed as they were on all sides. Only a few had been able to preserve the wealth they had inherited from their fathers; among them the converted Jew Urbib, who relieved the sufferings of his starving fellow-citizens with princely liberality.

It was from Byzantium, from the adherents of the opposite confession, the Melikites, that the heaviest blows fell upon the city and the country. What wonder, then, that when a Mohammedan army invaded the Nile valley, not long after the death of the Prophet, those Egyptians who adhered to the Monophysite doctrine should make common cause with the invaders, and finally, obeying the counsel of their Bishop Benjamin, go over to the general of the Khalif to put an end to the dominion of the hated Greeks.[1]

The Egyptian governor of the city, Makaukas, set the bad example to his Monophysite followers, and when the emperor reproached him in a letter, because, in spite of the hundred thousand Greeks whom he commanded, he would rather pay tribute than fight against the Arabs, Makaukas exclaimed: "By God! these Arabs with their handful of men are stronger than we with our multitudes; one man of theirs is equal to a hundred of ours; for they seek death and love it better than life." When he immediately after made peace with the Mohammedan general, he promised him a poll-tax of two dinars[2] for every Egyptian; but he made it a condition that no peace should be made with the Greeks till they were all reduced to slavery and their property confiscated, for that was what they deserved.

But in spite of the secession of the Copts, the Greeks resisted valiantly, and fighting went on for a long time round Alexandria, which was strongly fortified with many towers that mutually flanked each other; till on the 1st of Moharram, in the year 20 of the Hegira,[3] the city fell into the hands of the Arabs.

At that time the inhabitants are said still to have numbered nearly 600,000, besides 70,000 Jews who had all taken flight before the city fell. Of those remaining behind 40,000 were Israelites and 200,000 Greeks. These large numbers are very surprising, and no less so is the estimate given of the amount of property of certain particularly rich Egyptians at that time. One Copt, who was convicted of having betrayed the weakness of the Moslems to the Greeks, was possessed of 13,000,000, and another named Petrus of 12,000,000 dinars.[4]

Amroo,[5] the Mohammedan general, treated the conquered with much consideration. The story has been often repeated that he caused the four thousand baths of Alexandria to be heated during six months by burning the books in the library, in obedience to the orders of the Khalif Omar, who declared that "if they contradicted the Koran they were mischievous, and if they agreed with it they were useless"—but this is an invention of a later period. The great public libraries had been dispersed,

[1] A.D. 640.
[2] Two dinars equal 15 francs (about 12 shillings per head).
[3] December 10th, A.D. 641.
[4] 13,000,000 dinars about £3,900,000; 12,000,000 dinars about £3,600,000.
[5] Also called Amr-ben-el-Aas.

and the most valuable of the books had certainly been carried to Constantinople a long time before Alexandria fell into the hands of the Arabs.

Before the Emperor Constantine finally relinquished Alexandria and Egypt, he sent one more fleet to the Nile. It is said that the Greeks of Egypt appealed to him for aid under the following circumstances. Amroo, being asked by the commandant of a town to what sum the poll-tax was likely to be raised, pointed to the



"PLACE MOHAMMED ALI."

walls of a church, and replied, "If you were to give me a mountain of gold pieces reaching from the foundations to the roof I still would not say 'enough,' for you are our treasury; if we want much, we shall take much, if we want little, we will take little."

They joined battle at Nakyoos. Victory was hardly won by the Arabs, and when they had defeated the Greeks, Amroo had breaches made in the walls of Alexandria, for he had sworn that he would throw the city open on all sides like the house of a courtesan.[1]

All Egypt henceforth belonged to the Arabs; a new culture struck root in its soil, and spread and grew luxuriantly.

[1] The city was taken, after a siege of fourteen months, on the 22nd December, A.D. 640.

The rapidity with which Islam was in those times able to engraft its vitality and its forms on the stock of conquered countries was quite magical. It is true that many of the Coptic communities clung to their old faith with true Egyptian tenacity, but thousands were converted to the religion of the Prophet. Churches and monasteries were destroyed, and slender crescent-crowned minarets stood up high above the towers of the Christian churches. A new and fruitful life soon bloomed in the Mohammedan country. Art and science, commerce and home-trade soared up again;



THE OLD HARBOUR OF ALEXANDRIA.

and the grand results of that peculiar culture and strongly marked period have even left the stamp of their influence on Europe, where, as we shall see, their effects are still felt. Egypt was destined once more to take precedence of all the Oriental nations in the highest and noblest walks of life; but the centre of its power and influence was no longer Alexandria.

Cairo sprang up from the camp[1] that had surrounded the tent, Fostaat, of Amroo, and Omar[2] himself had already passed sentence on the turbulent Greek city, which seemed to him ill-fitted to be the residence of a ruler of Egypt; it was in Cairo that the vice-gerents of the Khalifs and the Khalifs themselves held their court; it was there that the caravans, to whom now the commerce of both the East and West was thrown open, established their emporium; and though Alexandria still served as a port for communication by sea with the West and North, the lion's share

[1] A.D. 641. [2] Omar restored the Nilometer and the canal of the two seas, called the canal of the Prince of the Faithful.



THE BANKS OF THE MAHMOUDEEYEH CANAL.

of the profits was snatched from her by the newly founded Arab metropolis, and by the rapidly increasing ports of the Mediterranean, Venice and Genoa. After the Cape of Good Hope had been doubled, and a new way opened to the Indies, and after the discovery of America, the number of ships in the harbours of Alexandria constantly diminished, and they gradually fell into decay. The Turkish Beys and the overbearing Mamelukes, who, after the incorporation of Egypt with the Ottoman Empire, drained it to the utmost, brought it to utter ruin, and it was, indeed, a beggared orphan when the French army landed here under Bonaparte, who by the splendid battle of the Pyramids[1] made himself master of Egypt, and kept it till Nelson, the English hero, destroyed the French fleet in the bay of Aboukir, a little way to the east of Alexandria.[2]

This is not the place to relate the history of the short period of French dominion in the Nile valley, and the unfortunate issue of the enterprise undertaken by Bonaparte with so much admirable foresight. One thing only must be specially pointed out; the result of the French invasion was not merely that the whole course of the political history of Egypt was diverted into a new channel, but that the attention of European savants was directed to the ancient wonderland of the Pharaohs, and to those gigantic monuments which had endured for thousands of years. By the help of these it has been possible to study one of the most remarkable and ancient epochs of the human race in all its aspects, impulses, and results, and to resuscitate it, as it were, like a man buried alive.

It was as a subaltern in the Turkish army sent against the French in 1802 that the man first trod Egyptian soil who, by his unhesitating energy and statesmanlike talents, was destined to effect a revolution in the position of affairs throughout the Nile valley. Mohammed Ali's name is one of the most illustrious of this century, and he is universally known as the founder of the dynasty to which the present Viceroy, Tewfik Pacha, belongs, and as the victorious hero who, but for the intervention of the European powers, would have gained possession of the throne of Constantinople. But few know all that he did for the internal development of Egypt, or understand that the country owes to him that impetus towards innovation which has proved a blessing in the present, and on which rest all its hopes for the future. To him Alexandria owes its renewed bloom, and it is with good reason that his equestrian statue now decorates the finest piazza—named after him—of the handsomely built Frank quarter.

Mohammed Ali understood that the great designs formed in his restless mind could only be carried into effect by the help of means borrowed from the civilisation of the West. He invited the aid of European engineers and architects, as it was necessary that the old harbour, which he now re-opened to the ships of all nations, should be deepened, extended, and made secure. With the assistance of the most distinguished French scientists he turned his particular attention to the irrigation of the country he governed, and he was not slow to perceive that, for a healthy development of the resources of Alexandria, the city needed above all things a regular supply of water, and a canal to connect it with the Nile.

[1] 21st July, A.D. 1798. [2] 1st August the same year.

As he was the despotic and unrestrained master of all the human labour of the country, peasants from every part of Egypt were put under requisition of forced labour, and a deep navigable water-way was dug, embracing the lake of Edkoo in its wide circuit, and fed by the Rosetta branch of the Nile at Foom el Mahmoudeeyeh. Two hundred and fifty thousand fellaheen were employed in carrying out this undertaking. We cannot but pity these miserable creatures, of whom thousands perished, insufficiently fed or sheltered, and worked beyond their strength; but we must admire the work, which perfectly fulfils its object of conveying the produce of Egypt once more to the harbour of Alexandria, of watering its parched soil, and supplying its inhabitants with the most indispensable necessary of life.

If we now walk along the bank of the canal, it is difficult to believe that hardly fifty years have elapsed since the first sod was turned for its formation. Where the closely-packed Egyptian boats unload, spreading palm-trees grow on the raised banks; and in the vicinity of the city, heavily-laden barques and small steam-tugs lie at anchor side by side with humble boats from the provinces, and elegantly-fitted dahabeeyehs for the pleasure trips of the wealthy. Proud palaces line the banks, and villas in long rows, many of them enclosed in gardens where the vegetation of every zone thrives and flourishes.



WATERING THE ROADS.

The wealth restored to the impoverished city by the construction of this canal nowhere strikes us more impressively than when we pass through the Rosetta Gate in the afternoon, and walk towards its banks. On the Arab and Christian holidays particularly, Fridays and Sundays, as we walk down the road, dusty in spite of the sprinkling of the black watermen, we are met by a crowd of pleasure-seeking citizens, on foot, on horseback, or in carriages. The dusky drivers of the pretty hired carriages, with their capital horses, on these days and at this hour demand double and treble fares, and the sais or out-runner bounds on in front of the millionaire's carriage with bare brown feet, never tiring even when the spirited horses behind him make their swiftest pace. The ladies and gentlemen in the carriages, and most of those on foot, are in European costume; only the Arab tarboush, known to us under the name of "fez"—a red cap with a black silk tassel—holds its own against the European hat. Those who wear it do not remove it in greeting, but instead of airing their heads, wave their hand at an acquaintance. Silks rustle, jewellery glitters, and handsome feathers wave wherever the fair Alexandrians show themselves in public; and there are among them not a few whose husbands can well afford to order their toilets from Paris, their carriages

from Vienna or Milan, and to secure them a box for the Italian opera at the Zizinia Theatre. Immense fortunes have been made here, particularly during the American war. Foreign commerce at the present time enriches enterprising merchants of all nations, and has attracted during the last few years three thousand vessels per annum to the harbour of Alexandria. The export of a comparatively new commodity,



A SAIS, OR RUNNING FOOTMAN.

cotton, has proved particularly lucrative, and the exchange business of the banks of Alexandria is far more considerable than that of the houses of business in the capital. The poor orphan has grown rich again, and its wealth flows in from many of the same sources whence its forefathers filled their treasuries. In the market-place, which in Norden's time was deserted, everything may now be found that can serve to deck the tables of the wealthy, whether Orientals or Europeans. The fruit and vegetable sellers are for the most part Egyptians, but the purchasers are Europeans of all ranks, and among them we meet many a fair and elegant house-wife, followed by her black servant, like a dusky shadow. With the single exception

of Abbas Pacha, who was always inimical to foreigners. Mohammed Aii's successors have followed the example of the great founder of their house, availing themselves of every advance in European culture for the advancement of Alexandria also, and devoting particular attention to those means of communication which keep up its intercourse with Europe and the other parts of Egypt.

Said Pacha, the predecessor of Ismail, had the Mahmoudeeyeh Canal cleared of silt and deepened, and the waters are now kept at their level by enormous forcing-pumps. He completed the railway connecting Alexandria with Cairo, and began the construction of that network of iron ways which overspreads the Delta with constantly increasing meshes, and which now joins the port on the Mediterranean with Suez, and connects all the most important towns of the Delta.



ALEXANDRIAN LADY WITH HER BLACK ATTENDANT.

Said Pacha resided principally in Alexandria, for which he had retained a preference from his earlier life, when he was an admiral of the Egyptian fleet. He lived in his castle of Gabari at the extreme west of the city, on the site of the ancient Necropolis, where now races are run in the European style. The castle is falling into ruins day by day, but it was surrounded by gardens, and there the prodigal and eccentric prince, who was by no means deficient in talent, loved to inspect the manœuvres of his troops. The traces may still be discerned of the iron causeway which he had laid to enable him to overlook the march past of his soldiers without inconvenience from dust; they, in the polished black boots of civilised life, must have suffered fearfully from the metal heated by the sun of those latitudes. He had a railroad constructed to connect his summer palace at Maryoot with Alexandria, and to convey necessaries to the troops which were encamped there under his eye. The twenty-three miles of iron road passed through an utter desert, and had no other purpose whatever. In spite of this and many similar follies, the whimsical and extravagant Governor was open to great ideas; he had been brought up by an admirable instructor, Kœnig Bey, who had not left him ignorant of any of the nobler and more important features of European thought and culture; and history will not forget that it was Said Pacha who encouraged Monsieur de Lesseps' grand scheme of cutting through the Isthmus of Suez to connect the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and who provided the talented and persevering Frenchman with means to carry out his idea. He was not so happy as to live to see the completion

of this undertaking, which has been productive of vast results for the commerce of Alexandria. He died in January, 1863, after great suffering, and his mortal remains rest in a small mosque at Alexandria. Only a few, faithful to his memory, visit the modest mausoleum of the illustrious dead whose next of kin, in consequence of the most unfortunate law of succession then in force, had no claim to the viceregal dignity. This law is now abrogated.

Said's successor, Ismail, was the son of Ibrahim Pacha, the great victor of Nezib, and grandson of Mohammed Ali. The title of Khedive was bestowed on Ismail Pacha, ruler of the Nile country, by the Sublime Porte in 1867. We shall use this Turkish title, which means much the same as the word Viceroy, whenever we have occasion to speak of this man, whose prudence, industry, energy, and unprejudiced judgment raised the outward dignity and internal prosperity of his country in a wonderful degree. We will, in another chapter, more closely investigate the character and influence of Ismail Pacha, and show what enormous difficulties he had to grapple with in carrying out his grand work of education and reformation. He, nevertheless, intended to carry them out, if not to the end, at any rate to a promising stage of progress, if his powers had not failed, and he had not been fettered by external influences. It must suffice here to give a sketch of what Alexandria alone owes to him.

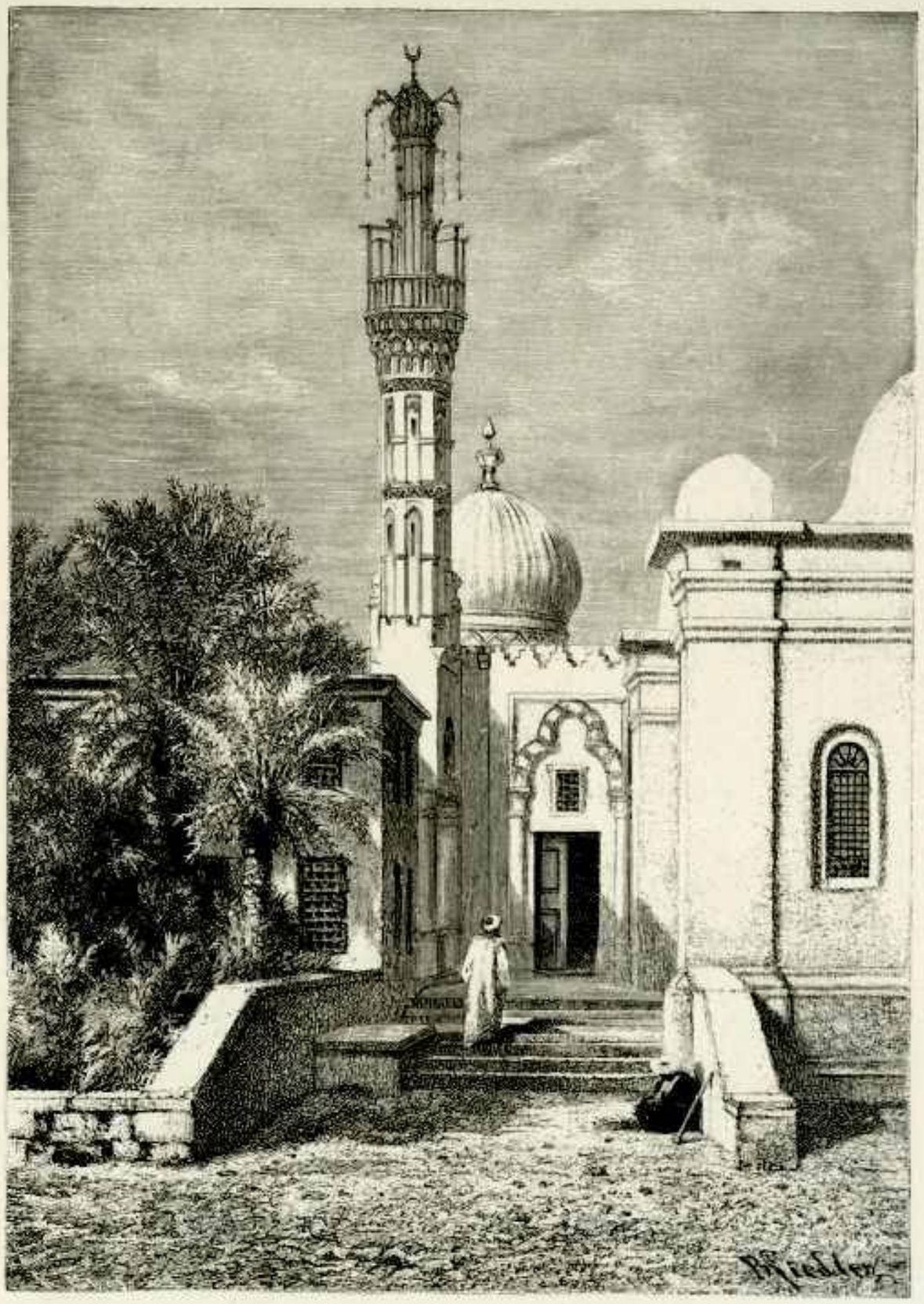
Every one knows that it was the Khedive who brought the cutting of the Isthmus of Suez to its termination, and attracted the attention of the whole world to the success of the enterprise by the splendid ceremonies at its opening; in fact, it was an undertaking from which not only a single nation, but every commercial country, has derived benefit. For, so soon as the first vessels had navigated the canal, new shipping companies were called into existence, and at the present time Austrian and Italian, English and French, Russian and Turkish lines of steamships are in regular communication with Alexandria. Every year saw an increased number of ships entering the ancient harbour of Eunostus, and the Khedive undertook to make it in every respect one of the first ports, not of the Mediterranean only, but of the whole world.

It is at El Meks, to the south-west of the city, that the works are situated in which an enormous number of blocks of stone are squared, while others are hewn in the quarries of the rocky hills that coast the river. The breakwater is a work which is exceeded in magnitude only by a few structures remaining from the time of the Pharaohs. It lies opposite the little island of Pharos, and extends for a distance of above three kilomètres (more than a mile and three quarters), forming an obtuse angle towards El Meks, and many millions of tons of rough and squared stone have been used in constructing it. A second mole, almost a kilomètre[1] long, is connected with the old station, and that and the new quay on the western side of the Heptastadium, east of the harbour, give the port altogether an extent of open space and a degree of safety that it can scarcely have had even under the Ptolemies.

A great deal has been said in Europe about the enormous sums spent, with true Oriental recklessness and lavishness, by the Egyptian Government during the

[1] Rather more than half a mile English (4 furlongs 212 yards 1 foot 9⅓ inches long, or more than 1,000 yards).

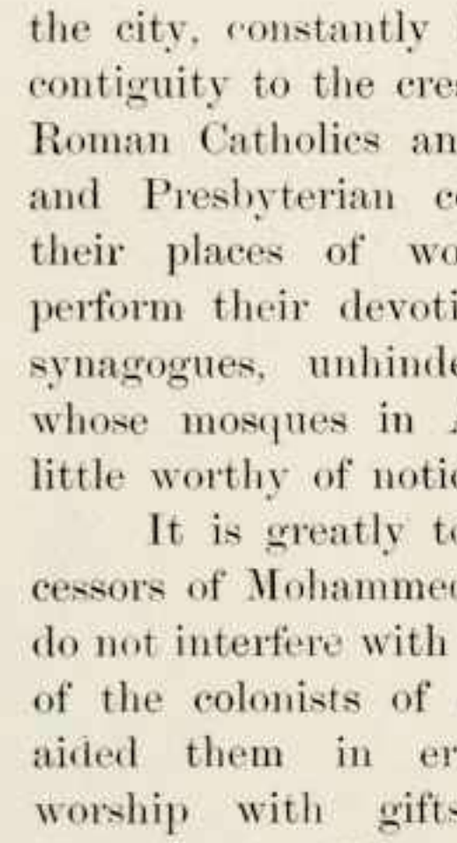
last decade, but too little has been thought about the millions which have been applied to great public enterprises, and which, like an acorn dropped in the ground, will bear full interest only to future generations, though already Alexandria has profited by them more than any city in Egypt. Protected against



MOSQUE OF SAID PACHA.

all storms by efficiently constructed bulwarks, and against every foe by strong fortifications, ships of all nations are here invited into a sheltered harbour, in which the largest fleets may find room. Here is the terminus of all the railways which directly connect the city with Cairo, Suez, and Rosetta. Here converge the telegraph-wires, by which it communicates with almost every part of the world, even with the interior of Africa. A well-constructed aqueduct supplies the houses of the citizens, and an elaborate system of gas-pipes ramifies through even the remotest

parts of the city, providing light during the night. It is only to the narrow alleys of the Arab quarter that this truly European illumination has not yet penetrated; for when it was introduced there it filled the sons of the soil with such alarm as for a long time made it the ruling theme of conversation. The main thoroughfares are paved, and are furnished with side-walks. That love of planting trees which the Khedive inherited from his grandfather, Mohammed Ali, also proved advantageous to Alexandria, and a special office of health takes zealous care of the resuscitated city.



WHAT WILL COME OF IT ALL?

Several hospitals exist, and owe their foundation to that benevolence which characterises not only the Christian, but also the Arab religion. Even in the Egyptian infirmaries, strict regulations, imported from the West, maintain a discipline which multiplies tenfold the value of the gifts of the benevolent. Physicians of every creed exercise their calling in the hospitals of Alexandria, and the traveller, as he walks through the city, constantly finds the Christian cross adorning a church or chapel in close contiguity to the crescent crowning a mosque. Copts and Greeks of both confessions, Roman Catholics and Protestants, Anglican and Presbyterian congregations, have here their places of worship; and the Jews perform their devotional services in stately synagogues, unhindered by the Moslems, whose mosques in Alexandria are, in fact, little worthy of notice.



PROTESTANT CHURCH AT ALEXANDRIA.

It is greatly to the credit of the successors of Mohammed Ali that they not only do not interfere with the religious observances of the colonists of other creeds, but have aided them in erecting their places of worship with gifts of building ground. Mohammed Ali gave up sites of considerable extent to the Roman Catholics, and the little Protestant Church, in which a German pastor preaches to a German congregation, stands on a plot of ground given to the Evangelical German colonists by Said Pacha. It stands on the shore of the so-called New Harbour, which ships can no longer enter, and on the soil of the ancient Bruchium. Services are also held here in French for Protestants who are neither Germans nor attached to any English denomination.

This German church was dedicated in 1866, on the Emperor William's birthday, and the congregation were liberally assisted in establishing it, not only by the



A YOUTHFUL FOLLOWER OF THE PROPHET.

King of Prussia, as he then was, but by the Khedive himself. Erbkam, who is now dead, and who during his lifetime was well known to every lover of ancient Egyptian art, designed the little church in the Romanesque style. M. Lüttke, author of a work on Modern Egypt, was the first minister, and he could say with



SARRÂF, OR MONEY-CHANGER.

justifiable pride, at the termination of the work to which he had contributed much good counsel—"This neat little edifice, in connection with its situation in the broad harbour of Alexandria, which opens out on the broad blue sea, makes a pleasing and touching impression, and the Crown Prince of the German Empire (then Crown Prince of Prussia), like many other foreign visitors, felt this when he visited it in 1869, and gave lively expression to his sentiments."

As we have seen, people of every creed have found a home in Alexandria, and labour and toil in complete freedom, not only in religious matters, but in

practical life also—practical life which, unfortunately, absorbs the lion's share of all the powers of colonists and natives alike. That life for the ideal, that struggle for intellectual wealth, that nurture of science and art which ennobled Alexandria of yore, have not accompanied the resurrection of the great metropolis, and yet the circumstances of the new city appeal to us in many particulars as a reflection of ancient Alexandria. Just as the old town remained a Greek colony in the midst of Egyptians, so the new has received little of that impress of the Mohammedan mind which is visible throughout the rest of the Nile valley. The Alexandria of our day, like its predecessor two thousand years ago, has developed from an unimportant Egyptian town, by the influx of enterprising Europeans—chiefly Greeks and Italians—while the native Egyptian element has been thrust into the background. Now, as then, the citizens of Alexandria may well be called a turbulent and mixed population of South European stamp, and the saying of Hadrian, in writing to Servianus, "They all know but one God [Mammon]," is only too true of the greater part of the traders living here now, who far more often strive to attain the goal of their lives, a large and rapid fortune, by some happy hit in a risky speculation than by quiet industry.



ARABIAN CEMETERY.

Of course there are not wanting most respectable representatives of the merchant class, English and French, German and Swiss, Hellenes and Levantines; but the man who ventures into the Greek drinking shops, and their innumerable gaming hells, will meet with the very dregs of society—than whom nothing more worthless, dissolute, and reckless can be found in any great city.

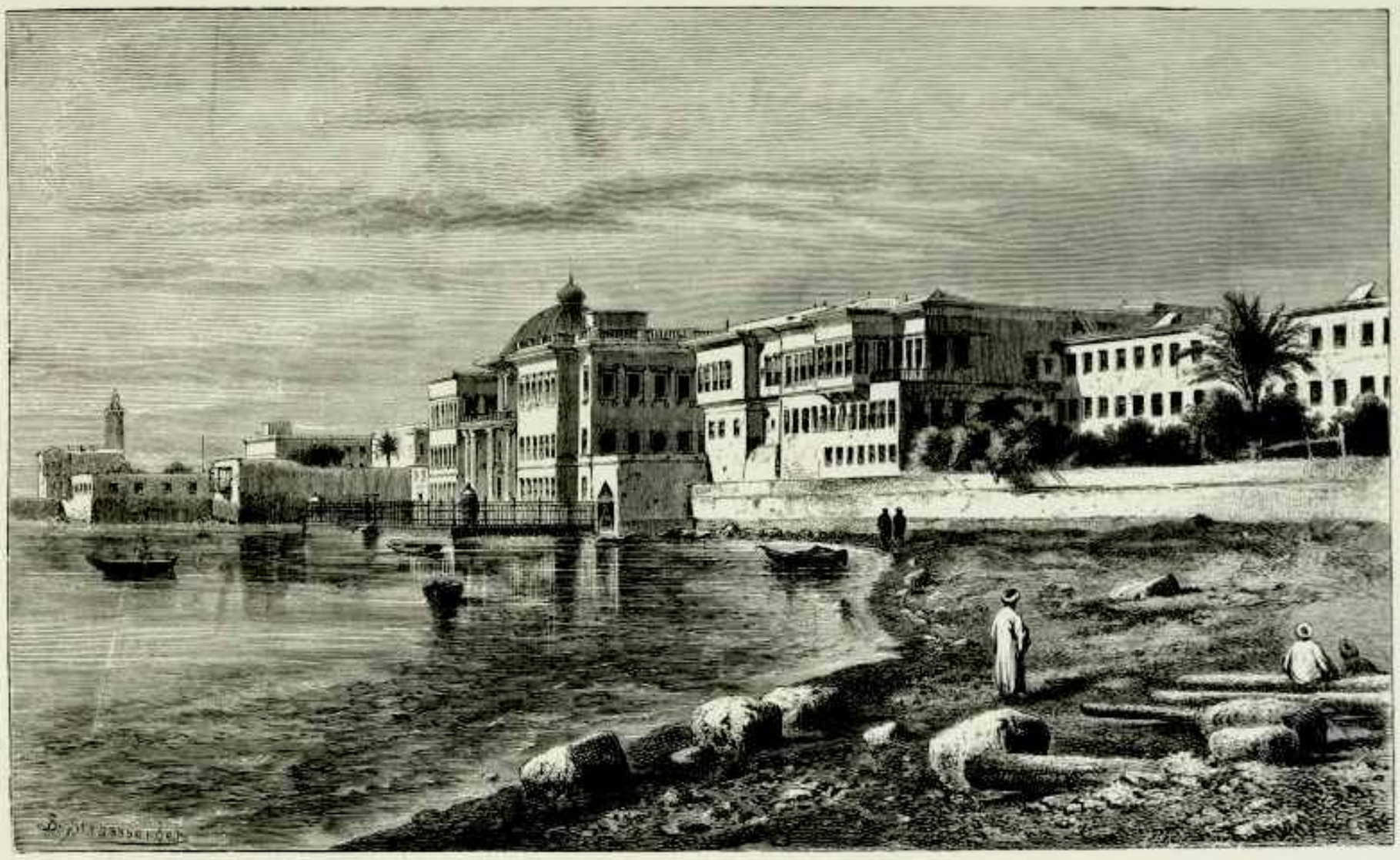
The Jewish community plays an important part in New, as it did in Old, Alexandria, and counts many wealthy men among its members. A great part of the exchange business is in the hands of Hebrews, as we may perceive from the names of the most important firms, or by a glance at the humble money-changer, the Sarrâf, who conducts his business squatting behind a little table at the corner of a street.



WINDOW OF THE HAREM.

Any one really desirous of studying Oriental life will not find what he seeks

in this centre of commerce; rather will he pack up at once and turn southwards to the beautiful city of the Khalifs; for in Alexandria the Arab is at home only in the poorest and humblest quarters, and the cemeteries where his dead lie at rest are almost more numerous than the spots where he dwells while living. Also the Turks pass for little. Many of them live in the island of Pharos in houses which, though humble indeed, are often pleasant enough. They are overlooked by the lordly palace of the Khedive, which is situated on the tongue of land known as Ras-et-Teen (the Cape of Figs), and was erected by Mohammed Ali and restored by Ismail Pacha. But even this building, though the sea washes round it in imitation of the



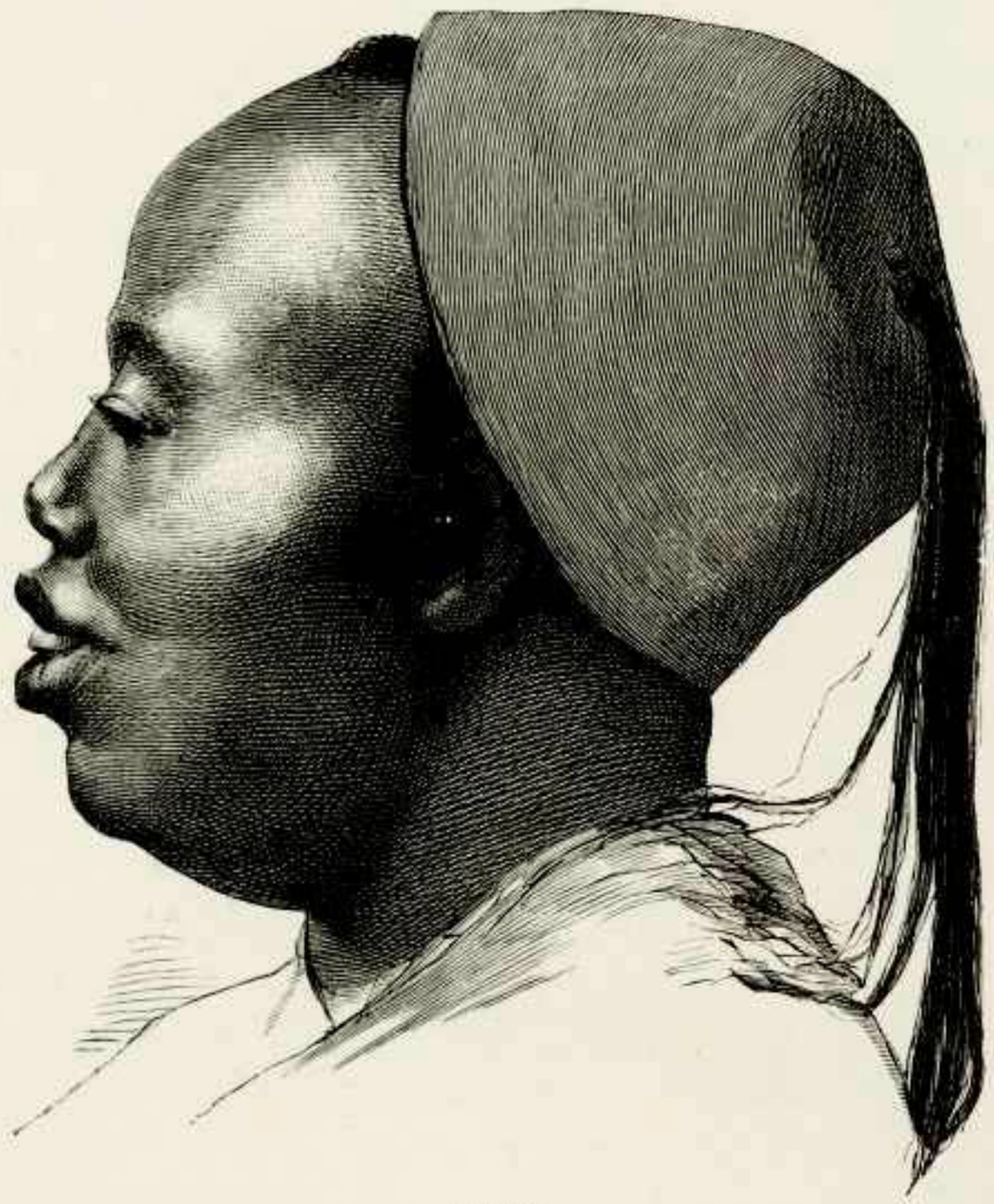
PALACE OF THE KHEDIVE.

Seraglio at Constantinople, is devoid of character, and would hardly be suggestive of the East but for the adjoining harem and its gardens. Here the inquisitive European need not hope to catch a glimpse of fine eyes half hidden behind a veil and trellis, though he may indeed meet with one of the eunuchs that are never absent from an Egyptian establishment of any pretension, as guardians of the ladies, and on whom, in ancient times, the highest offices constantly devolved in all Oriental countries.

Eunuchs were by no means first employed by the Mohammedans; on the contrary they were introduced from Byzantium, for the Mohammedans under the early Khalifs assigned a high social position to women, and Byzantium always returned with interest the abuses she had borrowed from the East. It is now long since eunuchs have been excluded from offices of state; but, although they all belong to

the black races of the upper Nile, and their repulsive and sleepy aspect gives small indication of it, they are said to be to the present day conspicuous for their prudence and energy, and they generally manage the household they belong to. In Cairo we as often meet them as here we rarely see them.

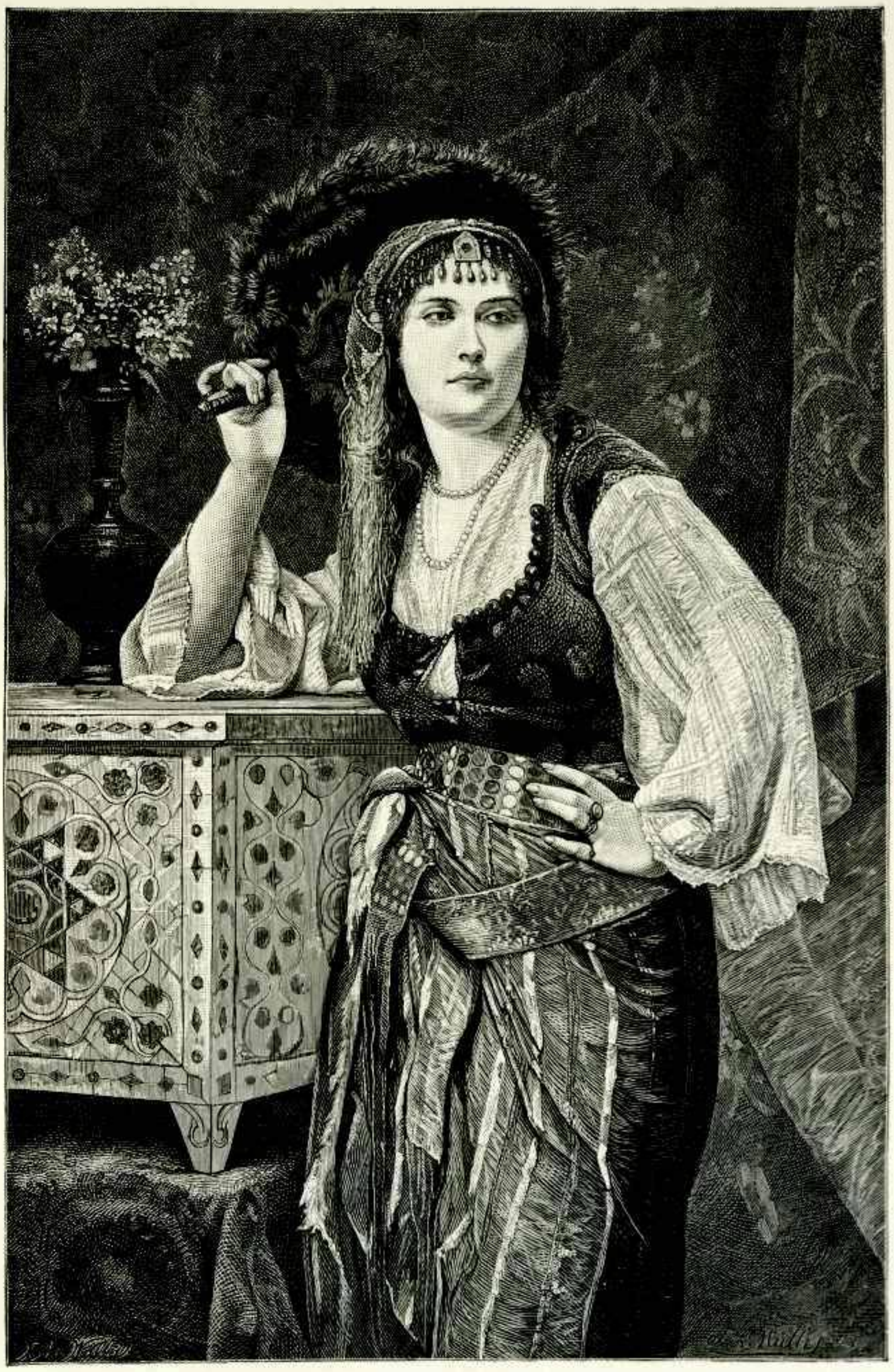
If in Alexandria we do at last succeed in realising that we are indeed in the East, the next instant something carries us back to Europe; and the time is not far distant when Western life will have destroyed the last trace of Oriental life in this spot. Only two unmistakable tokens survive—one in the vegetable and the



EUNUCH.

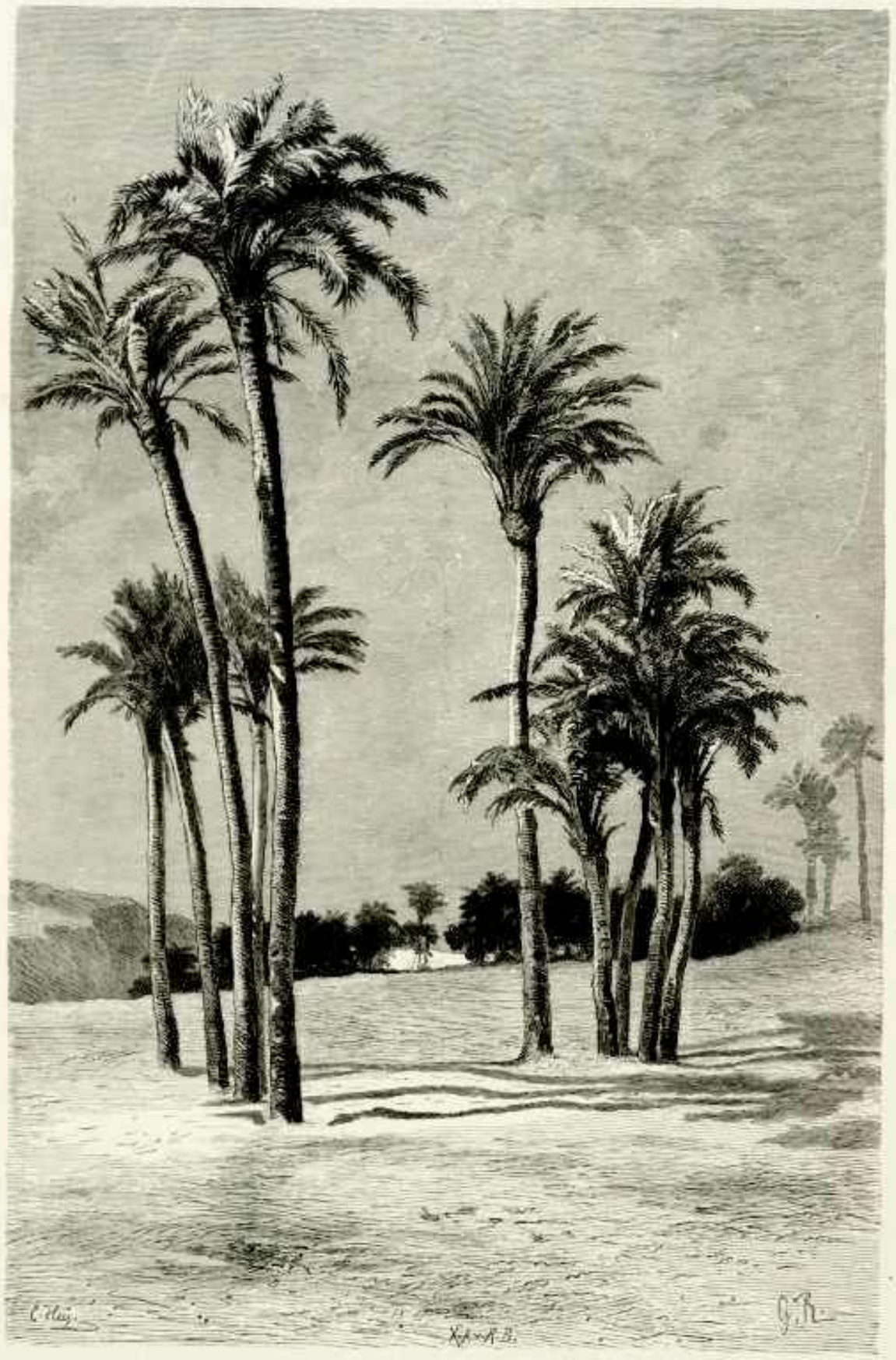
other in the animal kingdom—the Palm and the Camel; and these will uphold the Eastern character of Alexandria when the last minaret of the last mosque shall have disappeared.

Whoever remembers Egypt remembers its palms, those noble trees with slender fibrous stems, standing up like pillars, with umbrageous crowns that spread out like shading roofs; fair daughters of the East that are the ornament of the fertile land, and that break the monotony of the desert; under whose shade it is so delightful to rest, whose crowns are stirred by the lightest breath of wind, and at whose feet, when they form a grove, light and shade play in incessant variety. Wherever Islamism has penetrated this tree has followed it, the tree of which the Prophet himself said, "Honour the palm, for it is your maternal aunt; on the stony soil



THE JEWEL OF THE HAREM.

of the desert it offers you a fruitful source of sustenance." The pious revere it as a gift bestowed by God on the lands of the faithful, and wantonly to injure a palm-tree would be a deadly sin. Throughout the East there are no gifts



PALMS.

of nature more useful than the palm-tree and the camel, and how incomparable the blessings which they secure to the Oriental seem in his eyes is sufficiently proved by the common saying, "The palm is the camel and the camel the palm of the desert."

Every part of this beautiful tree, from the root to the summit, is of value. Its trunk is in many parts of the East the only building timber; mats and ropes are

woven of its fibre; of its branches roofs, beds, seats, cages, and baskets are made; and it is well known that it affords an abundance of nutritious food in the heavy clusters of fruit that ripen in the autumn under its crown of leaves.

The precious trees, male and female (for the palm is diœcious), are tended with care, and even the ancient Egyptians distinguished them as the father and mother trees, and understood the art of assisting nature and of transferring the pollen to the female flowers by hand.

As the Swiss when abroad pines for his native mountains, so the Arab longs for the palms of the East. The first Ommeyyade Khalif in Spain could not exist in his new home without the lordly palm, and had a young tree brought from Syria, which he planted in the garden of his country-house at Ruhzafa, near Cordova. He gave utterance to his home-sick longing for the tree of his native land in the following expressive verses :—

"Oh! Palm, like me a stranger here,
An exile in the alien west,
Driven from home and dispossessed—
But, ah! thou'rt mute, nor canst thou shed a tear.

"Happy to have no sentient soul!
Heart-ache like mine thou canst not know;
Could'st thou but feel, thy tears would flow
In yearning love and grief, without control.

"Aye, home-sick tears for Eastern groves
That shade Euphrates; but the tree
Forgets; and I, compelled to flee
By hate, almost forget my former loves."

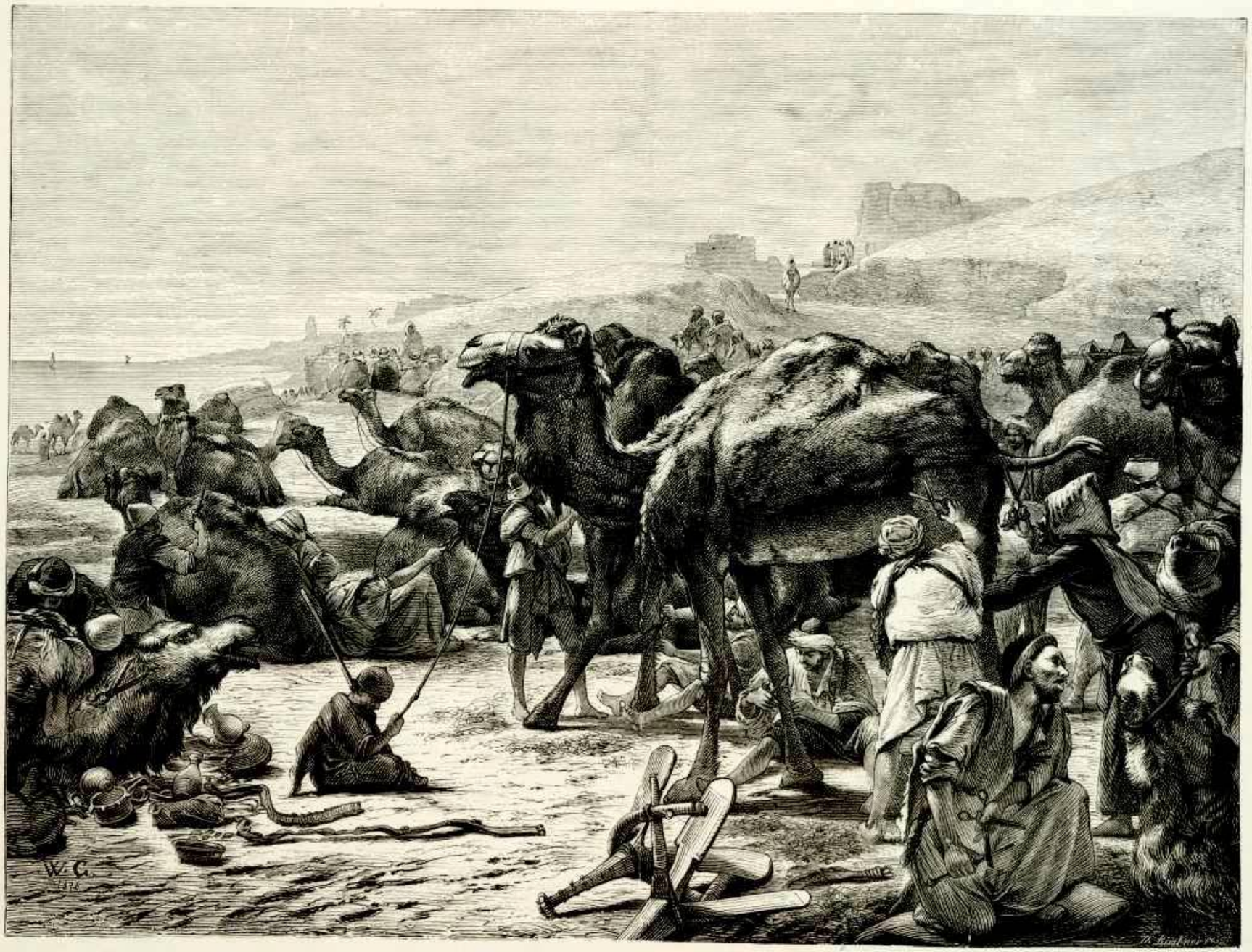


GATHERING DATES.

The palm-tree so pathetically sung has been the parent of thousands of descendants, which at this day wave their broad crowns in the breeze of Southern Spain.

We, at the present time, find it as difficult to think of Egypt without camels as without palms, and yet the "patient ship of the desert" was not naturalised on the shores of the Nile until a comparatively late date. It was not used in the time of the Pharaohs, though we find it mentioned on the monuments,[1] and the conquerors of Western Asia often met with it in their expeditions. Even in the other parts of North Africa and in the Sahara, from which in our minds the camel is an inseparable feature, it was not in general use till after the Christian era. Barth has proved

[1] As the *kamaru* or *kamalu*, as early as the thirteenth century B.C. It does not appear on the coins till the time of Hadrian, A.D. 130, although it is mentioned as introduced by Ptolemy, B.C. 304. In Assyria the two-humped camel of Bactria was known in the time of Shalmaneser, B.C. 850, and the one-humped at the time of Assur-bani-pal or Assur-bani-habla, B.C. 627.



SHEARING CAMELS

that even the Phœnician merchants of Carthage, whose caravans traversed the desert in many directions, made no use of this humped beast of burden.

They were introduced into the Nile valley in thousands by the Arab hosts, and followed them in their advance to the West. The facility with which they become naturalised wherever the necessary conditions exist is shown by the history of the last few years. After the Crimean war Tartars migrated with their camels into the Dobrudscha, where that animal was previously unknown, and a short time since Von Kremer found it completely naturalised, and saw Tartar wagons in Galatz drawn by camels which had crossed the frozen Danube.

In Egypt the humped beast bears all kinds of burdens, draws the plough, drives the water-wheel, scours the desert with Bedaween or pilgrims, and yields milk to its owner, as well as its wool, which serves for weaving both coarse and fine materials. We shall often meet with the camel in the course of our further journeying, and shall have much to say about it, and need only add here that it is constantly employed in all sorts of ways in Alexandria. At Ramleh, to the east of the city, where the Khedive's summer palace is situated, and whither the Alexandrians adjourn in the hottest months for the sake of the sea-breezes, there are encampments of Bedaween who keep herds of camels in order to sell their valuable hair to the merchants and weavers of the city.



A SILK EMBROIDERER.

Of all the industrial arts of the early days of Alexandria one only still survives, that of fine embroidery. In the time of the Khalifs this had reached an admirable pitch of perfection. In those days the European princes procured their more costly dress-stuffs from the East, and even the coronation mantle of the Roman-German emperors, preserved in the treasury of Vienna, was worked by Arab hands; indeed the "Tirâz," an arabesque representing in its artistic curves the name and titles of the illustrious wearer, is conspicuously embroidered upon it. Venice and Genoa obtained their silk-stuffs from Alexandria, and all the gold thread required in Europe in the days of chivalry—when the nobility loved gorgeously embroidered garments—was brought from the East, where it was made, as is now known, of finely divided threads of the intestines of animals killed for food. The island of Cyprus was the emporium for these wares, of which great quantities were used in the silk embroidery

done at Alexandria. We do not know whether it was in Alexandria that Said Pacha, the predecessor of Ismail Pacha, had his large state tent constructed; but it was made of heavy silk stuff covered with rich embroidery, and was so large that a hundred guests could be accommodated in it, its height being more than fifty feet. Embroidery and weaving are at this day the arts best understood in the East, and are practised by men as well as by women. One of the prettiest blossoms in the Arab anthology is addressed to a girl weaving. The last verses run as follows:—

"There at her loom her task she plies,
Through quivering threads the shuttle flies;
So thrill and tremble—while he sighs—
The fibres of the poet's heart.

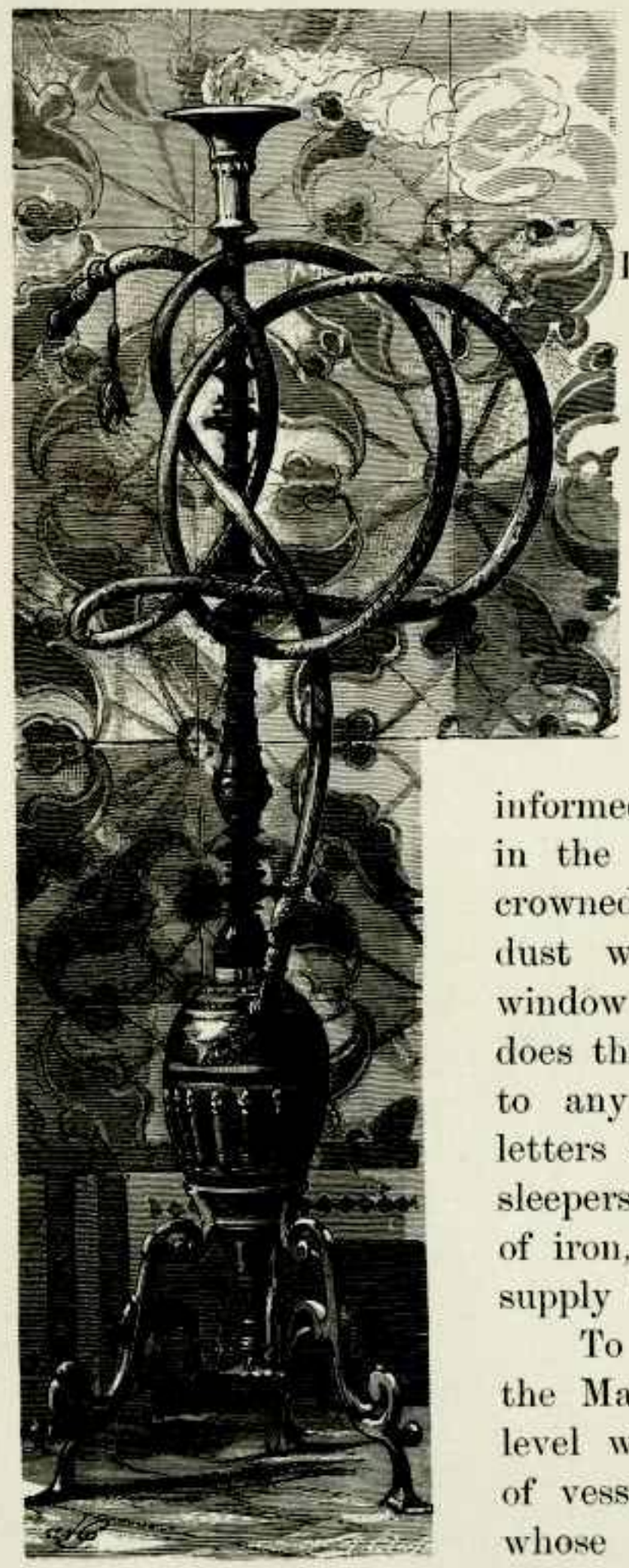
"I watch her often as she sends
The weft across the warp, and bends
To tie or cut the floating ends—
Fate-like—and sports with every heart.

"Or, tangled in the ravelled snare
Of threads, sometimes I must compare
The maid to some wild fawn or hare
Caught by the cunning hunter's art."

The weaving of the East is still in high repute, but it is not what it formerly was, and the same is true of the embroidery; but both arts will continue to flourish so long as the Arabs retain their delight in gorgeous garments and fine carpets, and their wives love to cover their little feet with richly embroidered slippers, on which, among the gold, here and there gleams a pearl or a precious stone.

We are now on the threshold of the mysterious East, but its secrets will not be unlocked to us in half-European Alexandria. Away, then, to the south! through the Delta—"that verdurous fan," as the poet says, "with Cairo sparkling like a costly diamond on the handle."





THROUGH THE DELTA.

DIRECTLY the signal is given, with a shrill whistle we are off to the south by the railway. The houses and villas to our right, the morocco cushions on which we sit, the shape of the little tickets, the long wires running by the way-side, which bring men's thoughts into closer communication than the railway does their cities, the look of the locomotives and carriages—how European it all is! Aye, and the machines are fed with coal, ordinary black coal, and not with fragments of mummies, as an American author informed his readers not long since. And yet we are in the East. Palms are waving in the breeze, crescent-crowned minarets stand up against the sky, and the dust which pours in only too freely through the open window is genuine and unadulterated desert sand. Nor does the brown face of the guard under its tarboush belong to any European, and on the ticket there are Arabic letters and numbers, side by side with the French. The sleepers of the rails, too, are peculiar, for they are made of iron, the valley of the Nile being too poor in timber to supply them of oak.

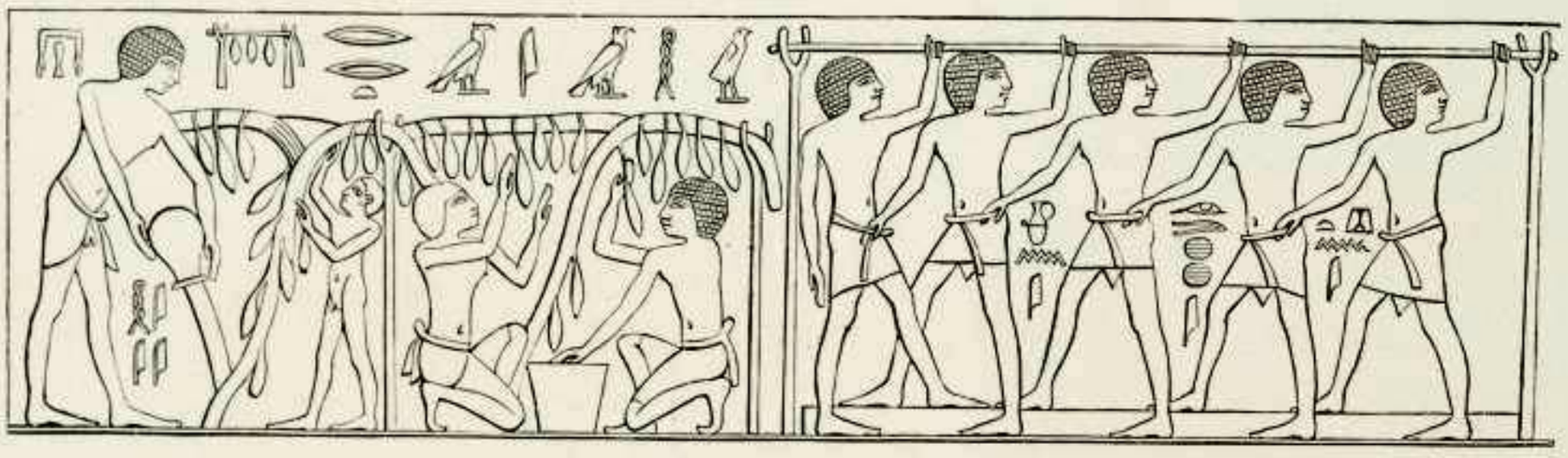
To our left we see the sails of the ships that navigate the Mahmoudeeyeh Canal; on our right lie the brackish, level waters of Lake Mareotis, where formerly thousands of vessels found deep and commodious anchorage, and on whose shores—in those ancient times with which we

have sought to make the reader familiar—houses and vineyards stood in fair array.

"And Thasian vines there are, and Mareots white,"[1]

sings Virgil. Strabo celebrates the Mareotic wine as keeping to a great age, and Athenæus, who had drunk it at many a feast in Alexandria, praises its pale colour and its delightful *bouquet*, and says it is light and wholesome, and does not affect the head. Horace, too, sings of the juice of Mareotic grapes, which, like all the better vintages of Egypt, grew on such spots on the shores of the Nile as were never invaded by its inundations, or overlaid by the rich alluvium they deposited.

In tombs of the very earliest date we find pictures exhibiting the processes of vine-culture among the ancient Egyptians. An example is here given, but we



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN REPRESENTATION OF THE VINTAGE. (*From a Tomb at Sakkara.*)

shall meet with many. Some of the vintagers are busy gathering the clusters from the vines, while others tread out the must. Above them is written, "Vintage of the grapes of the estate." The name of the noble possessor was Ptah-hotep, and he lived about 5,000 years ago, at the time of the building of the Pyramids. Wine is no longer produced on the shores of Lake Mareotis, though many ruined walls remain on its banks, which the Arabs, with a reminiscence of old traditions, call "wine-presses." In the rest of the Delta excellent grapes are grown, and, which is curious, not on vine-stocks, but still on arbour-like espaliers, as in the time of the Pharaohs. The wine-forbidding creed of Islam has interfered with the manufacture of wine; the cultivation of the grape has died out, and though the Egyptian grapes might very likely prove excellent for the purpose, none are ever pressed. They are of very good flavour, ripening in June and July, and are sold with other fruit in the markets.

Meanwhile we are being hurried onwards. Once more a bright sheet of water gleams to our left. This is the lake of Aboukir, so called after a miserable fishing-village on a little promontory to the west of Alexandria; but its name deserves, as few others do, to be held famous and sacred. The greatest sea-fight of the last century was fought opposite Aboukir, when, on the 1st of August, 1798, the British hero Nelson succeeded in destroying the French fleet under the command of the brave but hapless Admiral Brueys.

[1] Georgic II., 9. Blackmore's translation.

This is not the place to lay before the reader the varying fortunes of the extraordinary war which was carried on in Egypt against England; but how can we fail to recall, in sight of the waters of Aboukir, that battle, in which laurels were won alike by the conquerors and the conquered, while death gathered so rich a harvest, first at this very sea-fight, and subsequently in 1801, when the British besieged Alexandria? A hundred and fifty villages and hamlets were then wiped off from the face of the earth like an inscription from a tablet, for the English cut through the low hills that protected the fertile country, at a point not far from Aboukir, and let the salt tide through—a terrible ally on their side—flooding the defenceless plain.

Now the lakes are left behind; the level ground on each side of the railway grows greener and greener as we proceed. Damanhoor is the name of the first station, and here the locomotive takes in water. This is the old town of Horus, the Greek Apollinopolis parva, and now the residence of the governor, or Mudeer, of an extensive and fertile province. Grey houses of handsome size stand on the slope of the modest hill behind the station; slender minarets point to heaven here as everywhere, and the white tombstones of the Arab cemetery gleam in close proximity to the iron road. A widow, sitting on the grave of her lost husband, gazes into vacancy, not heeding the train as it rushes by.

It was by a mere chance that no less a man than General Bonaparte escaped joining the dead in the cemetery of Damanhoor. He narrowly evaded the threatened danger of being captured by a division of the Egyptian horse, and when Desaix remonstrated with him on his imprudence, he made the reply which was so strangely justified by subsequent events as to seem almost prophetic, "It is not written above that I should fall into the hands of the Mamelukes; of the English—perhaps."

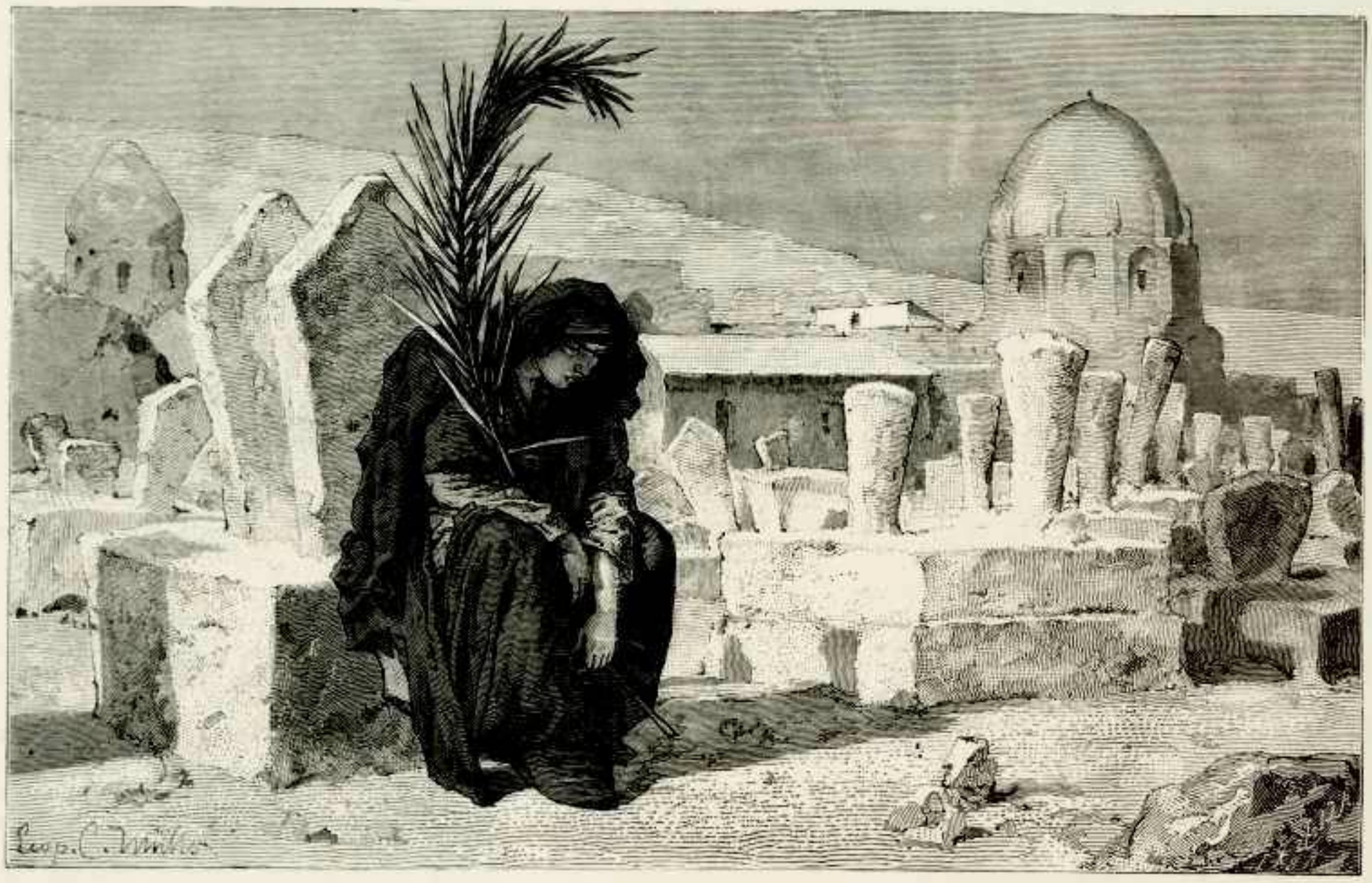
The foot-prints of a great man leave a significant impression, even in the most inconspicuous spots, and we shall often trace those which were left by Bonaparte and his followers on the land of the Nile.



MINARET OF THE MOSQUE OF WERDANEE AT CAIRO.

The train now carries us through the highly-cultivated plain of the Delta, and we find it hard to believe that the French army found Damanhoor situated in the midst of a desert. It is true that the country we are speeding across is uniform, but the very features that repeat themselves—all, in fact, that meets the eye from Damanhoor as far as Cairo, and on both sides of the railway, bears witness to the extraordinary fertility of the black soil, and to the industry of its inhabitants.

An endless breadth of green fields spreads on every side, interspersed with villages that look from afar like tumuli, or ant-hills, shaded by palms, and not



WIDOW MOURNING.

unfrequently clustering round the rubbish heaps and ruins of some destroyed city. Camels and asses, with their drivers, pass in long files along the dykes that stand up high above the plain; black buffaloes go down to the water to drink, and birds, large and small, far more numerous than in Europe, people the air. Here buffaloes are grazing, there half-naked men and women, in long blue garments, are labouring in a cotton-field. New pictures multiply under our gaze, but we hurry past them; each as it vanishes is merged in the next. But stay! what is that? Sails fluttering—the sheen of water—a broad stream opens on the sight. That is the Nile; not the great undivided main stream of the Nile, but one of the two chief branches by which at the present day its waters join the sea.

The train rattles and thunders across an iron causeway. "Kafr et Zayat" is painted up on the whitewashed station, and we get out, for the fair at Tantah, at which we purpose to assist, does not begin till Friday, and it is well

worth while to stay and inspect more closely the great granary of the ancient world. It was the Delta that filled those ships whose delayed arrival threatened all Rome and Byzantium with starvation, and here, on sites of ancient fame, we may more vividly recall those famous times.

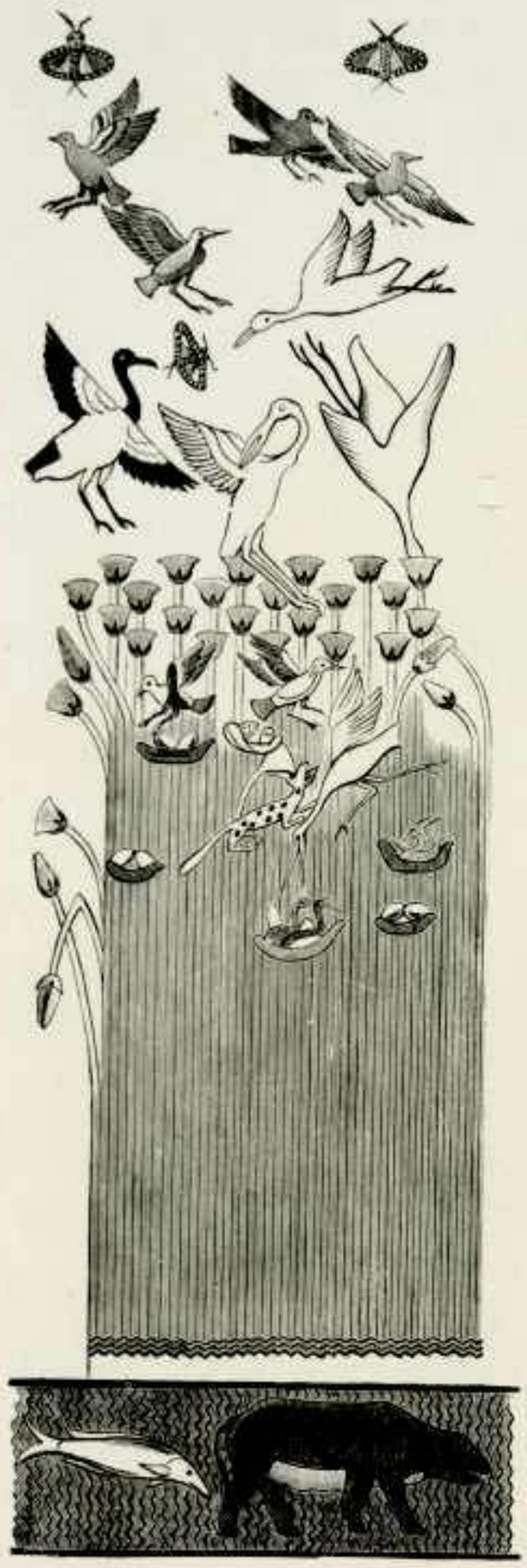
A boat can be hired at once, and wind and stream carry us down the Rosetta branch of the Nile, away to the Delta proper, whose soil the father of history[1] very justly designates as the gift of the river. For a long series of ages man has availed himself of this gift, utilising it in various ways according to the requirements of each period. There was a time when on this island trickling brooks made their way through marshes and barriers formed by the vegetation, tangles of weeds



A DYKE IN THE DELTA AT THE TIME OF THE INUNDATION.

and wreaths of flowers. Islets and spits of land stood out of the water, and the luxuriant and unchecked vegetation which we see represented in the oldest tombs formed hedges, thickets, dykes, and fences, behind which the hippopotamus, the crocodile, and many kinds of reptiles and wild beasts lurked unmolested. Presently the land was occupied by man: Egyptians came to it from the south—Egyptians who, probably, had first crossed from Arabia by the strait of Bab-el Mandeb to settle by the Nile; and from the north came colonies of Semitic origin. The thickets were cleared, the streams made navigable for the canoe and oar, the wild beasts hunted down; and when abundant crops were found to thrive on the first reclaimed elevation, parcel after parcel of land was rescued from the marsh, the waters being forced to keep to their prescribed channels, and to serve the ends of the cultivator. New courses were dug for the stream, which in the time of the Pharaohs discharged itself into the sea by seven mouths. Flourishing

[1] Herodotus.



A PAPYRUS THICKET. (*From a Tomb at Beni-hassan.*)

cities ere long stood on its banks, and two-and-twenty Zat[1] or Nomarchs governed an equal number of circuits, and watched over the welfare of the district entrusted to them. This division of the Delta existed down to the time of the Romans, and we learn from large and small coins that, at any rate from the reign of Trajan to that of Domitian,[2] each nome or district was free to coin its own money.[3] A very marked individuality, as we shall see, distinguished these districts, and was made more patent by the circumstance that each prayed to its own circle of gods, and worshipped its own sacred animal, of which select specimens were kept in the temples. Images of them were borne in the processions, and, at a later period, stamped on the coins as the arms or badge of the city. The money struck at Mendes, the city of the sacred ram, shows the image of a he-goat; that of the nome Leontopolite, the province of the lion-city, represents the king of beasts, the god Horus having chosen that form when he vanquished the enemies of his father Osiris in the neighbourhood of Tsar, the city of the lion.

The Rosetta branch of the Nile, which we are now navigating, corresponds to the ancient Bolbitine mouth of that river.

The papyrus reed[4] was diligently cultivated on its banks, as on those of every stream in the Delta; on its surface floated the lotus, not only as an ornament, but also as a plant for nourishment; for its seeds, like

[1] Ebers writes *Zat* for *Tsat*, but the nomarch was called *Hat* or *Ha* ("First").

[2] Domitius Domitianus, who usurped the imperial dignity in Egypt, probably about 296 A.D., but was soon deposed by Diocletian.

[3] Although Egypt coined its own currency as late as Domitius Domitianus (who is supposed to be the usurper otherwise known under the name of Achilleus), copper coins inscribed with the names of the nomes or districts were limited to a very short period, the earliest being of the eleventh year of Trajan, A.D. 108, and the latest of the eighth year of Antoninus Pius, A.D. 145. They have been described by Zoega, Tochon d'Annecy, and De Rougé.

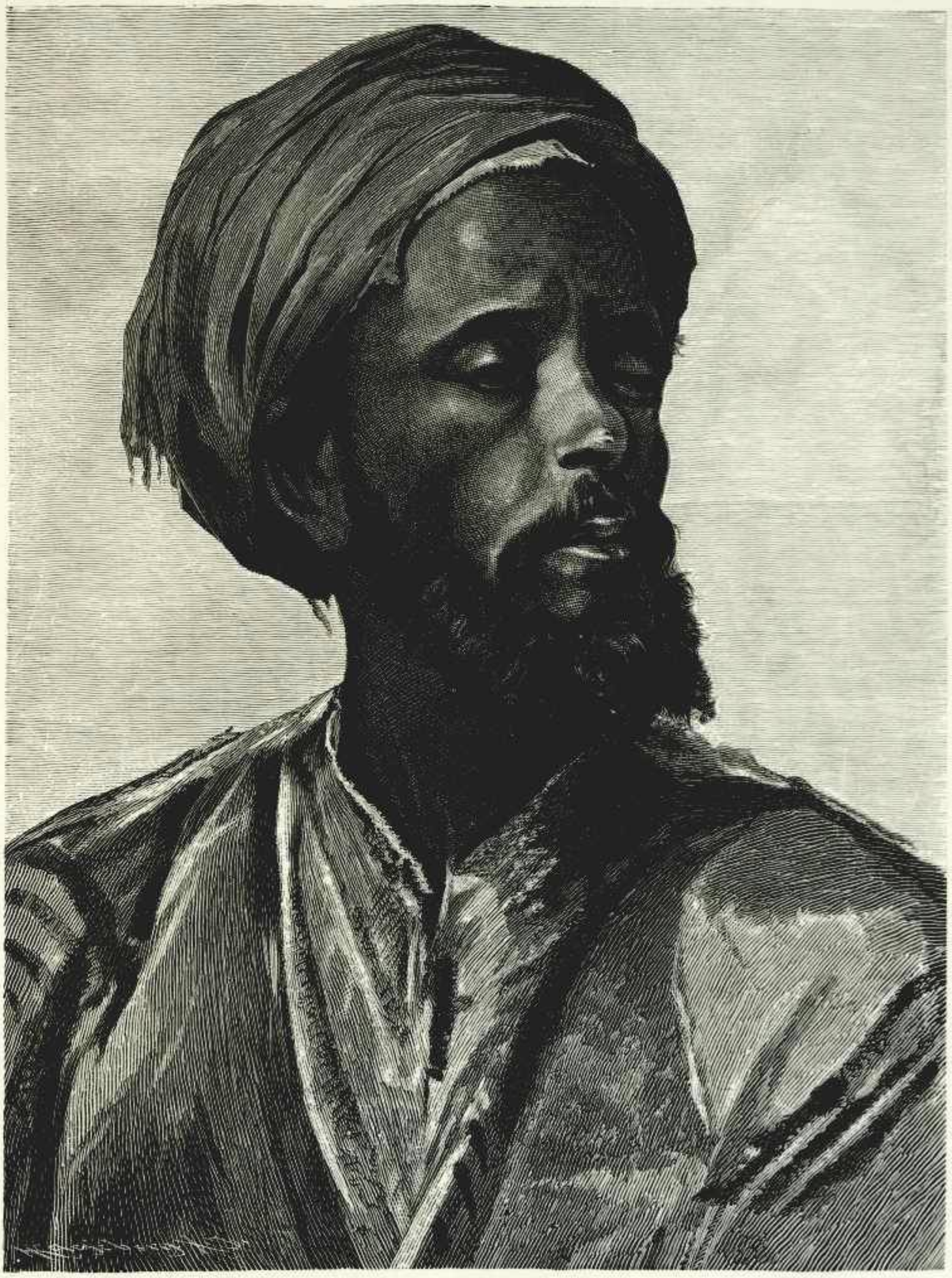
[4] The papyrus is represented on the monuments as early as the IVth dynasty, and until the close of hieroglyphic writing. Its name *papu* occurs in an early hieratic text.



BRONZE COIN OF THE LEONTOPOLITE NOME (ANTONINUS PIUS, A.D. 145).



BRONZE COIN OF THE MENDESIAN NOME (ANTONINUS PIUS, A.D. 145).



THE PILOT OMAR.

the pith of the papyrus, were often eaten by the poor. This reed has entirely disappeared, not only from the Delta, but from the whole of Egypt, and has retreated to the south, where it grows abundantly on both the Blue and White Nile. The hippopotamus and crocodile have followed it, though they were still to be found in the Delta under the Arab sway; occasionally specimens of the crocodile are, however, still killed in Upper Egypt. Even the lotus-flower, once the most universally distributed and conspicuous of all the Egyptian water-plants, is become



TOMB OF A SHEIKH AT THE TIME OF THE KHALIFS.

comparatively rare;[1] in its blossom the infant Horus[2] was born, and its graceful form was constantly taken as a model by the architects and artists of Pharaonic times. However, many specimens of both the white and blue lotus may still be found in the stream in the vicinity of Damietta, and Rohrbach saw its poppy-like seeds eaten there.

Under the Byzantine dominion the culture of the Delta retrograded sadly. The Khalifs and the governors under them revived it by their care for the wise distribution of the waters of the Nile, and many a solitary building, in some remote spot rarely trodden by the foot of a European, testifies to the more

[1] Called *Sshuin*, still found, according to Mariette Pacha, in the canals of Lower Egypt.

[2] Horus was born of Isis, but at a later period is seen seated on the lotus. It is said to be a symbol of the new birth of the sun, and of the resurrection

flourishing life which blossomed even there when Islam was at the summit of its glory.

After the fall of the Fatimite dynasty and the death of the great Saladin (Salah-ed-deen)[1] the cultivation of the Delta deteriorated more and more, first under the sway of the Mameluke sultans, and subsequently, after the incorporation of Egypt with the Ottoman Empire by Selim, as the inevitable consequence of the rapacity and greed of the Turkish Pachas and Beys. In process of time the mouths of the Nile became choked with alluvial mud, and the outlet for the discharge of the flood became so small that it was forced to find a new and deeper bed. The eastern or Pelusiac arm found a convenient issue through the Sebennytic channel and into the sea at Damietta; the western or Canopic branch was diverted into an artificial channel, the Bolbitine mouth, now known as the Rosetta branch, down which, in fact, we are this moment travelling. The ancient main branches of the river gradually disappeared entirely; their waters were distributed throughout the interior of the Delta by new subsidiary channels, and it is almost exclusively by these that at the present day the Nile discharges its flood into the sea. Since the time of the Romans the veins, so to speak, that traverse the Delta in all directions have changed beyond all recognition, and that which is true of the river-courses is equally applicable to the vegetation which owes its existence to the Nile. New and foreign products have displaced not the papyrus and lotus only, but in some measure even the grain of the ancient Egyptians; trees of new species overshadow the roads and hamlets, and it may be confidently asserted that all the arable land which was lost to culture under the rule of the Mamelukes and Turks has been reclaimed under the fostering care of Mohammed Ali and his successors, more especially under Ismail Pacha. Bonaparte's saying that under good management the Nile would extend to the desert, and under bad management the desert would extend to the Nile has been verified; and the traveller visiting the neighbourhood of Damanhoor in the month of October—Damanhoor, where the French troops complained loudly that they were starving—will see with double surprise the endless spread of fields of maize as tall as a man, where the golden spathes swelled with grain now await the reaper, though they were sown only a few weeks since.



ON THE ROSETTA BRANCH OF THE NILE.

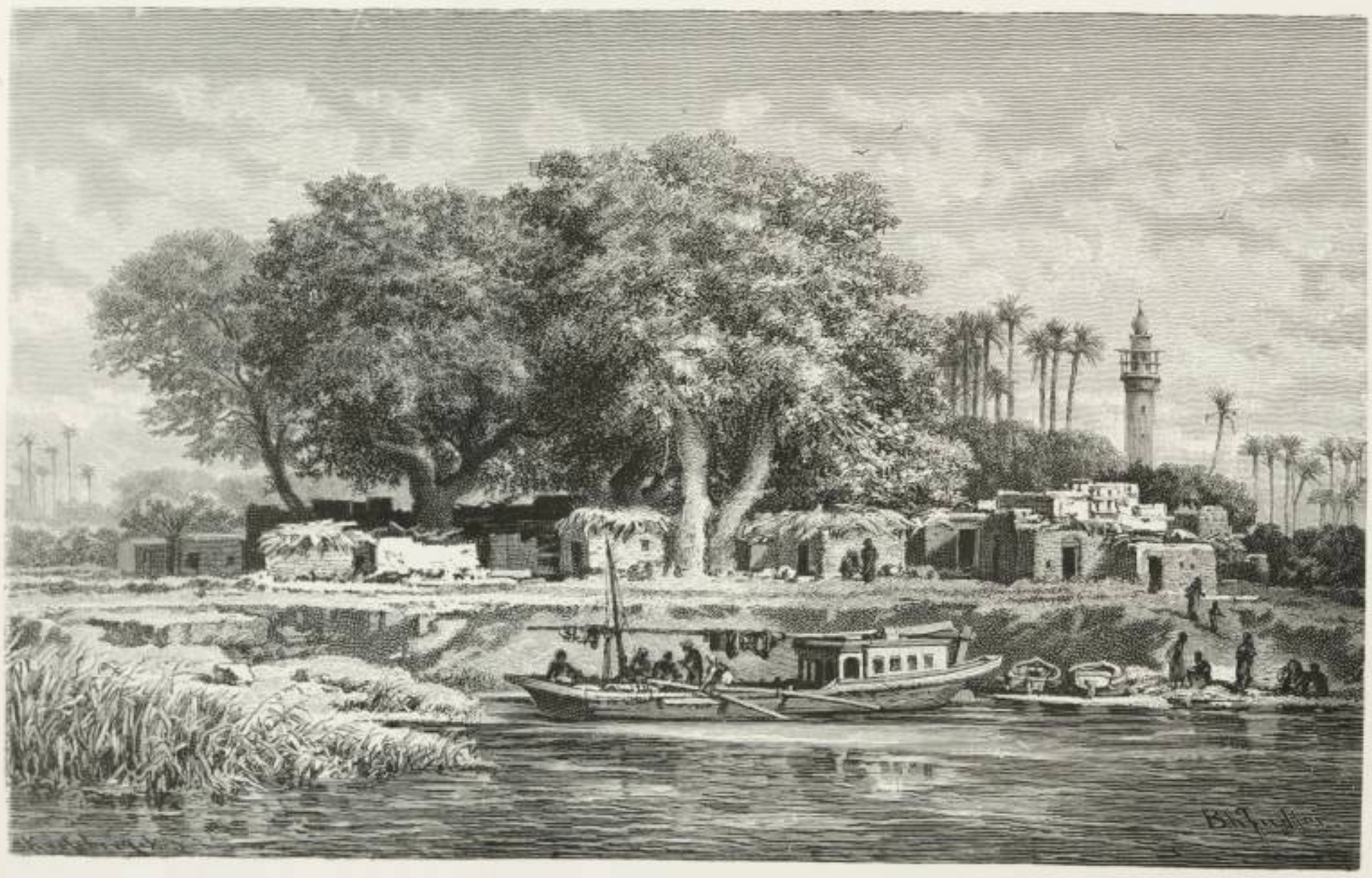
A gentle southerly air fills the lateen-sail of our modest bark; we squat, Turk-fashion, on the deck, and the fields and meadows, the villages and hamlets glide

[1] A.D. 1192.

past us. There is abundant food for curiosity and not a little for the lover of landscape beauty, as here and there a reach of the river brings graceful groups of palms and shrubs into view, or we see long files of the village women coming down to the river to draw water. The bronze-hued men, women, and children are busy in every field, busy from the rising of the sun till its last level rays glow above the western horizon. The whole earth can show us no more fertile plains than those that lie around us; but few make greater demands on the industry of the husbandman. Only a certain portion of the soil, known as the Rayah fields, is steeped and enriched in the inundation; the higher-lying grounds—Sharakee—demand artificial watering from year's end to year's end, and a considerable amount of manuring also. We frequently meet with fellaheen labouring at the shadoof, or bucket and pole, in Upper Egypt; but here the fields are watered by means of wheels to which water-jars are attached—the sakeeyeh—or by the taboot, a wheel constructed with hollow box-shaped appendages to the spokes. Buffaloes or camels turn the water-works, which are heard clanking from afar; but nowadays the rural quiet is not unfrequently disturbed by the regular snort and rhythmical clatter of a steam-pump on the bank.



ARABIC DECORATIVE PAINTING.



VILLAGE IN THE DELTA.

The water thus raised serves to irrigate here a cotton plantation—of which the shrubs are covered in their season with flowers that much resemble those of the wild rose—or there fields of indigo, hemp, or grain. Broad levels, gay with many-coloured blossoms, are sown with poppy—"the father of sleep" (Aboo'n-noom) as the Arabs

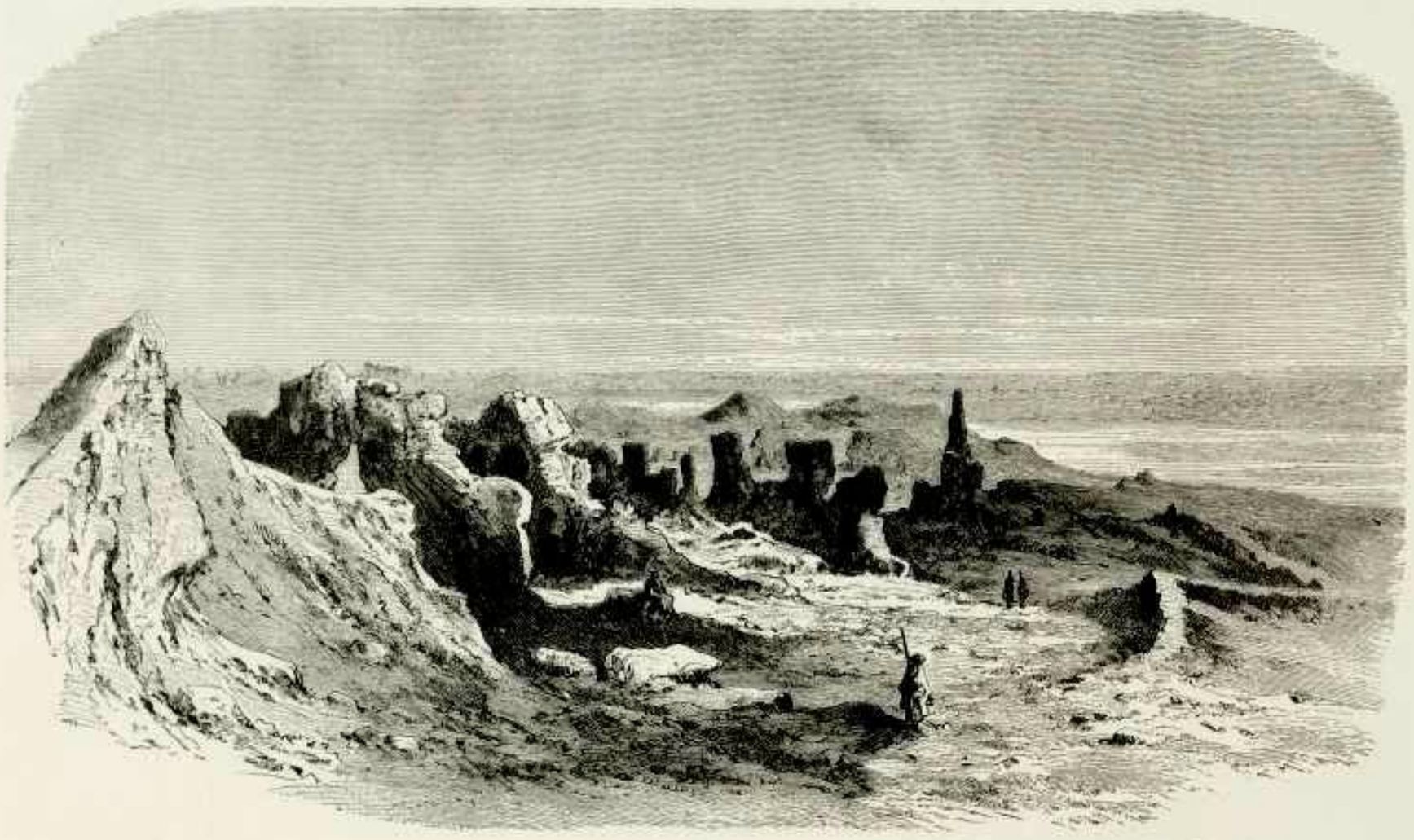


A WATER-WHEEL.

call it—and the beds of pumpkin, melon, and cucumber are resplendent with spherical golden fruit and green cylindrical gourds. Most of the soil yields two or even three crops in the year, but it requires a proper rotation of crops, and in some cases to lie fallow for a time.

We are now approaching a village which, being built close to the shore, invites us to land. The huts of the poorer fellaheen are constructed of Nile mud and roofed

with palm stems and leaves daubed over with earth; the richer peasants live in houses built of sun-dried bricks, while the magistrate of the village not unfrequently has a handsome dwelling of properly burnt bricks. None of the windows open to the street; over many of the doors we see some modest decoration—a torus, a fillet in ovolo, or a spiral ornament. Here some small, coloured china plates have been used as a decoration; there a fancifully designed representation of the king of beasts; there, again, a painted picture of the camel or steam-boat on which the master of the house performed his pilgrimage to Mecca across the desert and the Red



RUINS OF SAIS.

Sea. The order of art to which all these decorative paintings belong—and we shall find them common even in the capital—is certainly that of our first innocence, or of the famous "Livre des Sauvages" by which the Abbé Domenech made himself notorious. Heaps of rubbish choked with weeds, among which cowardly yelping dogs seek a subsistence, lie in the middle of the village street, where we may very likely come upon the rotting carcase of an ass. A minaret towers above the houses and hovels, and a few umbrageous sycamores spread their leafy crowns, the chief ornament of the village; slender date-palms sway in the breeze, the long racemes of the acacia shed their delicate perfume by the side of thorny Sont-trees; evergreen tamarisks, and the carob with its long pods of seeds—the St. John's bread or locust-bean—mingle with that child of distant India, the Lebbek-tree (*albizzia lebbek*), which has been naturalised here only within the last twenty or thirty years.

Notwithstanding the extreme poverty of such villages, we rarely meet with beggarly misery, but seldom, on the other hand, with a well-to-do peasantry such as we

should have been justified in looking for in this favoured climate. Most of the land belongs to the Khedive, to the Pacha, or to the Bey; the fellah tills it merely as a tenant or day-labourer, and the taxes he is forced to pay if he owns the soil absorb a disproportionately large share of the profit he derives from it. The patient peasant submits to the oppression which has been his lot ever since the foundation of the dominion of the Pharaohs as to an inevitable law of nature; it reached its culminating point under the Mamelukes and Beys, and it has by no means ceased even under the more judicious rule of the present government, which can spare nothing for ameliorating the domestic condition of the lower classes.

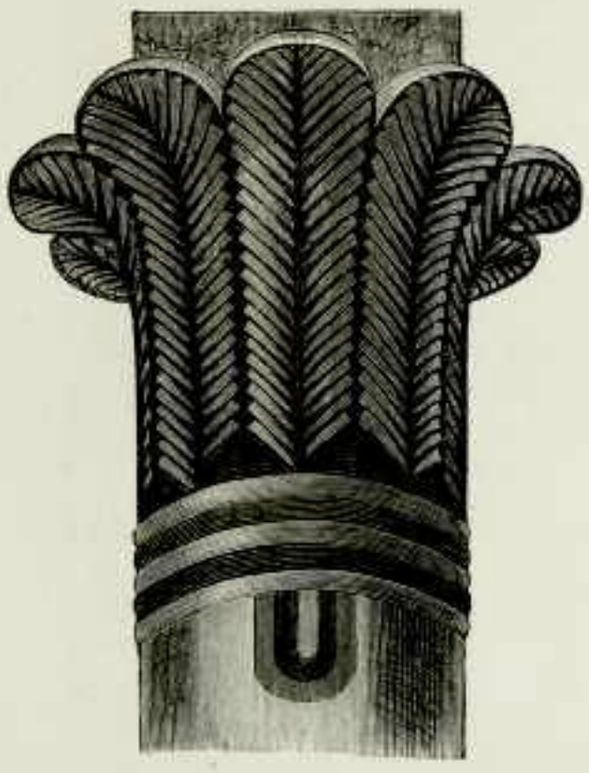




NEITH, GODDESS OF SAIS.

We have reached our first destination in the course of our journey. We will quit the boat and walk inland; presently we come upon a village, and a little to the northward lie some mounds of ruins and a small lake. By the water's edge stand some storks, and a flock of herons allow us to approach within a few yards of them before they turn their graceful necks and spread their wings, soaring away towards the Nile like a white cloud.

We are now among the ruins of the ancient Sais,[1] the splendid residence of Pharaohs and the city of sages, where flourished an academy which was no less famous among the Greeks than among the Egyptians themselves. The little village, crowned by a mosque, which has engrafted itself on the site preserves the proud name of Sais in the form of Sa or Sa el Hagayr.



PALM CAPITAL.

The writer of these pages attempted many years since to realise in his mind's eye the now vanished city of Sais as it was at the time of its splendour,[2] to people its temples with priests and sacred animals, its streets with a living humanity, its palaces with princes and potentates. It is impossible to describe the feelings which stirred his soul as he trod the soil of the venerable spot, while the fallen edifices stood before his fancy, and the illustrious dead rose again before his dreaming spirit. Wandering and searching through the wide extent of ruins he could find no trace of those noble buildings—not a hall, not a room, not a pillar—nothing but an ancient rampart wall, which for colossal dimensions has not its fellow even in Egypt. It consists of huge unburnt bricks, and encloses the meagre remains of the once magnificent city. The citadel with the ancient palace of the

[1] The city of Sais is mentioned under the Vth dynasty, and continues to be so in Egyptian texts till the XXVIth. Its most flourishing period was during this dynasty (B.C. 670 to B.C. 527), when Egypt fell into the power of the Persians, and was conquered by Cambyses. The capital under the XXVIth dynasty was at Sais, and the tombs of that line are said to have been there. Many of its monuments were of basalt.

[2] In "An Egyptian Princess." (Sampson Low & Co.)



MARKET AT DESOOK.

Pharaohs must have stood on yonder mound; that pool at the side of the northern enclosure is the sacred lake on which the history of Isis and Osiris was represented at night, on richly decorated vessels, in a splendid and mystical drama or mystery-play. The lake undoubtedly lay within the precincts of the temple of Neith, the divine mother, the Female Principle in the life of the Cosmos and of man. She was Nature, whose mysterious order must remain a secret to the sons of earth. Her statue bore the inscription, "I am all in all; the Past, the Present, and the Future, and my veil hath no mortal ever raised." It was this sentence which inspired Schiller, the great German poet, with the motive of his "Veiled Statue of Sais." The youth who dared to raise that curtain never revealed what he had found hidden behind it.

"Senseless and pale,
Prostrate before the dais of Isis' shrine
Next day they found him; that which there he saw
He never uttered."

Here, as in other temples, the image of the divinity or of her sacred animal, the cow, was carved out of one block and enshrined in a sanctuary. The enormous and finely-worked mass of granite, which must have weighed about 880 tons, was brought by order of Amasis from the first cataract at the utmost south of Egypt, and dedicated by him to the goddess; his first name, Se Neth (son of Neith), designated him as her son. This gigantic monument formerly graced the sanctuary of the goddess, with obelisks and sphinxes, with pillars crowned by capitals of palms, and with colossal statues—of which we are told by trustworthy authorities; but the same fate has befallen them all, as well as the palaces, the houses of the citizens and princes, the tombs of Osiris and of the Saite kings. The excavations in the soil of the dead city carried on by Mariette Pacha, the chief commissioner for antiquities in Egypt, have brought to light little that is noteworthy.

They have also yielded but a small number of those stone relics and images which are preserved in all the museums of Europe, and yet we know from records on other monuments that the arts of sculpture in Egypt reached a high pitch of development under the dynasty which had its origin in Sais. We may be specially grateful to the good fortune which gave to the museum of the Vatican one monument as a witness of the most fateful period of Saite history, namely, of the time that followed the Persian conquest of the city. An inscription on this monument relates how Cambyses, after entering the city, at first proved himself gracious to the priesthood, and even caused himself to be initiated into the mysteries of Neith.[1] It was at a later period that the son of Cyrus first showed himself as the frenzied tyrant that is painted in history. Until long after his time the sages of the academy of Sais continued to enjoy the high estimation which they had won in the earliest ages. The greatest medical work of the Egyptians that has come down

[1] Known as the Pastophorus Statue of the Vatican. It has been published in the "Museo Pio Clementino VII.," Plate 6. A complete translation of the whole inscription is given in the "Records of the Past," Vol. X. p. 45, by Mr. Le Page Renouf. It is the narrative of Utahorresenet, an officer of state and admiral who lived under Cambyses and Darius, and differs from that generally received

to us was written by them; they told Solon of "Atlantis," the engulfed land of the far west, and Plato's account of their discourse makes us admire and wonder at their sagacious observations of the starry heavens. Herodotus sought instruction from them, and legend tells us that Cecrops, the founder of Athens, came forth from Sais. All the Hellenes called Neith—in Egyptian, Neth—Athene; and *AΘHNA*, as has been observed, if read from left to right, yields Neth (*A*)*NHΘ*(*A*). This goddess, who was also worshipped by the tribes of Libya, was represented with a weaver's shuttle on her head, and the linen stuffs, carpets, and other costly tissues of Sais were famous throughout the ancient world.



FOOA.

The external prosperity of Egypt, and the number of her cities and population at no time reached a greater height than under her Saite rulers, who were always friendly to the Greeks.[1] And now! A chill runs through our veins as we look down on the deserted plain and the wretched heaps of grey ruins that surround us. Sais was still important enough to be mentioned as a bishopric in the first centuries after Christ; but after that its existence is forgotten. Its memory, however, must continue to live in the minds of men.

We return to our boat, which carries us still farther to the north. It is now growing dusk, and our thoughts recur to the "lamp-burning," as it was called, the great festival of Neith of Sais, when every citizen lighted his lamp, and a splendid illumination, which extended throughout Egypt, turned the night into day.

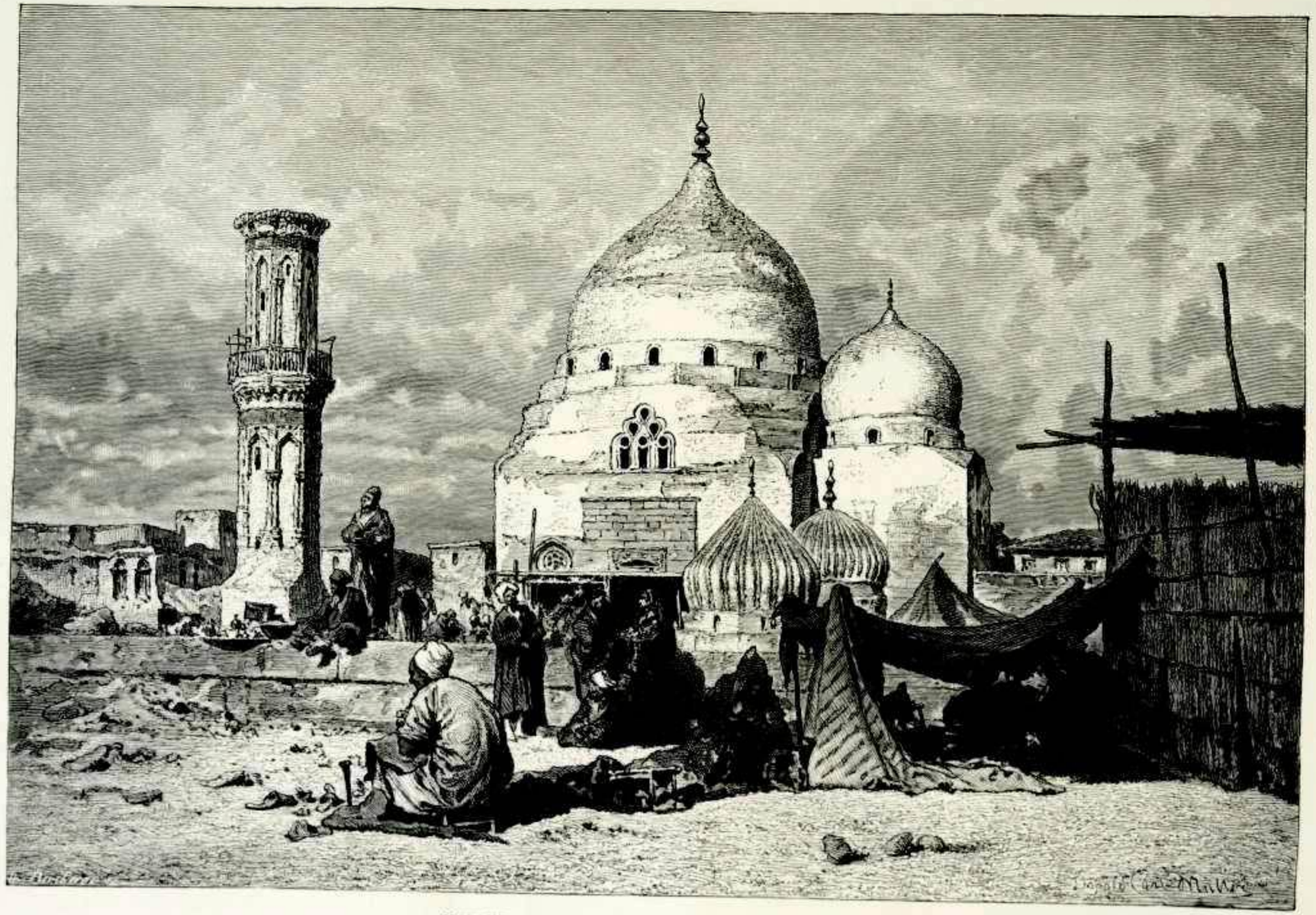
After a voyage of three hours we enter the harbour of the pretty and attractive town of Desook, where we cast anchor. Sleep is short and uneasy on the hard deck-couch, and the Egyptian sun inevitably forces us to open our eyes. Bedaween, who have come to the camel-fair, have pitched their tents on the quay, and with the first morning twilight they are up and stirring, praying with their faces turned towards the East.



OUTSIDE THE GATE OF ROSETTA.

The sky flushed, and as the fiery globe arose, glorious and mighty, I was irre-

[1] Psammetichus I. owed his elevation to the Greek troops sent to him by Gyges, King of Lydia. They were Ionians and Carians.



MOSQUE OF THE HOLY IBRAHEEM AT DESOOK.

sistibly reminded for the first time of those sublime verses of the Bible, which so often afterwards recurred to my mind as I watched many an Eastern sunrise:—



HOUSE IN ROSETTA WITH PROJECTING STOREYS.

"In them [the heavens] hath he set a tabernacle for the sun: which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course. It goeth forth from the uttermost part of the heaven, and runneth about the end of it again: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." (Ps. xix. 5, 6, Prayer-book Version.)

The Orientals sometimes seek their beds early, but they never lie late. The prayer at sunrise may on no account be omitted; besides, it is considered unwholesome to let the sun shine on the head of a sleeper, and the cool morning hours are the pleasantest of the day. Hence, every Arab unfailingly performs his first morning ablutions as soon as he can "tell a white thread from a black one." This is the day of the weekly market and camel-fair of Desook, and the peasants and Bedaween are seen standing in picturesque groups in front of the mosque of the Holy Ibraheem, chaffering, bargaining, chatting, or gambling. The noble cupola of the Gamah, or mosque, has been lately whitewashed, for in a short time—only eight days after the Festival at Tantah—the "Molid," or birthday festival of the patron saint of Desook—who is considered second only to the holy Seyyid el Bedawee of Tantah—is to be held, with all the accompaniments of the annual fair, with solemn prayer and recitations of the Koran, with religious dancing and various festivities.

All that here meets the eye is purely and genuinely Oriental in character, and many a picturesque face and form may be seen among the women who bring vegetables and fowls to market, or who come to fetch water for household uses; but our attention is for the moment diverted by our desire to solve this problem: Does Desook occupy the site of the ancient Naucratis or not?

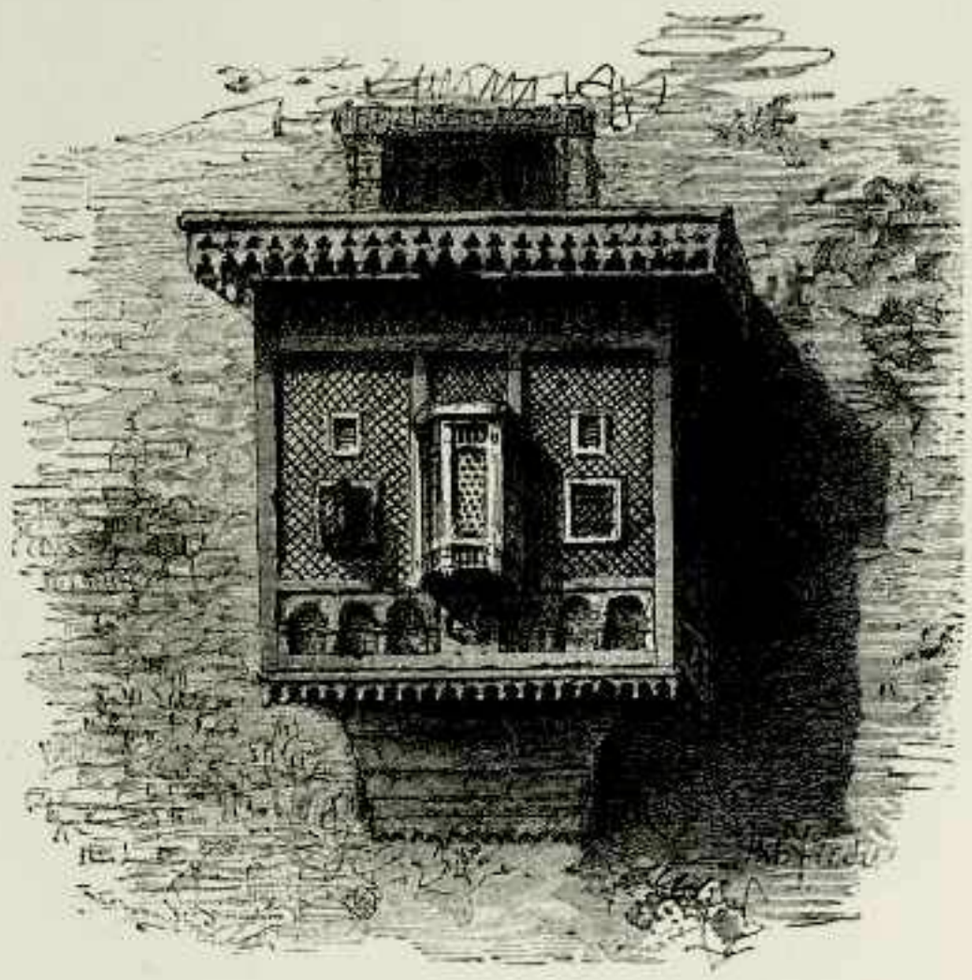
What was Naucratis?

It was the predecessor and precursor of Alexandria—for centuries the only city in Egypt in which the Greeks were permitted to settle and carry on commerce unmolested; it was, in fact, to the Nile valley what the Dutch factory of Desima,



THE ROSETTA STONE (*In the British Museum.*)

ages later, was to Japan. And the Hellenes were very capable of taking advantage of this privilege. Ionians, Dorians, and Æolians here united in a sort of Hanseatic league, with special representatives and a common sanctuary, the Hellenion, which served as a tie among them; while close to it the Samians raised a temple of their own to Hera, the Milesians one to Apollo, and the Æginetans one to Zeus. This rich colony remained in faithful connection with the mother-country, contributed to public works in Hellas, received political fugitives from that home as guests, and made life fair for them, as for its own children, after the Greek model. The women and the flower-garlands of Naucratis were unsurpassed in beauty, and all Hellas sang the praises of Rhodopis, whom Charaxos, the brother of the poetess Sappho, purchased and married, and whose memory was long revered in legend and story.[1]

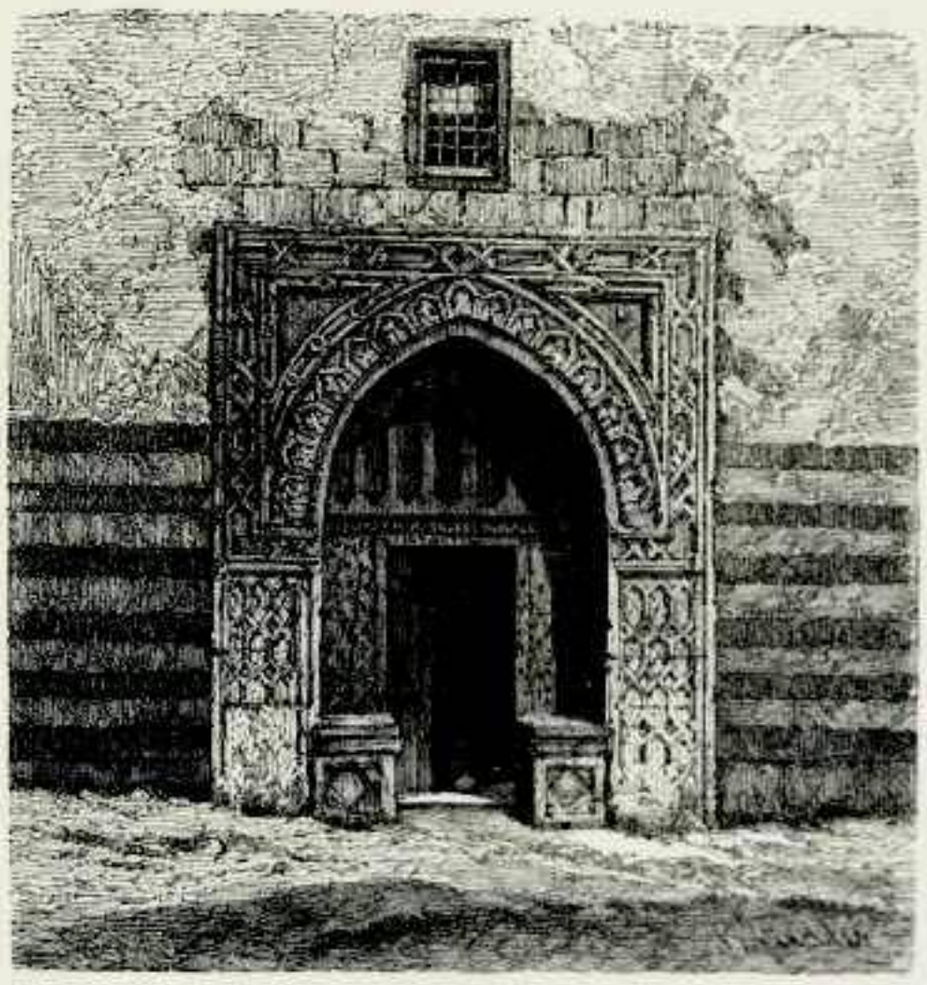


WINDOW OF A HAREM.

Naucratis must have stood somewhere near where Desook now stands; but it is in vain that we seek a trace of the ancient days. Not a shard, not a stone is to be found to support this conjecture. It is certain that Naucratis belonged to the nome of Sais, but it may have been situated farther to the west than Desook—on what spot we cannot exactly know, and we are not able to support any hypothesis by evidence.

Away then, still farther north! We must hasten onwards if we would visit Resheed, or Rosetta, and still reach Tantah in time for the opening ceremonies of the great festival on Friday.

A favouring breeze swells our sails; we have the pretty little town of Fooa on our right. Foom el Mahmoudeeyeh lies to the left. There it is that huge and well-managed steam-engines work the pumps that force the waters of the Nile into the canal which connects the river with Alexandria. First one and then another village, each crowned with its minaret, comes into view and



DOOR OF AN ARABIAN HOUSE.

[1] The story of her sandal seems to be the origin of the tale of Cinderella.



ZENAB.

disappears; the richest cultivation is everywhere apparent. Before nightfall we have passed the palm-groves and hill of Aboo Mandoor, and the harbour of Resheed comes in sight, crowded with Arab barques. We find a hospitable reception in the house of an American, who is now commander-general of the fortifications, and who in his own country won a name for himself during the Civil War. The well-informed son of this veteran hero is our guide next day through the streets and bazaars, the mosques and gardens of the city.

Many Greek columns and pillars—used in building private houses and mosques, or lying on the ground under the open sky—are relics of the ancient Greek Bolbitine period, but there are no monuments or inscriptions of any earlier date; while, on the other hand, many handsome houses, ornamented with projecting storeys, and almost European in style, testify to the importance of the city in more recent times. A large part of the commerce of Alexandria, particularly in the products of Egyptian soil, was at one time diverted to Resheed, but it was forced to surrender it again as soon as the Mahmoudeeyeh Canal had once more opened the road from Alexandria to the Nile. Wherever we go we feel that the city is all too spacious for its 20,000 inhabitants; it is like a deserted palace, where humble citizens dwell in the halls and saloons. The gardens are inviting and neat. Resheed in Coptic is called Ti Rashit, which may be translated the "city of pleasantness." If we pass through the northern gate, and walk on, we come upon some fortifications, and among them Fort St. Julien. It was here that a French captain of engineers, named Bouchard, was employed in throwing up entrenchments, when his workmen discovered a stone, which made his name immortal and gave new fame to that of Rosetta.[1]



SELLER OF DATE BREAD.

Who has not heard of the "Rosetta Stone," the tablet or key which has upon it the three famous inscriptions which made it possible for European investigators to unlock the lips of the Egyptian Sphinx, closed as they had been for ages—that is to say, to decipher the hieroglyphic writings of the ancient Egyptians? By the fortune of war the inestimably precious block of basalt fell into the hands of the English, who have worthily enshrined it in the British Museum. We must defer telling the reader how it was possible, by the aid of the Egyptian inscription with its Greek translation incised on this slab, to decipher other hieroglyphic records until we stand before other monuments, which are preserved at Boolak, near Cairo, and which tested and proved the hypotheses of Egyptologists.[2]

[1] A.D. 1799.

[2] It is a decree of the priests of Egypt assembled (B.C. 198) at a synod at Memphis in honour of Ptolemy V., to whom it accords certain honours in consideration of the services rendered to the priesthood by the monarch. It consists of three versions: hieroglyphical, demotic or enchorial—used as a kind of written handwriting at the time, and employing the popular language, which differed from the extinct hieroglyphic—and Greek. About one-third of the hieroglyphical writing is wanting. Some decipherment was first attempted in 1802. Young, in 1818, deciphered the names of Ptolemy and Berenice

This famous tablet has lost a corner; how happy would he be that might find it!

But we have lingered too long on our voyage northwards. By dawn next day we are once more on board, and sailing back to Desook by the way by which we came. There we take the train, and reach our destination in time for the opening of the festival.

Tantah is an Egyptian city of moderate size, and the residence of the Mudeer of a considerable province. Opposite the railway station there stands a row of handsome houses, half-European in style; the viceregal barrack-like castle is as hideous as it is huge, and the white dust of the broad roadways is scorching under the mid-day sun. We will take one of the narrow, cool, and shady streets which lead to the heart of the city, and which in the true Arab fashion shows only bare walls on the side facing the street. Here and there a sort of oriel, or turret, closely latticed, projects from the grey wall, or the well-wrought masonry of a gate or archway pleases the eye. But all this we shall meet with again in Cairo,[1] and infinitely more beautiful.

We will enter the chief bazaar, the great Sook of the city; it is difficult to make our way through the crowd of men that are constantly streaming through it, and still more difficult to fight for and keep a place by the small, closely-packed stalls of the merchants; but there is nothing to be procured here that cannot be found in far greater choice in the city of the Pyramids.[1]

We must simply allow ourselves to be carried onwards by the dense stream of people, and presently we find ourselves standing in front of the tall and well-kept new mosque. Its debased type of architecture affords small pleasure to the eye, which turns with more satisfaction to the medreseh, or school-house belonging to the mosque, which is an elegant structure of a more ancient date.

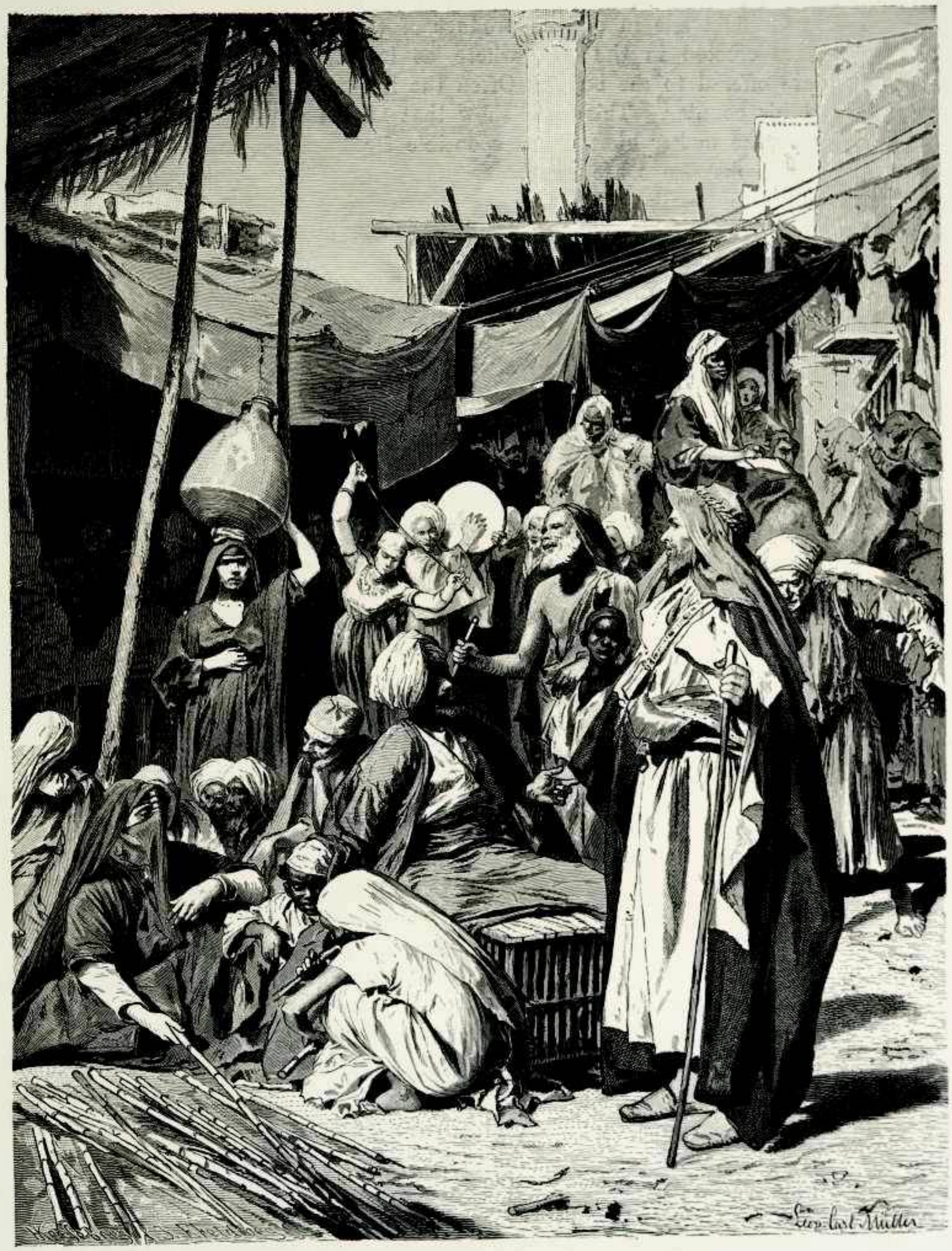
Opposite to it glitter the bright panes and gaudy bottles of the apothecary's shop, an indispensable institution in a town which has, too, a large hospital of its own. The apothecary himself we find to be a well-informed German, who has been a great traveller, and has done worthy service in his own country in natural history. From his shop—which for brilliant neatness and cleanliness might serve as a pattern for many an one in Europe—we can gaze comfortably at the motley files of men as they crowd into the mosque, and next day, Friday morning, may look on at the solemn procession which opens the festival. The destination of this procession is the tomb of the Mohammedan saint, Seyyid el Bedawee.

No resort of pilgrims in all Egypt is more attractive than this. Festivals are held there three times a year. In January, and again at the spring and autumn equinoxes, thousands of people assemble at Tantah, and at the time of the great Molid, or birthday festival of the saint, the pilgrims often number half a million.

It is not wholly in the interest of religion, it is true, that these masses converge on Tantah, but with very secular purpose as well. Supply and demand are active at the festival, and Moslems are allowed to trade even on the pilgrimage to Mecca.

in hieroglyphics, and his discovery of the phonetic principle—namely, that the hieroglyphs were used for sounds—led to the discovery of the whole by Champollion in 1822.

[1] Cairo.



MARKET AT TANTAH.

Many horses and camels, as well as horned cattle, sheep, and goats are driven hither for sale; the trade in all the produce of the soil must be very considerable, and booths are erected in the city, where, as in our annual fairs, goods of every description are offered to the buyer. Often the handicraftsman may be seen hard at work behind his counter. This is to show that all his wares are to be sold at first hand, and that the maker himself is responsible for the excellence of his own workmanship. The cooks' shops are closely surrounded, but the humbler customers treat themselves only to a cake of date-bread; this consists of dates with the kernels removed and then pressed together, and it is even more attractive to the flies than to the customers; the seller has to wage incessant war against them.

As the sparrow-hawks follow birds of passage so do thieves follow at the heels of those who come to the festival, and no one who has a friend to advise him goes out on the broad square, where the horse market is held, without having been warned against them.

Here every form of amusement known to the Oriental is offered to the pilgrim. But the delights of the Molid are by no means confined to this spot; on the contrary, every coffee-house in the city is brilliantly illuminated, and we can hear from afar the shrill Arab music, the clatter of castanets, and the shouts of "Ya salâm" (bravo) of the audience within. All the painted and overdressed votaries of Venus, all the singers and dancers of the Nile valley have met together there. At Tantah we met and recognised a Ghaziyeh, or dancer, whom we had admired before this in the house of the German consular agent at Luxor, in remote Upper Egypt. The famous Almehs[1] or singers of Cairo, however, keep away from the annual gathering at Tantah; but among those who come to it we see women of rare and peculiar beauty. They constitute a distinct race, distinguished from the Egyptians proper by many peculiarities, and particularly by the shape of the face, and they have among themselves lady-presidents, one of whom we heard called—perhaps in jest only—"Makhbooba-Bey."[2] We shall meet with them again in Upper Egypt, and have an opportunity of studying their costume, their rich jewels, and their treatment of their art when free from these crowded and noisy surroundings. Wherever we turn our eyes during the festival at Tantah we see these women, and with them male dancers, dressed as women, besides jugglers and conjurers of every degree, who usually ply their art best in the open air, in the midst of a circle of spectators squatting on the ground. The *naïveté* and good-humour of the Oriental is very conspicuous under these circumstances.

It is a thing to see how kindly the elders make way for the children, and seat them in the front rows; how the tall make way for the short, and the men for the women, that they all may see; what horror is expressed by every face when the juggler lifts his dagger, and how reverently the whole circle bow if Jack Pudding names Allah, the Most High! Never have we heard heartier laughter than from the auditors of the unmentionable jokes of Karagyooz and Ali Kaka:

[1] The Almehs appear at the earliest Pharaonic times, and particularly flourished under the XVIIIth and XIXth dynasties, B.C. 1500—1200. They danced naked with a girdle only round the loins, and appeared at entertainments. Some are represented on the paintings of tombs in the British Museum.

[2] Literally, "my Lord Mistress."

but, it must be confessed, we were never more sincerely grieved by seeing women and children among an audience.

A little-known poet named Freudenberg has described the scene of turmoil at this festival better than we can do in dry prose. The gifted but restless Wilibald Winkler, who spent a long time in Egypt, includes him among the "whimsical dreamers" of whom he counts himself one, and says he was "a little old gentleman hardly four feet high." But he was certainly a poet who wrote the verses of which the following is a modest translation. The English language, however, does not lend itself to any worthy rendering of the brilliant, sportive jingle of the German syllables with the happy intermixture of Arabic words:—

Loud is the sound of ballad-singers shouting
While, with her wanton grace and paces pretty,
  Like some alluring, sly coquette
  A dancer with her castagnette
Displays herself in subtle pantomime;
And singers chant an old Arabian ditty
  Of Saladin and of his time.

Seesaws are creaking, all their bells are tinkling,
Gaudily-painted vans and coaches clatter;
  The Berberee[1] guitars are humming,
  The Darabookkahs[2] round us drumming;
A thousand people push and shove and hustle,
A thousand voices buzz and roar and chatter,
  The fair is at the height of bustle.

Lounging at leisure through this giddy rabble—
This rout—this Oriental Paradise—
  A man, with hands behind his back,
  Rich—passing rich—though gold he lack—
A little man comes quietly to ponder,
With gentle smiles and kindly thoughtful eyes,
  Upon the happy turmoil yonder.

Before a cook's stall presently he pauses;
Zemith and Baklawah and dainty cakes
  And Kuslokum and almond tarts
  And Shekerlee[3] of many sorts,
Bardoo sherbet[4] and syrups violet-scented
Tempt him—alas! his empty purse he shakes;
  He feasts his eyes—and is contented.

He stops to watch the swings rocking and swaying;
The youngsters laugh as they are tossed and whirled:
  It must be nice to ride up there
  In rhythm to that gay Nubian air!
To rush through space and feel the breezes blow,
To mount and soar and float above the world!
  But—*para yok*[5]—he stays below.

He joins the circle crowded round a wizard
Who wakes the dead and conjures up the devil,
  Who blows a horn—and at the sound
  His empty jug at once is found
Full—filled by Afreets;[6] nuts to serpents turn
Within their pockets—puzzled still they revel;
  Abundant bakhsheesh he can earn.

A short way on he finds the Alateeyeh[7]—
There sound the feeble, fiddling Hemengheh,[8]
  The dulcimer and tambourine,
  Zither and songs of Bedaween;
The weird old airs cradle and soothe his care
With sweet fantastic dreams, half sad, half gay;
  A mystic language charms his ear.

There, 'mid the tents where garish lamps are flaring
Dervishes spin in wild delirious dances,
  Ecstatically drunk as it were.
  Coffee, sherbet, and pipes[9] out there
Mingle their scent with musk and ambergris;
Fumes of Hasheesh inspire voluptuous fancies—
  Oh! for a sou to purchase bliss!

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[1] A mandoline.

[2] A drum chiefly used in harems. It is of wood, often inlaid with tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl, and shaped like a bottle. The skin is stretched over the broad side; the neck is open.

[3] Favourite sweetmeats among the Orientals, and especially the Egyptians.

[4] There are various kinds of sherbet; a favourite variety is a syrupy *eau sucrée* flavoured with crushed violets.

[5] *Para yok*—not a sou.

[6] The Arab bogey or kobold.

[7] Dancers and singers, often wearing women's apparel.

[8] A kind of violin with a very small body of pierced cocoa-nut. The bridge rests on a piece of the skin of a fish, which is stretched over the cavity of the nut like a drum-skin.

[9] Sheesheh. Persian glass. These pipes have a glass bowl and a long flexible tube.

His humour merry and his mind diverted,
He glides about among the scenes that please him;
The little man can see and hear.
His heart is soon beguiled of care,
In age still fresh and young, and will not listen
To petty cares like gnats that buzz and tease him:
In rosy hues the pictures glisten.
Satiate at last, and silent, homewards turning
As from a feast of gods away he went.
Quoth he:—"Have I not had my share?
I poor!—there is no better fare
Than mirth with liberty—to those who know it."
Who was this wight, contented with content?
A little fond old man—a poet.

It is clear that a pilgrimage to Tantah is not merely an affair of religion; but no doubt there are many among the pilgrims who are full of sincere devotion, and have but one aim in view, namely, to pray by the coffin of the great saint Seyyid Ahmed el Bedawee. The history of this miracle-worker is highly characteristic, and shall be given here; for it is well calculated to show to what sort of men Islam attributes the style and title of sanctity.

He is said to have been born about A.D. 1200 at Fez, whither his family, who were of course direct descendants of the Prophet, had fled from Irâk. In his seventh year he accompanied them on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and there he spent a stormy youth, showing more taste and aptitude for wild pranks than for serious study, so that he earned the title of "scatter-brains" among his companions. When he was eight-and-twenty his father died, and soon after he experienced an extraordinary change. It was under his brother's roof—for he himself scorned to set up a house and family—that the afflatus of divine love, the *Walah* of the Moslem, came upon him, and converted the licentious and reckless youth into a saint. His hasty tongue seemed to be spell-bound, he expressed himself only by signs, he mortified his body by forty-day fasts, and would keep his eyes, that glowed like live coals, fixed heavenward all day long. At the same time he heard inward voices, and strange visions visited him at night; his fellow-citizens began to venerate him as a man favoured by Heaven, and the fame of his sanctity preceded him when, urged by a mystical longing, he made a journey on foot, first to Irâk and then to Egypt, where he was received with distinction by the reigning Sultan Beybars. He settled finally in Tantah, and performed unheard-of feats of mortification and asceticism. He would never put on a new garment until the old one had rotted upon him; his fixed contemplation of the heavens became more and more prolonged; and miracles of every kind, even to the resuscitation of the dead, were reported of him. He gave mysterious counsel and support to his followers in all their need, his contemners were persistently punished by suffering and death. He is said to have died at the venerable age of ninety-six; but the solemn festival of his Molid, or birthday, was not instituted until much later, and grew more and more popular, attracting a constantly increasing number of votaries. The exact description which we possess of his person is particularly attractive, because it represents him as a thorough Arab, and as a man whose characteristic peculiarities could not fail to exercise a powerful influence on others. Nothing was to be seen of his head, we are told, but two large, sunken black eyes and a prominent aquiline nose, with the contiguous portion of the cheeks and the lower portion of the forehead—of a light brown hue—and the general outline of a massive countenance. All else was concealed by two face-cloths, *Litám*, such as the Bedaween wear to the present day. From the period when he began his ascetic exercises he

never removed these cloths, and his disciple Abd'el Medjeed, when at his earnest entreaty he lifted only the upper wrapper, is said to have been so impressed and overcome by that sacred countenance that he shortly afterwards gave up the ghost. Many scars, graced his countenance, and on each side of his nose he had a mole, which is considered a sign of great beauty by the Orientals. This remarkable head crowned a tall and slender form; his arms were long—the unfailing mark of a true Arab—and his legs strong.

As the festival of Tantah is wont to give rise to many frays and commotions, the Government at Cairo has frequently decreed that it should cease to be held; but no Mufti has ever dared to carry this edict into effect, for religious prejudice clings too tenaciously to the saint who was so ready to aid the faithful, and whose vengeance fell so heavily on those who attacked his honour. Even at the present day he is believed to work abundance of miracles, and to exercise a decisive influence even in trivial family affairs—nay, especially in these, for the Arabs attribute the function of direct intercession with the Almighty to the Prophet alone, and not to their saints, who, on the contrary, are permitted only to draw, as it were, on the store of miraculous power bestowed upon him, and to distribute favours in greater or less measure to the votaries who visit their tombs.

How sacred is the mausoleum where, behind a finely-wrought bronze railing, his sarcophagus, covered with red velvet, stands on one side and that of his son Farag on the other! The most fervent devotion is expressed in the faces of the pious devotees who pray here, and they quit the mausoleum filled with hope and contentment; for not only does the great Ahmed hear their prayers, but Kutb also, the miraculous being who rules over the Walees, or saints, and who is especially present here. Excepting the dome of the Kaaba at Mecca, there are few spots where the devotee is more fain to linger than by the mausoleum of the holy Seyyid Ahmed el Bedawee at Tantah.

We may omit any closer inspection of this modern mosque itself. The splendid mosques of Cairo, of a better period, will be of much greater interest; but in none of those have I ever seen so many or such zealous worshippers as here on one occasion, when, for the first and last time in the course of my many visits to the Nile valley, the fanaticism of the Moslems turned upon me with such fury that nothing but my own deliberate coolness and the intervention of the Sheikh of the Mosque saved me from serious injury.

The festival at Tantah resembles in many respects the feast solemnly held at Bubastis, and described by Herodotus;[1] and it may perhaps be regarded as its outcome and successor.

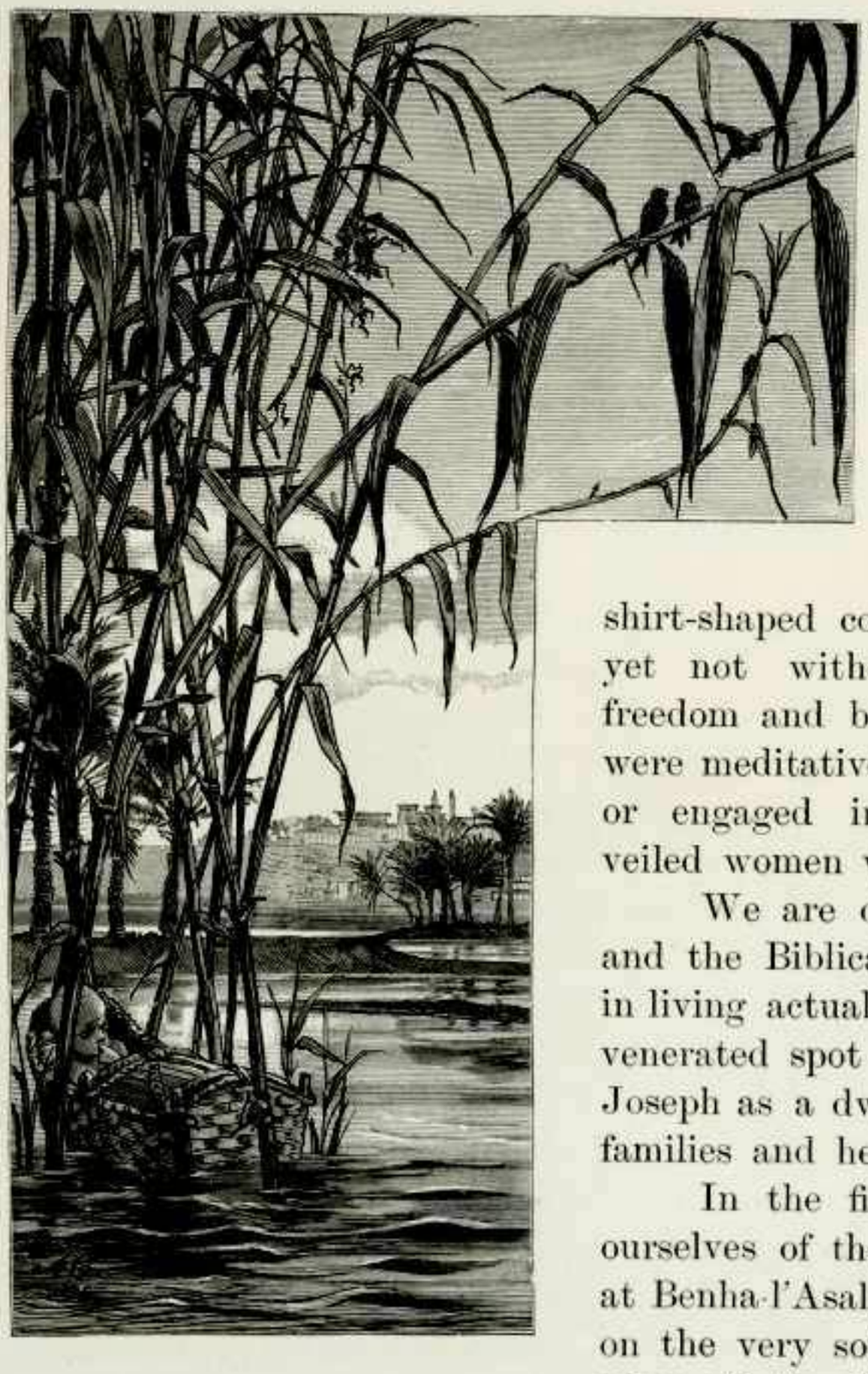
Before we quit this sacred spot to wend our way across the eastern Delta—known to us by name from early infancy as the land of Goshen—we will visit the tents outside the city, where thousands of pilgrims are encamped, and where, on the shores of the canal that waters Tantah, we may witness many scenes that remind us of the encampments of the tribes of Jacob, whose fertile territory we are now about to traverse.

[1] Lib. II. c. 59, celebrated, according to the tablet of Canopus, on the first of the Egyptian month Payni and four following days, in the ninth year of Ptolemy Euergetes I., B.C. 238.



FATIMA.

GOSHEN.



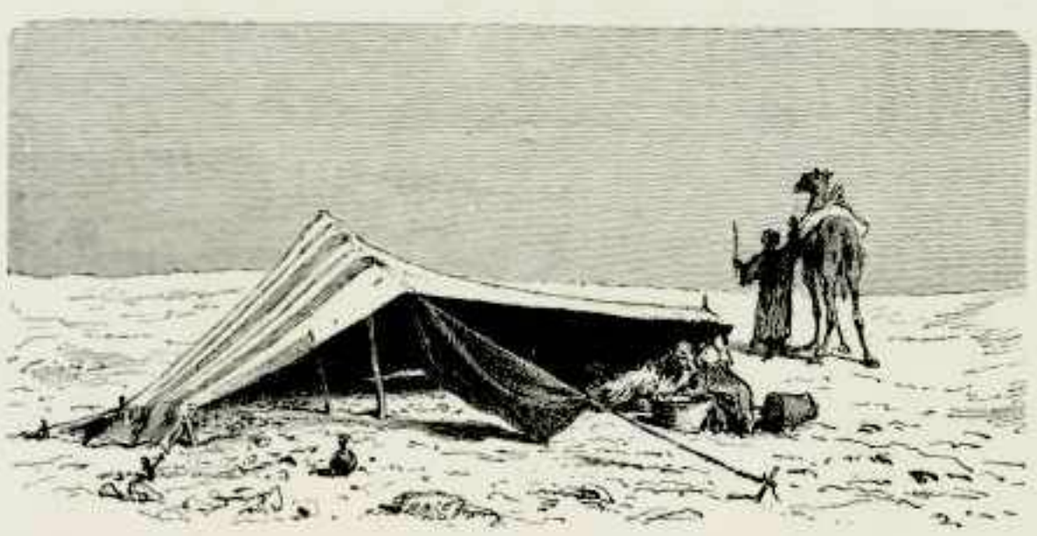
WHO ever saw the great meeting-place of the ten thousand pilgrims outside the gate of Tantah without being reminded of the camp of the wandering Israelites? The most beautiful illustrations of the Bible narrative were before my eyes, tangible and in the flesh, as I gazed at the groups of figures — bearded men, with sharply-cut features and glittering black eyes; wearing turbans, but clothed otherwise in the simple shirt-shaped coat of Eastern nations; barefoot, and yet not without dignity and distinction in the freedom and breadth of their motions. Here they were meditatively resting, there tending their cattle, or engaged in vehement discussion; there again veiled women were helping their camels to water.

We are on the borders of the land of Goshen, and the Biblical pictures which here offer themselves in living actuality to our sight prompt us to visit the venerated spot which Pharaoh assigned to his steward Joseph as a dwelling-place for his brethren and their families and herds.

In the first instance, we can once more avail ourselves of the railway. We change carriages first at Benha-l'Asal, and again at Zakazeek. We are now on the very soil of Goshen proper, the eastern province of the Delta. As far as it is possible to fix its ancient limitations, it exhibits the form of a cornucopia, bounded towards the east, at the widest end or opening of the cornucopia, by the water-way that divides

Africa from Asia. The fresh-water canal which already existed at the time of the sojourn of the Jews in Egypt, and which was reopened by M. de Lesseps, washes its southern frontier; the Lake of Menzaleh lies to the north of it, and to the west the Tanitic arm of the Nile, which has now dwindled to a narrow water-course.

Many and great as are the changes that the centuries have wrought in Goshen, they have not been able to efface the characteristic peculiarities of the landscape. Wherever the Nile-flood reaches the fields, even on the shores of the fresh-water canal, the fertilised soil yields a rich harvest to the husbandman; but on the higher levels, and towards the east generally, spread wide parched flats, on which only a variety of desert weeds can find sustenance, and where numerous nomad tribes pitch their tents and pasture their cattle. It is towards the north, in the vicinity of the lake of Menzaleh, that the nature of the land seems to have undergone the most conspicuous change. Where formerly the Semitic herdsman could pasture innumerable cattle on the rich marshy land lie pools of bitter, brackish water; and where a peaceful community laboured and accumulated wealth in handsome towns a few poor fishermen now dry their nets in front of their miserable huts.



TENT OF BEDAWEEN ARABS.

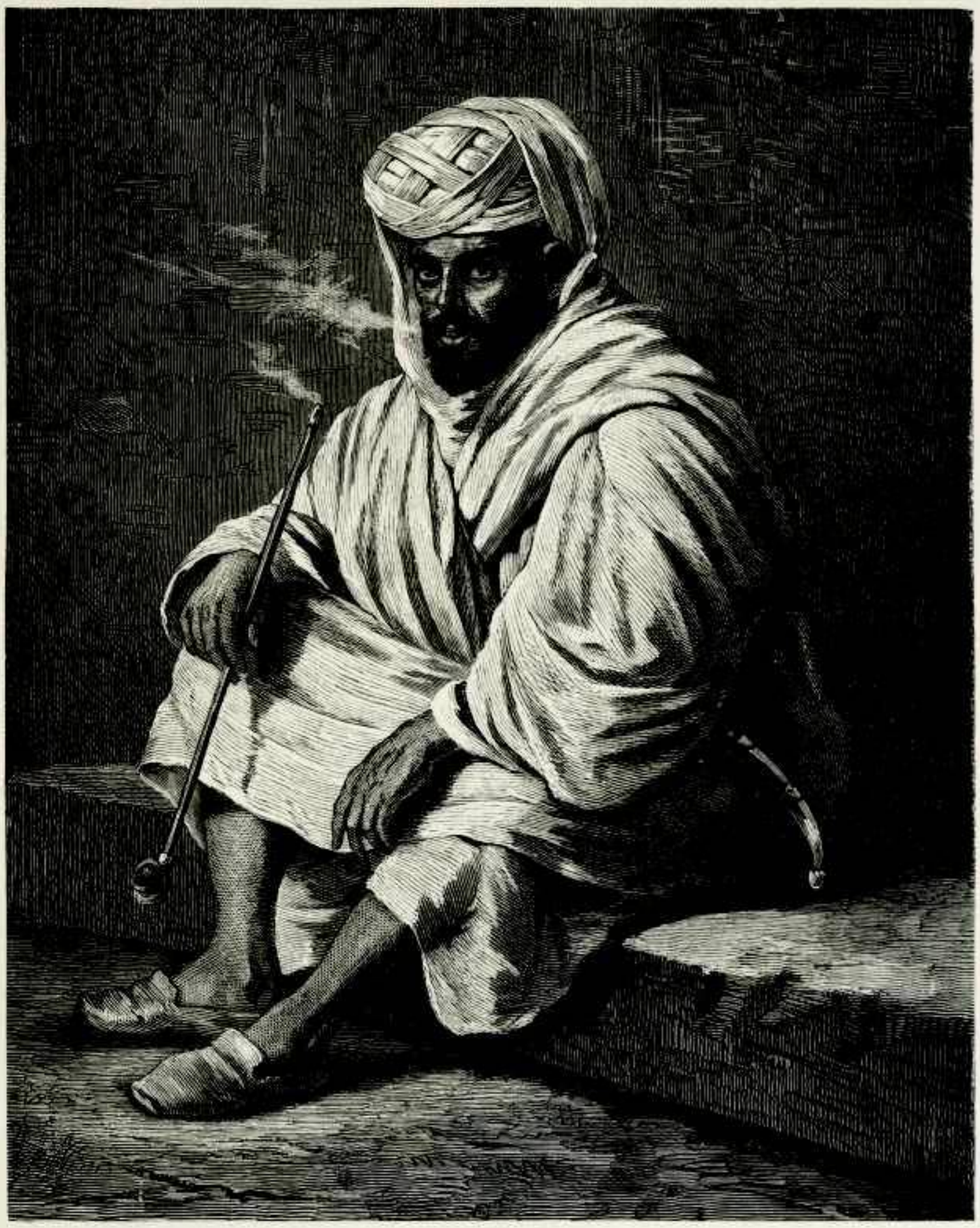
We now invite you, Reader, to accompany us in an excursion to the lakes, through the pasture-land and desert of the province of Goshen.

We will start from Zakazeek, the ancient Bubastis. There is a great deal worth seeing in the station of this flourishing town, which is the central dépôt for the vast trade in cotton from the eastern province, and the chief functionaries of that part of Egypt also reside here. The waiting-rooms have the same look of western neatness as the counting-houses of the European merchants in the city itself; but many a traveller has been tempted to neglect the excellent breakfast that was served him, watching the strange and motley groups of travellers that gather on the platform. Particularly there are pilgrims to Mecca from every part of the East, and they crowd the ticket-office and the platform, especially during the weeks preceding the month of pilgrimage, attracting the attention of the traveller from the West. Every Mussulman ought to accomplish a pilgrimage to the Holy Places at least once in his lifetime, and the fulfilment of this injunction is now-a-days very essentially facilitated by railways and steamboats. Moslems from the three quarters of the earth meet here. The most stately-looking are the tall Kabyles from Algeria, and the Moors of Tunis in their white



A VEILED BEAUTY.

burnous; the most comfortable seem to be the Tartars, who carry their samovar, or Russian tea-urn, with them, and never cast off their high over-shoes and fur caps, even on the parched sand of the desert and under the African sun. Yonder



TUNISIAN PILGRIM.

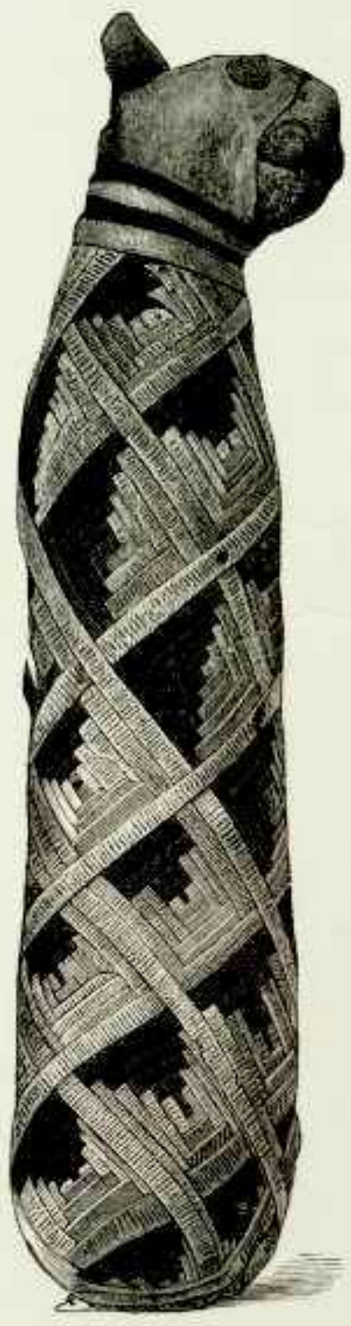
you may see three wives of a Turk, squatting on the ground in charge of an old nurse or duenna; their lord and master jealously paces up and down in front of his little harem, and casts an evil glance on you; he is suspicious lest your eyes may meet those of his youngest wife, for the light Turkish veil leaves the eyes uncovered. A pretty and elegant European lady gazes inquisitively at her less independent sisters; and what would they say if they could know that this young

and unveiled girl has travelled all the way from the distant land of the Nemsâwee (Germans) quite unaccompanied, and is going, relying only on herself, as far as India, to bring up boys in the knowledge of many sciences?

There is a perpetual stir and bustle in the station at Zakazeek; but there was a time when this place was not a mere resting-place for passers-by, but was



BLACK GRANITE STATUE OF SEKHET.



MUMMY OF A CAT.

itself the goal of many travellers, and attracted more pilgrims than any city in Egypt.

Out yonder, within a few minutes' walk of the station, rises a tall and narrow heap of ruins on the site of the ancient Bubastis. The populous city has disappeared from the face of the earth, and the words of the prophet Ezekiel have been fulfilled there—her young men were to perish by the sword, and her women to be led away into captivity.[1] The city must have been destroyed by fire, as we

[1] Ezekiel xxx. 17. Pi-beseth is Bubastis.

learn from fragments of melted glass and blackened stones, and with it the temple which stood in its midst—that famous temple of which Herodotus says that there were many larger and more splendid, but not one that he had seen that would compare with it in beauty of proportion.

The Arabs call the ruins of Bubastis *Tel Basta*. Here, about seven years since, I found the fragments of two statues of the cat-headed goddess who was worshipped here, sometimes under the name of Bast, sometimes as Sekhet.[1] She was the goddess of love and passion; the daughter of the Sun-god, who with her fiery teeth warred against all her father's enemies, and who in the nether world punished the guilty. But she was also Aphrodite, and with a sceptre of flowers in her hand presided over the joys of love and the pleasures of feasting and intoxication. She is represented sometimes with the head of the furious lion, and sometimes with that of the caressing cat, corresponding to her two natures. Vast crowds of men—Herodotus reckons them at 700,000—collected to keep her festivals. Men and women alike found place in the flat boats that conveyed them, and the latter outdid the men in audacity. Singing, flute-playing, clatter, and the clapping of hands never ceased throughout the voyage. The stay-at-home folks in the towns by which they passed were greeted with coarse jests, and in Bubastis itself vast offerings of beasts were sacrificed, and more wine was drunk than elsewhere in the whole course of the year.

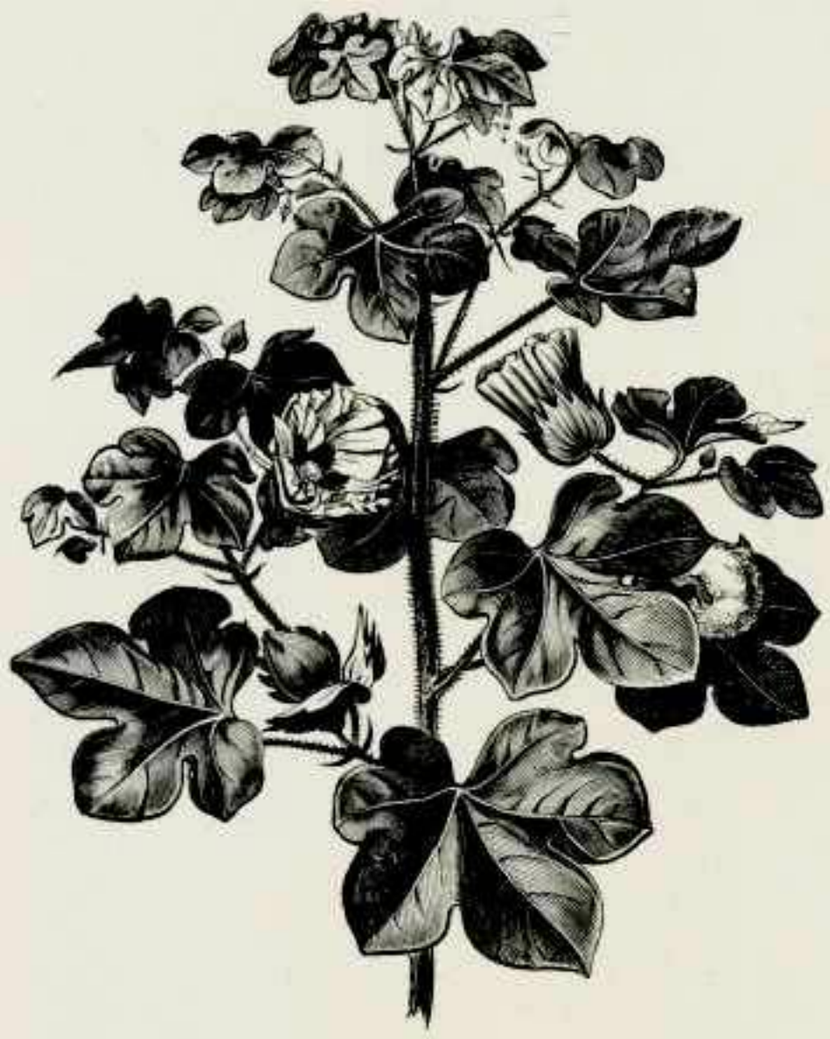


THE FATHER OF THE CATS, WITH THE CARAVAN OF PILGRIMS.

[1] Her name is generally Sekhet. She was the wife of Ptah or Vulcan, and as such called Merienptah, "beloved of Ptah." Their son was Nefer Tum. Other names she also bore, as Urheq, and Menhi or Menhit. Statues of her were made by Amenophis III. about B.C. 1400, of dark granite. Mystically she was male and female.

[2] Her cat-headed type is much later, and appears about our era in bronze figures.

The historian to whom we owe the description of this festival tells us that dead cats were embalmed and then sent to be buried at Bubastis. No trace remains of the tombs of the cats; but, on the other hand, the memory of the ancient sanctity of this animal has not altogether died out. It is not very long since, in Cairo, a considerable sum was bequeathed by will for the maintenance of starving cats. Until within a few decades each caravan of pilgrims to Mecca was accompanied by an old woman who carried with her a number of cats, and was known as "the mother of the cats;" and to this day a man with cats travels with each caravan. This singular custom is probably a relic or memorial of the cats which used to be brought to Bubastis.



COTTON PLANT.

It can hardly be a mere coincidence that makes 700,000 the number of the Egyptians that had to make the pilgrimage to Bubastis, while 70,000 Moslems must every year visit Mecca. If any are wanting to make up the number of believers Heaven supplies the deficiency by sending angels.

Under the lion-headed form the monuments sometimes mention this goddess as Astarte,[1] and say that the people of Asia were under her special protection. There can be no doubt that there were many men of Semitic race among the citizens of Bubastis. The whole eastern portion of the Delta was peopled by them, and there were few places in it that, at the time of the Pharaohs, had not a Semitic as well as an Egyptian name.

The capital city, from which the province assigned to Joseph's tribe took its name of Gosen (Goshen), bore the name of Pa or Pha-*Kos* (Phacousa). The Hebrews called it and the province *Goshen,* and to this day there are mounds of ruins near the Arab village of Fakoos, among which I myself found the name of Pharaoh the Oppressor.

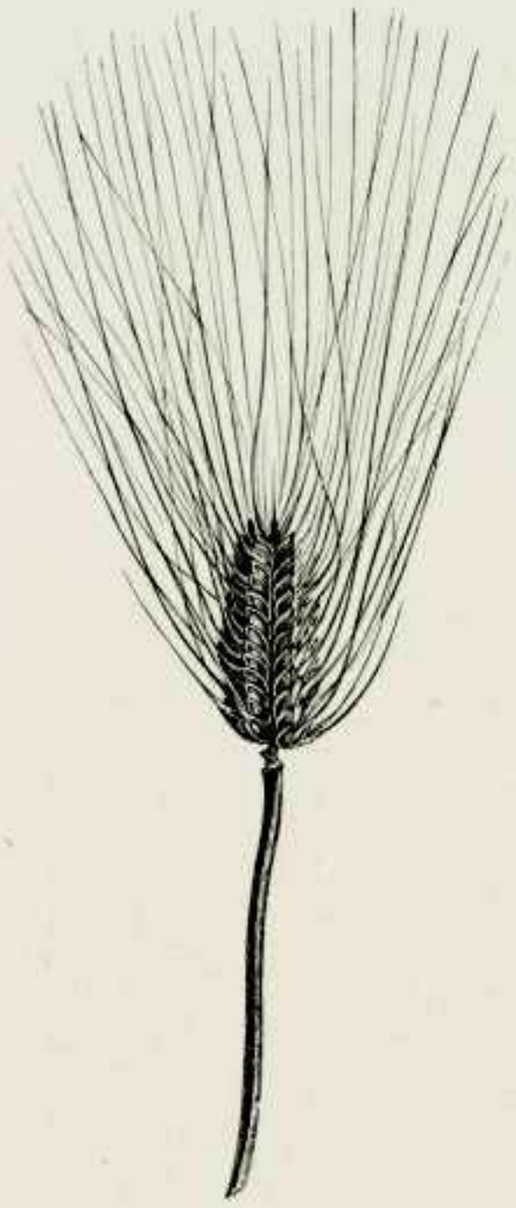
Fakoos may now be reached by railway. Formerly I visited it on horseback, and rode all about its pasture-land and the desert-strip of the Delta. I found hospitable entertainment in the houses of the Egyptian officials, of the Greek cotton-merchants, and of the well-to-do village magistrates; and I shall never forget the night I spent in the neighbourhood of Fakoos, at the house of a young Englishman who had erected a steam-engine for working machines to pick and clean cotton in the factory of a certain Bey, and who was now employed in working and repairing it. My kind host had been for two years the manager of his Turkish master's plantation and factory, and his charming young wife had joined him in

[1] At Edfoo, lion-headed, wearing a solar disk.



A RIDE THROUGH THE DESERT.

Egypt. Both had given up present comfort and pleasure to lay the foundation of an independent existence at home in the future. A fixed sum—stated in figures—was the goal that they looked forward to, and as soon as the sum should be made up both were ready to leave the luxuriant country that lay around them as far as the eye could reach—but not before. To attain this end both husband and wife submitted to every privation: not even the smallest ornament decorated their meagrely-furnished rooms, not a drop of wine had ever sparkled in the few glasses they owned; the temptations of an expedition to Cairo or to Alexandria were steadily resisted, and nothing bound them to the world but an English newspaper and a little heap of letters, read almost to pieces, and lying on the work-table of the gentle creature whom the Arab women of the village avoided as an outcast, because she showed her pretty face unveiled among the men. "For two years," she said, "I have not spoken a word to any European woman, and I cannot understand the Arab women; and besides they scorn me."



EGYPTIAN WHEAT. (*Triticum Sativum.*)

I had a few bottles of red wine and much news for them of the outer world, and so it fell out that we three spent half the night in chat, and that they parted from me as from a brother when my tall bay horse was brought round, and I mounted for my ride to San—the ancient Zoan—the city where Moses performed his miracles before Pharaoh.

The first part of the way led me across a well-tilled pasture and corn land, intersected by canals, and differing but little from the country I had passed through on the way from Rosetta. I found a few peasants' houses, with orchards in full bloom and many an European tree and shrub interspersed among the palms, and the Egyptian wheat with its heavy ears reminded me of home. At last I came to an end of the fields and was on the dry soil of the desert, that showed patches here and there of a salt incrustation looking like a film of ice. Ere long the desert spread round me on every side, and it was here that for the first time I felt the magical charm of its solitude, and, with it, that mysterious excitement which takes possession of the traveller's fancy and exhibits its results so conspicuously in the vivid imaginativeness of the Arabs themselves, who people the lifeless waste with a legion of marvellous and fantastic beings. Here dwells the whole world of spirits; here riot the Djins and the Ghouls that rush through the air riding on weird beasts, on locusts, lizards, and spiders. And even the devout may believe in them, for the Prophet himself respected them, and many confessed Islam; but others are evil spirits and oppress men, and the devil is their ruler. The Djins dare even mount up to Heaven to spy its secrets, but the angels keep watch, and the falling stars that

the wanderer in the desert sees at night are fiery arrows which fall upon these audacious spirits.

As you wander through the silent waste at the hours of prayer a clear long-drawn cry may greet your ear. Your eye can see no living thing, but the voice grows more and more distinct. A secret shudder runs through your veins, you spring up a slope which conceals the horizon, and now you perceive a lonely herdsman, surrounded by his sheep, who shouts out his prayer as loud as ever he can

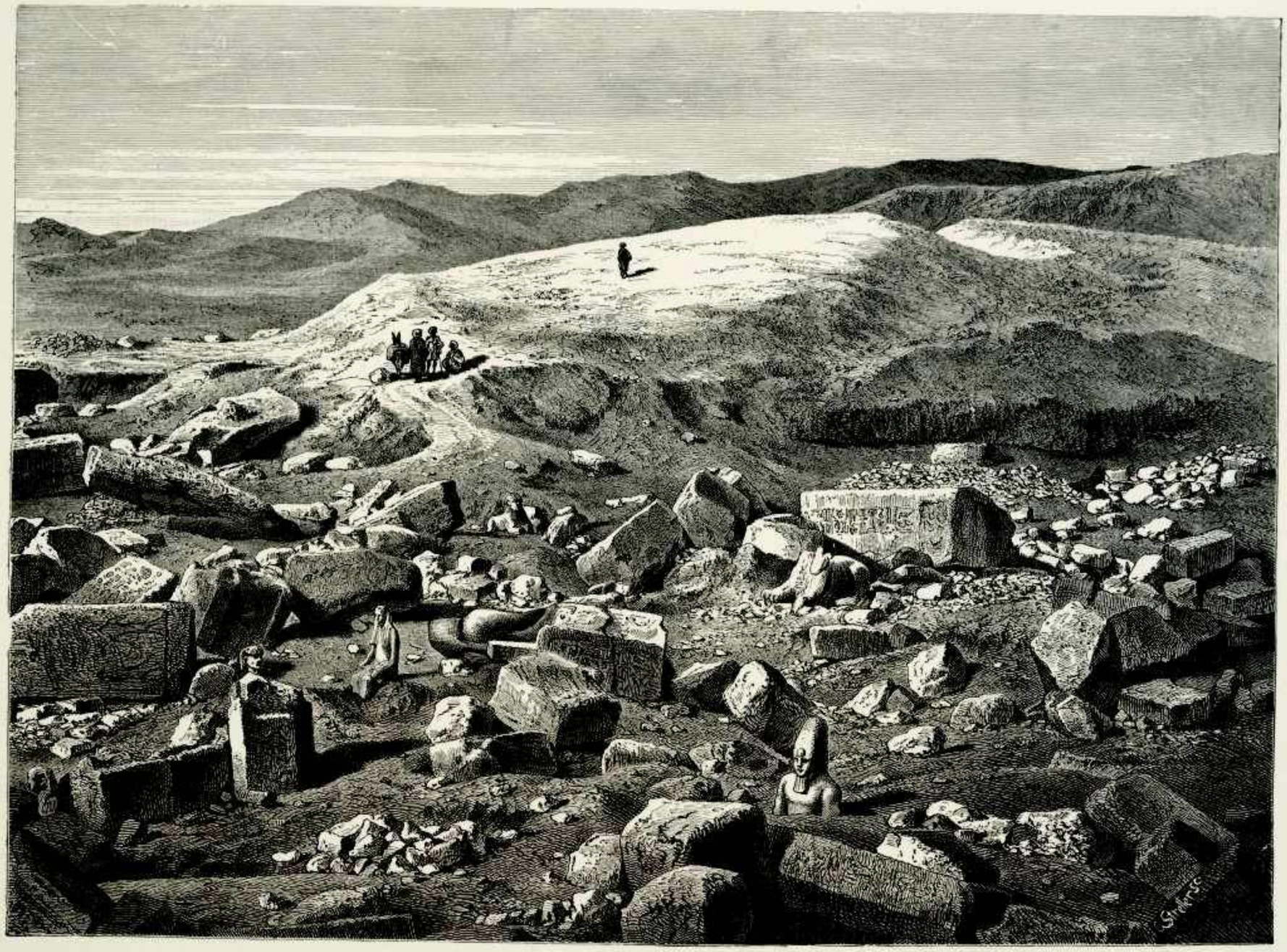


HERDSMAN IN THE DESERT.

to empty space. This is in order that the spirits may hear the solitary shepherd and be witness for him at the day of judgment. Is there on earth a more ghostly apparition than an Arab traveller mounted high on his camel, wrapped in light-coloured garments, and escorted by vultures who follow him on his silent way in the twilight along the sandy track? When the moon is up and its beams are reflected in the micaceous fragments on the ridges, the ghouls are transformed into dancing lights, and the Djins appear in human form, floating above the ground or pacing silently along, or riding on black horses with their faces black too, and claws like the coulter of a sickle.

These are the terrors of the desert, which is nevertheless full of an indescribable charm which I hope to communicate to the reader in another place. This present ride through the desert is too short.

Nor was it wholly deserted, for I came upon three different encampments of Bedaween with a few camels and small herds of lean kine. By sunrise I had reached



RUINS OF TANIS.



JOSEPH AND PHARAOH.

the strip of fertile land that borders the old Tanitic arm of the Nile. This stream in the time of the Pharaohs watered the most important part of Goshen far more liberally than it does at present; it is now called the Mu'izz, or the Canal of San-el-Hager. On the farther side of this stream stands the fishing hamlet of San. We called out, but no one appeared to ferry us over; then a fisherman, who had joined company with me from a neighbouring village, offered himself to carry me across the shallow river. In an instant he had thrown off his fellah's shirt and, stooping before me, invited me to mount on his broad back. I hesitated a moment with an uncanny feeling of astonishment, for it was as if one of the Hykshos sphinxes of San —to which I will shortly introduce the reader—had come to life, and invited me to mount. Through how many generations have these knotty vertebræ, these thick lips, and these sturdy muscular limbs, which are so different from the graceful and slender native Egyptian type, been transmitted? And not I alone, but the celebrated archæologist, Mariette Pacha, met with hundreds of men of the same stamp when, by command of the Khedive, he cleared so many of the monuments of Egypt from the sand, and among them those of Tanis, restoring them to the light of day and the scientific study of antiquarians.

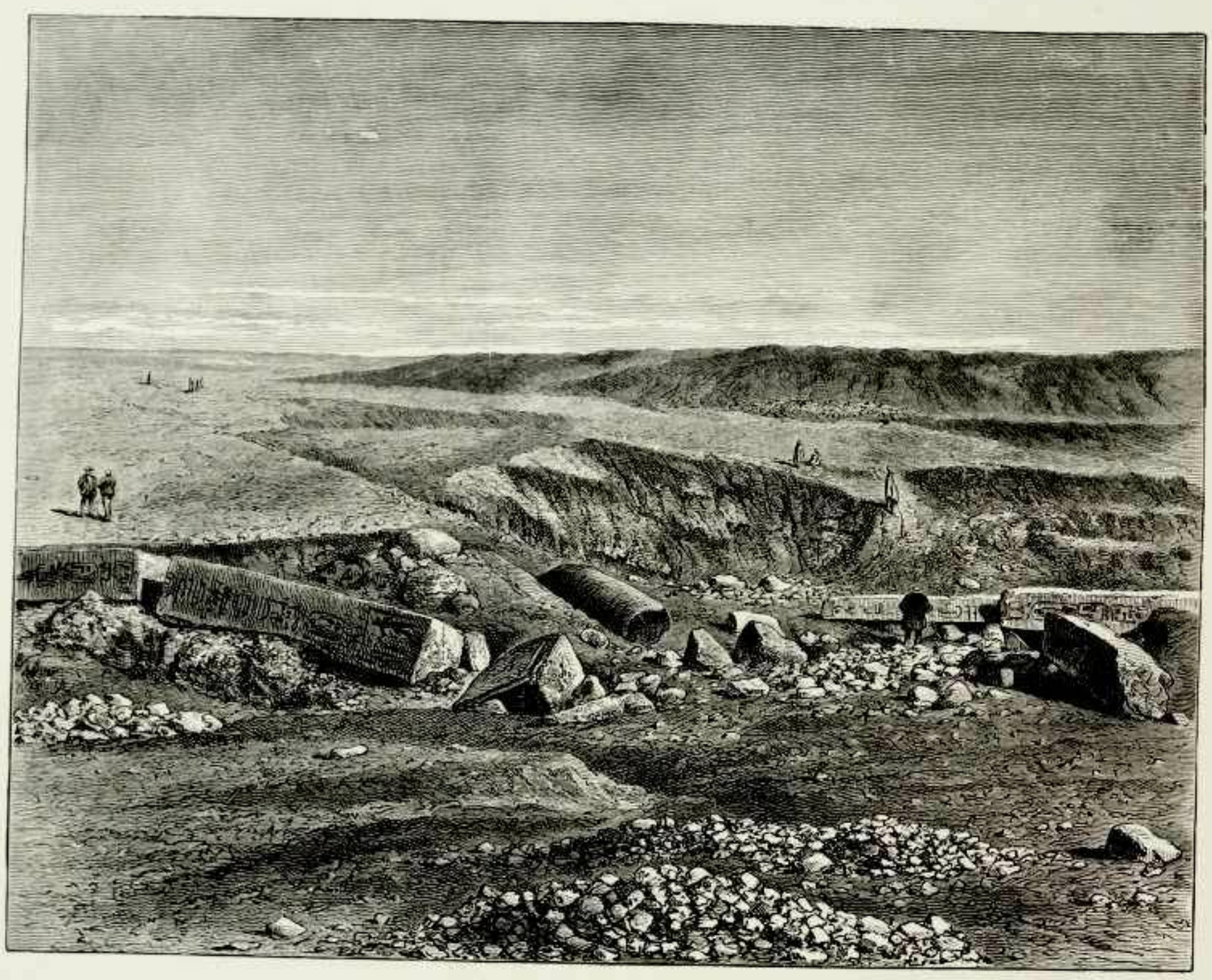
I need not relate how the broad-shouldered descendant of the Hykshos carried me through the water, how my servant followed him, and the horse-boy, with the saddle on his head, leading the horse by the bridle; how I reached the opposite shore, half dry, half dripping, and soon after sundown found shelter under the hospitable roof of the worthy Ahmed Bakhsheesh. The pottage or soup, the fowl stuffed with rice and raisins, and the baked fish which were set before me were as much relished by the hungry traveller as the contents of my last bottle of wine were by the finely-grown son of the house, who, to gratify his guest, sacrificed some of the joys of Paradise, and sinned against the prohibition of the Prophet ever to drink wine. I would rather say nothing about that night's sleep, for I lay on a carpet spread on the floor. Only a few feet from me slept my servant and horse-boy, not to speak of a number of fisher-lads—and I had forgotten my insect powder!

I hailed the dawn as a release, took a bath in the icy-cold arm of the Nile, and then followed my host's son to the ruins of Tanis.

In a few minutes I was standing in their midst. Many of the remains of the cities and temples that have come down to us from the period of Egypt's splendour are of greater extent and in better preservation, but no ruins excel these in picturesque charm. I wandered from monument to monument, seeking a vantage-ground from which to overlook them all, and before beginning to investigate and copy the separate inscriptions I ascended a mound of rubbish to the north of the ruins, and sat down by the dilapidated tomb of some Sheikh. From this spot, whither I often returned, it was possible to overlook the whole extent of the ruins.[1] The city must have been a large one, and one of the most splendid residences and centres of culture in the kingdom. Only in Thebes are there so many and such large

[1] The most interesting are of the period of the Hykshos, or Shepherds, of the XVIIth dynasty. Traces of the XIIIth dynasty have been found there. Although the capital or seat of government was removed thence under the XXVIth dynasty, it was not entirely abandoned, for monuments of the period of the Ptolemies have been found there. It fell under the edict of Theodosius, A.D. 381.

monuments of hard granite to be found; but of all the magnificent buildings which once stood here not even the ground-plan can be recognised. The great sanctuary erected by Rameses (Ramses) II.—Pharaoh the Oppressor—has crumbled into dust. Granite pillars with palm-leaf capitals, colossi, and no less than twelve broken obelisks lie, by the side of less important monuments, in grand confusion on the earth. An Arabic legend relates that the Pharaohs were giants, who could move the mightiest



EXCAVATIONS AT TANIS.

masses of rock with a magic rod; but if it needed giants to erect these monuments, it must have required the will and the strength of a God thus to overthrow them.

It is impossible here to enumerate all the monuments separately; it must suffice to say that among them there are several of the greatest importance and interest.

Every period of Egyptian history, excepting the very oldest, here finds a representative; and when I, in perfect solitude, looked round on the brick foundations of the ruined houses that lay close to me on the slope of the hill, at the overthrown temples and palaces just below my feet, and farther off at the fields and pasture-land, splendid visions of those by-gone days rose before my inward eye; the glorious past of Tanis—how far removed from the melancholy actuality!—became to me a living presence.

It was at This, in Upper Egypt, the neighbour-city to Abydos, that the power of the race of the Pharaohs was developed. Its first offshoots founded Memphis, and ere long the culture of the Nile valley had spread from the first cataract to the coast of the Mediterranean. Here, at the time of the builders of the Pyramids, a stock of Semitic blood, derived from the East, acquired a firm foothold. Some of the new-comers pastured their flocks in marshes near the Lake of Menzaleh, while others navigated the sea—which the Egyptians hated and dreaded—in swiftly sailing vessels, and established trading ports on the mouth of the eastern branch of the Nile. At the early part of the third century before Christ the foreigners were beginning to crowd the Egyptian inhabitants, and even to overmatch them. Their princes—who resided at Heracleopolis, in the Sethroitic district, close to the eastern boundary and not far from Tanis—made themselves masters of the throne of the Pharaohs and of the Nile valley, until the descendants of the deposed Egyptian kings succeeded in overpowering and exterminating them. By the middle of the third millennium before Christ a dynasty of native race wielded the sceptre at Thebes over the whole of united Egypt, including the province of the foreigners; and the Amenemhas and Usertesens, whom we shall often meet with again, erected proud sanctuaries at Tanis to the Egyptian gods, and set up their images, carved out of hard stone, in front of their throne. They fortified the eastern frontier; but, secure in the sense of their own power, they allowed ingress to Semitic immigrants, who approached them submissively and with gifts. The glorious XIIth dynasty became extinct in a woman. A weaker race mounted the throne of the Pharaohs, and the migration of a Semitic stock on horse and on foot from Syria pressed southwards on the Egyptians, who, though they attempted to oppose the incursion of these barbarous tribes, were vanquished, and their kings were forced to retire to Upper Egypt. Meanwhile, the Asiatics settled in the Eastern Delta, added strong fortifications to Pelusium—which was also called Abaris[1]—and raised Tanis to be the capital of their princes; and ere long they mingled with their



HYKSHOS SPHINX.

[1] Called in Egyptian *Ha-uar*, and in Greek *Auaris*. The Egyptian appellation has been supposed to mean "the place of flight." Chabas, "Les Pasteurs en Egypte," p. 41.

fellow Semites, the earlier settlers in the Nile valley. It is an historical law that the conquerors of a highly cultivated and civilised country must inevitably adapt themselves to its manners and customs, and thus actually by their conquest be forced into subjection; and it proved true in this case. We know them by the name of *Hykshos*, that is to say, princes of the Shasu, or Bedaween, and we know, from the few monuments that remain to us of their work, that they assimilated themselves to Egyptian life in every particular, even in their works of art. Like the Pharaohs, they had sphinxes made as symbolical representations of themselves, with the bodies of lions and heads of men; and the faces of these figures were treated as portraits of their own features. The finest of these Hykshos sphinxes had already been transported to Cairo when I first visited Tanis, but a few still looked up at me out of the sand, and they exactly resembled the people I had to deal with at San and by the Lake of Menzaleh.



RAMSES II. *(From a Statue at Turin.)*

The Hykshos remained in power more than four hundred years.[1] The national hatred of the vanquished branded their memory, painted them as an accursed race of devastators, could hardly forgive them for setting up their god Ba'al in the place of the old gods, and bestowed on him the name of Seth,[2] or Typhon, which was that of the Egyptian divinity who was worshipped first as the god of war and of foreign lands, and was subsequently execrated as the impersonation of all that was gloomy and discordant in nature and in the life of man. Of Evil in the positive sense, as opposed to Good, the Egyptian religion had no knowledge. Their feeling as to evil was that it was but transitory, a passage to future

[1] The exact duration of the Shepherd rule is a difficult point. Two statements are given by Manetho—259 years two months, according to one version; and 511 years, according to another.

[2] The name of Set, or Seth, is found as early as the VIth dynasty.

salvation; as dying was merely the process of death, which was in fact the threshold of the true and everlasting life. The highest honours were paid to Seth in the cities of the Hykshos, and not only kings were called by his name, but also the territory known as the Sethroitic district, which lay adjoining the nome, or province, of Tanis, and to the east of it.

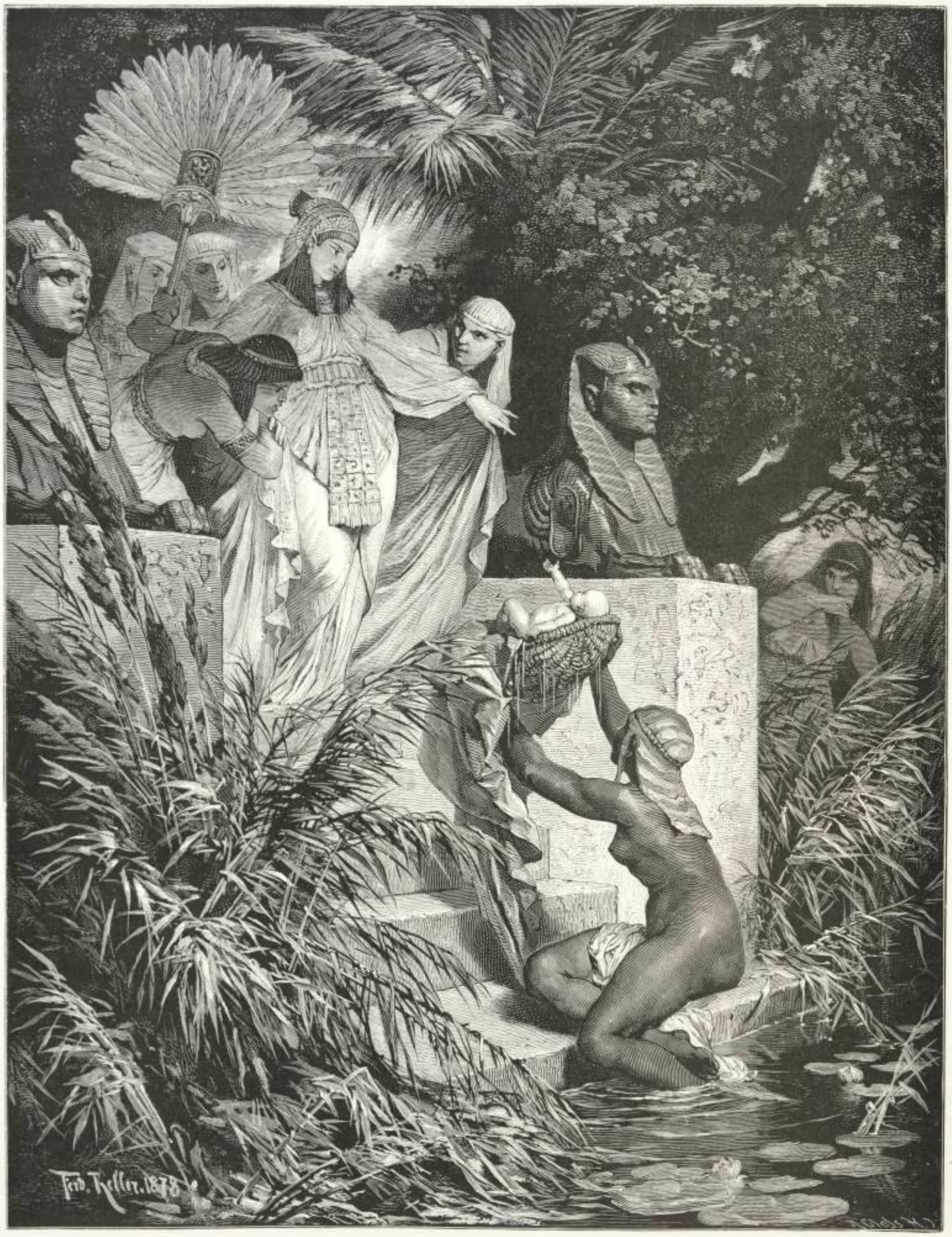
During the dominion of the Hykshos in the northern part of the Nile valley, the old Egyptian royal house ruled in Upper Egypt. A papyrus informs us that a dispute about a spring in the desert gave the Pharaohs an occasion for turning against the Asiatic interlopers. A great war of deliverance began, which lasted many decades, and ended by the taking of Abaris, Pelusium, after a siege both by land and sea.[1] We still find traces of the camp of the Hykshos at Tel el Heyr, and at Tanis the remains of their kings' palaces; while in the north-eastern portion of the Delta we meet with their living descendants, still bearing the features of their ancestry.

The victorious Egyptians forced the main body of the Hykshos army to retire. Part of the vanquished withdrew by land to Asia; others, taking to the sea, colonised the islands of the Carpathian Sea, an ancient name for a part of the Mediterranean near Crete; and a third division, who had devoted themselves to peaceful occupations, remained behind in the Delta.

The strength of the Egyptians had gained in temper during the long war against the intrusive foreigners. The enterprising spirit of the kings of the XVIIIth dynasty, who resided at Thebes, helped them to penetrate Asia as far as the Euphrates, and to fill the treasuries of the city of Amon with the spoils of the East. The Hebrews, to whom a grateful Pharaoh had abandoned the rich pastures of Goshen, herded their flocks unmolested. Every one knows the story of Joseph, the king's steward, and the Biblical narrative of the multiplying and increase of Jacob's race to a nation. Here we are standing on the very scene of the events which preceded the Exodus of the Israelites.

Rameses I. overthrew the last descendants of the conquerors of the Hykshos, who had wasted their strength in religious struggles, and usurped their throne. His son was Seti I., and his grandson, Rameses II., is the Sesostris of the Greeks and the "Pharaoh the Oppressor" of the Israelites; his great-grandson Menephtah is the Pharaoh of the Exodus. Many bas-reliefs and portrait-statues make us familiar with the physiognomy of most of the members of this family, whose peculiar features confirm the idea—which is supported by many other reasons—that they were of Semitic origin. The military glory of Sesostris has been immortalised by the narratives of classical writers, but all that he and his father achieved as patrons of architecture is less well known. We shall have occasion at Thebes to marvel at their stupendous creations, and we learn from an inscription in the temple at Karnak that Seti I. had planned a canal to connect the Nile with the Red Sea, and at the same time to water the plains of Southern Goshen. The ruins of a city, built by Rameses, have been discovered near its ancient bed; and on the same spot, Mashoota, we saw, besides a monument of granite, strong walls composed of

[1] The war began under Aahmes I., or Amosis.



THE FINDING OF MOSES.

bricks which were stamped with the name of the Pharaoh of the Exodus. Similar bricks are found at Tanis, which the monuments also call the city of Rameses, and which is the Raamses of the Bible. Here and at Pithom it is said in the Scripture that "the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigour: and they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in morter, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field" (Exodus i. 13, 14). In Exodus v. 7 we find that the taskmasters and their officers were commanded, "Ye shall no more give the people straw to make brick, as heretofore: let them go and gather straw for themselves."

Can there be any better illustration of this speech than the brick mixed with straw brought from Goshen and preserved in the Berlin museum, and of which we give a drawing? It bears the name of Rameses, who frequently resided at Tanis, started thence on his warlike expeditions, and brought one of his greatest wars to a happy termination by signing a treaty there with his chief antagonists, the princes of the Kheta.

He was wont to turn his arms against Semitic nations; what wonder then that he severely oppressed the kindred race who were subject to him, and strove to burden them with hard labour? Venerable papyrus-rolls contain the accounts of the taskmasters of the Hebrews as rendered to the overseers, and show us how unremittingly the officers watched the labourers, and endeavoured to promote their material comfort. The officials praise the neighbourhood of Tanis and the fertility of Goshen in words of rapture. Paintings in the tombs at Thebes show us the labourers at their work; but the people whom we here see—drawing water, hewing up the earth, kneading the clay, filling it into wooden moulds, and piling the bricks in layers while the taskmaster watches them, stick in hand—are not Jews, but Asiatics of some other race who had been carried captive into Egypt at an earlier date under Thothmes III., and there forced, as the inscription tells us, "to make bricks for the new buildings of the provision houses, or granaries, of the city of Amon." By the side of the second picture it is written, "Prisoners, brought by his Majesty to labour at the temple of his father Amon." A third inscription celebrates the vigilance of the taskmasters, and the gods are entreated to reward the king for remembering them with wine and good food. An overseer calls out to the people, "I carry the stick, be ye not idle."

It is impossible to study these pictures without thinking of the oppression of the Jews. Perhaps the very wall on which I sat so many hours was the work of their hands. Perhaps it was on the very stream that I crossed yesterday that the heart-sick mother of Moses floated the rush basket containing her child; and it is expressly testified by the Psalmist (Psalm lxxviii. 12, 43) that the Pharaoh before whom Moses wrought his miracles lived at Tanis. It was hence that the cry went out for the flight of the enslaved multitude, and hence that Menephtah set forth with his chariots and horses to overtake the fugitives. We are able to present the reader with a portrait of the vacillating king, who in his terror gave the promise which he retracted as soon as he thought himself secure. Another portrait of the same prince, with even a weaker countenance, is preserved in the museum at Boolak. All the general human interest in Tanis ends with the Hebrew exodus; but the

populous city continued to be of the greatest importance to Egypt, and in the eighth century before Christ a new, though not very illustrious, race of kings came thence to govern Egypt.



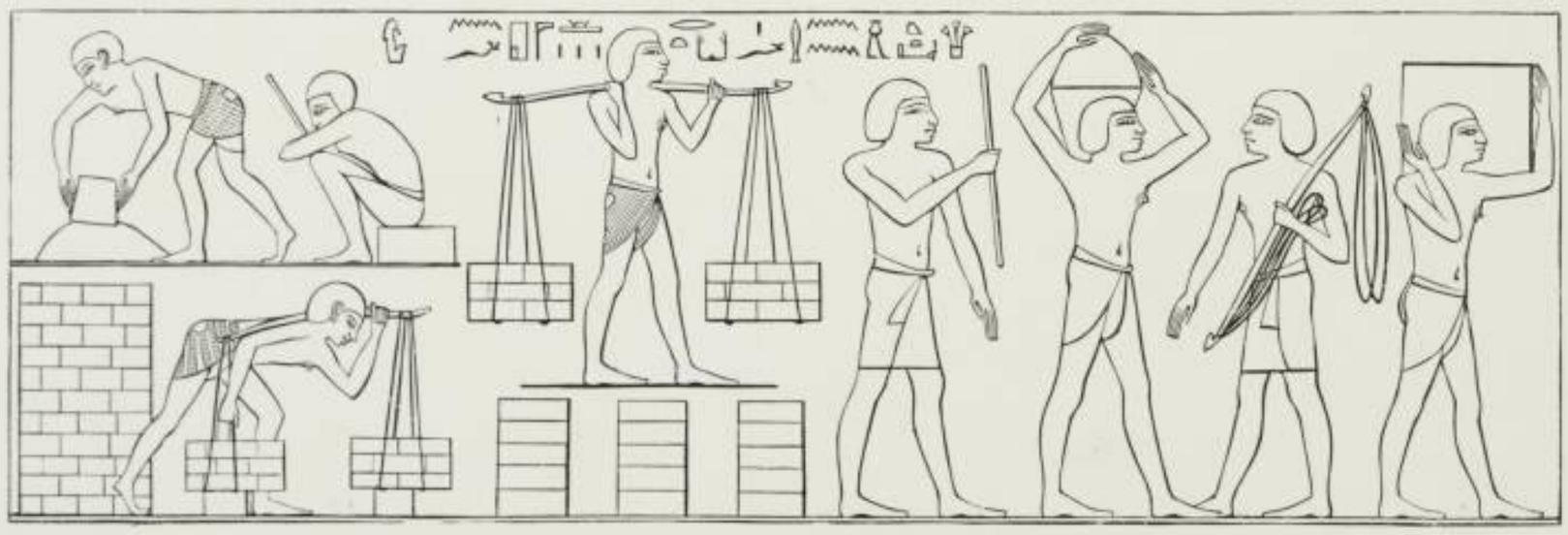
BRICK WITH THE PRENOMEN OF RAMESES II.

We will now quit our seat on the sheikh's tomb and wander, pencil in hand, from one mound of ruins to another. Most of the inscriptions are addressed to the gods Amon, Ptah, or Ra Harmachis. Many monuments attract our attention, but for the most part they lie half buried in the sand, and overseers are appointed who are forbidden under heavy penalties to allow strangers to clear them. The happy accident is too fresh in the memory of the inspector of excavations by which the illustrious Lepsius and his companions discovered a monument of immense im-



FORCED LABOURERS OF THE SEMITIC RACE STAMPING OUT BRICKS. (*Tomb of Rekhmara at Thebes.*)

portance which he himself had overlooked. This stone has become famous under the name of the tablet of Tanis, or the decree of Canopus. We shall find it in



FORCED LABOURERS OF THE SEMITIC RACE MAKING AND CARRYING BRICKS. (*Tomb of Rekhmara at Thebes.*)

the museum of Boolak, where it was deposited. Only cursory mention can in this place be made of a great tablet of granite, which still lies among the ruins, and which is dated by the years of an era beginning from the epoch of the Hykshos,

which occurs nowhere else;[1] of the colossus of Rameses II. in porphyry, on which there are traces of painting in various colours; of the shrine of granulated alabaster-like marble; of the female torso with the characteristics of an Amazon, the left breast being larger than the right; of the black statues of Sekhet with the lion-head, the sombre sitting figures of basalt, and the almost purple ones of red granite.

On the morning after my second sleepless night at Tanis all was bustle in front of my host's house. Numbers of fishermen had come in in their large boats, on which the nets were hung in orderly array, and offered the fish they had caught in the lake, packed in large and small baskets, for sale to the highest bidder. This auction, which takes place every Tuesday and Friday, was in every way a singular picture, and I shall never forget it.

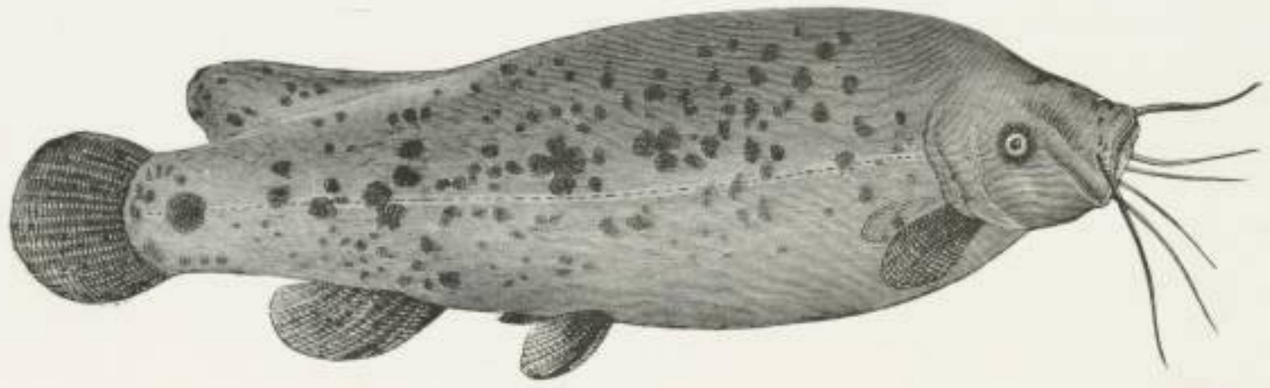


MENEPHTAH.

Nothing in Egypt is more purely African than the finny inhabitants of its waters. The Nile produces the same fish as the Senegal, and with their flat heads, minute eyes, and long cirri, or beards, they look as if they belong to some earlier epoch of creation than the graceful natives of our own fresh waters. By far the most common is the Shad, called Karmoot, and to the same family belongs the celebrated Electrical Shad, the Ra'ad, marked with black spots. Some of the species present an almost monstrous appearance, with their long thread-like fins on the back and belly. One of the drollest is the Fahaka, or Tetrodon, which, when blown out, looks like a pumpkin with a tail, twinkling eyes, and a little laughing mouth with four shining white teeth. The Kanooma fish, with its long snout bent downwards, is the Oxyrrhynchus of the ancient Egyptians. Perhaps the most interesting is the Finny Pike, Polypterus, which is a survivor of the primeval order of the Ganoid fishes; I do not remember ever having seen it, yet I believe it was the original of a hieroglyphic sign. In the fried or boiled stage of their existence I decidedly prefer our Northern fish to the Egyptian varieties, which are for the most part flabby and unsavoury. I have tasted many kinds, and can pay the tribute of praise to none but that known as the Bayad, of which very large specimens are caught, and which has flesh of a brilliant whiteness.

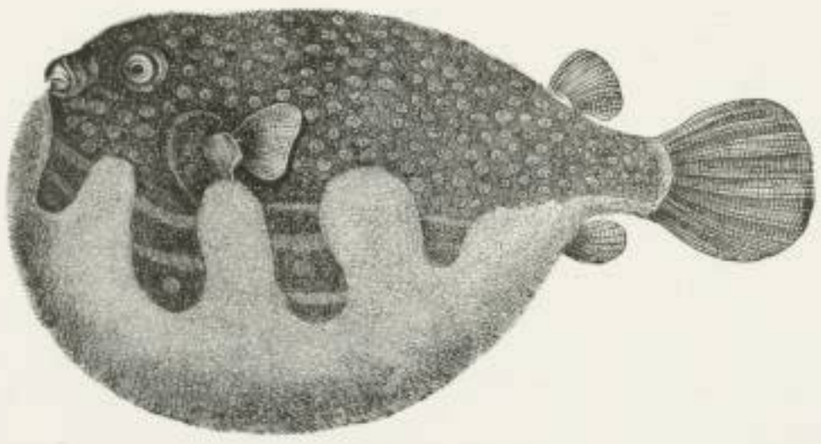
[1] A translation of this tablet, which mentions an interval of 400 years from the Shepherds to Rameses II., is given in the "Records of the Past," Vol. IV. p. 33.

The auction was a vehement business, and the dealers were not less calculated to attract the attention of an European than their wares. The passionate emotions, of which education and custom require us to control the exhibition, are here shown without concealment or check, and perhaps with the fullest unreserve when a question of "Mine" and "Thine" is to be settled. How the fishermen shout in wild confusion! how their black eyes flash and glare! how they snatch back



MALAPTERURUS ELECTRICUS—ELECTRICAL SHAD. (*Ra'ad.*)

their baskets in a rage! and how often the worthy Ahmed has to scream at them, "Wait a minute, I'm coming;" and to use his palm-rod! At the same time many a fine fish finds its way into the basket that stands behind him, for he is clever enough to temper his severity with kindliness, and whenever a hand-to-hand fight seems inevitable, he contrives to pacify the adversaries with conciliatory words and soothing gestures. What a wonderful variety of tones these people have at their



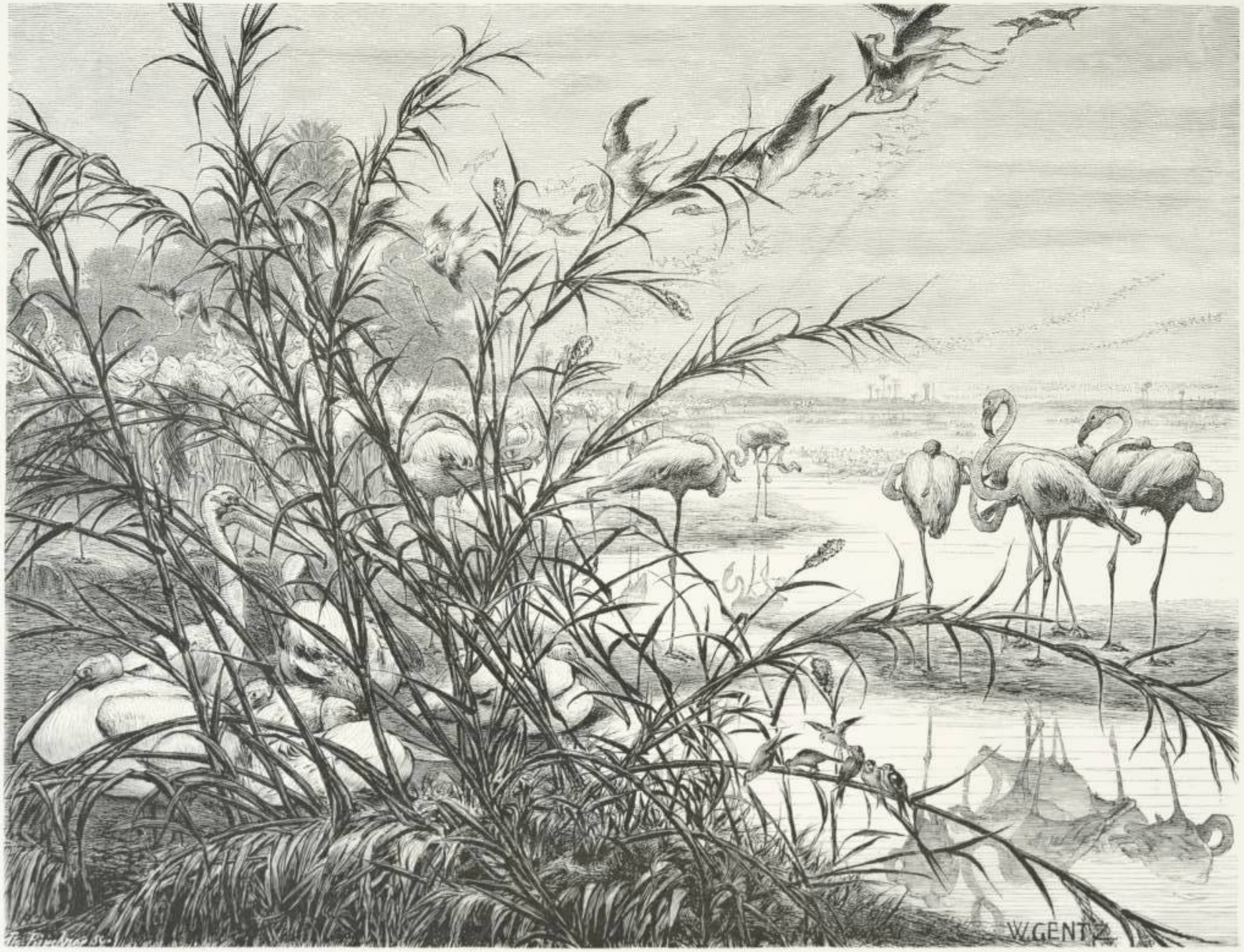
TETRODON HISPIDUS. (*Fahaka.*)



HEAD OF THE PIMELODUS AURATUS.

command to express every shade of feeling! I am thinking less of the shrieking vehemence of their anger than of the melting pathos their voices can assume in a caressing mood, or when seeking reconciliation.

Meanwhile retort answers abuse. "Where are your eyes, merchant?" shouts the fisherman, thinking the buyer's bid too small. The man, who thinks he is being cheated, cries out, "Bind a turban of straw about thine head" (be as great a fool as you will), "but never forget thy duty." Some cutting answer is given: the man who is thus reprimanded asserts himself to be as good as his antagonist, and



ASSEMBLY OF BIRDS ON THE LAKE OF MENZALEH.

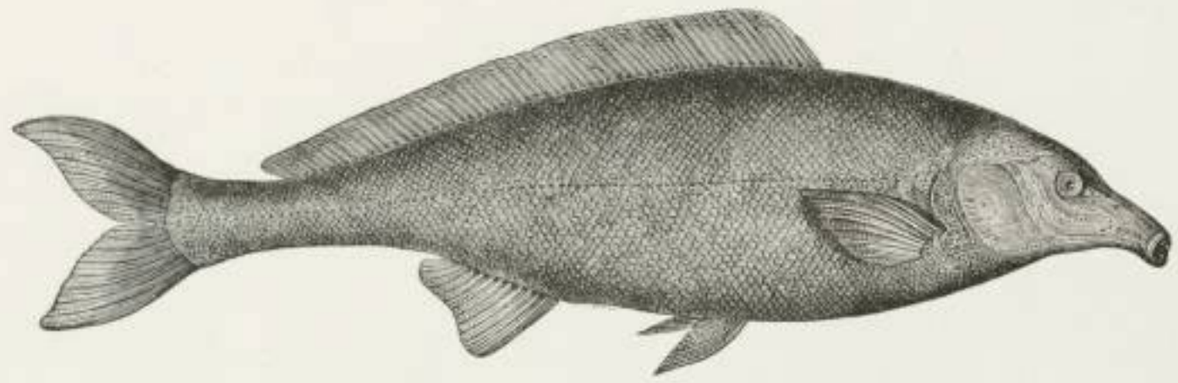
better too; but the enemy has the nimbler wit and the sharper tongue, and retorts, "Every beast that has a hump fancies itself a camel."

When the auction was over the fishermen wanted me to buy a pelican and two fine herons that they had caught alive. They carried home but little money, for only a certain percentage of their earnings was paid to them; the principal profits accrue to the holder of the right of fishing in the Lake of Menzaleh, which is farmed out for about £60,000.

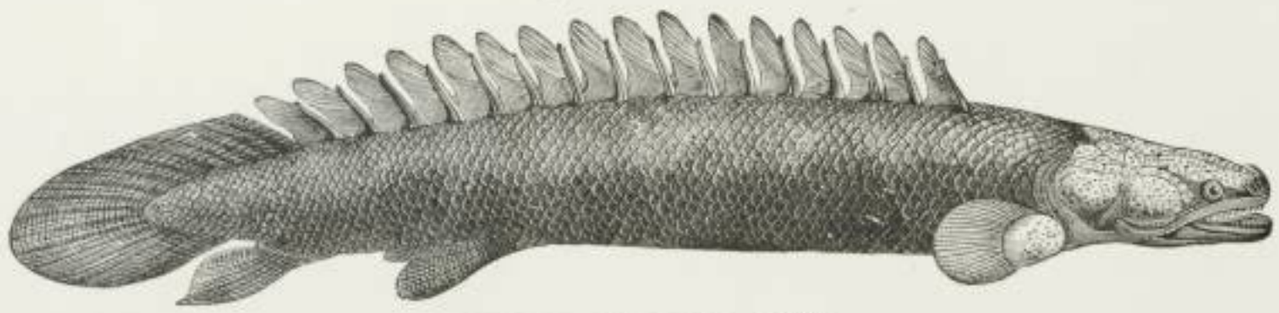


FISH AUCTION AT SAN.

It was with a party of fishermen from the little fishing town of El Matareeyeh that I visited this remarkable inland sea, which is separated from the Mediterranean by only a narrow strip of land. It is of about the extent of the county of York, and is strewed with islets. So rich is it in waterfowl of every species that Brehm, who is a good authority, calculated that they must consume sixty thousand pounds of fish daily. The well-known story of Baron Münchhausen, who fired off his gun with his ramrod for a charge, and so shot and spitted a whole flock of ducks, here hardly seems impossible; for, particularly at breeding-time, the islands and reedy shallows of this lake are peopled with countless masses of feathered guests. The charming illustration by W. Gentz is not in the least an exaggerated representation of the scene. Ducks and shell-drakes, storks and herons, pelicans, the Aboo Monas, and the delicately-coloured flamingo—whose breeding-places are known to only a few hunters among the natives of Menzaleh—gulls and terns, dark and light hued eagles and falcons—who in their turn prey on the feathered murderers and avenge the fish—are found collected in legions in this paradise of birds. The sportsman who wanders from islet to islet can make an enormous bag, particularly when he is skilful enough to manage a little boat with his own hand. The water is in most places shallow, and overflows only the lowest of the islands during the inundation; those lying above this water-mark are called "mountains," *djebel*, by the fishermen.



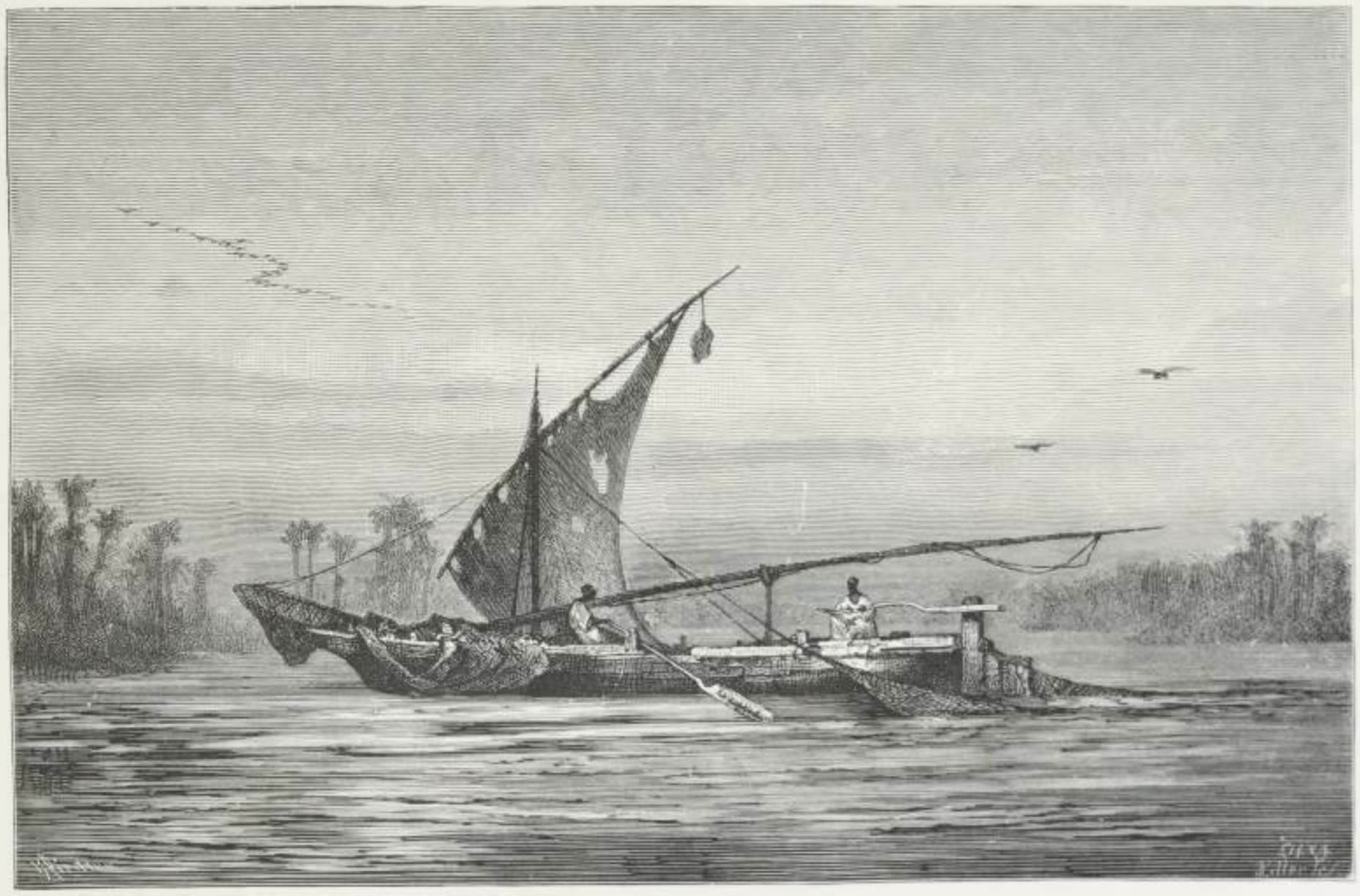
MORMYSUS OXYRRHYNCHUS. (*Kanooma.*)



POLYPTERUS—FINNY PIKE. (*Bishir.*)

Vivid pictures, that I can never forget, stamped themselves on my mind as I traversed this wonderful lake in the roughly-constructed bark of the Matareeyeh fisherman: pictures of primeval nature, a silent but populous landscape, barely touched by the hand of man, affording at present much delight to the sportsman, but perhaps—indeed, it is to be hoped—before many decades are passed, to be restored to tilth and culture.

There can be no manner of doubt that broad expanses now covered by its waters were in former times fields and meadows, tilled by the peasantry, and



FISHING-BOAT ON THE LAKE OF MENZALEH.

affording pasture to the herdsman's cattle. Even at the present day, though it is connected with the sea by a narrow passage, Nile mud is deposited at the bottom of the lake; and experienced men have declared with conviction that, with the mechanical appliances of our day, it would be practicable to reconvert it into fertile land, and make it remunerative to those who might embark in the enterprise. On some of the islands there are to this day traces of ancient culture, not wholly extinct even a few centuries ago. Little remains of the city of Isis, Ta-n-Isis, on the island of Tenees, but it still shows some noble ruins; and Arab writers tell us that at the time of the Khalifate no finer tissues were woven than those produced here. The damask, fine gauze, and costly gold tissue of Tenees, or Tinnys, were famous throughout the East, and enriched the inhabitants, whose posterity have fallen indeed from their high estate, and now laboriously earn their scanty bread by net and sail.

And yet any one who has been in intercourse with these humble, simple men remembers them with kindliness. I can call to mind the crowd of figures that pressed round the large brazier, side by side with the stranger, at Matareeyeh; I can see the slight forms of the women who followed a dead body, lamenting: and I do not think that in all Egypt I met with a finer race. Faces more manly or more noble than those of the descendants of the Hykshos are nowhere to be seen throughout the Khedive's dominions. Like all Asiatics of Semitic origin, they were called "Amu" under the Pharaohs, and then Biamites, *i.e.*, Pi-Amu. Even in the eighth and ninth centuries after Christ they gave much trouble to the Khalifs Merwân II. and Mamoon. The name of Malakeeyeen, which they themselves adopted, dates from the time when they embraced Christianity. When the rest of the



WATER-WHEEL FOR IRRIGATION IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF DAMIETTA.

Egyptians adopted the teaching of Eutyches, the determined Biamites remained faithful to the orthodox doctrine, and called themselves Melekites, or "imperial." They remained unsubdued by the French, and it is only within a short time—in fact only a very few years—that the magistrates have dared to enlist their sons under the conscription for military service. The Lake of Menzaleh has had a new and perfectly straight eastern boundary set to it by the construction of the Suez Canal.

We will now turn westward, and in the neighbourhood of Damietta, Damyât, and the mouth of the ancient Phatnitic branch of the Nile—now the river of Damietta—we come upon a type of landscape which, though it is flat and level like the whole of the Delta, nevertheless has peculiarities of its own. The eye of the European will, in the first place, be struck by the neatly-planted fields of rice, which is here a favourite crop; and a harvest, which well repays the cultivator, is reaped in September or October. This cereal, it is true, was not unknown to the Egyptians at the time of Alexander's Macedonian successors, but

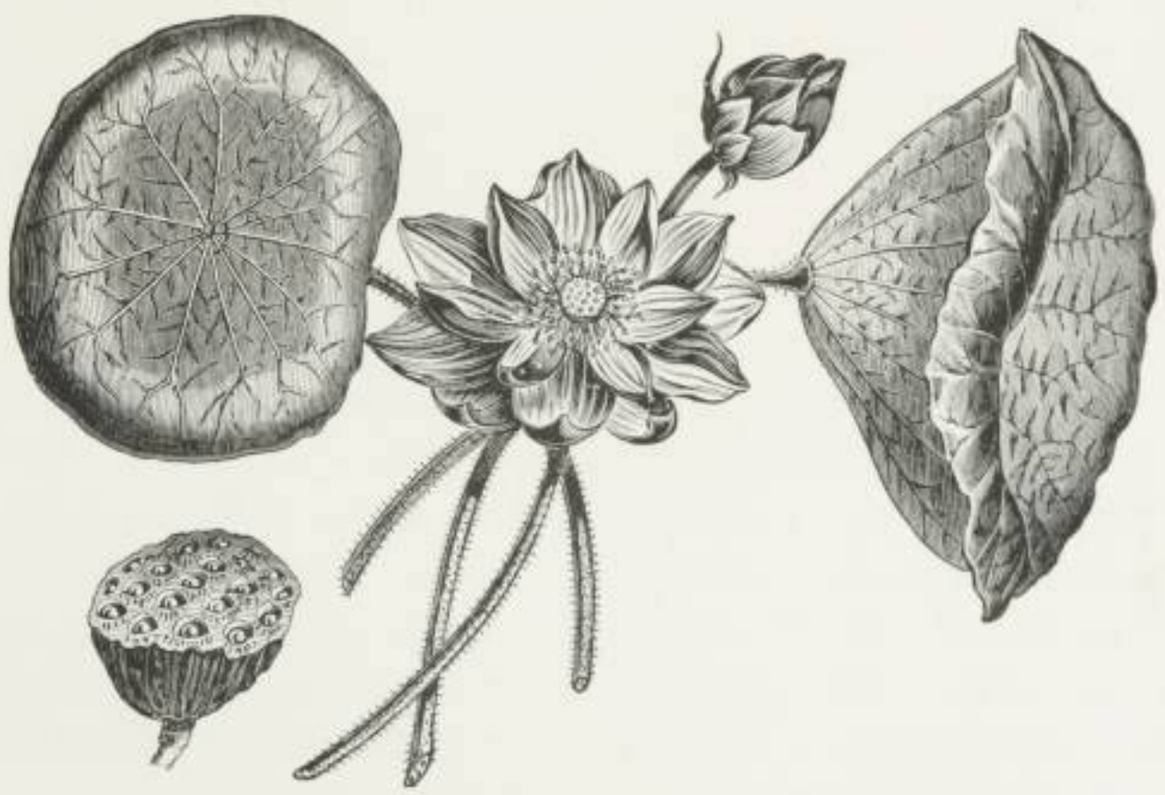
it was the Arabs who first introduced its culture on a large scale from its Indian habitat to the shores of the Nile.

There is little to be said about Damietta itself; a sand-bank bars the entrance to the harbour, which is surrounded by tall but ill-built houses. The Bazaar is of unusual length; some fine pillars from ancient buildings are found in the mosques, and there are splendid gardens outside the gates. The most beautiful belongs to the German Consul, a wealthy and most worthy Levantine named Suroor. Damyât at the present day contains from thirty to forty thousand inhabitants. It was not famous in antiquity: under the Arabs it was esteemed for woven stuffs, and workshops where the Christians manufactured the finest furniture-stuffs, ornamented with pictures and patterns, as well as brocades for dresses, one of which was valued at three hundred dinars, or forty pounds. It owes its place in history to its long siege and final conquest by the Crusaders.[1]



NYMPHÆA LOTUS—LOTUS-FLOWER.

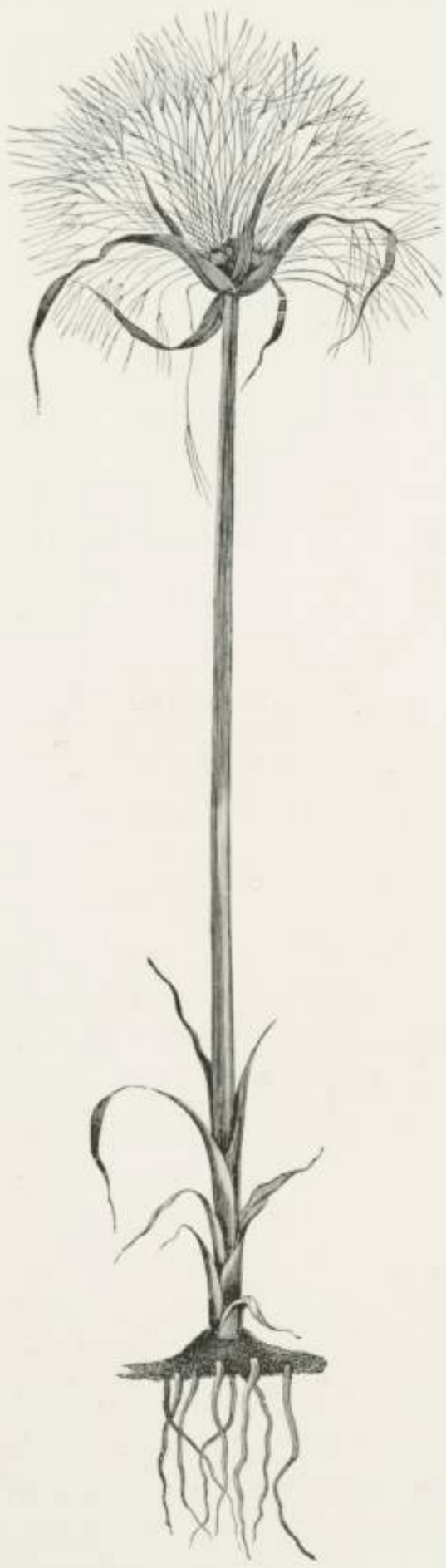
Among the farmhouses in the vicinity of Damietta sycamores of great girth and tall in proportion are to be seen, and other fine trees also grow near and shade the villages. Peach and other fruit trees flourish in the gardens. The clatter of water-wheels, driven by buffaloes, is audible on every side, pouring an abundance of water into the irrigation canals and the open runlets which convey it through the fields. Cattle certainly thrives here, and the buffaloes and oxen, the butter and cheese of the neighbourhood of Damietta have no equals throughout Egypt. The botanist who seeks rare plants in the water-channels will here find the last representatives of a species formerly so abundant in the Nile—the lotus-flower, both white and blue; its seeds when ground are still eaten by the peasants. But the plant, which was once the queen of all the products of the Delta, and which brought enormous wealth to the inhabitants, the Papyrus, has not been seen here by any trustworthy traveller. And yet it was here, on the very branch



NYMPHÆA NELUMBO—LOTUS-FLOWER, WITH FRUIT.

[1] By Jean de Brienne, A.D. 1217; it was lost, but retaken by Louis IX. A.D. 1248.

of the Nile which bathes this ground to the present day, that the most valuable variety of the Cyperus—to which our "paper" owes its name—was grown; nor was it for ancient Egypt only, but for every cultivated nation on the Mediterranean that this writing material was prepared from its pith. Manufactories of papyrus "paper" existed in the Delta down to the time of the Khalifs, but parchment was already competing with the Egyptian material, which was of such importance as an article of commerce that Firmus, a citizen of Alexandria who set himself up as emperor in opposition to Aurelian,[1] could declare that his manufactories of papyrus brought him in a revenue large enough to maintain an army. In consequence of the introduction of new writing materials into Europe—parchment and rag-paper—the physiognomy of the Delta must have undergone a complete transformation. In the place of those thickets which have been described as "a forest without branches, a shrubbery without leaves, a harvest in the water, a scene of beauty in a bog," we now see rice, maize, indigo, and cotton fields. Every recollection even of the plant which for so many hundred years was so carefully tended, and which Strabo so graphically describes as "a bare stick with a tuft at the top," has been lost to the natives of the Delta. The European sees it in hot-houses, or may have met with it on the shores of the Anapo while travelling to Syracuse, in Sicily,[2] little thinking, perhaps, that he has every day occasion to use words and ideas which owe their origin to the Egyptian reed.



PAPYRUS PLANT.

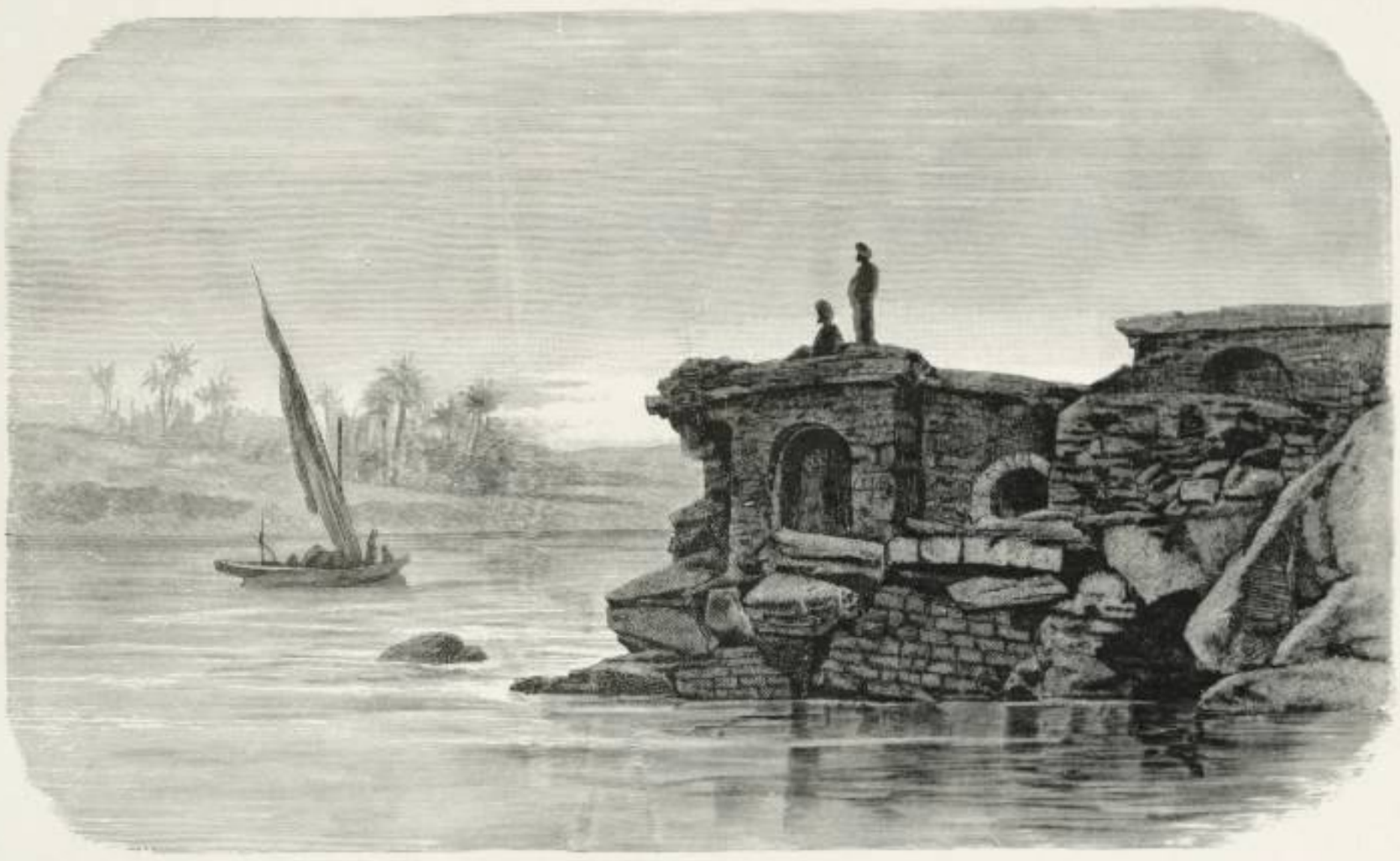
Papyrus and *Byblus* are different forms of the same word: from the first we derive our word "paper," from the second the word "Bible." The celebrated writing material was prepared by slicing the pith of the stem into thin *laminæ*, which were laid side by side and overlapping each other, pressed together, and smoothed. The sheets thus prepared were stuck together to form a sheet, and the first leaf was known as the "protocollon," hence the word "protocol." Long sheets of papyrus could of course be preserved only in rolls; thus each book was a roll, and the part assigned to each actor in German theatrical parlance is still called his "rolle," in French, "rôle." The ancient Egyptians were accustomed to write with inks of two colours: the main text being transcribed with black ink, while red (rubra) was used for distinguishing the beginnings of

[1] A.D. 274; he coined money and assumed the purple, but was soon defeated and put to death.

[2] Thickets of Papyri have been also found at the Lake Merom, in Syria.

sections ;[1] hence the word "rubric." Charta, or carta, was the name commonly given to this paper by the Romans,[2] and it has given us the word "card."

We know the various kinds of Egyptian paper, which were sometimes designated by the names of their place of manufactory, as Saitica, or Tanitica ; sometimes after some person of distinction, as Liviana,[3] Corneliana ;[4] sometimes according to the purpose for which they were intended, as hieratic, writing paper, theatre-ticket paper, or bag paper ;[5] and papyrus rolls of remarkable size, and in admirable preservation, have come down to us. This writing material was invented in Egypt at the earliest in the time of the Pyramids ;[6] but it was most lavishly used at the time when Alexandria was in its glory.



RIVER WALL ON THE DAMIETTA ARM OF THE NILE.

The papyrus grown in the Sebennytic district was particularly famous. On the site of the chief town of this nome, or government, where the historian Manetho was born, now stands the miserable town of Semennood, on the left bank of the Damietta branch, along which we once sailed up stream from Mansoorah.

Mansoorah the Victorious is, next to Tantah, the most important inland town of the Delta, and the chief town of the wealthy province of Dakheleeyeh, where numerous Europeans—principally Greeks, but also English, Germans, and Swiss—have settled, and carry on a trade principally in cotton. Mansoorah is a compara-

[1] The black was an animal carbon, the red colour an ochre.

[2] The word "chartes" is found in Greek, and mentioned in an Athenian inscription of the time of Pericles ; it was not, however, in much use among the Greeks till the time of Alexander the Great.

[3] From Livia, wife of Augustus, who died A.D. 29.

[4] After Cornelius Gallus, A.D. 26.

[5] Taeniotica, a coarse kind sold by weight.

[6] The oldest written dated Papyrus is of about the time of the Vth dynasty.

tively modern town, for it was built by command of the Sultan Melek el Kâmil during the Crusades, after the taking of Rosetta by the Christians (about 1220). A fortified bridge, close to the town, at that time connected the two shores of the Nile; while at the present day the opposite suburb of Talkha, where the railway-station is, can only be reached by taking a boat. However, the construction of an iron bridge, with a double line of rails, is about to be begun.

There is little to tell about the present town of Mansoorah, but stirring memories revive in our mind as we seek for the humble spot where one of the most powerful kings of the West is said to have lingered a captive. Louis IX. of France was conquered before the walls of Mansoorah by the army led by the young Sultan el Mo'azzam Tooranshah, and was forced to yield to the infidels with his brother, Charles of Anjou, and the flower of French chivalry.[1] The Sultan treated his captive foe with consideration, but he met his death at the hand of his own warriors, while Louis, at the cost of an enormous ransom and the evacuation of the town of Damietta, regained his freedom and that of his fellow-captives.

With a favourable wind we may reach Behbeet el Hagar in two hours from Mansoorah, and it is one of the most remarkable of all the ruined cities of Egypt. The sight of the well-tilled fields on each side of the stream delights the eye as we sail along. Opposite the village of el Weesh I disembarked on an ancient river-wall, or quay; and, as I turned my face landwards, I could almost believe myself transported to my own country, for I rarely met with any palm-trees, but my road lay through white poplars, lime-trees, and willows; among which, however, grew Sont-trees and Lebbek, Tamarisk, and Bernouf shrubs. I walked quickly on, and in about half an hour found myself in front of the plainly recognisable traces of a wall enclosing a gigantic heap of ruins, the remains of the splendid temple of Pa-Hebit—that is to say, "the strong place"—where the great goddess was worshipped from whose name the Romans called this town Iseum. The streets and squares of the ancient city have completely disappeared; not a vestige of the dwellings of early ages can be detected among the huts of the fellaheen of the village of Behbeet; but here, as everywhere in Egypt, the abodes of the gods were built of more durable materials than those of man, and the granite ruins of the temple of Isis at Hebit are strong enough to defy many a century to come. There they lie, within the ancient temple precincts, one mighty mass of blocks, portions of pillars, fragments of architraves, slabs, and flights of steps. I have never seen anything more strange and impressive than this temple, fallen, as it might seem, at the command of a magician. Neither the slow injuries of time, nor the feeble hand of man could have effected the sudden and utter ruin of this edifice of granite. An earthquake felled it at one shock, and the legendary memory of such a catastrophe, as well as of the sacred beasts of the cow-headed goddess, survives in the minds of the fellaheen, for Isis long commanded the deepest veneration in this place, and her image is preserved on many stones. While I was resting by the ruins a man of Behbeet told me the following story, which is familiar to every inhabitant of the village:—"In the time of Solomon a beautiful temple stood here

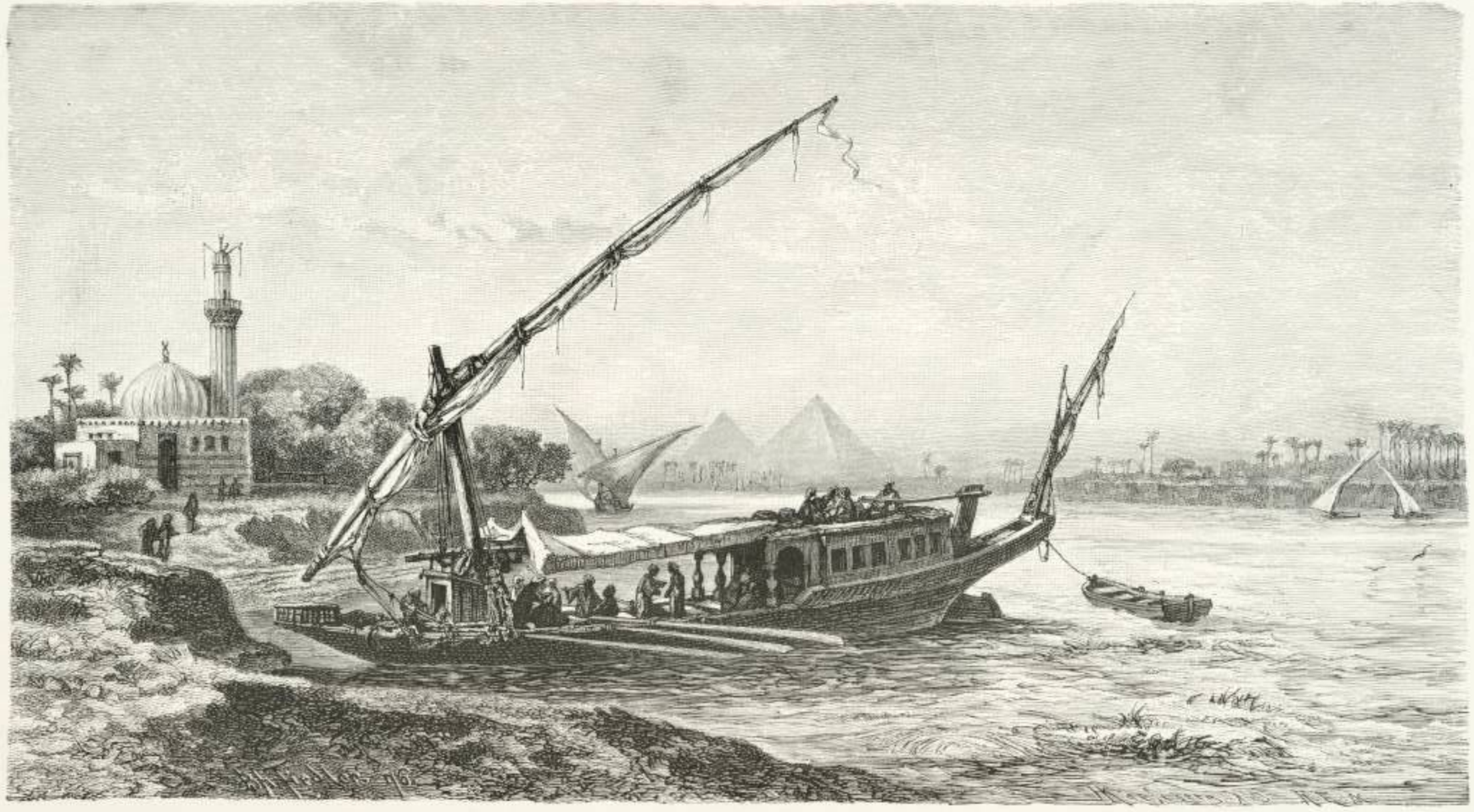
[1] A.D. 1250.

in which there dwelt a cow sent by God, and which no one dared touch. Once upon a time there was a woman who wanted the cow to give milk for her new-born child; she went secretly into the temple and attempted to milk the cow, but the udders yielded no milk; then the woman cursed the cow, and hardly had she uttered the last word when the huge building fell in with a fearful crash, and buried the blasphemous woman and her child under the ruins. If any one strikes the stones in the evening the cow is heard lowing. Many of the folks of the village have heard it, and they call our ruins here Hagar gamoos, or 'the buffalo stones.'"

What a splendid spectacle this temple must have presented when the sunshine was reflected on the polished grey and brown granite of which it was constructed! Hundreds of the blocks have preserved the pictures and inscriptions which were chiselled on their surface with peculiar care, and they tell us that the ruined sanctuary of Isis was erected (B.C. 287 to 247) by Ptolemy II., Philadelphus. No record remains of the time of its fall, and it will never be possible to verify the plan of the foundation, for though so many blocks lie heaped up, literally not one stone remains upon the other. It takes four hundred paces to walk round the high mound of ruins, and to climb to the top is like climbing a mountain of granite. Very possibly the pavement of the temple-court lies preserved under the superincumbent soil, for very little corn grows within its precincts near the pool which indicates the situation of the sacred tank, which no Egyptian temple was ever without.

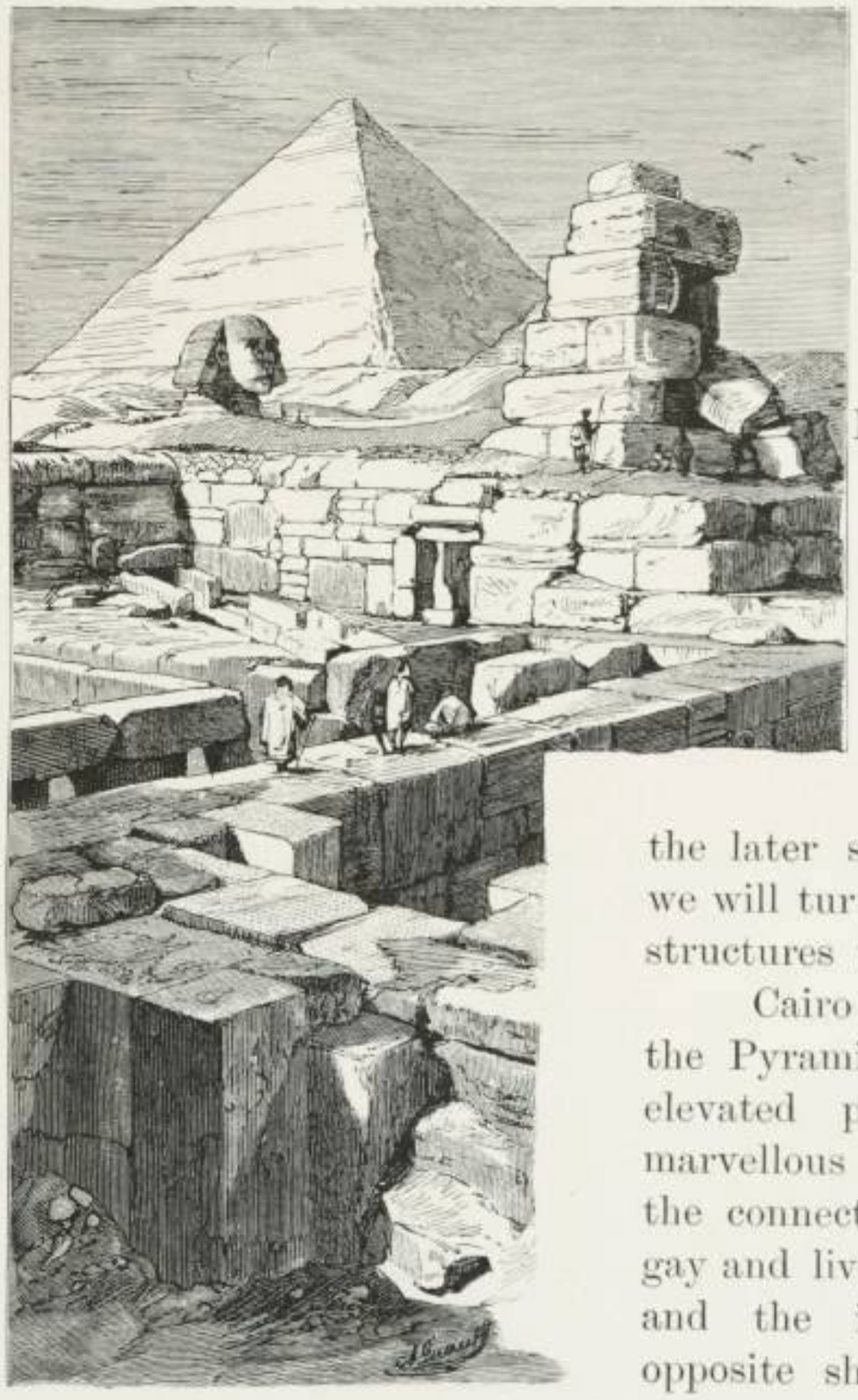
Before nightfall I got back to Mansoorah, whence it would be easy to reach the recently discovered ruins of Mendes, the city of the sacred ram. But we must leave it unvisited, for we are anxious to turn southwards, to the Pyramids and Cairo, the very heart of Egyptian life.





THE MAIN STREAM OF THE NILE.





MEMPHIS AND THE PYRAMIDS.

ERE reaching the city of the Khalifs—long ere we arrive at the station of Kalyoob—the Pyramids are seen on the distant horizon.[1] They are the tokens of Cairo, and it is with them that the most ancient records are connected of that vanished metropolis of which Cairo may be regarded as the later successor. So, before we enter the town, we will turn our steps to Memphis and the venerable structures that stand on the soil of its Necropolis.

Cairo has been constantly called the City of the Pyramids, and not without justice; from every elevated position the simple outlines of these marvellous structures are conspicuous; nevertheless, the connection is but a superficial one between the gay and lively capital on the eastern bank of the Nile and the imperishable masses of stone on the opposite shore. Cairo has gazed at the Pyramids

[1] The hieroglyphic word "per-am-us" (edge of the Pyramid) is the supposed origin of the word to which many fanciful derivations have been given. The solid content was called "abumir," the word "peramus" meaning the four lines of the angles of the face or edge.

ever since its foundations were dug, but the most ancient of the Pyramids had seen the lapse of four thousand years before the first stone of the first house in Cairo was laid.

The capital with its lofty citadel is but an upstart that has thriven rapidly, and come into its vast fortune early by the overthrow of a reverend predecessor. Memphis fell, and Cairo grew out of its ruins. This is literally the fact, for, in the first place, the citizens of the old residence of the Pharaohs moved and settled in the city, which immediately it was founded by Amroo, Omar's general,[1] increased very rapidly; and, in the second place, the ancient palaces of Memphis were pulled down, and the beautiful polished ornaments and stone slabs were conveyed across the Nile, and used for the foundation-stones of new buildings or the construction of strong walls. Monuments of marble and alabaster were broken up and burnt for lime. Many of the pillars, too, in the older mosque of Cairo were derived from the temples of Memphis. The old city was in short a quarry, with the stones ready wrought: and it was not spared; nay, so recklessly worked, that nothing—absolutely nothing—remains of the largest and most ancient city in Egypt at this day but some mounds of rubbish and a few more or less damaged monumental fragments.

The streets and squares, the palaces and temples, the academies and fortifications where so many hundred thousands of Memphites lived and worked, toiled and prayed, struggled and rested, laboured and thought, were joyful in time of peace or fought fiercely in time of war—all have vanished from the face of the earth. Memphis—the city of the living—is no more; but the Necropolis of Memphis—the city of the dead—has been as wonderfully preserved as though it had some share in the immortality of the souls of its inhabitants that rest in Osiris. Here, if anywhere, is the spot for recalling the striking saying by which the Greeks were wont to express the character of the Egyptian temperament: "They regarded their house as an inn, and their grave as an eternal home; their life on earth as a brief sojourn, and their death as true life!" And their burial-places have, in fact, outlived their cities, and their tombs have perpetuated the memory of their life to our time.

There is no more venerable site of human culture than that we propose to visit to-day, and no more ancient monuments than those we shall find there. Usually those who go to see the Pyramids first visit the Necropolis; we shall take our own way, and make acquaintance with the city of the living before we tread the city of the dead. We are bound by no considerations of time and comfort, so we prefer to entrust ourselves to a Nile-boat rather than take the railway which cuts across the province of Memphis, and we disembark at Bedrasheyn, a large fellah village. The palm-groves that surround it are among the finest in Egypt—and how could they be other than flourishing? for they are rooted in a soil where stood for ages the most populous city in the world. It is delicious to ride on the dyke road that traverses these groves, for under the palm crowns it is never altogether sunny or shady, and the incessant play of light and

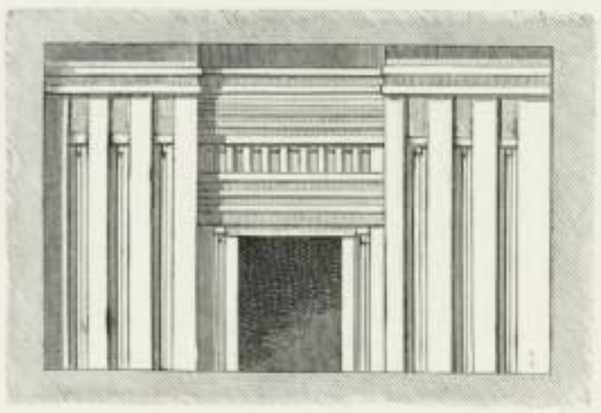
[1] A.D. 641.



THE VILLAGE OF BEDRASHEYN.

shade relieves us from any sense of monotony; and yet, taken separately, the trees of this extensive wood are exactly like each other, with their columnar trunks and feathered crowns. They all seem formed on one pattern—a beautiful one, it is true—and they are far from exhibiting the various individuality of our oaks and beeches.

In the little harbour of the village of Bedrasheyn lie large bundles of the ribs of the palm-leaves stripped of their feathery blades, and a strange spectacle is offered when the fellaheen climb up the smooth trunks and tie themselves to the summit of the tree, while they bend down the branches to fertilise the blossoms, or to gather the long bunches of dates.



FAÇADE OF A TOMB.

Behind the palm-groves spread green and well-tilled fields; from the highest mound of ruins on the plain we can overlook the whole wide-spreading landscape once occupied by the famous city of the Pyramids.

There stand the houses of the Arab village of Mitraheeneh and to the south-west of it the villa of a wealthy Armenian, while south-east of it are the most considerable remains of the city; those most to the north belonging to a temple, while on the south the fallen colossus of Rameses II. may be seen. In a hut close by are preserved the fragments of the monuments discovered by Mariette Pacha in the soil of Memphis.

Looking towards the east nothing is to be seen but palm-trees and fields; but if we turn our eyes towards the west, beyond the cultivated land, and take in the whole extent of the horizon, our attention is rivetted by a marvellous panorama. It is true that the yellow limestone range which closes in the view like a wall with its bare and barren cliffs is neither varied in character, nor impressively high, nor pleasing in outline; but, instead of picturesque peaks and far-gleaming glaciers, as far as the eye can reach it is overtopped by pyramids. These hills of human workmanship stand in groups, and are various as to size and shape. It is as though they had grown together with the rock on which they stand, and were no less enduring.

If the citadel of Memphis and the king's palace stood on the hill from whose summit we are now gazing westward, the site was happily chosen. It was Lepsius who pointed out that this is the only spot far and wide whence a view could be obtained commanding the whole of Memphis, and whence each royal builder could watch the progress of his own Pyramid. Even the most northern group, that of Aboo Roâsh, could probably have been seen from here before it was destroyed.[1] Now, at the very northernmost spot on the horizon, rise the greatest of the Pyramids,[2] named after the village of Gheezeh, and, farther to the south, the groups of Zaweyet el 'Aryan[3] and of Abuseer.[4] To the west, and not so remote, rise the proud steps of

[1] The name of the monarch who built this pyramid is not known.
[2] Built by Cheops, of the IVth dynasty.
[3] Built by Userenra or Rathures.
[4] Built by Sahura, of the Vth dynasty.



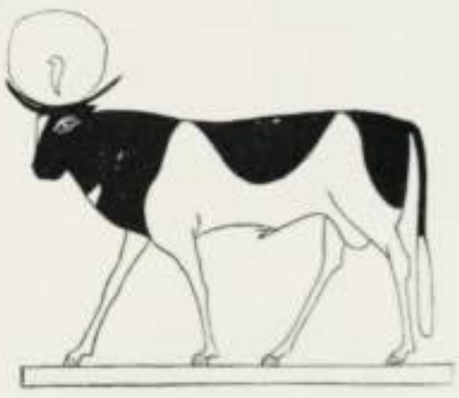
A CITIZEN OF MEMPHIS.

the Pyramid of Sakkarah[1] with its sadly injured sisters, and farther south again the group of Dahshoor,[2] exhibiting the curious peculiarity of a bent pyramid. The most southerly pyramids of all, which are invisible from our hill, do not belong properly to the Necropolis of Memphis; but, even without counting them, here are above eighty of these wonderful mausoleums. And what numbers of tombs, with more or less richly-decorated façades, have their openings in the face of the lime-stone cliff, and are covered with sand! The enormous extent of this, the vastest of all cemeteries—which, if we include the Pyramid of Meydoom,[3] covers a stretch of country more than forty-five miles long—affords us a standard for estimating on one hand the magnitude and on the other the duration of the ancient city of Memphis.



PTAH, THE GOD OF MEMPHIS.

Menes, the first king of Egypt, is said to have founded this city. Its name, in Egyptian—Men-nefer, signifies "the good place." The priests told Herodotus that the Pharaoh, in order to make a site of suitable extent for his magnificent buildings, was forced to divert the stream of the river into a new channel, which divided the fertile land lying between the Libyan and Arabian ranges into two equal halves, and the dams constructed by Menes to the south of the city were, when Herodotus travelled in Egypt (about 454 before Christ), still carefully kept up and annually restored by the Persian Governors. Traces of them may still be seen. After fortifying the site, and carefully attending to the necessary regulation of the inundation of the Nile, Menes raised a sanctuary to the god Ptah, which during the many ages that the city endured continued to be its central point, and was added to and enriched by all the Pharaohs, even down to the time of the Roman emperors.



BULL APIS.

Foremost in rank of all the Egyptian gods, as being the eldest and first of them all, stood the primeval and venerable divinity Ptah[4] of Memphis. He was called the creator, from whom the germ and at the same time the laws and conditions of all being proceeded. He, "the beginning and the beginner," was also the chief of the divinities of light, and was called the creator of the egg from which, when he had broken it, the sun and moon came forth. "Ptah" means "the opener," and Ptah-*Sokar*-Osiris[5]—who was ruler of the Necropolis of Memphis, and

[1] Age unknown; supposed tomb of the early Apis bulls. The building perhaps as old as the IInd dynasty.

[2] Built by Unas, or Onnos, last king of the Vth dynasty; anciently called *Nefer setu*, "the most beautiful place." Pyramid known as the modern Mastabat-el-Faraoun.

[3] Built by Senefou, of the IIIrd dynasty; the pyramid was called *Kha*, or "the rising one." Each pyramid had its special name placed in the inscriptions after that of the monarch who built it.

[4] Ptah appears as a mere deity wearing a skull-cap, covered with a collar and counterpoise, and holding a dog-headed sceptre, the *nas*, sometimes combined with the Tat, or so-called emblem of stability, and standing on a pedestal in the shape of truth or a cubit; gods and men were said to come out of his mouth.

[5] A later form of the same god allied with the solar Seker, or Socharis, and with Osiris represented as a naked embryonic dwarf wearing a cap and beetle, scarab, on his head. The numerous figures and representations of him are not older than the XXVIth dynasty, or the seventh century B.C.

whose name is preserved in that of the village of Sakkarah—bestows on the departed sun its power of rising again, and on departed souls a resurrection to eternal life on the other side of the grave. Apis was the animal sacred to Ptah,[1] and was carefully tended in his temple. He lay on a soft couch behind a curtain of costly material, was fed on a broth of wheat-flour and pearl-wheat, with milk and honey-cakes, and a harem of cows was kept for him in an adjacent building. Even his mother had reverence paid her, was splendidly tended, and had a stall of her own. The number of his servants was very great, and greater still that of his votaries, for the power of seeing into futurity was ascribed to him. It is true he could answer the questions put with no more than "yes" and "no." If he accepted the food offered him by a worshipper, the oracle was favourable; if he scorned it, things looked badly for the matter he was appealed to to decide upon. It betokened death to the astronomer Eudoxus of Cnidus when the bull licked his garment instead of eating out of his hand, and Germanicus died soon after the oracle of Apis had pronounced itself unfavourable to him. Besides the bull Apis a sacred serpent was worshipped here; on the lake or tank, which was never wanting in an Egyptian temple, floated elegant boats dedicated to the god, and a sacred grove grew on its banks. All the Pharaohs who caused their bodies to be interred in Pyramids were worshippers of Ptah in this sanctuary, and its high-priest, the "Sam,"[2] was the first in rank of all the priesthood of Egypt. The king frequently conferred this dignity on his own sons; it survived the dominion of the Hykshos, and at the time of the greatest splendour of the Pharaohs was borne by Khamus,[3] the son and heir of the great Rameses, who, however, died before his father. This powerful prince, known to the Greeks as Sesostris, who decorated almost every city on the Nile with monuments of his triumphs, bestowed a special favour on this temple, gracing it with colossal statues of himself, which were erected before its gate.



SACRED URÆUS SNAKE.

We know the occurrence which gave rise to the dedication of these statues. When Sesostris—so the Greek traveller was told—came home from one of his warlike expeditions, the faithless viceroy whom he had left behind in the Nile valley received him at the frontier town of Pelusium with a costly banquet, and

[1] He was called the "second life" of Ptah. His sepulchre was at the Serapeum of Sakkarah from the time of Amenophis III. to the Roman Empire, until about B.C. 30.

[2] A sacerdotal title supposed to mean "foreman."

[3] Appointed Viceroy of Memphis, he was buried amidst the Apis bulls in the Serapeum of Sakkarah.

then had the wooden palace, which had been erected for the occasion, set on fire, after the king and his family had retired to rest, intoxicated from the feast. Rameses was miraculously preserved, and in his deep gratitude he decorated the temple of Ptah with those colossi, one of which—the solitary monument of any size that marks the site of the city, the living city, of Memphis—lies at a thousand paces to the south-west of the village of Mitraheeneh, extended on the soil and kissing the earth. This stone giant, which is more than seven times the height of a man, belongs to the English, and perhaps may some day follow the obelisk of Alexandria to the banks of the Thames.

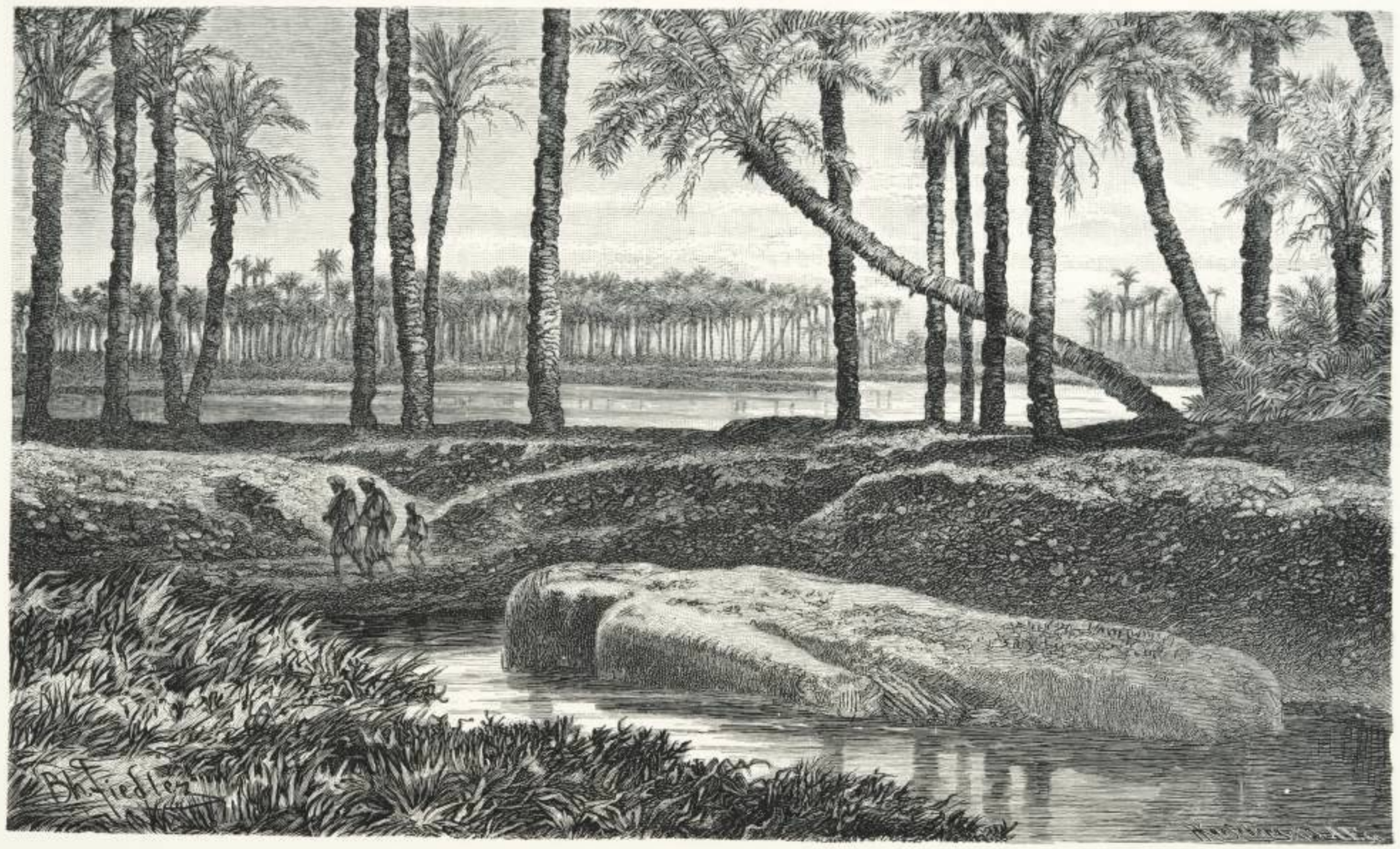
Although after the expulsion of the Hykshos the residence of the Pharaohs was transferred from Memphis to Thebes, the city of Menes was highly prosperous, even in later times. Its harbour on the Nile, which is frequently mentioned, was an emporium for all the produce of the country, and the commerce of Memphis was not restricted to the Nile valley. A special quarter was given up to Phœnician merchants and their factories. Here stood the temple of the Aphrodite of the foreigners, Astarte-Ashera, with its sacred grove, in which the youth of the city gathered together to do honour to the goddess. This part of the city was the centre of pleasure, while in the purely Egyptian quarters the citizens lived quietly and in strict morality. A great variety of handicrafts were practised here, and science was held in high esteem among the priests of the highest class. The schools which were attached to the temples of Ptah, of his son Imhotep,[1] and of other gods were very famous, and many writings, of which their disciples were the authors, have come down to us. The Pharaohs who lived at Thebes visited Memphis from time to time, and its citadel was at all times regarded as one of the most important bulwarks of the kingdom. It was still famous among the Greeks as "the White Wall," by which name it was also known to the Egyptians; and the monuments, as well as the classical writers, speak of many sieges of this citadel and of many stormings of the walls of Memphis. Assyrians and Persians did not regard Egypt as conquered until this "White Wall" had fallen, and the soldiers' quarter, which lay within it, must have been densely populated. Memphis was not only one of the most populous, but one of the most extensive cities of antiquity, and even late into the period of its decay it was half a day's journey to walk through it from north to south.

The first fatal blow to its greatness fell when Philip's son founded Alexandria,[2] and so created as it were a new heart for Egypt, which at once became the source and the recipient of all its vital streams. Then, when the hosts of Islam overran the Nile valley, and their leaders, avoiding Alexandria and Memphis, founded Fostât,[3] adjoining the old Roman castle of Babylon, on the eastern shore of the Nile, and fixed their residence there, the new town—which subsequently developed into the city of Cairo—absorbed all the privileges and possessions of the ancient city of the Pyramids, and in a very few centuries Memphis was no more than a city of ruins, though, indeed, of ruins that had no equal. It is not more than seven centuries

[1] Called Imouthos or Æsculapius by the Greeks. He does not appear honoured earlier than the time of the Ptolemies, although a king of the VIth dynasty bore his name.

[2] B.C. 331.

[3] A.D. 641.



FALLEN COLOSSUS OF RAMESES II.

since the learned and trustworthy Abd-al Lateef, of Bagdad, visited Memphis and wrote down what he saw there. "Enormous as are the extent and antiquity of this city," he says, "in spite of the frequent change of governments whose yoke it has borne, and the great pains more than one nation has been at to destroy it, to sweep its last trace from the face of the earth, to carry away the stones and materials of which it was constructed, to mutilate the statues that adorned it; in spite, finally, of all that more than four thousand years have done in addition to man, these ruins still offer to the eye of the beholder a mass of marvels which bewilder the senses, and which the most skilful pen must fail to describe. The more deeply we contemplate this city the more our admiration rises, and every fresh glance at the ruins is a fresh source of delight."

We cannot here enumerate all the different monuments which Abd-al Lateef admired, and they have now long since vanished. By the "lions" which stood facing each other he no doubt means sphinxes. The whole soil was covered with ruins, and the mass of broken statues—among which lay the above-mentioned one of Rameses II.—was enormous. After Abd-al Lateef the gradually diminishing remains of Memphis are rarely mentioned; stone by stone they were transported across the Nile, and many a noble work of art was destroyed by the folly of fanaticism. Thus, in the middle of the fifteenth century, an Emir caused the destruction of the much-admired "green shrine," which was formed out of a single enormous block of a stone as hard as iron, and ornamented with figures and inscriptions. It was smashed to pieces. The golden statue, with eyes of precious stones, which had once been enshrined in this marvel of art—dedicated, probably, to the moon-god Chonsu—had long before disappeared. Abd-al Lateef describes the thirst for gold of his contemporaries with deep indignation; he calls it a disease, and relates how the ruins of Memphis had been systematically searched through and through in every spot, even the most unlikely, by treasure-seekers, to whom everything they could find was acceptable. The bronze clamps were torn from the walls, the hinges from the door-posts, and the statues bored into to search for treasure within. They crept into the clefts in the hills like thieves into a house; crawling on their faces, they slipped into every cranny in the hill-side, and many of them lost what they already had in these fruitless searches; while others who were penniless misled rich folks to their ruin, persuading them to risk their fortune, and at the same time their common-sense, in the hope of discovering great treasure. A thousand failures were at once forgotten as soon as a rich find was reported; but at last the plundered ruins could no longer yield even the smallest reward to the severest labour, till the husbandman expelled the treasure-seeker, and compelled the soil of Memphis to produce nobler wealth in the form of corn and fruit-trees.[1]

Now, as we turn westwards, and wander among the yellow sandy Pyramids and the wide expanse of tombs, we know what sort of city it was that laid her dead to their eternal rest in this vastest of graveyards. We will begin our excursion from the north, and first visit the largest Pyramids, called, from the village in their neighbourhood, the Pyramids of Ghizeh. We can reach them from our

[1] Abd-al Lateef was translated into French by Sylvestre de Sacy, 1810.

inn in a comfortable conveyance after a rather long hour's drive. A visit to the Pyramids is a favourite Sunday "outing" with the Cairenes, and there is scarcely any "excursion" by land which can compare with it for the charm and variety of the feelings it gives rise to.

In the early morning sunshine the carriage, drawn by brisk horses, rattles across the iron bridge over the Nile which connects Cairo with the beautiful island of Ghezeereh; this, with its castle and the western channel of the river that bathes it, is soon left behind us. The well-kept road runs as straight as a line under the



AT THE FOOT OF THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

shade of lebbek-trees; the castle and the viceregal gardens of Ghizeh, enclosed by walls, lie to our left; the dewy verdure of the fields, intersected by canals, refreshes the eye, and a delicate blue mist veils the western horizon. The air has that purity and that aromatic freshness which are peculiar to a winter morning in Egypt. Now the misty curtain that floats over the western landscape parts for a moment —the Pyramids are before us, with their sharp triangular outline; but the mist falls again. Right and left we see now wading buffaloes, now flocks of herons; here a solitary pelican within easy shot of our carriage, there half-naked labourers at their daily work, and their villages standing remote from the road. There soar two large grey eagles; the eye follows their flight, and, glancing upwards, perceives that the fog is disappearing by degrees, that the blue sky is growing brighter, till at last the sun shoots out his level rays in unshrouded splendour. At this hour, in the

time of the Pharaohs, the hymns of praise of the priests rang out from the temple-doors hailing the child Horus, the god of light,[1] who had vanquished Seth, his father's foe—darkness and its allies, the fog and mist; the struggle was over, and there was a truce during the hours of daylight, but it would begin again in the evening, and end in the sun-god being worsted; he, on his side, must sink into the nether world, to return victorious on the following morning. "The child is the father of the man:" the child Horus has become the mighty sun-god Ra.

It is now bright and hot; before us the Pyramids stand unveiled, scarred with the injuries they have suffered in the course of ages. The horses now moderate their pace, for the road begins to mount, and a wall shuts it in on either hand; this was constructed as a protection against another enemy—the ally and minister of the same god as rules the darkness—against that foe to all life, the sand of the desert. His dominion extends as far as the desert reaches; where waters gleam and plains are verdurous, Osiris and his children wield the sceptre. Even where moisture reaches the fringe of the desert herbs and trees thrive. When Osiris—so runs the myth—embraced the wife of Seth, he left his wreath of melilot on her couch.[2]



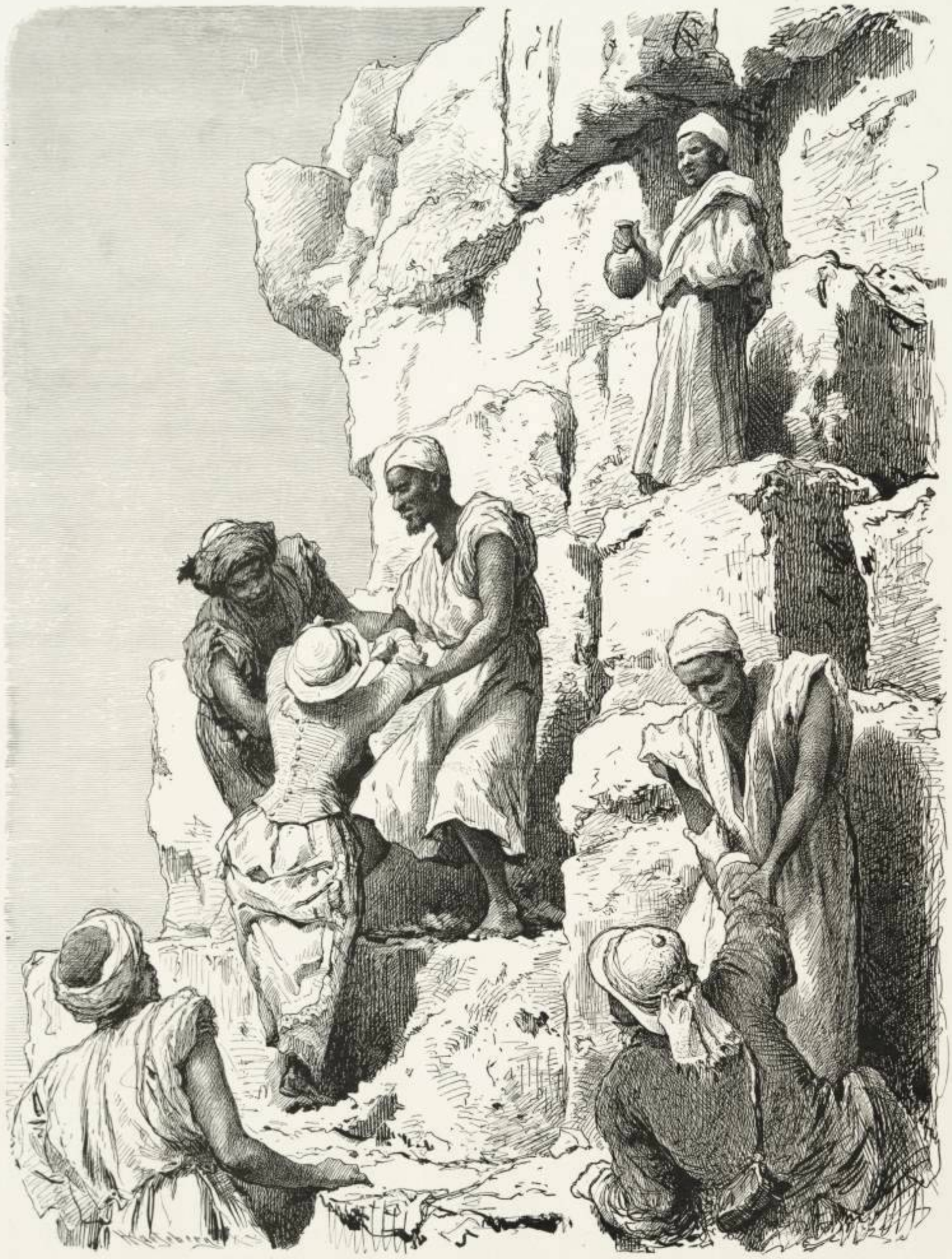
BEDAWEEN AND FELLAH.

This piece of the road is constantly covered with sand in spite of the wall. An inn, now abandoned, is left on our right; the road takes a sharp curve, and soon the panting horses halt on the rocky plateau where the highest of the Pyramids stand.

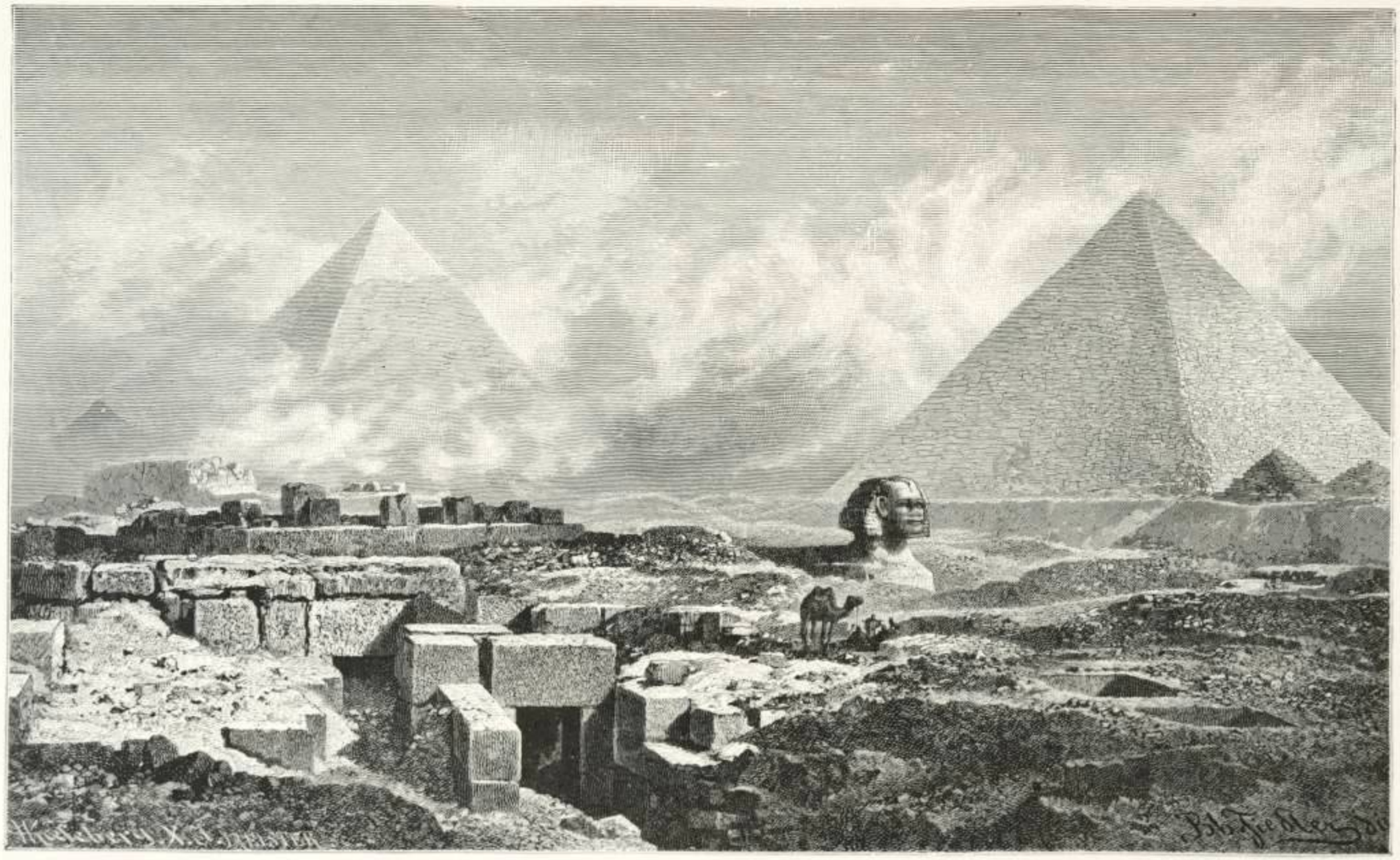
We find ourselves in front of the largest of those structures, which were esteemed by the ancients as wonders of the world. It is unnecessary to describe them, for the stereometrical form which took its name from them is familiar to all; nor is this the place for a numerical estimate of their size and bulk. It is only by comparison

[1] In the later inscriptions Horus appears in the disk or orb of the sun in the first hour of the day. Horus is the youthful or nascent sun; as such he is Har-pa-chrat, or Harpocrates, a name meaning Horus, the child.

[2] Plutarch, "De Iside," 14. The goddess, wife of Seth or Typhon, was Nephthys, sister of Isis.



ASCENT OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.



THE PYRAMIDS AND SPHINX.

with other objects more present to our mind's eye that we can form any idea of their size; thus we will only say that, while St. Peter's at Rome is 131 mètres high (430 feet), the great Pyramid of Cheops, if its summit were perfect, would measure 147 mètres (or 482 feet), thus being 52 feet the taller; so that, if the Pyramid of Cheops were hollow, the great Roman cathedral could stand within it like a clock under a glass shade. Neither the great church of St. Stephen at Vienna, nor the cathedral at Strasburg is as high as the great pyramid, and no building in England approaches it. St. Paul's, in London, as is well known, would stand within St. Peter's, and is just 100 feet lower than the pyramid. Old St. Paul's, the spire of which was destroyed by lightning in 1561, and the building itself in the fire of London in 1666, was somewhat taller; the tower, too, of the new cathedral at Cologne, just finished, exceeds it in height.[1] In one respect no other building in the world can in the remotest degree compare with the Pyramids, and that is in the mass and weight of the materials used in their construction.[2] If the great mausoleum of Cheops were pulled down, a wall could be built all round the frontier of France with the stones. When a good pistol is fired from the top of the great pyramid, aiming horizontally, the ball falls about half-way down the side. By such comparisons as these, they who cannot have the advantage of visiting Egypt may form a vivid conception of the dimensions of these enormous structures; the traveller who stands on the sandy platform face to face with them, and gazes up at their summits, needs no such aids to his imagination.

We get out of the carriage on the northern side of the great pyramid; in the sharply-defined triangular shadow squat groups of women selling oranges and various cates, donkey-boys are waiting with their grey steeds, and travellers are taking a rest after having accomplished the ascent of the pyramid. This labour now lies before us, and if we were disposed to shirk it, there would be no lack of attacks on our indolent resolve, for from the instant when we stepped out of the carriage we have been closely pursued by a ragged crowd of brown and sinewy guides, vehemently offering their assistance. They proudly call themselves "Bedaween," though they have nothing in common with the true "sons of the desert" but their faults. Nevertheless, it is not only advisable but necessary to have recourse to their help, although the way up can scarcely be missed.

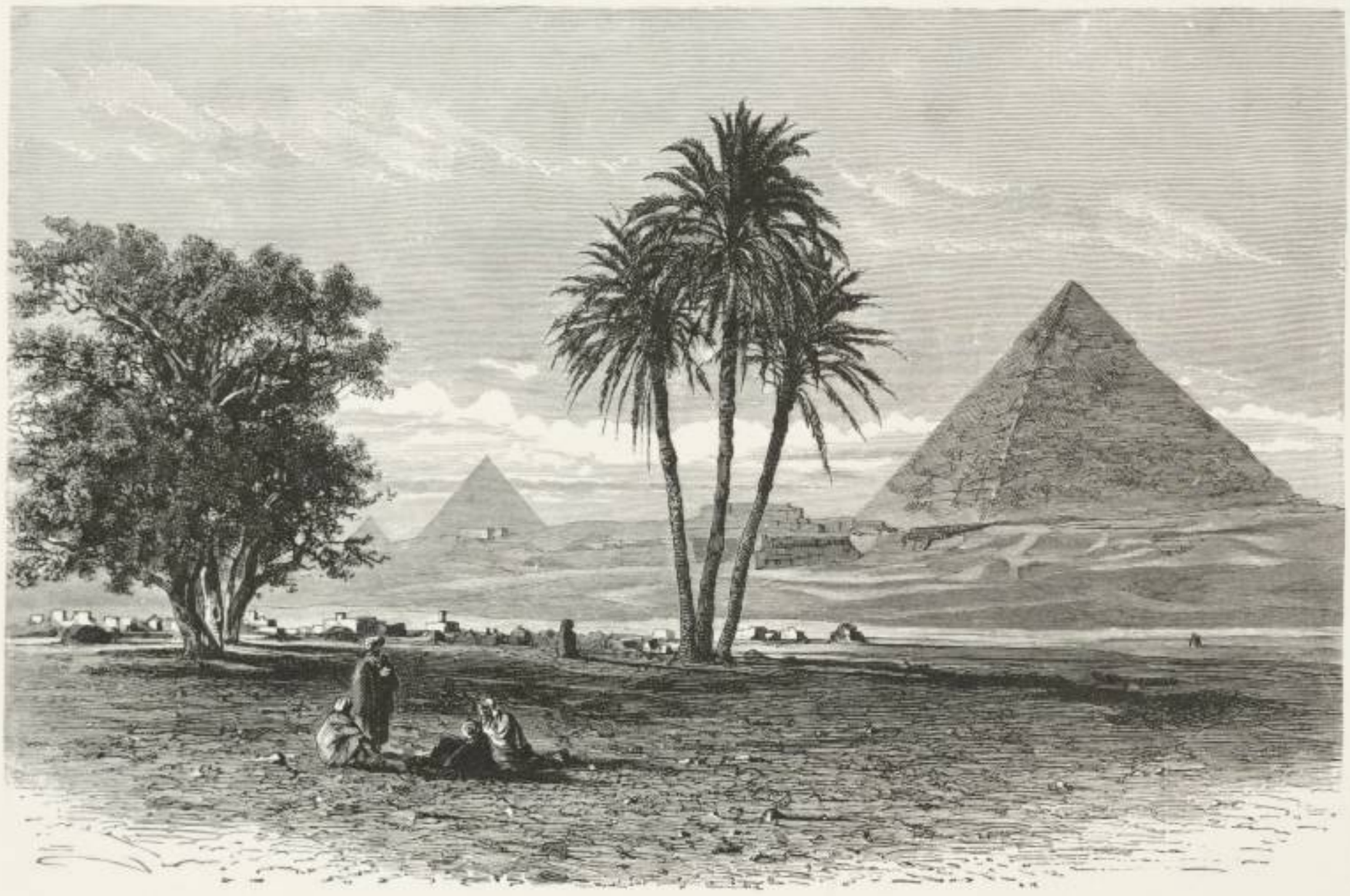
We begin to mount at a spot where the falling away of the external stone casing of the pyramid leaves the step-like interior structure most exposed, and all the way to the top we are on a sort of stairs of smooth-hewn stone; but the steps are unequal, and sometimes of considerable height—some half as high as a man. Two or three stout lads accompany me; one springs up first with his bare feet, holds my hands, and drags me after him; another follows, shoves behind, and heaves me forward; a third takes me under the arm, and lifts. Thus I half scramble up and half am lugged up, and the nimble guides give the climber no rest if he wishes to pause a moment for breath, or to wipe the sweat from his forehead. At the

[1] The measurements of the height of the spire of old St. Paul's from the ground differ. Stowe makes it 520 feet; Camden, 534: this discrepancy may arise from the measurement having been made from or to different points. The towers of the cathedral of Cologne are 510 feet, and so, higher than the great pyramid.

[2] The weight of the three great pyramids has been estimated at 12,659,460 tons; about twenty-three square feet thickness of skin and thirty feet of height have been lost in 5,000 years.

same time they never cease shouting all the way and clamouring for bakscheesh, and are altogether as pertinaciously annoying as if they wished us to forget the gratitude we owe them for their assistance.[1]

At last we have reached the goal. The point of the pyramid has long since crumbled away, and we find ourselves on a tolerably spacious platform. When our gasping lungs and throbbing pulses have a little subsided, and we have paid and got rid of the "Bedaween," who torment us to exchange our money and to buy sham antiquities, we look down on the vast space before us, and the longer we

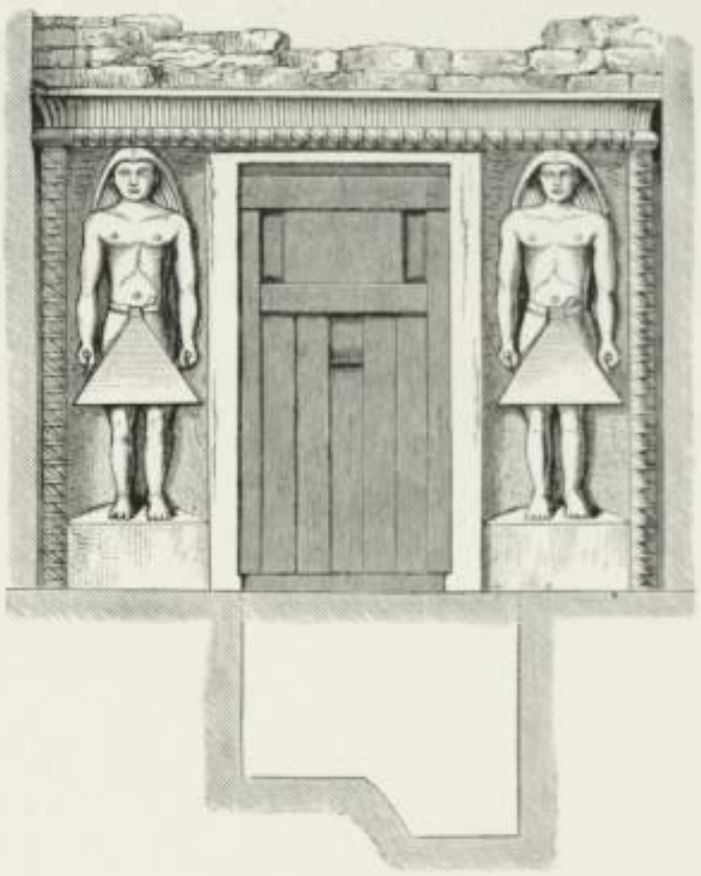


SECOND AND THIRD PYRAMIDS.

gaze and let this glorious landscape penetrate our soul the more full of meaning and the more unique it seems to us. Fertility and dearth, life and death lie nowhere in such close and intimate juxtaposition as here. Out there to the east flows the stately Nile, white lateen-sails fluttering across it; and fields and meadows, gardens and groves spread along its shores like a carpet of emerald verdure. The villages that nestle under the shade of the trees look like birds' nests among green foliage, and at the foot of the mountain of Mokattam—which at this hour is bathed in golden light, and presently, when the sun is setting, will reflect the rosy and violet glow of evening—rise the thousand mosques of the city of the Khalifs dominated by the citadel, and by those slenderest of minarets

[1] Abd-al Lateef describes the difficulty of the ascent in his time, except to persons accustomed to mount by small holes cut in the casing.

which grace the mausoleum of Mohammed Ali and are visible from the remotest distance—an unmistakable feature of Cairo. Gardens and trees encircle the city as a garland round some fair head; there is nowhere a lovelier picture of prosperity, fertility, and life. The silver veins of the canals pervade the whole luxuriant scene and look like some shining, vital fluid. The sky is unclouded, and yet light shadows sweep across the fields; these are flocks of birds which here find abundance of food and drink. How lavish is the goodness of God! How fair and wealthy is the earth!



DOOR OF A TOMB AT GHIZEH.

The Bedaween have left us; we are alone on the summit. All is still, not a sound reaches us from far or near. Turning now to the west the eye can see nothing but pyramids and tombs and cliffs and sand. Not a blade, not a shrub can find nutriment on this sterile soil. Yellow-grey and dull brown are the only hues to be seen, in unbroken monotony far and wide.

Only here and there a white object shines among the dust; that is the dried skeleton of some dead animal. Silent and void, the foe to every thing that has life—the desert stretches before us; and where is its end? For days, weeks, months the traveller would never reach it, even if he escaped alive from the choking, overwhelming sand. Here, indeed, if anywhere, Death is king without dispute; here, where the Egyptians saw the sun vanish every day, here, behind the mountain rampart of the Libyan desert, began a world which, compared to the blooming domain of the East, was like a corpse compared to the eager stirring living man. There is no more silent burial-ground on earth than this desert; and so tomb after tomb was arrayed here, and, as if to keep more closely the secret of the grave, the waste flung its shroud of sand over the tombs of the dead. Here loom the terrors of infinitude. Here, at the very gate of the other world where eternity begins, the work of men's hands seems to have evaded the common lot of earthly things and to have won some share of immortality.



SCRIBE. *(In the Louvre.)*

"Time mocks all things, but the Pyramids mock Time," says an oft-repeated Arab proverb. We turn from the western landscape and look round at the circle of these monuments which are close to the Pyramid of Cheops. They all stand on the rocky foundation of the sand-drifted desert-plateau. Though, no doubt, some deeper motive lay at the root of the choice of this situation, it was partly determined by a consideration which a nation of husbandmen, such as the Egyptians

were, could never have lost sight of: the bodies must be safe from the Nile floods, and at the same time no portion of the fertile land must be subtracted from the requirements of the living. This idea is expressed indeed in a Greek inscription which Arrian, the disciple of Epictetus, had engraved on the Great Sphinx, and which begins thus (Dr. Young's translation) :—

"Thy form stupendous here the gods have placed,
Sparing each spot of harvest-bearing land."

In the whole of the Nile valley not one ancient grave has been found which could be reached by the inundation of the river.

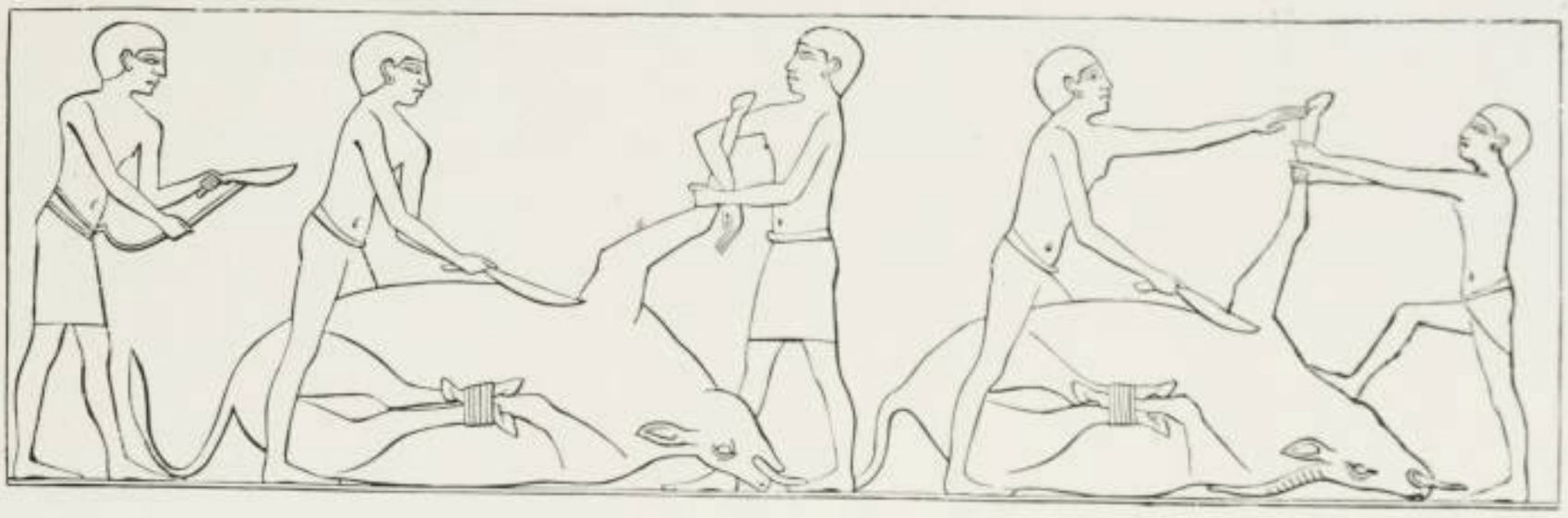
Looking south-west we see in the immediate neighbourhood a pyramid which in point of size yields little to that of Cheops; the casing layer of smooth stone at the top is still well preserved, and its builder was King Chefren—named Khafra in the inscriptions—the second successor to Cheops, who would seem also to have completed the Great Sphinx, which is somewhat farther to the east. The third pyramid, which is considerably smaller, but built with great care and of fine materials, served as a mausoleum for Mycerinus (Men-ka-ra), one of the same race of kings. The smaller pyramids, lying east of us and close under our feet, and south of the structure of Mycerinus, cover the mortal remains of the sons and daughters of the same Pharaohs who caused the larger monuments to be erected. East again of these three pyramids we can detect the ruins of the temple of Isis, where sacrifices were offered to the manes of the departed kings. Isis, the maternal, took the divine part of the dead into her bosom and restored it to life as the child Horus, who grew up to be Osiris. This departed soul did not, as we say, return to God; but, if it were found pure and faithful, became absolutely one with the universal soul whence it was derived, and received the same name, Osiris.[1] Thus the honours paid to the celestials could be offered to the souls of the Pharaohs that had passed through that apotheosis, and as long as Egypt was governed by independent sovereigns, there were prophets or priests of the Osirian or deceased Cheops (Khufu), and of the other principal pyramid-builders, who conducted the worship in the fallen temple of Isis, and who usually belonged to the oldest families of Memphis.

From this it appears that Herodotus was falsely informed when he tells us that Cheops and Chefren were both wicked contemners of the gods, who closed the temples and drew down on themselves the hatred of their subjects, so that no Egyptian would mention their names for detestation.

We may now descend, not wholly without difficulties it is true, and we will visit the best preserved of the tombs which stand up from the sand-drifts in regular rows, or contemplate the caves in the rock which open in from the face of the limestone plateau on which the Pyramids stand; thus we shall get an idea of the times of Chefren and his successor which will rescue them completely and for all time from the ignominious and odious character given them by Herodotus. While the Pyramids themselves bear no inscriptions, the inner chambers of all the tombs of the great of that early period are completely covered with pictures and hieroglyphics. The latter

[1] The name of Mycerinus is found to be preceded by that of Osiris; but not those of his two predecessors.

refer to the relations in which the deceased stood to the Prince, to his titles and dignities, and to his possessions on earth. Only a few—as, for instance, that of the



SLAUGHTER OF VICTIMS.

general officer Una[1]—narrate any warlike achievements. The epoch of the Pyramids was a time of peaceful prosperity. The whole life of the citizens of those days is set before our eyes by these representations. The wall of every tomb is a stone page of the most ancient of picture-books, and marvellously preserved by the sand which covered it. And if we ask whether, indeed, at so early a date the mechanical appliances of masons and sculptors were equal to giving worthy artistic expression to the manifold types of life, a simple "Yes" is hardly answer enough; for, in fact, the sculptors of the Nile at no time created more perfect pictures than at that early period, divided from ours by the lapse of five thousand years. The figures and features of the kings, the nobles, and the officials were reproduced with realistic accuracy and absolute fidelity, and any one who has had the opportunity of admiring the statue of the scribe found in the Necropolis of Memphis, and now in Paris, cannot doubt that he has seen a perfect portrait of the keen-looking man that it represents. The various compositions which cover the walls of the tombs deserve less praise; but the hand must have been well skilled that could chisel in limestone, and with indifferent tools, all these



A HERD OF ASSES.

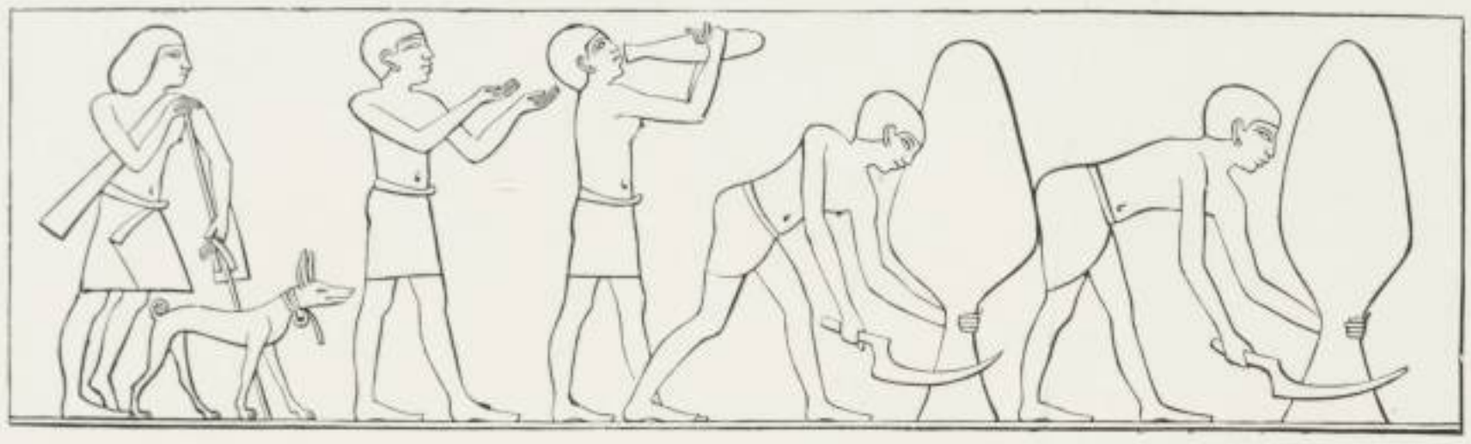


THE NOBLEMAN URKHU INSPECTING HIS FIELDS.

[1] This has been translated more than once; there is an English version in the "Records of the Past," Vol. II. p. 3.

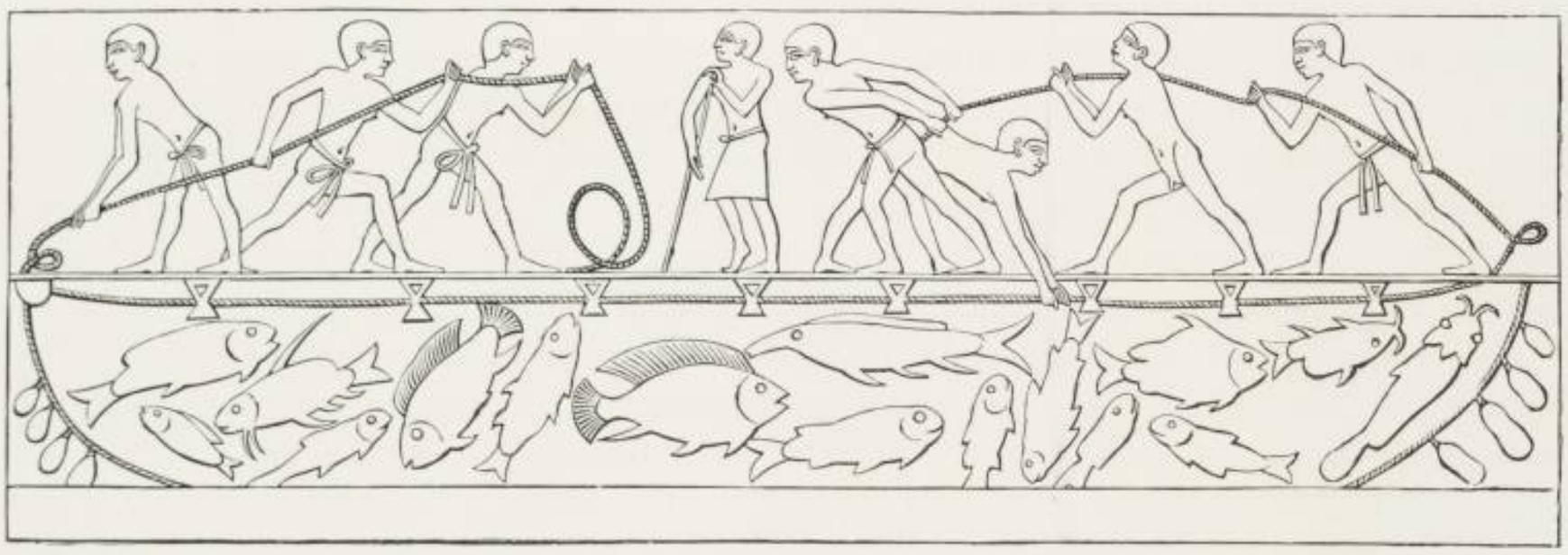
characteristic forms with so clean an outline and such slight relief—often not more than a few lines in depth.

Nor is it only the art of the Egyptians that we find again in these tombs;



BONDMEN FELLING TREES.

all their culture and arts of life stand before us complete and fully represented. The type of writing is precisely the same as it continued to be at the time of



FISHING WITH NET.

the Romans; the scribe's implements represented thus  and the papyrus roll are already in use as hieroglyphic symbols. We find from later writings that the most important scientific and religious works were written at this period.



CROCODILES AND HIPPOPOTAMUS IN THE NILE.

The great sempiternal calendar of the starry skies was already understood and used, and a highly elaborated theology was expounded to the people by a learned and well-organised priesthood. Every stone of the Pyramids was carefully measured, and the exactitude with which the four sides of the structures face the four points of the compass, proves that the architect—who could hardly have been acquainted with the use of the magnetic needle—worked hand in hand with the astronomer. The whole land was measured and distributed into districts under officers in charge of them. Every division had its governor, and above them all stood Pharaoh, not merely as unlimited ruler by the grace of God, but as the representative of the immortals, as the son and human incarnation of the sun-god Ra. A magnificent court surrounded the king, who was usually spoken of by the title of "The Great Gate" (in Egyptian, Per-aa; Hebrew, Pharaoh). Privy councillors, chamberlains, lords-treasurers, intendants of war material, of the women's house, of the labourers, of the granaries, of the minstrels, nay, even of the wardrobe and the bath, are mentioned. The governors of the districts and other officials near to the sovereign's person took the hereditary rank of Erpa-ha,[1] or "Prince of the realm," and if they were related to the family of the Pharaoh they had the title of Suten-rekh, or "Royal relative."[2] The daughters of the King were married to distinguished or meritorious officials, and we know that some of these attained to such an honour, notwithstanding an humble origin. Children of talent and merit, even of modest rank, were educated with the King's children, and we find even swimming-masters mentioned in an enumeration of the princes' tutors. Every Egyptian was forced to be satisfied with one lawful wife, and one queen only shared the throne during the Pharaoh's life-time and his tomb after death. A harem is, however, mentioned, where numerous women lived who were engaged in various offices about the royal pair, and which was inherited by each succeeding king. The passion for building which was predominant at this period—one of the strongest that ever takes possession of a powerful prince—strikes us everywhere in this Necropolis. It took deep root in Egypt, and was inherited by successive dynasties of Egyptian kings, and finally by many members of the family of the Ptolemies. An acute historian once observed that no more solid external symbol of a powerful government could be imagined than buildings of an important and permanent character. Moreover, the very act of building—rapidly urged forward by proportionate forces—is in itself an image or emblem of active rule, and in peaceful times is a substitute for it. The Pharaohs who piled up the Pyramids were passionately devoted to this illustrious taste, and we cannot be surprised that they should have given their architects a prominent position at court, and that among the tombs which we are now inspecting many of the finest are those of the master-architects under the Pharaohs.

Many of the graves here do not consist—like those dwellings of the dead which we shall meet with on our journey into Upper Egypt—of chambers hewn out in the rock, but of independent mausoleums which the Arabs call Mastaba. They are

[1] Erpa Ha or Repa Ha is "hereditary chief." The governors of nomes were hereditary nobles, like the King himself.

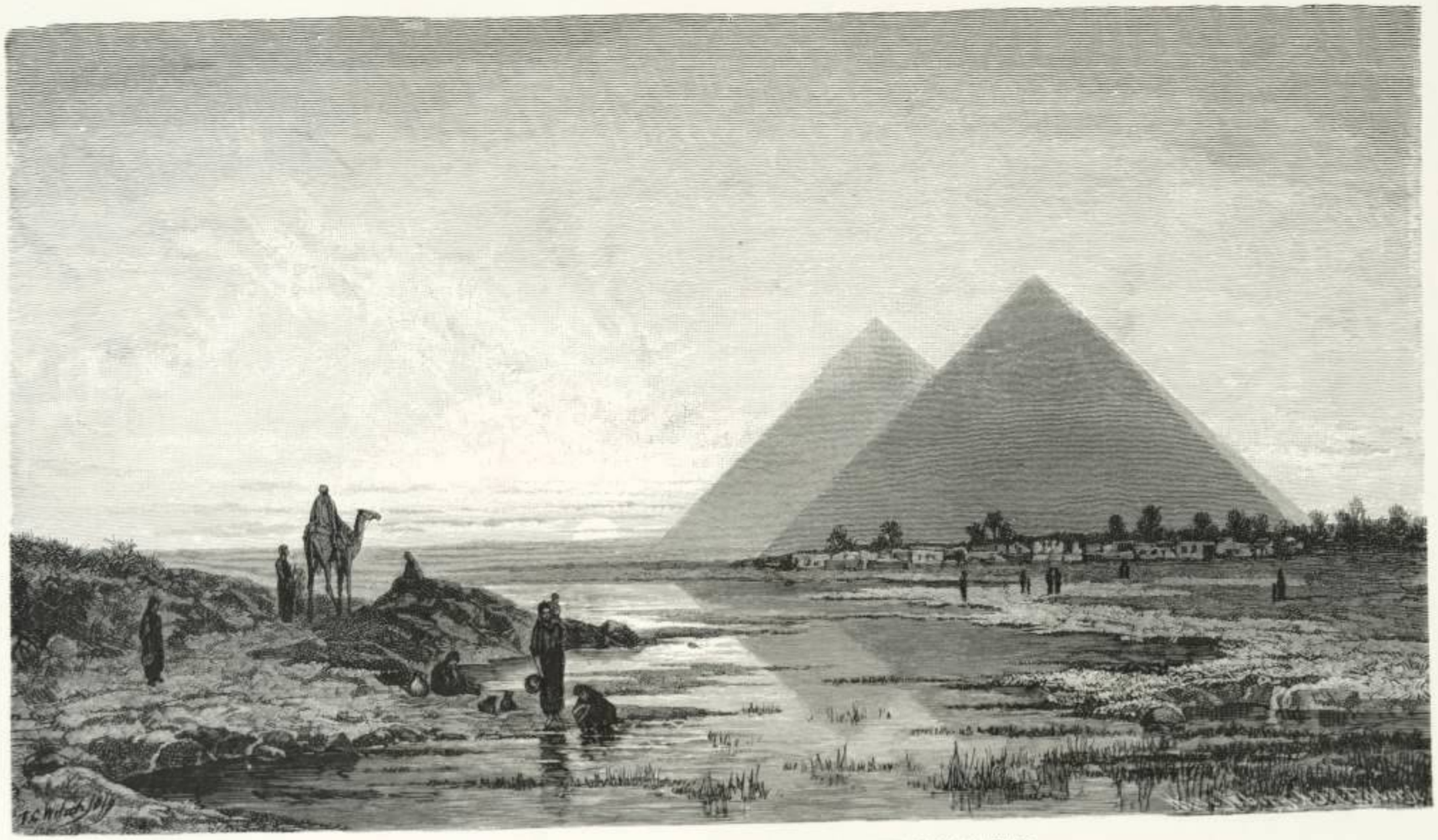
[2] One of the leading titles of the period; literally, King's acquaintance.

built of hewn stones; their ground-plan is usually quadrangular, and their walls slope inwards towards the top, so that the whole structure forms a truncated pyramid, rising not very high above the ground. Each Mastaba contains a principal chamber and a niche or cell, commonly walled up, called the Serdab, or "hollow space"; in this the statue of the deceased is frequently found. The "well"—*i.e.*, the shaft by which the body was deposited — commonly lay at the western end of the building.[1] The remains found in them prove that the arts of embalming were not so well understood at the early date when the Pyramids were built as at a later period. The door of the Mastaba generally opens to the east, while the entrance to the Pyramid is on the north side. On the stone door-posts, which were frequently decorated with the portrait of the deceased, a cylindrical hewn block generally rested, undoubtedly a copy of the trunk of a palm-tree such as the fellaheen use to this day to crown the door-way of their huts. Every wall on the inside of these peculiarly constructed monuments is covered with pictures such as we have described of the private life of the deceased. It was possible only for the rich and noble to have such permanent and costly sepulture, so that the pictures and the inscriptions explaining them always exhibit the owner as surrounded by manifold possessions, and in the midst of life. We seldom meet with any allusion to death and the other world; the mourners who assembled at the



GROUP OF EASTERN WOMEN.

[1] The bodies were lowered by a shaft or well into the sepulchral chamber. When so deposited the well was filled up with rubble.



THE TWO GREAT PYRAMIDS AT THE TIME OF THE INUNDATION.

Mastaba were not supposed to lament there, but to think of their father, brother, or master as still living in Osiris; as divine, and to be honoured with sacrifices, but not bewailed. The glorified spirit[1] valued the gifts that were brought to him from every village on his hereditary estate; bulls and gazelles were slain before him, and lists, engraved in tablets as a binding record, promise him on certain days of the year offerings of meat and bread, fowls and vegetables, cakes and milk, wine and essences. Prayers were addressed to him, and these children of a primitive age always preserved a cheerful memory of the man who, during his life-time, had been one of themselves; to whom they were bound by ties of love, friendship, gratitude, or servitude, and whose wealth and pleasures they had shared.

Every noble was a landowner. His wealth consisted not in money, which was at that time unknown, but in fields, meadows, papyrus-plantations on the shores of the streams, in serfs who exercised every variety of handicraft in his service, and in almost every kind of domestic animal that is known to us at the present day. Nay, some species which they had tamed, as antelopes and gazelles, have relapsed into the wild state. It is true that neither the horse nor the camel were known to them, and sheep seem to have been rare, but they sometimes occur. The possessions in herds of a noble of the time of the Pyramids were of very considerable extent. In the tomb of Khafra-ankh and his wife Herneka we read that they were owners of 835 oxen, 220 hornless cattle, 760 asses, 2,235 antelope-goats, and 740 common goats. The most enormous stock of beasts, however, belonged to a noble interred at Sakkarah, who possessed in all, including calves, 5,300 head of cattle. Swine also were often kept; fowls, and more particularly geese and doves,[2] were numbered by thousands. Pictures are never wanting in the tombs which represent the tilling of the fields, from the first ploughing with the hook-shaped plough to the gathering of the harvest. Overseers, stick in hand, everywhere superintended the labourers, who wore no garment but an apron; and the lord Urkhu himself is depicted as borne forth to inspect his fields on a litter supported between two asses.[3] A servant walks behind him shading him with a fan. We see the vine-dressers in full activity in the vineyards, and in the plantations we are shown the felling of the trees. It is hot, and the toilers refresh themselves with a draught from a flask; here the overseer is accompanied by his greyhound. The timber is required for constructing the Nile-boats which are used by the nobles, not only for purposes of business, but for taking their pleasure; for the upper classes delighted in catching fish and snaring birds, and in every description of sport by water. Besides, the reeds by the shore are over-crowded by the feathered tribes, the waters swarm with fish, and the hunter rarely sallies forth in vain when a crocodile or a hippopotamus is to be slain. And the man who fills an office at court, and whose serfs compose quite a little state by themselves, needs such recreation. His vassals perform every kind of handicraft—joiner's work, pottery, glass-blowing, weaving, paper-making, gold-

[1] This spirit, called Ga, was supposed to be attached to the statue. There was a hole in the Serdab through which the prayers and incense are supposed to have reached the statue usually walled up in it.

[2] The ring-dove, called Mena, often appears in the tombs; the pigeon, called Karenpe, in Coptic Shrompi, "the bird of heaven," also.

[3] The wheel not having been invented, cars and carriages were consequently not used.

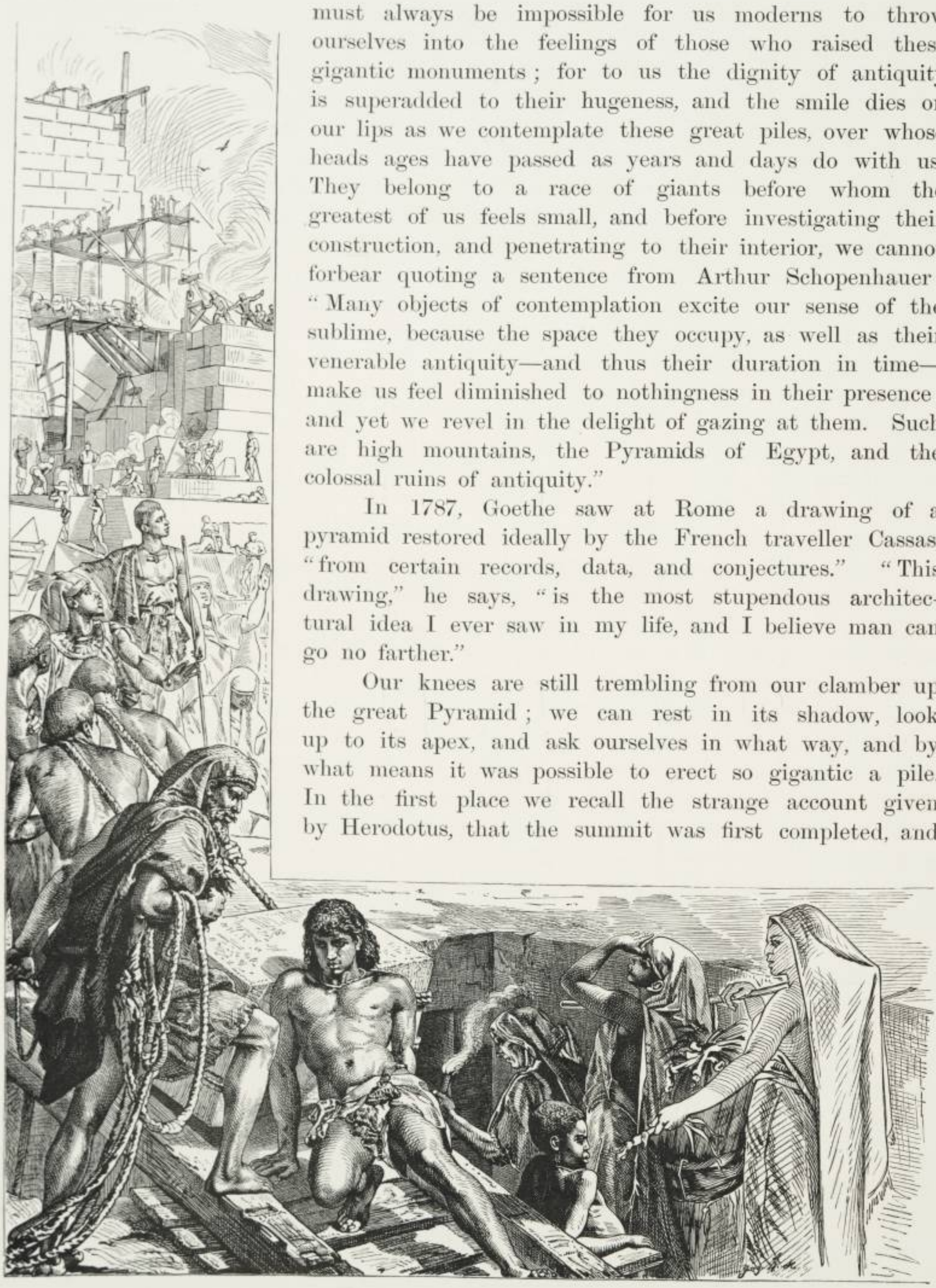
washing, working in metals, and preparing the papyrus. The art of writing was industriously practised; the overseers were at the same time accountants; whole rows of scribes are busy in the writing-rooms. The simple gifts of nature do not satisfy the daily requirements of such a people; they bake, boil, and roast, and we find an extraordinary variety of cakes, each of which has its distinctive name. The ladies, who seem usually to have been of fair complexion—for they are represented with yellowish skins, while the men are reddish-coloured—stand on a perfect equality with their husbands, and were even then called "mistress of the house." When sons were lacking the daughters took the inheritance, and even the crown could devolve on the daughter of a Pharaoh. The children were named first after their mother and next after their father, and the inscriptions have in many cases preserved the pet name that commemorates the amiability of the wife. Family life is full of feeling and dignity, and light-heartedness and innocent delight find constant expression. Many of the encouraging words spoken by the overseers to the labourers, or by one serf to another, contain some jest, and some of the pictures even are intentionally humourous. No epoch of Egyptian history offers a more pleasing aspect than this; and though the Pyramids have been called "tokens of the slavery of whole races of men," and many a curse has been pronounced since the days of Herodotus on the heartless tyrants who raised them, it seems to us that these Jeremiahs have caused themselves unnecessary regret; for it was not an enfeebled race of captives who built the Pyramids, groaning under the lash as they toiled, but a youthful and vigorous nation who, during long centuries of peaceful inactivity, spent their superfluous energy in joyful labour to accomplish an almost superhuman task, under the very eyes of princes whom they reverenced as divine. All ulterior considerations were overlooked, for it was their delight in the newly found methods and means of overcoming mechanical difficulties which incited the first pyramid-builders and their successors to attempt the solution of the severest problems. Just as nature in the early days of her development produced the Ichthyosaurus, as the cyclopean walls of Greece were the precursors of the harmonious forms of her temples, as in the lives of individuals the period of wise moderation follows one of bolder enterprise—so in Egypt first arose those mightiest of all monuments of human labour, the Pyramids. Beyond a doubt, the lower orders must have suffered much oppression in the course of their erection, and yet we can hardly be mistaken in supposing that the contemporaries of Cheops who helped in completing his great work were proud of their co-operation; for every prince who undertakes a work which promises to give evidence to succeeding generations of the strength and ability of his age is secure of the approbation and support of his people. The nobles of those days did not neglect to record for the information of posterity what connection they had had with the building of their sovereign's Pyramid; nor must we forget that that sovereign was a god in the imagination of his subjects. After the completion of the monument erected in his honour, the people no doubt went home, like the Israelites after the dedication of Solomon's temple, "blessing the king, joyful, and of good courage."

There is hardly a traveller who has not fallen into a gloomy vein in describing the Pyramids, but without reason, as I have tried to prove, though certainly it

must always be impossible for us moderns to throw ourselves into the feelings of those who raised these gigantic monuments; for to us the dignity of antiquity is superadded to their hugeness, and the smile dies on our lips as we contemplate these great piles, over whose heads ages have passed as years and days do with us. They belong to a race of giants before whom the greatest of us feels small, and before investigating their construction, and penetrating to their interior, we cannot forbear quoting a sentence from Arthur Schopenhauer: "Many objects of contemplation excite our sense of the sublime, because the space they occupy, as well as their venerable antiquity—and thus their duration in time—make us feel diminished to nothingness in their presence; and yet we revel in the delight of gazing at them. Such are high mountains, the Pyramids of Egypt, and the colossal ruins of antiquity."

In 1787, Goethe saw at Rome a drawing of a pyramid restored ideally by the French traveller Cassas, "from certain records, data, and conjectures." "This drawing," he says, "is the most stupendous architectural idea I ever saw in my life, and I believe man can go no farther."

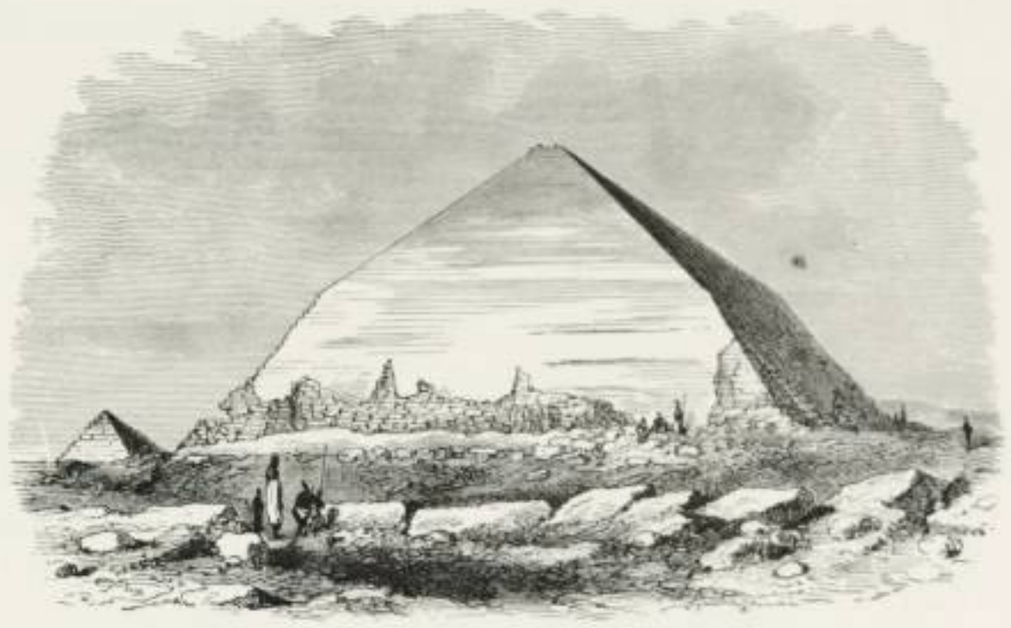
Our knees are still trembling from our clamber up the great Pyramid; we can rest in its shadow, look up to its apex, and ask ourselves in what way, and by what means it was possible to erect so gigantic a pile. In the first place we recall the strange account given by Herodotus, that the summit was first completed, and



THE BUILDING OF THE PYRAMIDS.

the portion next the soil finished last. This has proved to be as well founded as his other assertion, of which the accuracy is forcibly impressed on every beholder, that the pyramid of Cheops was built up "in steps."

Though the English travellers Perring and Vyse deserve the credit of having first measured the Pyramids exactly in all their dimensions, it is to the Germans Lepsius[1] and Erbkam that the honour is due of having discovered, by painstaking investigations and most ingenious calculations, the method on which they were constructed. Any one who is acquainted with their great work will perfectly understand the account given by Herodotus, and be supplied with the answer to all the questions which force themselves on the mind of every thinking man who beholds the pyramids. We know now how it came to pass that one king raised a monument to himself of such gigantic size while another was content with a much smaller one; why we can point to only one uncompleted pyramid; and how it was that Cheops was bold enough to undertake a work for which the average duration of a reign was a wholly inadequate time,[2] and whose completion by a successor was not to be hoped for, since he, in his turn, would have to devote himself to building his own tomb.



PYRAMID OF DASHOOR.

As soon as a Pharaoh mounted the throne, he began the construction of his mausoleum, at first of modest dimensions, by building a truncated pyramid with steep walls. If death overtook him, his nucleus had the apex added to it at once, and the sloping sides of the pyramid were prolonged to reach the ground; but if time and means were not wanting, after this core or nucleus was completed an outer casing consisting of a series of steps was put on the truncated pyramid, and this process was repeated till at last a stage was reached when the mere addition of a layer was a gigantic undertaking. When it was necessary to finish off the pyramid the point was first completed, and then the steps were filled in from the apex downwards. The shape of the broken pyramid of Dashoor is highly instructive, for this one had its summit duly finished, but the unfilial successor neglected to complete the lower portion. Thus the pyramids were actually finished from the top downwards, but no stones that could easily fall out were used in filling in the steps,

[1] Lepsius, "Ueber den Bau der Pyramiden," 8vo, Cairo, 1843, first pointed out the mode of construction. The ground-plan was first laid out, and the place for the sepulchral chamber planned; then the passage for the sarcophagus, descending at an angle, had its mouth beyond the ground-plan of the mass of masonry. If the King's life was very long the masonry had to be carried beyond the orifice of the descending shaft or passage, as in the case of the great pyramid, necessitating a change of construction.—Gliddon, "Otia Aegyptiaca."

[2] There is reason to believe, from the Papyrus of Turin, that the life of Cheops extended or was supposed to extend to above ninety years, as pointed out by Hincks.

but blocks of this form  which lay on each other with a broad surface, and in the course of time were as intimately joined by the mere pressure of their weight as if they had been cemented with the finest mortar. It is evident that the encasing of the pyramids with smooth slabs of stone such as still remain in those of Chefren and Mycerinus must have been begun at the top.

We know now that the size of the pyramid grew in proportion to the length of the life of its builder, and that it was at any time possible to bring it to completion. The filling in of the steps would be left to the filial piety of the heir, though in the earliest times it does not even seem to have been regarded as essential, as is shown by the pyramid of Meydoom and the step-shaped pyramid of Sakkarah.[1] "If in the



QUARRIES OF TOURAH.

course of ages the other determining proportions had remained equal, we might at this day count the years of each king's reign by the number of layers on his pyramid, like the annual rings in a tree."

The neatness of the workmanship of each separate block is beyond all praise. Herodotus was able to state that they were derived from the quarries on the opposite shore of the Nile, brought across the river in boats, and then conveyed by a causeway, which was itself the result of ten years' labour, to the spot where the building was proceeding. Extensive remains of this raised way are still visible, and even if the Pyramids themselves had disappeared the stone quarries in the Mokattam range at Tourah and Masarah, to the south of Cairo, would tell us that here in former times a people had lived who, above all others, loved to build. The architects of the Pharaohs penetrated deep into the heart of the mountains, which consist of a fine-grained nummulitic limestone of the older tertiary formation, and thence brought

[1] There is some difficulty about determining the number of steps: they may be five or seven. These were brick pyramids.

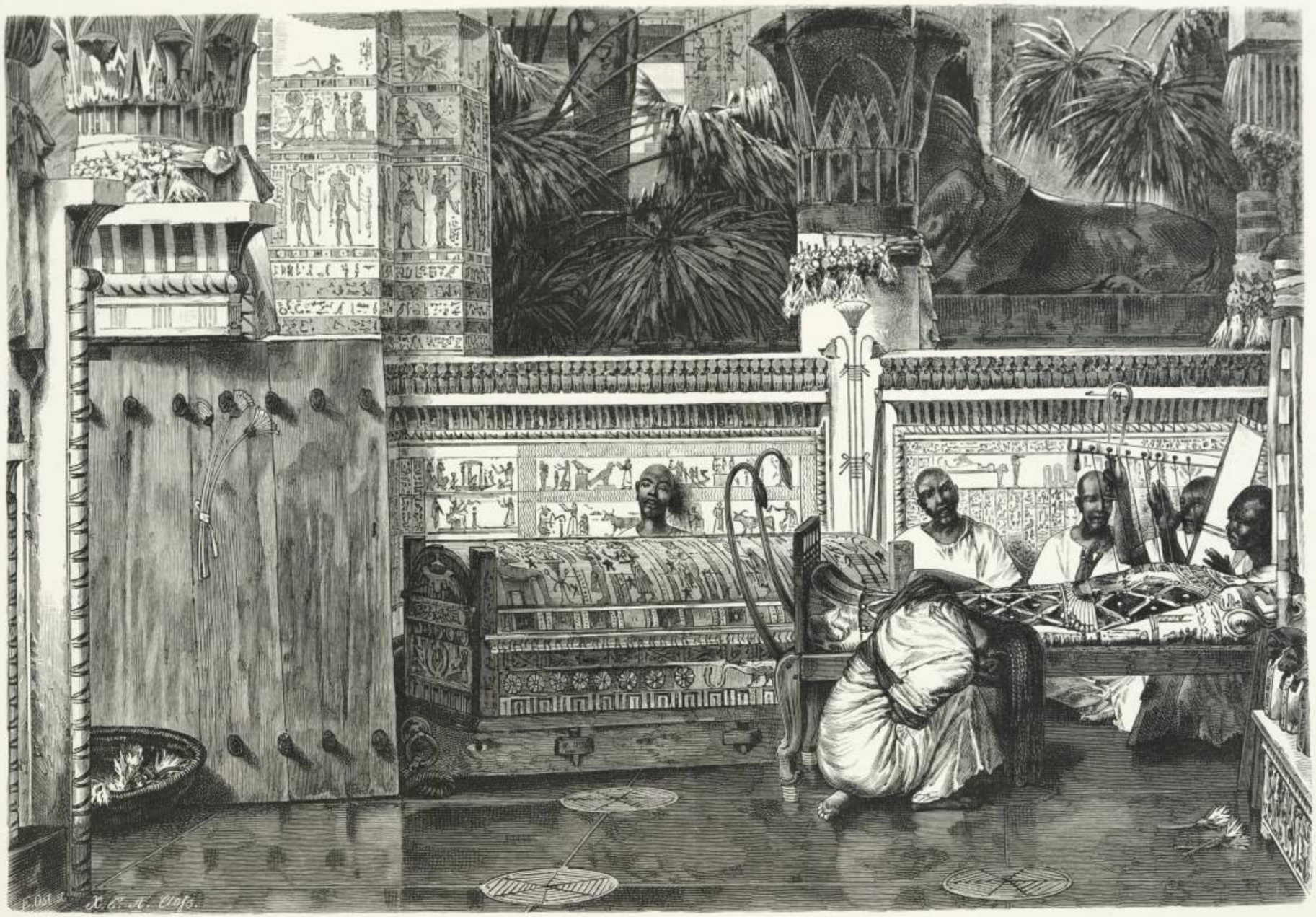
out the flawless blocks which they required; and it will be easily understood that the passages, vaults, and halls they thus hollowed out correspond in size with the mass of the pyramids, for the whole of the materials applied to their construction, with the exception of the granite slabs that cover them, were hewn from these



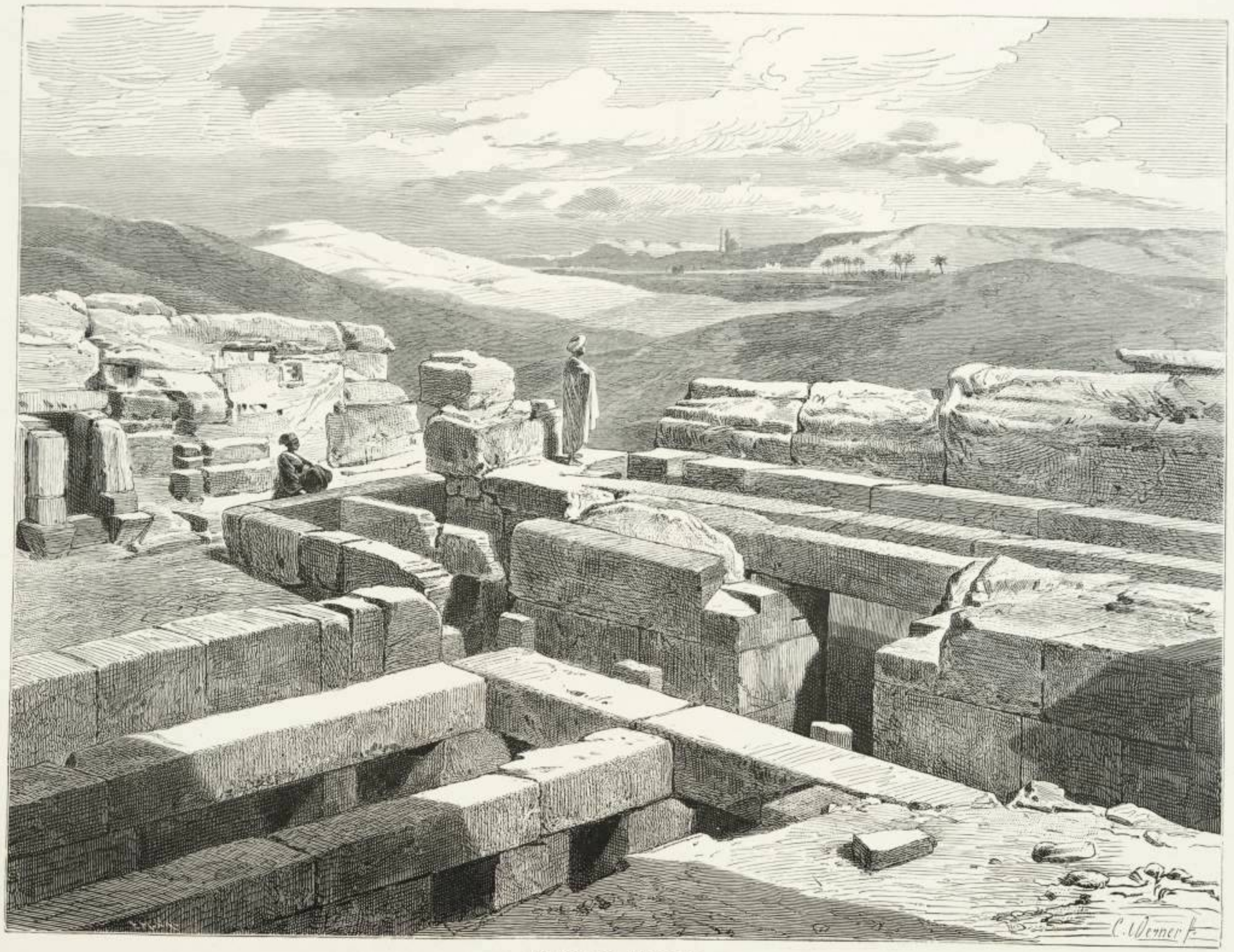
WEIGHING STONES.

quarries. Tourah was called Toroua in old Egyptian; this sounded like Troja to the ears of the Greeks, and they called it so; and as they found the captives taken in the Asiatic wars labouring in these quarries, they unhesitatingly invented the story that these were the descendants of the people of Ilion, whom Menelaus left behind on the shores of the Nile when he visited Egypt with the recovered Helen.

At the present day a great deal of stone is procured in the neighbourhood of the ancient quarries for the buildings of Cairo; and although it is true that the

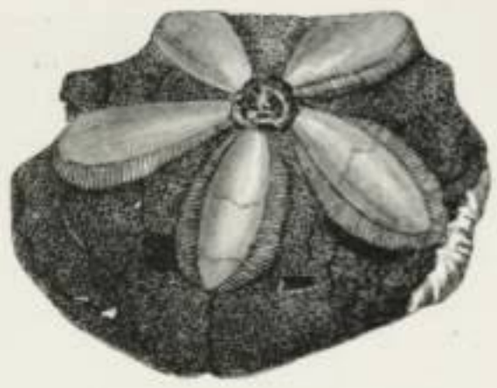


LAMENTATION OF A WIDOW OF MEMPHIS AT THE COFFIN OF HER HUSBAND



RUINS OF CHEFREN.

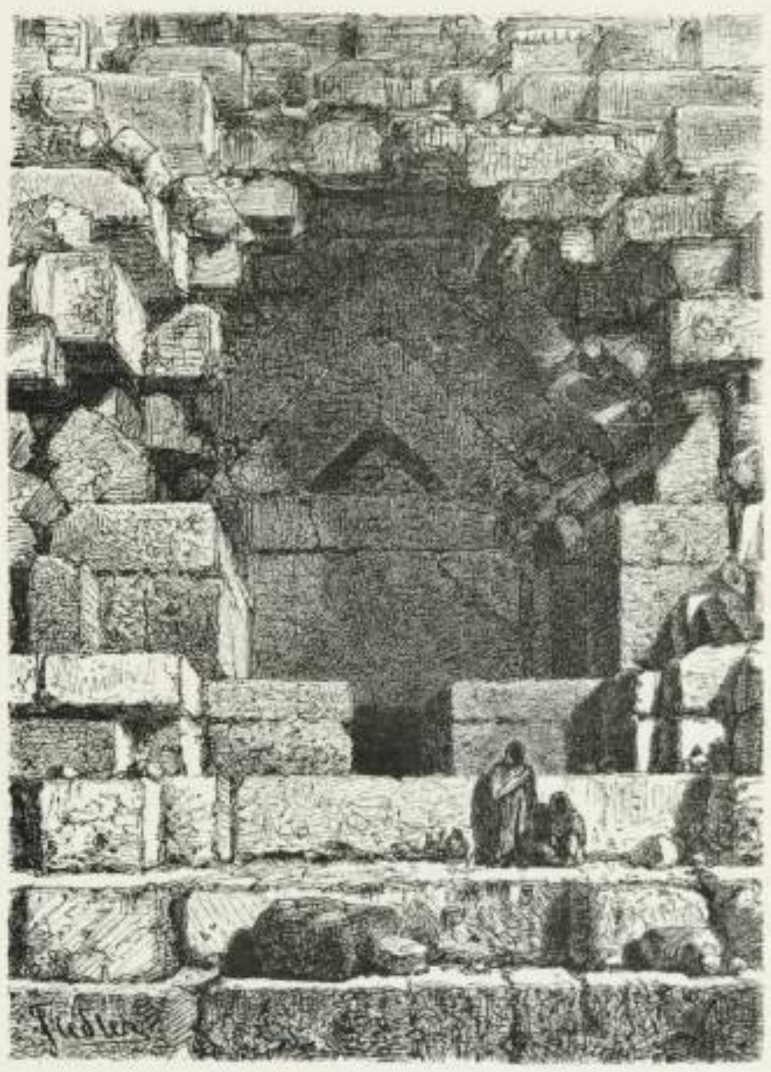
blocks and slabs no longer reach their destination dragged by a troop of men harnessed to the sledges, which run upon rollers, but are conveyed by horses or steam-engines over an iron tramway, there is still much in the scene that reminds us of ancient times, as well as in the form of the scales on which the blocks are weighed.



FOSSIL LIMESTONE WITH SHELLS FROM MOKATTAM.

Among the blocks from Mokattam which are built into the pyramids, many occur that are full of countless nummulites.

A hundred thousand men, who were relieved every three months, are said to have been employed for twenty, or perhaps thirty, years in building the Pyramid of Cheops, and the dragoman of Herodotus interpreted to him the inscription which stated that for the minor articles of food for the workmen—as radishes, onions, and garlic—one thousand six hundred talents (or about £360,000) had been expended. "If this was so," exclaimed the Halicarnassian, "how much must not other essential things have cost! such as tools of iron,[1] and the maintenance and clothing of the labourers." And we share the feelings of the Greek, for we see no reason to regard the numbers that were read to him as in any way exaggerated. However, the inscription of which he speaks was certainly not on the pyramid itself, which never bore any hieroglyphs or pictures, but in one or other of the neighbouring tombs.



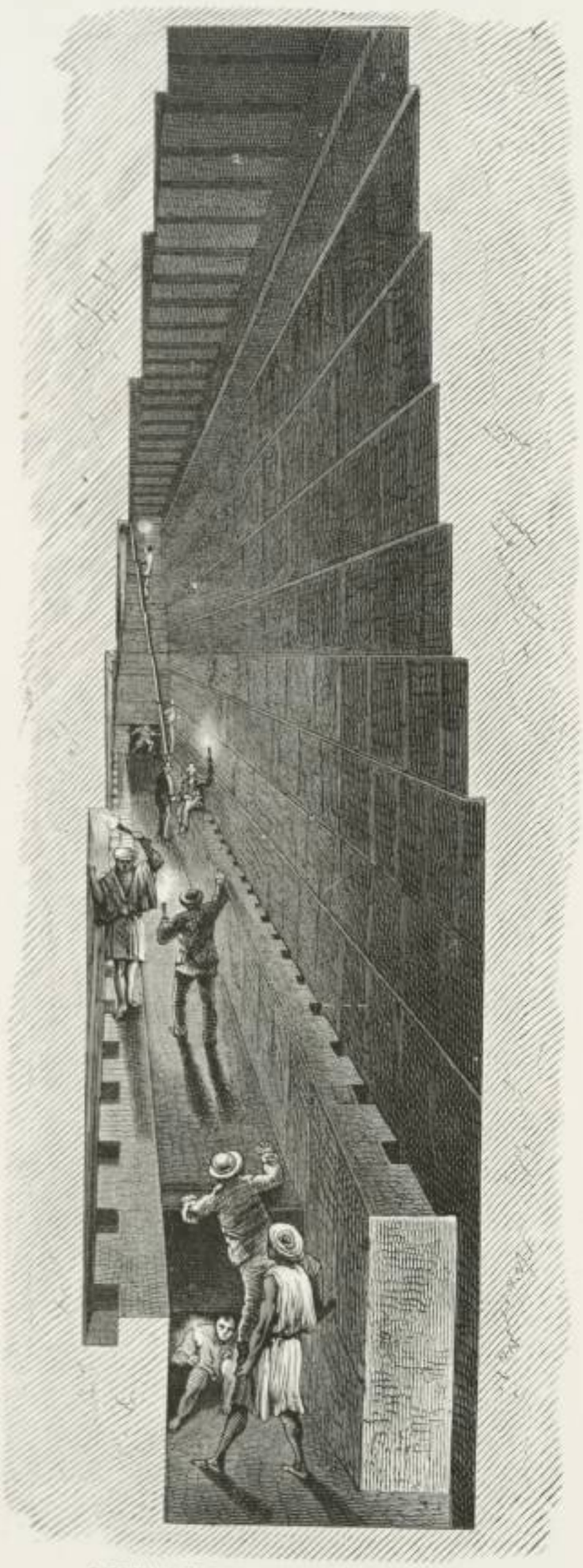
ENTRANCE TO THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

But our escort is urging us to investigate the interior of the mausoleum of Cheops; the passages and chambers of the other pyramids cannot as yet be traversed without much preparation and some danger; besides, the different arrangement of the interior is of small interest, excepting to the archæologist. In all there is the same disproportion between the vast size of the building and the small dimensions of the utilised space that it contains, and yet this disproportion is intelligible and seems quite rational when we realise the fact that the architect's task was to construct for a corpse a resting-place as impenetrable and as secret as possible.

A visit to the interior of a pyramid is not altogether agreeable, for the farther we penetrate the more unpleasant are the heat and the peculiar smell of the bats which live there, particularly in the now impenetrable passages and chambers.

[1] Herodotus, ii., 9,126, for "the iron with which they were worked." Fragments of iron and copper have been found in the air channels by Perring and Dixon.

The "cool cellars" of our drinking songs are unknown in Egypt; a subterranean chamber preserves the average yearly temperature of the latitude, and this at Cairo is about 26° centigrade.[1]



GALLERY IN THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

The entrance to a pyramid is always on the north side; in the mausoleum of Cheops it is on the level of the thirteenth step. We light the candles we have brought with us and walk on; straight on and upwards at first, till we come to a large block of granite which was fixed in the roof, and which closed the passage to the resting-place of the coffin. We pass round it, for the treasure-seekers who found their ingress arrested by it were unable to destroy it, and ruined the side wall in order to get a passage. Then we proceed upwards through a low close corridor, at the end of which a horizontal passage opens into the small "Queen's" chamber. Here we find a room which, though narrow, is more lofty, so that we can stand upright and take breath. The light of the torches and tapers is reflected from the polished surface of the Mokattam limestone. The separate blocks fit so accurately that the joints are hardly to be detected. The stone panels at the bottom of the wall are perfectly preserved, and the case is the same with the singularly placed stone beams of the roof. The parallel grooves cut in the floor and on the walls were to facilitate the transport of the sarcophagus. A few steps farther, through a horizontal passage—which enlarges in the middle into a sort of antechamber closed by four stone blocks or doors—and we find ourselves in the "King's" chamber, and in front of the despoiled granite sarcophagus of Cheops. This, the largest and most important chamber in the pyramid—its heart, as we may say—does not lie exactly in the centre, nor is it distinguished by great dimensions or by rich plastic decoration. Any good-sized room in our private houses may compare with it in size, for it is less than nineteen feet high; its length measures thirty-four feet and its breadth seventeen. Nine enormous slabs of granite form the roof and rest with their ends on the side walls. The enormous mass of masonry that is piled above them must have crushed

[1] About 70° Fahrenheit.

them in if the far-seeing architect had not provided against this by constructing over this chamber five others to diminish the pressure. The first of these chambers—which are *culs-de-sac*—was called Davison's room, after its discoverer, and the four others, of which the uppermost exhibits a triangular section, were found by Perring and Vyse, and were named by them, with utter want of taste, Wellington's, Nelson's, Lady Arbuthnot's, and Campbell's Chambers. The discovery of these hidden rooms — chambers of construction, as they are termed by architects — was of great importance from the circumstance that the name of Cheops occurs in them. The stone-workers had written it on the blocks with red paint even before they left the quarry, and the masons had built them into the wall in such a way that the inscriptions were turned upside down. This discovery certainly brought nothing new to light, but it confirmed what had long been known, for we had already learned from the Greeks the name of the king who was interred in the Great Pyramid. But so long as no inscription declared it in plain words, it was optional—and it had a certain fascination—to bring all sorts of profound speculations and mysterious calculations to bear on the wonderful erection of Cheops. Thus Jomard, and others after him, attempted with much acuteness to bring forward evidence that this structure, with its measurements and proportions, its accurate relation to the points of the compass, its opening directly in the eye, so to speak, of the Polar star,[1] and so forth, had served a scientific end. The careful "orientation" of the pyramid bore witness to its astronomical purpose; from its dimensions it was concluded that it was to be regarded as a metrical monument, as the indestructible witness to the standard of measurement that had prevailed in ancient Egypt, or as an astronomical and chronological memorial.[2] But all these suggestions, in spite of the acumen with which they were argued, have failed of acceptance, because, as we have seen, it was quite impossible, when a pyramid was planned, to estimate its ultimate size with any accuracy.

How many ideas have been thrown out as to the end and purpose of the pyramids! According to the ancient Arab legends, they were erected before Noah's flood in order that the treasures of science of doomed humanity might be preserved from destruction. Early Christian travellers, who did not know the small dimensions of their inner chambers, thought that they were the granaries constructed by Joseph; some regarded them as observatories and sundials, measuring the length of the day by their vast shadows; others as light-towers, beacons shining from afar to guide the wanderer in the desert; others, again, supposed that in their gloomy chambers the secret and appalling rites of initiation into the mysteries and the solemn dedication of priests were accomplished; nay, a certain Herr Kuhn,[3] in 1793, strove in perfect earnest to prove that they were not the work of men's hands, but a natural growth. Others, better informed, and cognisant of the true purpose of a pyramid—namely, to receive the sarcophagus of a king—endeavoured to find an ethical reason

[1] Sir J. Herschel's observations on the entrance passage in the Great Pyramid, and that the entrance faced the star, α Draconis, the old Pole-star, are given in Vyse's "Journal," Vol. II. p. 107.

[2] Culminating in the theory of Professor Piazzi Smyth, that the proportions amount to a revelation. See his work, "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid."

[3] T. Ch. Kuhn; his work was published at Lemgo.

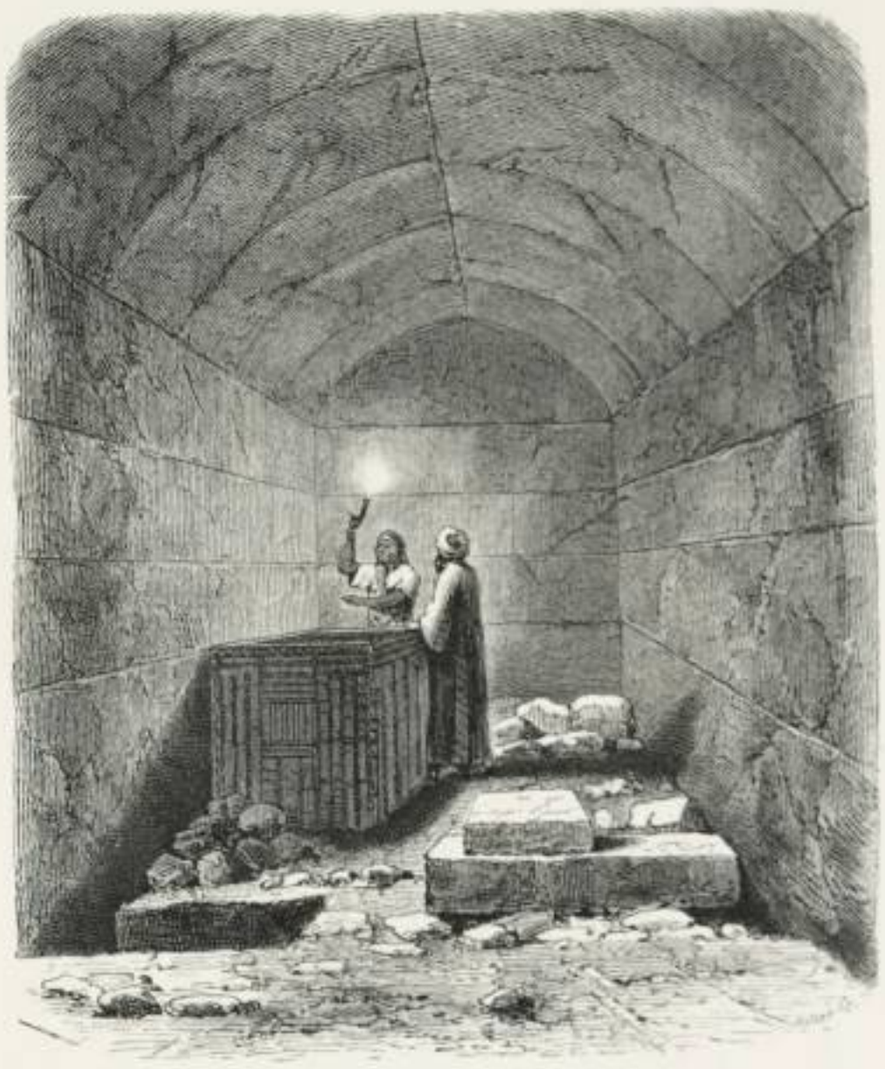
for the choice of the pyramidal form for a tomb. By it all the fundamental ideas of Egyptian religion and philosophy were supposed to be symbolised to the outward sense. According to them it was to be regarded as the emblem of the spiritual world in its gradations from the broadest basis to the apex, and to be compared to the Platonic graduated edifice of ideas which culminated and found its apex in the very highest and uttermost cognisable idea. It was the presentment of the four elements which, when separated, pervade all matter and re-unite into one. These elements—earth, air, fire, and water—were said to be the fundamental constituents of the world and of all things. In the primary essence or godhead —Osiris—they existed together in perfect equality, and hence unity; at the creation contention, or mutual repulsion—Typhon—rent the godhead; but love, Isis, re-united the four elements—the *disjecta membra* of the godhead—forming out of them, by harmonious and judicious combinations and unions, the whole visible universe and all the creatures in it. And as in the beginning the world and all things in it came into being, so the processes of destruction and re-construction are constantly repeated. The combining of the four elements by Isis and their dissolution by Typhon, the convergence and divergence of the four sides of the pyramids, were supposed to symbolise the primitive formula of all cosmical life—the combining and severing of the four elements. These vague but ingenious speculations correspond to the well-attested doctrines of the Egyptian priesthood, and a symbolical meaning was attributed at least to the apex of the pyramid, for a pointed top belonged exclusively to the mausoleums of the kings, while the bodies of private individuals were deposited in truncated pyramids. This rule was without exception, and several paintings have been found in which the basal portion of the pyramid is black, and the upper part and point are red. We may regard it as quite certain that the indestructible buildings of which we are speaking were intended to insure the preservation, not only of the bodies of the princes which were deposited in them, but of their memory, and that they therefore belong to that class of monuments of which a great thinker said—"It is evident that they were in fact intended to appeal to the latest posterity, to hold communion with them as it were, and so maintain the unity of man's conscious life. Nor is it only in the buildings of the Hindoos, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, but in those also of a later period, that we can see the yearning to speak to distant generations; and therefore it is disgraceful to destroy or disfigure them, or to degrade them to base and utilitarian ends."



WOODEN COFFIN OF MEN-KA-RA.

The Pyramids have not been spared by impious hands, and their interior chambers —where we still are lingering—had, at any rate at the time of the Romans, been opened by avaricious Prefects. Under the Arab dominion the rulers themselves undertook this task, by no means a light one; finding nothing but empty sarcophagi and bodies, they endeavoured to justify themselves in the eyes of their subjects for the sums they had squandered, and spread the false intelligence that they had found

exactly as much gold as the work of opening the tombs had cost. When the labourers under Mamoon (died A.D. 813), the son of Haroun el Rasheed, who is so well known to every reader of the "Arabian Nights," had penetrated to the heart of the Pyramid of Cheops, it is said that they found a treasure, and also a marble tablet on which were these words:—"Such a King, son of such a King, in such year will open this pyramid and spend a certain sum of money in so doing. We here repay him for his undertaking; but if he persists in his enterprise, he will sacrifice much money and gain nothing." In fact, searching the Pyramids has enriched no one, and though we hear romantic tales of things said to have been found there, yet, on the whole, ransacking a pyramid has been generally regarded as a crime to be followed by retribution, or even by death.[1]



SEPULCHRAL CHAMBER OF MEN-KA-RA.

The daring and indefatigable English, who some forty years since explored the Pyramids at a great cost, found in them neither gold nor silver, but many treasures of high scientific value. Their labours were best rewarded in the pyramid third in size, which is called by the Arabs "the coloured or red pyramid," from its casing of granite, and which far exceeds those of Cheops and Chefren in the perfection of its structure and execution. In it they found not only highly remarkable inner chambers, and a beautiful sarcophagus of brownish basalt or whinstone veined with blue, but also the lower part of the wooden mummy-shaped chest or coffin in which the king's body had lain, and on it an inscription which proves that Herodotus was well informed when he named King Mycerinus—in Egyptian, Men-ka-ra—as the builder of this third pyramid. The noble basalt sarcophagus sank off the coast of Spain with the ship which was to transport it to England; the inscription on the wooden chest, which is preserved in the British Museum, offers no difficulties to the translator. It has been thus rendered into English by Dr. S. Birch:—"Thou that art become Osiris, ruler of the North and South country,[2] King Men-ka-ra, living for ever, born of Nut the goddess of heaven, and begotten of Seb the god of earth—may the wings of thy mother Nut spread over thee to shelter thee, in whose name is hidden the secret of heaven. May she grant thee to be as a god, striking to earth all who oppose thee. King of the North and South. Men-ka-ra living for ever."

Remains were even found of this king's skeleton, and of the materials in which

[1] Fragments of a stone with a Cufic inscription, probably relating to the attempt to open, have lately been found near the pyramid.

[2] Or upper and lower hemisphere.

his body, embalmed with resins, had been wrapped.[1] The winding-sheet consisted of wool,[2] while the bandages of the mummies of a later period were usually made of linen. The burial-chamber of Men-ka-ra is finer than any other room found in the Pyramids; it consists entirely of granite, and the ceiling is formed of blocks resting against each other in the middle, and hewn into a pointed arch resembling that known as early English. Thus the room has the aspect of a vaulted chamber.

The other rooms, and several passages closed with slabs in this pyramid, show that another body besides that of Men-ka-ra was interred here at a later period, and history and legend agree in saying that it was that of a woman. Queen Nitocris, of the VIth dynasty, seems to have taken possession of this mausoleum, which was built long before her time, and her fair hair and rosy complexion, which were long remembered, led to her being confounded with the famous Greek beauty, Rhodopis—*i.e.*, the rosy-faced—who is said to have been the wife of Sappho's brother, and the favourite of the Pharaohs. At the time of Herodotus it was already currently reported that it was she who lay interred in the third pyramid; at a later date the memory of the fair Rhodopis took new aspects, and she became a sort of Loreley in Arab legends. On the western pyramid, they tell us, a fair and wanton woman sits with brilliant teeth, who drives the traveller mad that lets himself be caught in her toils. Thomas Moore has repeated this legend:—



STATUE OF CHEFREN.

"Fair Rhodope, as story tells,
The bright, unearthly nymph who dwells
'Mid sunless gold and jewels hid,
The Lady of the Pyramid."—*The Epicurean*, chap. vi.

The Bedaween have other tales of spirits that haunt the Pyramids; one wears the form of a boy, and a second that of a man, who stride round these mausoleums after sunset, burning incense.[3] No Arab child ventures near them at night, and least of all near the Pyramid of Men-ka-ra. And yet all that history and legend tell of

[1] These are now in the British Museum, but the condition of the remains and the anchylosed condition of one knee have cast a doubt on the subject, as it has been considered the body could not have been mummied in a symmetrical form and placed in the inner wooden coffin found with it.

[2] The wraps of the bodies of the workmen found in the Tourah quarries were also of wool, like those found with the body in the third pyramid.

[3] Described by the Arabic author Masoudi, and translated in Vyse's "Journal," Vol. II. p. 327.

this king is in his favour; he is lauded as the friend of the gods, who re-opened the temples and led the people back to worship and sacrifice. He is called the most just and venerated of all kings, and he must have been a "merry monarch" too, if any germ of truth lies at the bottom of the legend which relates that, having been told that an oracle had prophesied that he should live but six years and die in the seventh, he caused the lamps to be lighted every day at sunset, and drank and rejoiced till the morning, and so gave the oracle the lie, since, by turning night into day, he made twelve years of the six allotted to him.

The legends associated with Rhodopis are no less pleasing and pretty. She, who was the Loreley witch of the Arabs, was also their Cinderella, for it is said that an eagle—or, according to another authority, the wind—carried away her sandal while she was bathing, bore it to Memphis, and there dropped it into the lap of the king as he sat in judgment. He, amazed at the elegance of the sandal and the strangeness of the incident, immediately sent forth messengers to seek its owner. She was found at Naucratis and brought to the king, who made her his wife and, when she died, caused the third pyramid to be erected for her.[1]

Thus, as flowers grow on a grave, so sweet myths have sprung up round these solemn tombs.



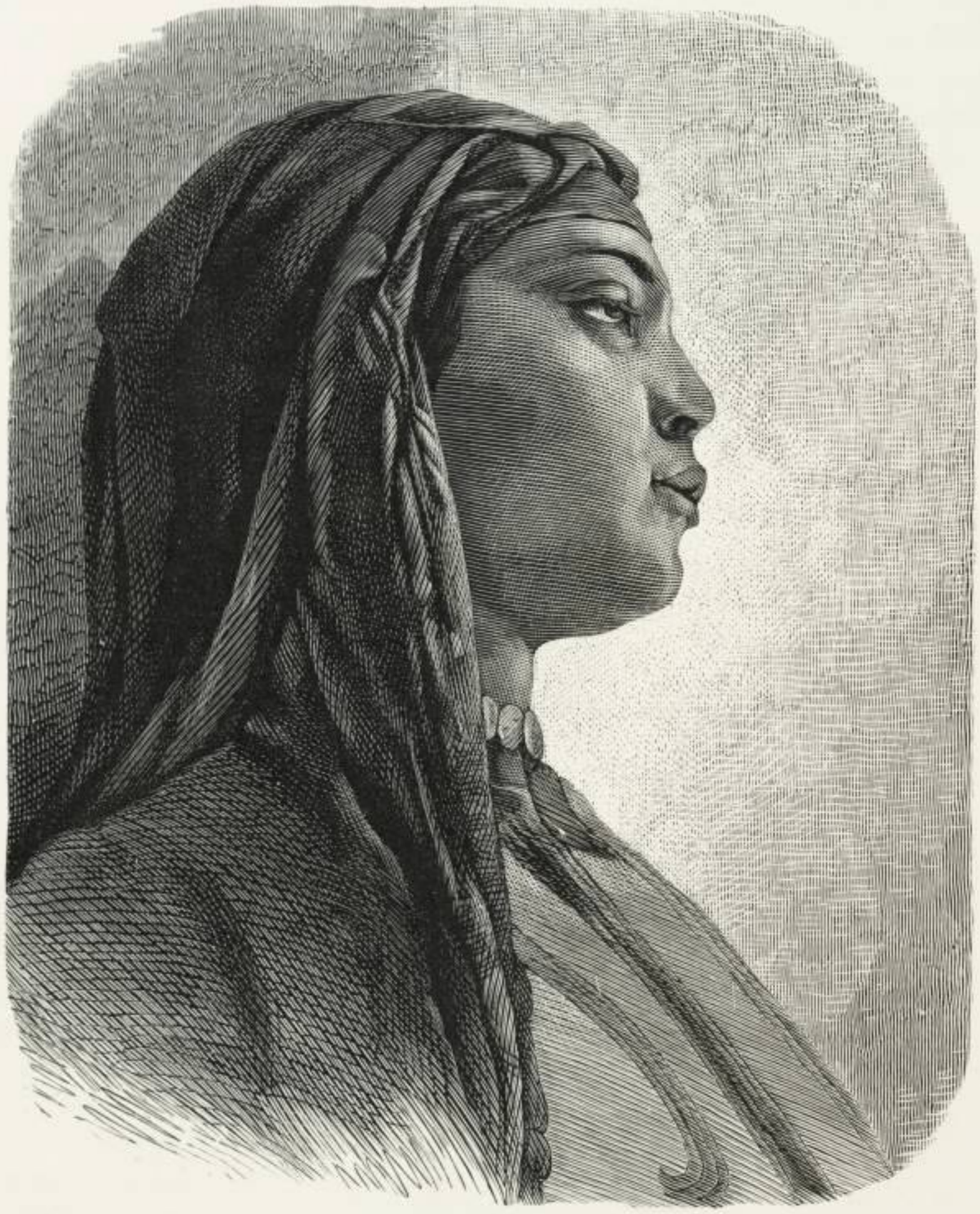
THE SPHINX CLEARED FROM THE SAND.

We will now quit this hot, dark, and dusty inner chamber, and make our way to the second pyramid, which is easily distinguished by the polished casing-stones which to this day cover its upper portion and are in good preservation.

It was erected by Chefren—called by the Egyptians Khafra—the next but one in succession to Cheops. Its interior offers nothing remarkable; but to the south-east of it stands a stone building, in which, as it would appear, the faithful assembled to honour his manes with pious exercises. It was Mariette Pacha who brought this interesting structure to light, after it had been for a thousand years buried in

[1] This legend is delightfully told in Vol. III. of William Morris's "Earthly Paradise."

sand; and at the same time he obtained certain evidence as to the name of its founder, for in a tank which contained water, but which is now choked with sand, he discovered seven statues which all represented King Chefren, the builder of the second pyramid. The name of this sovereign may be read on most of them, and the



MODERN SPHINX-LIKE FACE.

finest and best preserved has found a well-deserved place of honour in the museum at Boolak. It is wrought in a diorite[1] so hard that Mr. Drake—with whom I some years since stood admiring it—assured me that he should hesitate to try his chisel on such a material; it is nevertheless highly finished in every part, and the realistic treatment of the grave and gracious features is worthy of all praise. The beautiful

[1] A hard variety of greenstone, of volcanic origin.

polish of the diorite need not surprise us when we look round at the building in which these statues were found. It consists of blocks of granite and alabaster, and the masons who hewed and polished these with the utmost care were skilled in every branch which we could regard as belonging to their calling. The arrangement of this building is very simple; but it is interesting as the only example of a temple-like edifice that has come down to us from those very early days. The rectangle everywhere predominates, the pillars have not as yet developed into columns, and on the walls there are no inscriptions to tell us the purpose to which this building was devoted. The two larger chambers form together a T, and the side rooms have coffer-shaped niches of granite and alabaster. Many of the huge slabs which roofed the nave—if I may be allowed the expression—still remain supported on the granite pillars. How was the cultus performed which these chambers hid from the eyes of the multitude? May we infer from the statues of the dog-headed ape[1] found in the sand that the god Thoth, to whom this animal was sacred, was honoured here above all others? Were the statues of Chefren hurled into the pool by heathen rebels, or were they not overthrown till a Christian edict devoted all the images of the gods to destruction? Or is this the temple of the Sphinx spoken of in a primeval inscription?

Questions like these crowd upon the mind of the visitor; and if he raises his eyes towards the north-east, he sees in his immediate neighbourhood the gigantic form of the most mysterious of all mysterious images—the great Egyptian Sphinx, the watcher of the desert, called by the Arabs Aboo 'l hawl, "the father of terrors." Its huge mass was covered with desert-sand again and again, in ancient times as well as in our own days; only the head, decorated with the royal coif, being left gazing fixedly eastwards.

During the present century, it is true, the Sphinx has been compelled to reveal its lion-body, and stand confessed to daylight and curiosity; and it has been ascertained that it is hewn out of the living rock, and where the stone has not lent itself to the form of the lion-body it has been supplemented with masonry. This figure, at the present day, measures nearly sixty-four feet from the crown of the head to the pavement on which the paws rest—and what a spectacle it must have offered when the servants of the Necropolis kept it free from sand, and it could be seen complete, with the stately flight of steps which led up to it!

Through many successive centuries worshippers innumerable mounted these steps to approach the altar, which stood on a finely inlaid pavement between the legs of the giant—for the Sphinx was the image of a mighty god. The Greeks heard him called Harmachis—in Egyptian, Har-em-khu—and this signified "Horus on the horizon," or "the sun at its rising." Harmachis is the young light which conquers the darkness; the soul triumphing over death; fertility expelling dearth; and he, the conqueror of Typhon, vanquished the foe under many forms, among them under that of a Sphinx. Harmachis, in the Necropolis, promised resurrection to the dead; Harmachis, who is most active just in the morning hours, and whose face is fully illuminated by the rising sun, brings the world to a new day after the gloom of night;

[1] Or Cynocephalus, living animal sacred to the lunar deities Khonsu or Chons, and Tahuti or Thoth.

Harmachis, on the border of the fertile country, conquers the drought and keeps back the sand from engulfing the fields. Thus it comes that his image, the Sphinx, was called by the Egyptians at first Hu,[1] and afterwards Belhit, both signifying "a watcher"; and by the Greeks Agathodacmon, "the good spirit."

Each Pharaoh was regarded as a mortal incarnation of the sun-god; and therefore the kings were willing to select the form of a Sphinx as expressing allegorically the divine essence in their nature. The attribute of fiery and irresistible physical strength was represented by the body of the powerful and irascible lion; the highest intellectual power by the human head. The union of the two was happily chosen as the symbol of an omniscient and omnipotent object of worship.

The making of the Sphinx was begun under Cheops. It was finished by order of King Chefren, the builder of the second pyramid, and dedicated to Harmachis; this we learn from the large tablet covered with hieroglyphics and fixed in the breast,



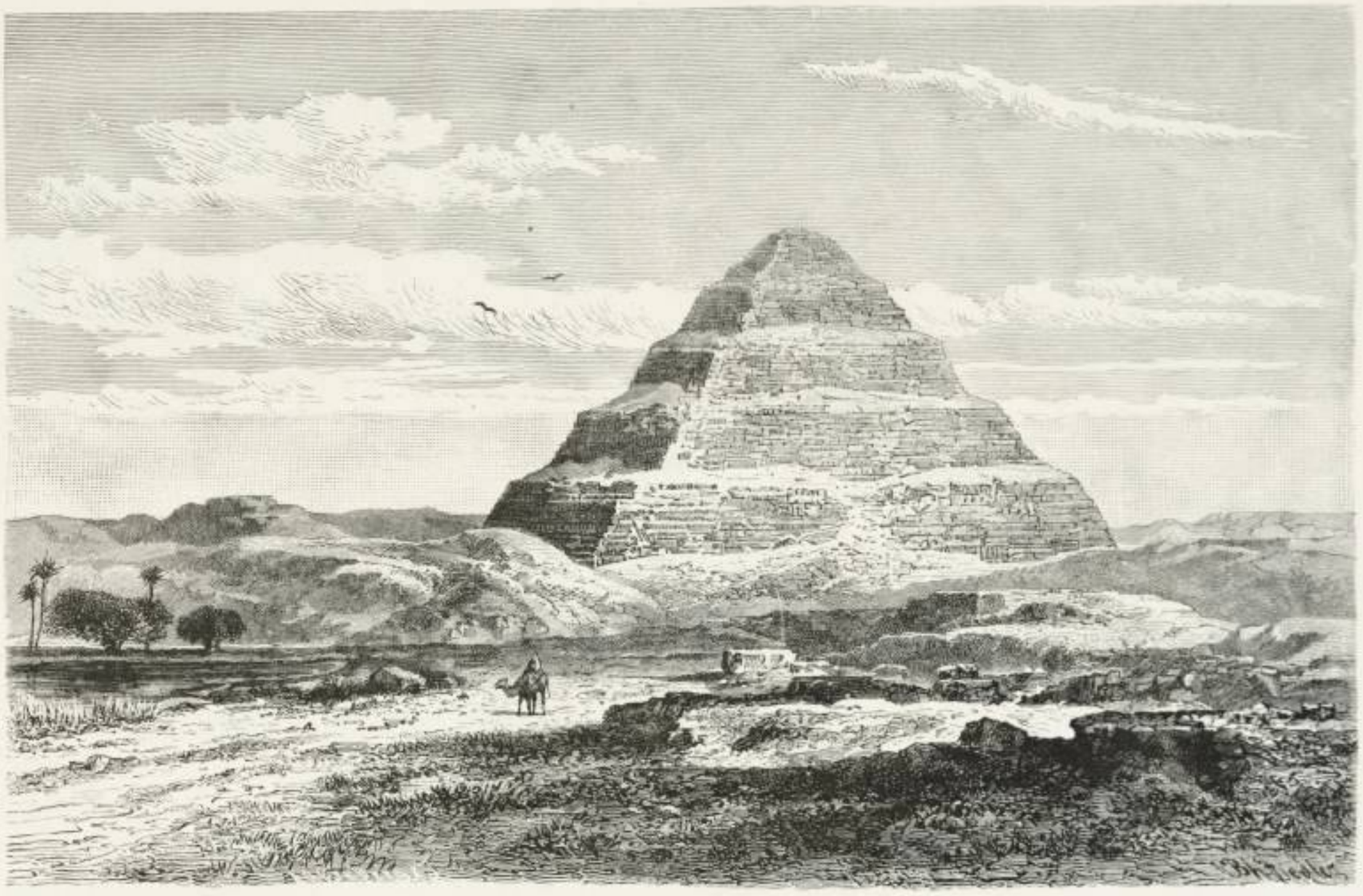
HOUSE OF MARIETTE PACHA AT SAKKARAH.

which also informs us that this monument must have already needed to be freed from the sand under the kings of the XVIIIth dynasty, about B.C. 1500. King Thothmes IV., so runs the inscription, in the course of a lion and gazelle hunt in the first year of his reign, rested in this vicinity, and came to worship Harmachis—*i.e.*, the Sphinx. He slept in the shadow of the giant, and he dreamed that the god spoke to him with his own mouth, "as a father speaks to his son," and required of him that he should free his image from the drifts of sand. When he woke he took the divine warning to heart. In commemoration of this vision, and of the subsequent disinterment of the Sphinx, he caused this tablet to be erected, which to this day is but very little injured.

Other inscriptions, of much later date, record the resistance which it has been necessary to make to the encroachments of the sand—sometimes hardly perceptible, but sometimes, when the Khamseens blow, rising in hot storm-clouds of dust. Among

[1] The Sphinx was so called on the tablet describing the objects deposited in the pyramid; it was also named *Akar*, and, as a hieroglyph, used for *Neb*—"Lord." It seems to have been particularly honoured under the XVIIIth dynasty by the monarchs of that line, and often appears represented on monuments and scarabæi of the period. Generally it is male, but Mutnetem or Netemmut, the mother of the monarch Horus, is represented as a female Sphinx.

these inscriptions we find, in Greek, the remarkable verses by the historian Arrian; most of the others only tell of imperial visits to the Sphinx, and of works of restoration undertaken with reference to the pavement round the monument and the wall intended to ward off the sand. In later times not a hand was put out to preserve it from being overwhelmed; nay, in the last century the face of the "father of terrors" was used as a target for shooting at when the Mameluke artillery was practising—that face of which Abd-al Lateef writes, that "It bore the stamp of benignity and beauty, and was graced by an affable smile." When this travelled Arab was asked what was the most wonderful thing he had seen, he replied,



PYRAMID OF SAKKARAH.

"The exquisite proportions of the Sphinx's head." At the present day it has acquired a hideous negro aspect, chiefly from the loss of the nose.

Why is it that men are so ready to destroy the works of man? The hand of the destroyer has been put forth even against the Pyramids. Some sovereigns have thought they could utilise the well-hewn blocks; others have dreamed of sweeping them from the face of the earth, in fanatical fury against the works of the heathen. However, the attempt to blow them up with gunpowder, though contemplated more than once, was not carried into effect; but only in consequence of a warning that Cairo would be endangered by it.

The sand, the foe of every work of man erected here, has at the same time proved to be their friend, for nothing but what it has covered and protected has

come down to us uninjured, and this is the case with that part of the Necropolis of Memphis known as Sakkarah.

Let us turn from Ghizeh southwards; we will keep close to the border of the fertile land, leaving the fields of the dead of Zaweyet el'Aryan and the stately group of Pyramids of Abuseer on our left, and then—up by a little pool, round which the plovers are fluttering, and where wagtails alight to drink—we will climb the bare undulating hill-frontier of the desert. After a short walk on a sandy path, past boulders, choked-up tombs, whitened bones, and many a fragment of mummy cloths sticking out of the sand, we arrive in sight of the spacious verandah of a simple but hospitable-looking house. This is "Beth Mariette," as the Arabs call it—the head-quarters of the man who by his acumen, zeal, and energy has succeeded in wresting thousands and thousands of monuments, among them some of the highest importance, from the sand-drifts of the Necropolis of Sakkarah. The keepers of this hostelry, grey-bearded and friendly Arabs, provide us with couches and filtered water, and our breakfast tastes excellent in this shady spot after our ride through the desert.



SPHINX FROM THE SERAPEUM.



SPHINX FROM THE SERAPEUM.

One of the old guardians willingly guides us to the monuments we designate. One strikes the eye at once—the high pyramid of steps; but many others which we know by description are not to be discerned even with his help, for the unwearying sand that Mariette Pacha strove against has triumphed once more.

We could see the pyramid of steps from the ruins of Memphis; we will now proceed to the south-east and visit it. It consists of six stories, so to speak—the bottom one, which is the highest, measuring about thirty-seven feet. If we inspect this pyramid more closely, we shall perceive that it differs from its sisters in many respects. It is not set to the four points of the compass; its base is not a square, though rectangular; it has been surrounded by a wall, and its interior may be said to be altogether peculiar. The Prussian General von Minutoli explored and described it; of its four entrances one, contrary to all custom, faces southwards.[1] Two of the chambers are lined with green tiles set in stucco in a sort of mosaic, and the ceilings of the rooms are ornamented with stars.[2] The chambers and passages

[1] Besides Minutoli's description (*Reise*, 1844, p. 405) this pyramid has also been described by Segato (in his *Saggi Pittorici*, Firenze, 1827), who makes seven steps, which would correspond with the number of steps of the Babylonian pyramid; but in the present condition of the pyramid it is difficult to determine how many steps it may originally have had.

[2] Porcelain tiles from this pyramid are in the British Museum; some had a kind of ring or pierced place at the back to pass something—as a wire or cord—through, to hold them more securely. The details of it are given in Vyse's "Journal," Vol. III. p. 41. Two of the titles, if not for a prenomen of a king, are inserted on the door.

are completely choked with the remains of vessels in alabaster and marble, with fragments of sarcophagi and fallen pieces of the sculptured stones that covered the walls and roof. A thickly gilt skull, gilt sandals, and other interesting remains of antiquity found here by von Minutoli, with the model of a boat in which they were contained, have been carried to the mouth of the Elbe.

What one element spares another destroys, serving the ends of Time the Annihilator. Even this proud structure, on its foundation of eternal rock, is doomed to destruction. And yet it is certainly the oldest of all the artificial eminences far and near, and it has seen the lapse of more centuries than any other edifice raised by the hand of man.

The Pyramid of Kochome—*i.e.*, of the black bull—is said to have been built by the sovereigns of the first dynasty, and one part of the Necropolis of Sakkarah undoubtedly bore the same name. If Mariette Pacha is right, in the time of the early empire, before the dominion of the Hykshos, the most sacred portions of the Apis bulls were preserved and interred in the inner chambers of this pyramid. This would explain the choice of the name Kochome—in Egyptian, Ka-Kham—"the black bull." This is not the place to enquire minutely into the antiquity of a monument; but I may say that, though this pyramid of steps may have been built a little later than the mausoleums of Ghizeh, probabilities at any rate are in favour of its being considerably older. At every step we meet with something that we can neither recognise nor restore in our imagination.

The ancients have left us some information about the buildings on these sites. The Pyramids stood here, then as now. The Serapeum, as we shall presently see, has been discovered; and the name of Sakkarah, which is found under the form Sokari in the very oldest tombs, has not disappeared under the lapse of ages. But where are we to look for the sacred lake across which the mummy of the Apis was ferried in a bark? where on the western shores spread the broad meadows that were compared to the Homeric fields of Asphodel? where stood the sanctuary of the sombre Hecate, and the statue of Justice without a head? where the gates of Cocytus and Truth? where the numberless sacred and civic buildings spoken of by the Greek papyri?



SCARABÆUS BEETLE (*Ateuchus sacer*).

Here, among these tombs, in ancient times, thousands of living souls sought the mercy of God, peace of soul, and, at the same time, earthly advantage.

We will return to Mariette Pacha's house, and direct our attention to the most important of the indefatigable Frenchman's discoveries—namely, the Serapeum or temple of the god Serapis. The most magnificent of his temples has already been described in the chapter on Alexandria.

Here, at Sakkarah, the bulls Apis were buried from the remotest period; their name in Egyptian was Hapi, and after their death Osar-Hapi—*i.e.*, the Osiris Apis.[1] They were venerated as the incarnation of the soul of Osiris in the nether world,

[1] The name of Osiris prefixed to that of the Apis meant the Osirian or deceased Apis. The name of Osiris is found prefixed to that of Men-ka-ra or Mycerinus on his coffins, but not to those of deceased private persons before the XIXth dynasty, about B.C. 1300.

or, in other words, as the resuscitating principle restoring all that was dead to new life. The god who figured the wanderings of the soul until it was absorbed into the great universal essence was called Sakari. It was in his province that the temple of Osiris-Hapi was erected, and the Greek god Serapis arose from a modified conception of the nature of this divinity.



TOMB OF THE APIS.

Thus it happened that close to the Egyptian tombs of the Apis and his temple there also rose a Greek Serapeum.

When, in the year 1856, a number of Sphinxes were discovered in the neighbourhood of Mariette Pacha's house, that learned investigator was reminded of a passage in Strabo, in which that trustworthy geographer states that in the Necropolis of Memphis a Serapeum was erected in so sandy a spot that the Sphinxes were constantly being covered with sand, and the votaries visiting the temple were, when the wind was violent, in danger from the sand-storms. This keen archæologist was immediately possessed with the desire to ascertain whether, where Fernandez had found the Sphinxes, the remains of the Serapeum might not be discovered. He began to excavate there, and although he had ample supplies of labour at his command he needed all his energy to overcome the difficulties he encountered. The masses of sand had caked and hardened, and the sides of the passages so patiently excavated often fell in and choked the opening up again. At last the avenue of Sphinxes was found. He followed it up, and it was discovered that it had connected the Greek Serapeum with the Egyptian temple. He then opened out a Greek sanctuary, now again choked up, besides those tombs of the Apis which are among the chief wonders of Egypt, and which every visitor to Cairo goes to see. The temple, of which they may be said to have been the crypt, is long since fallen in, and the traveller who at the present day gazes on the vacant desert that spreads on every side cannot picture to himself how different it looked under the Ptolemaic kings and Roman Cæsars. There, under the very shadow of the stately temple, dwelt the different orders of the priests, as well as the attendants and keepers of the sacred animals. There were schools, and inns for the reception of pilgrims who came from the "uttermost parts of the earth," a market, and booths where





ANUBIS, THE GUARDIAN OF THE LOWER WORLD.

merchants sold their goods; there were barracks for the troops posted here, and, finally, there were little cells attached to the sanctuary, which are worthy of mention, since they may be regarded as the precursors of Christian monasticism. Greek papyri inform us that here, long before the birth of the Saviour, ascetic penitents led a gloomy, cloistered life in the strictest self-imposed seclusion. Of their own freewill these hermits denied themselves all intercourse with their fellow-men, and every grace and pleasure, even to a smile. Their miserable cells were constructed of mere Nile mud and unburnt bricks, and clung like swallows' nests to the great temple buildings wherever they found room, even on the roof. What these recluses needed for their support was brought to them by their relations, and given to them through the one small window of their hovels.[1] Here they strove for purity—*i.e.*, inward purification—in the service of Serapis, and it is but natural that in their over-wrought frame of mind they should have been favoured with marvellous dreams, and tempted by hideous apparitions. Whoever dedicated himself to the service of Serapis in this world was received by the god as one of his elect in the next. Already in the very earliest times the monuments speak of the "Fellows," the followers and the ministers of Osiris. There is much that is very touching in what has been handed down to us of the history of the twin-sisters Thaues and Taus, who were attached to the Serapeum as priestesses of Isis.[2] The papyrus which contains their petitions tells us that they had to fetch water in cracked jars from the Nile, which is at some little distance, for the three hundred and sixty daily libations at the altar of Serapis, and their reward for this labour of the Danaids was three cakes of bread a day, with an annual bounty of wheat and kiki-oil. But these doles were so irregularly paid that, in order not to die of hunger, they were forced to ask help by these petitions.



DOOR OF THE MASTABA OF TI.

On other occasions, however, and even in much later times, nothing was spared in this institution. When the Apis died, under Ptolemy I. Soter, not only was the whole of the immense sum devoted to his obsequies exhausted, but the priests found themselves obliged to borrow of the king fifty talents, or about £11,250. In

[1] On the occasion of the visit of one of the Ptolemies, a recluse saw the monarch and presented a petition on behalf of his brother.

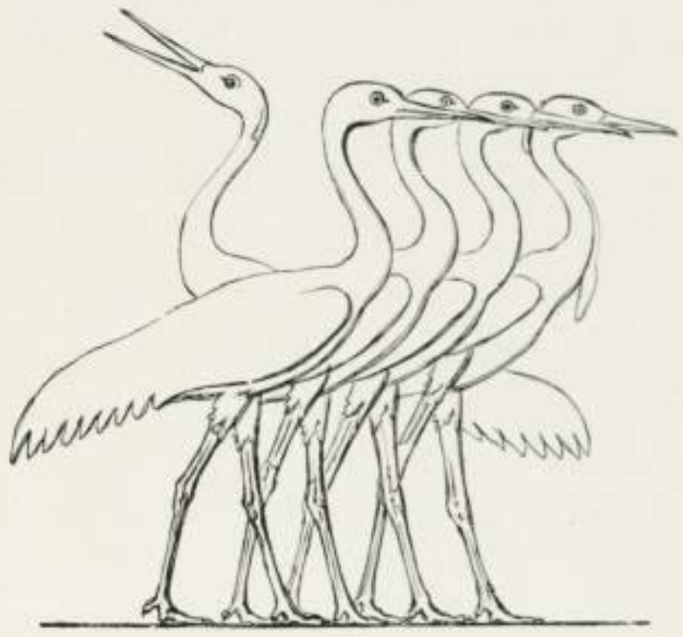
[2] *Vide* "The Sisters," a romance by G. Ebers.



MASTABA OF TI.

the time of Diodorus the keepers of the Apis spent for this purpose a hundred talents, or about £22,500.

We will visit the grave of the bull who was interred at such a cost; we have seen how carefully he was tended in the Apeum of the temple of Ptah at Memphis. There the cow too was worshipped of whom it was reported that she became the mother of the Apis by the influence of a moonbeam. When a new Apis was discovered a festival was held throughout the land, and the happy owner was rewarded with princely gifts. First of all, the priests had to examine him, to see that none of the sacred marks—eight-and-twenty in all, according to Ælian—were lacking to him. His coat must be black; on his forehead he was to have a triangular white mark, on his back the figure of a vulture,[1] and on his right flank a white crescent; the hairs of his tail were to be of two colours. His tongue, too, was examined, for under it there must be an excrescence shaped like a scarabæus. It need hardly be said that a variety of ceremonies preceded and attended his admission to the temple of Ra. After his death he was carefully embalmed, and his mummy carried to the tombs before which we are now standing. Of their discovery Mariette Pacha himself writes as follows:—"I confess that when, on the 12th November, 1871, I first penetrated into the sepulchre of the Apis, I was so overcome with astonishment that, though it is now five years ago, the feeling is still vivid in my mind. By some inexplicable accident one chamber of the Apis tombs, walled up in the thirtieth year of Rameses II., had escaped the general plunder of the monuments, and I was so fortunate as to find it untouched. Three thousand seven hundred years had had no effect in altering its primitive state. The finger mark of the Egyptian who set the last stone in the wall built up to cover the door, was still visible in the mortar. Bare feet had left their traces on the sand strewn in a corner of this chamber of the dead; nothing had been disturbed in this burying-place, where an embalmed ox had been resting for nearly fourteen centuries. To many travellers it will seem a terrible thing to live here alone for years in the desert; but discoveries such as the chamber of Rameses II. leave an impression compared to which all others sink into insignificance, and which I can only wish I may experience again and again."[2]



CRANES.

Our old guide now opens a door which protects the rock passages and chambers from the inroads of the sand. The two oldest galleries of the Apis vaults[3] have become wholly impenetrable; it is only the most recent and finest which is open

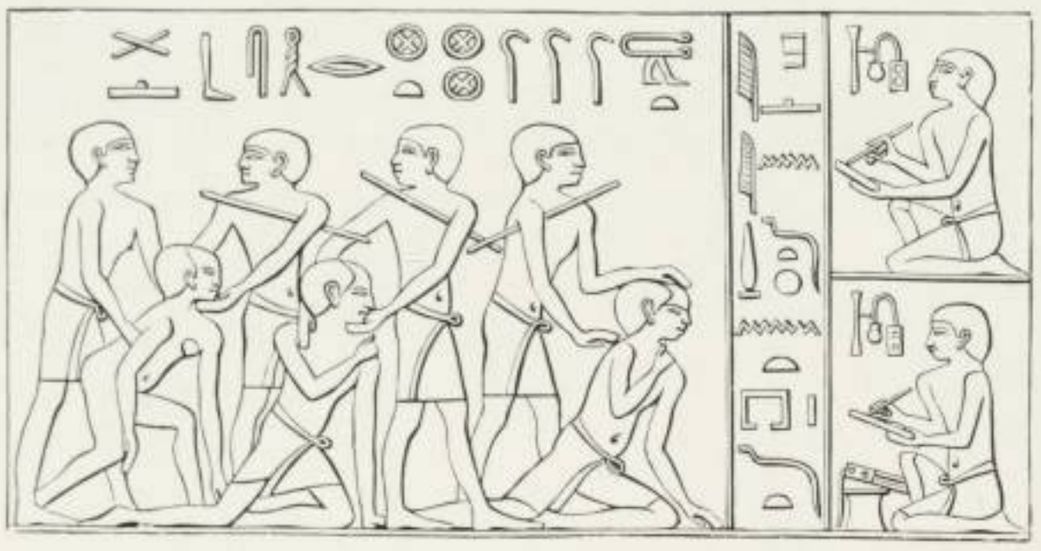
[1] These are supposed to have been represented by the arrangement of the hair; on the bronze figures are represented a housing with a fringe, a solar-winged disc, or a scarabæus, and a vulture with expanded wings.

[2] The excavations here were four years in progress.

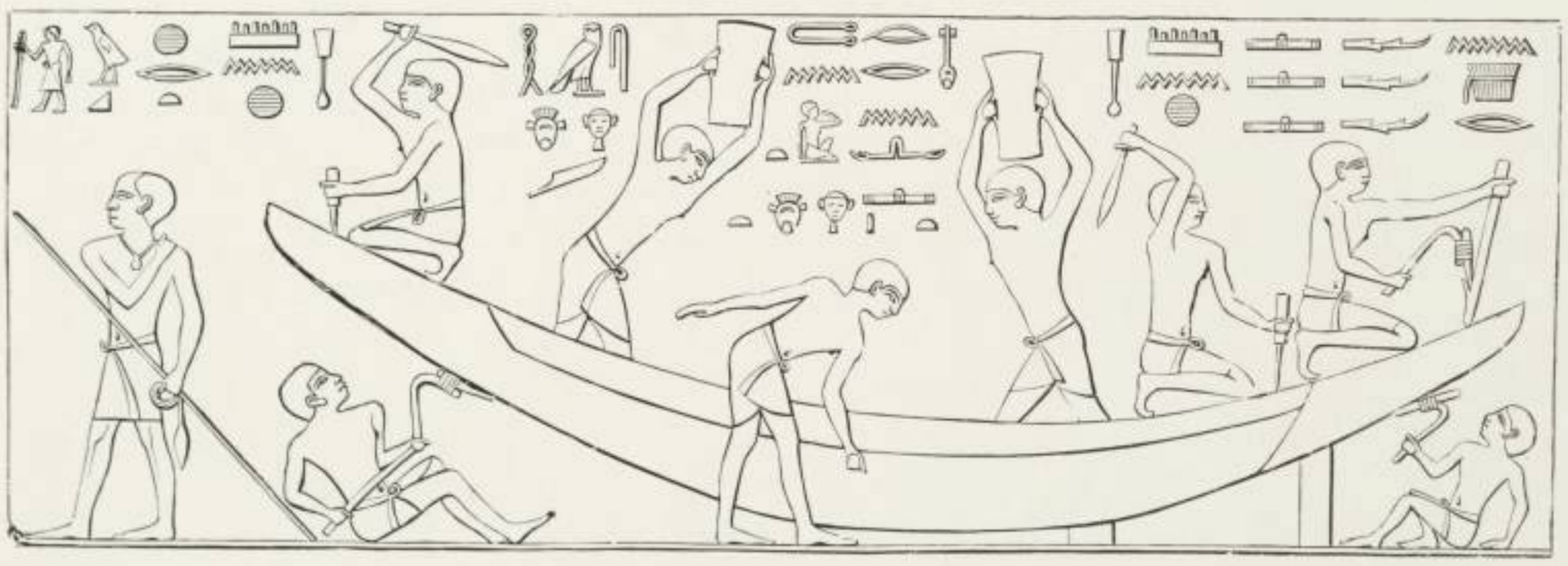
[3] The oldest sepulchres date from the reign of Amenophis III., about B.C. 1400; they had mortuary chapels above the sepulchral chambers.

to the visitor. It contains sixty-four tombs, and was excavated under Psametik I., of the XXVIth Saite dynasty, (who died B.C. 618); and it was enlarged even under the last of the Ptolemies.

We have lighted the tapers we are to carry. If a visitor of distinction comes to the catacomb it is illuminated by wax tapers set in wooden stands fixed for the purpose, or sometimes by the magnesium light which turns its darkness into day. But what there is to see is soon told. There is an antechamber, a long gallery with side recesses in which lie the coffins, and right and left near the entrance there are three connected corridors which run into the main gallery, forming altogether a plan like the hook in the ground-line of the letter P. All are hewn out of the living rock, and the length altogether may be about 1,070 feet. When Mariette Pacha opened the antechamber it looked like a museum of inscriptions, for above five hundred tablets, rounded at the top, were fastened to the walls, the votive offerings of pious pilgrims in memory of their visits to this sacred spot. No one, when erecting such a memorial, failed to indicate on the



BRINGING OF THE OVERSEER FOR THE RECKONING.

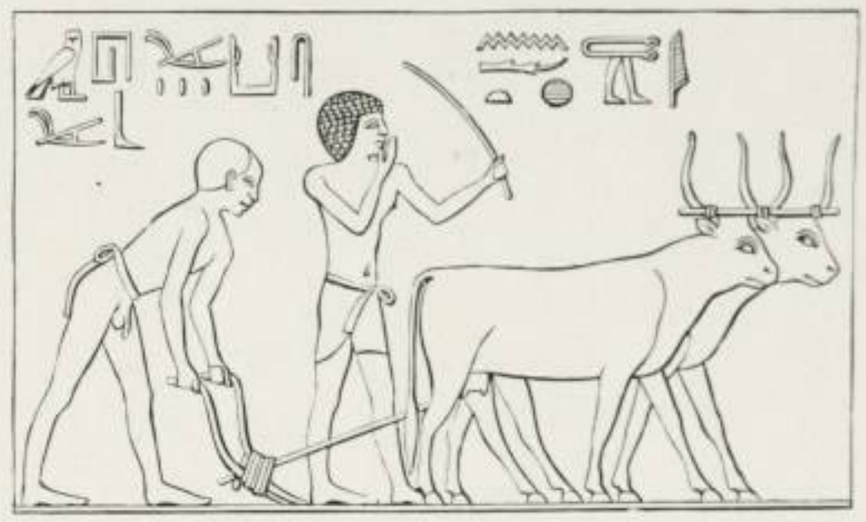


SHIP-BUILDING.

tablet the day, month, and year of the king's reign, or when the deceased Apis, to whom his pilgrimage was addressed, was born, installed, and interred. It may easily be imagined what services these little monuments, now for the most part to be seen in the Louvre, have rendered in helping to determine the order of succession and duration of the reigns of many of the Pharaohs.

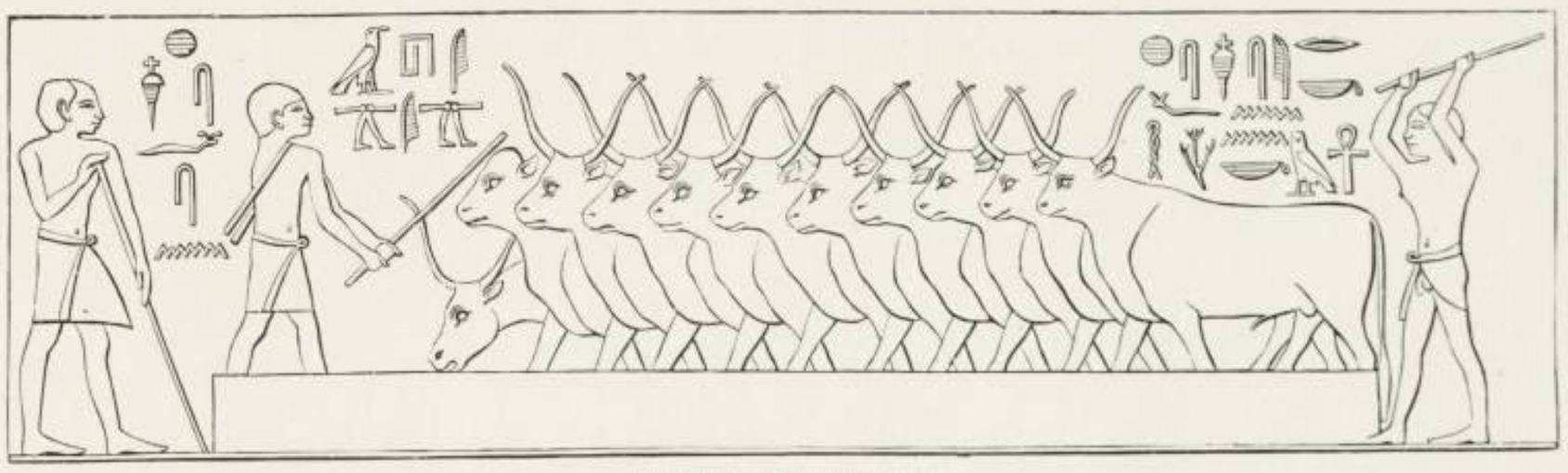
Twenty-four of the stone sarcophagi remain intact; many have been walled up with limestone into the recesses of the rock passage in which they stand; they are formed of various materials, the finest are of a dark greywacke, others of red

granite, and the least costly of limestone. The chests of the smaller sarcophagi are all of one piece, but the inscriptions have been preserved on only three of them. Even the least imaginative must feel, in the presence of these sarcophagi, as if transported into the Campo Santo of a world of giants. I hesitate in such a spot to descend to the bathos of mere figures; but the reader will best form a conception of the size of the coffins of these bulls when he is told that on an average, after the excavation of the interior, they weigh 130,000 lbs.



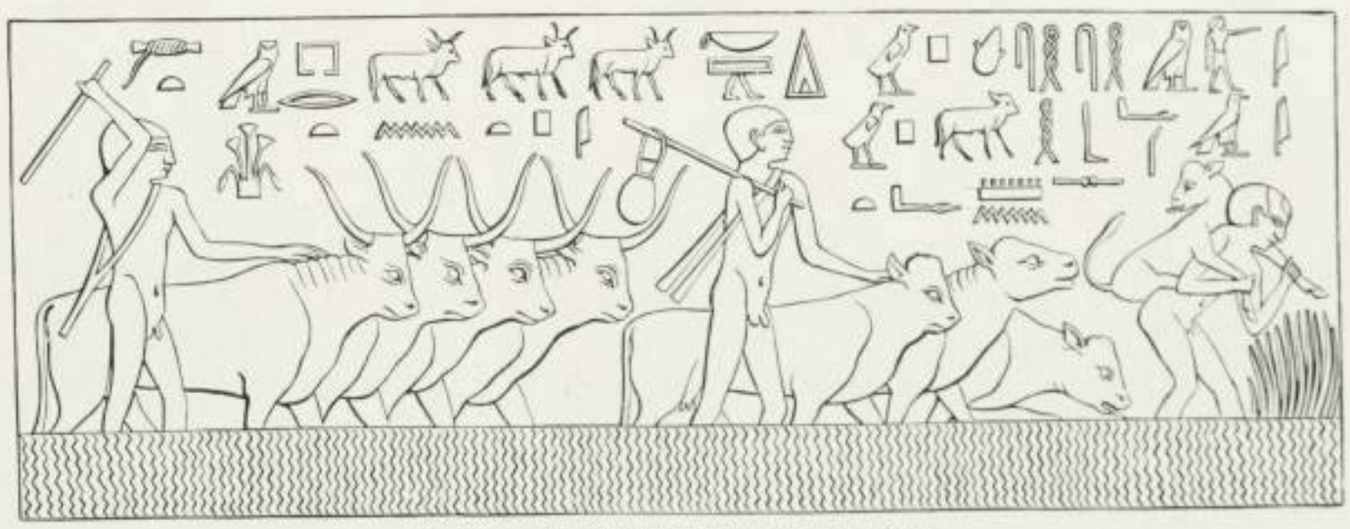
PLOUGHING.

Perhaps it is the enormous difference between the idea of a coffin that we have in our mind and the coffins we actually see before us that has so powerful an effect on the beholder's mind. Added to this, there is the thrill with which we see any object of primeval antiquity, and



CATTLE TREADING OUT CORN.

which has commanded the pious reverence of countless generations. It is true that these sentiments are inefficient to overawe the avarice of man. Even the tombs of the Apis had been thoroughly rifled long before they were buried in sand; Mariette Pacha found the lids of the sarcophagi pushed aside, and on many of



HORNED CATTLE DRIVEN THROUGH THE WATER.

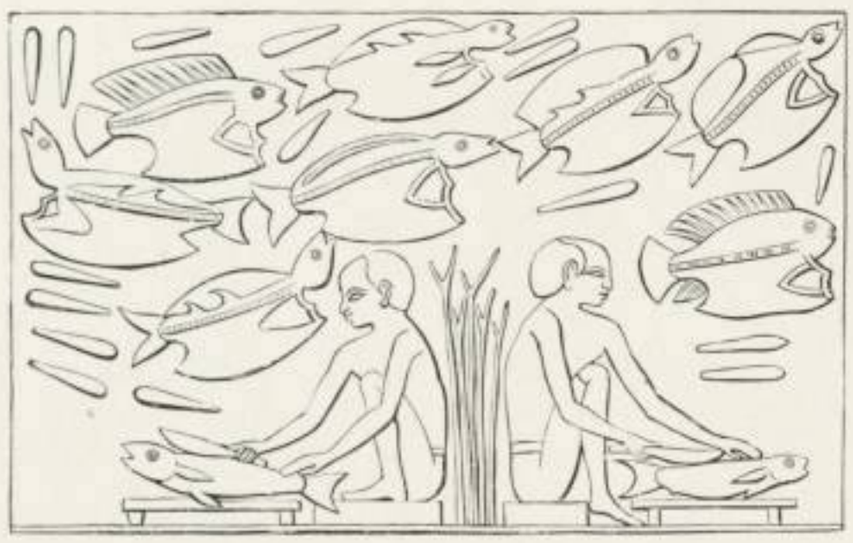
them a heap of stones had been flung in token of contempt for the work of the heathen.

In an older portion of the Apis catacombs, which had fallen in, Mariette Pacha



ENJOYMENTS ON THE WATER.

found a human body with a golden mask on the face, and with many costly ornaments and amulets on the breast. From inscriptions it was known that these were the remains of Khamûs, the eldest son of Rameses II., who was high-priest at Memphis, and who is often mentioned as a particularly pious prince. He seems to have been buried among the sacred bulls as a special distinction above others.[1]



SALTING FISH.

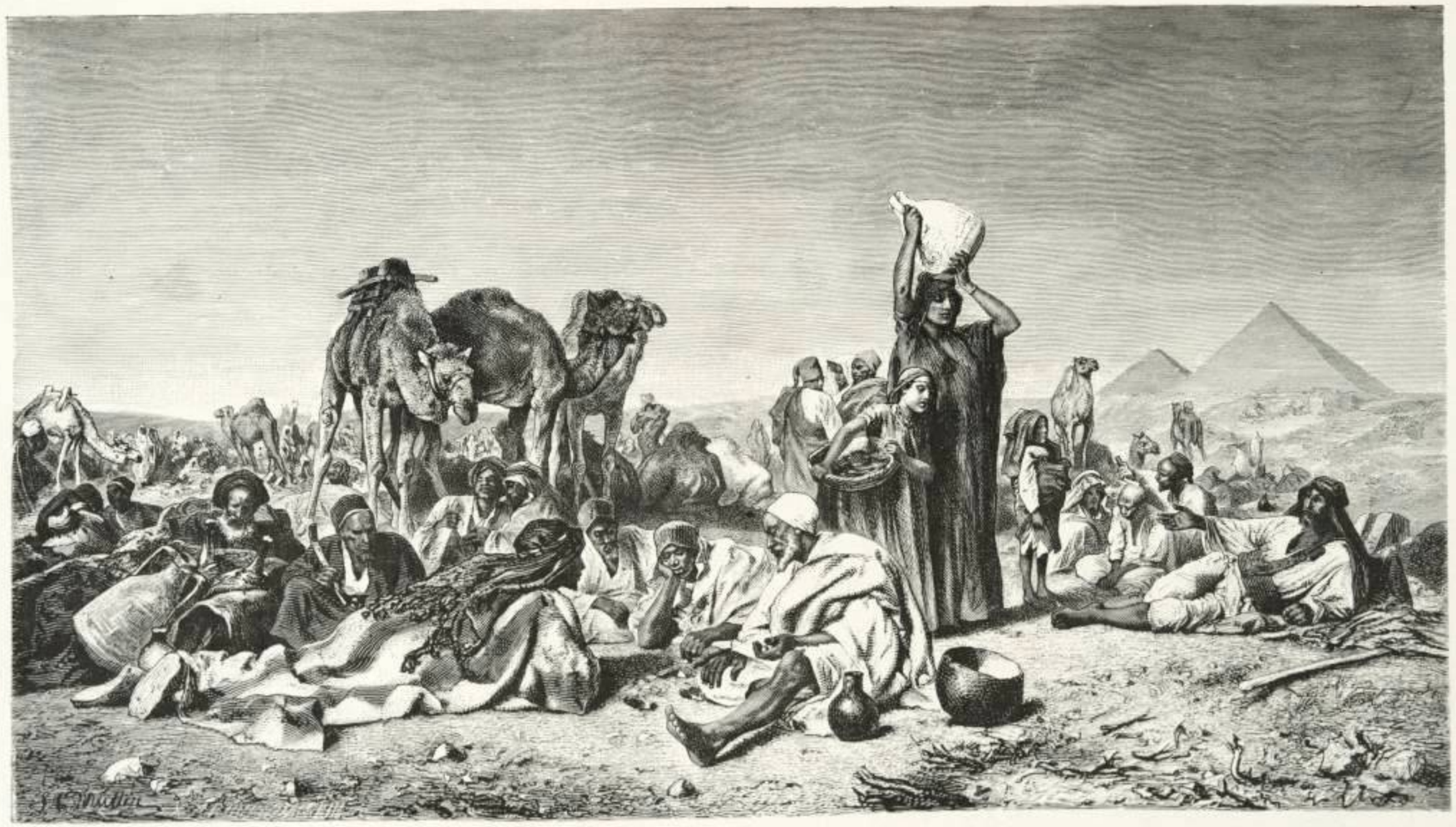
The number of tombs choked by sand at Sakkarah is enormous; but I can here make mention only of the two finest of them; these are the Mastabas—as they are called—of Ti and of Ptah-hotep, of which only the first-named is usually open to the traveller's inspection. Both were erected by noblemen—peers of the realm—who served under that royal family, the Vth dynasty, which



WRESTLING.

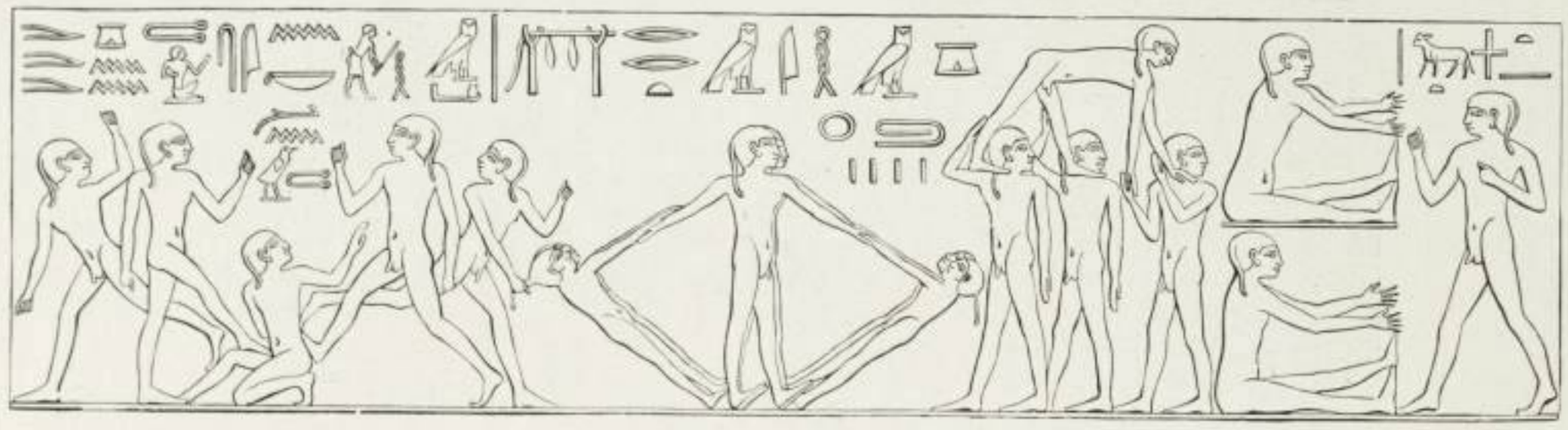
succeeded the builders of the Pyramids of Ghizeh. We go down to the entrance of the mausoleum of Ti by a path cut in the sand, and at the very

[1] He died in the lifetime of his father.



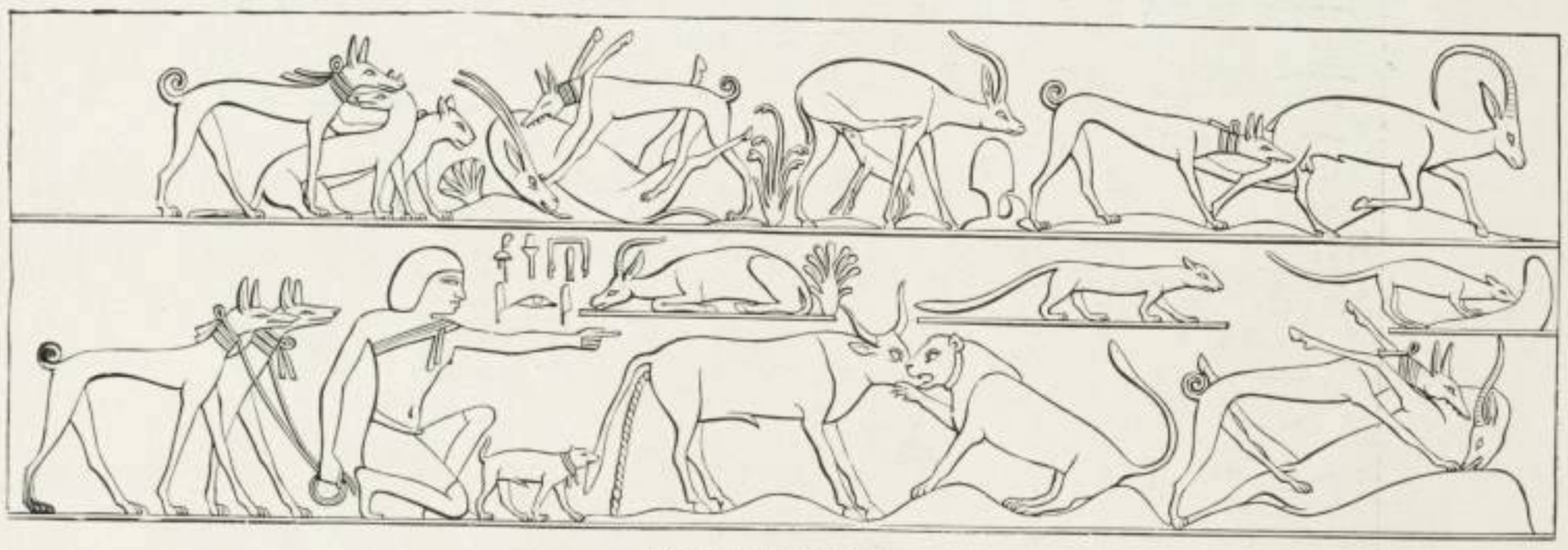
BEDAWEEN CAMP.

threshold, on the pillared supports to the right and left of the entrance, we are greeted by the portrait in relief of the dignitary himself, leaning on his rod



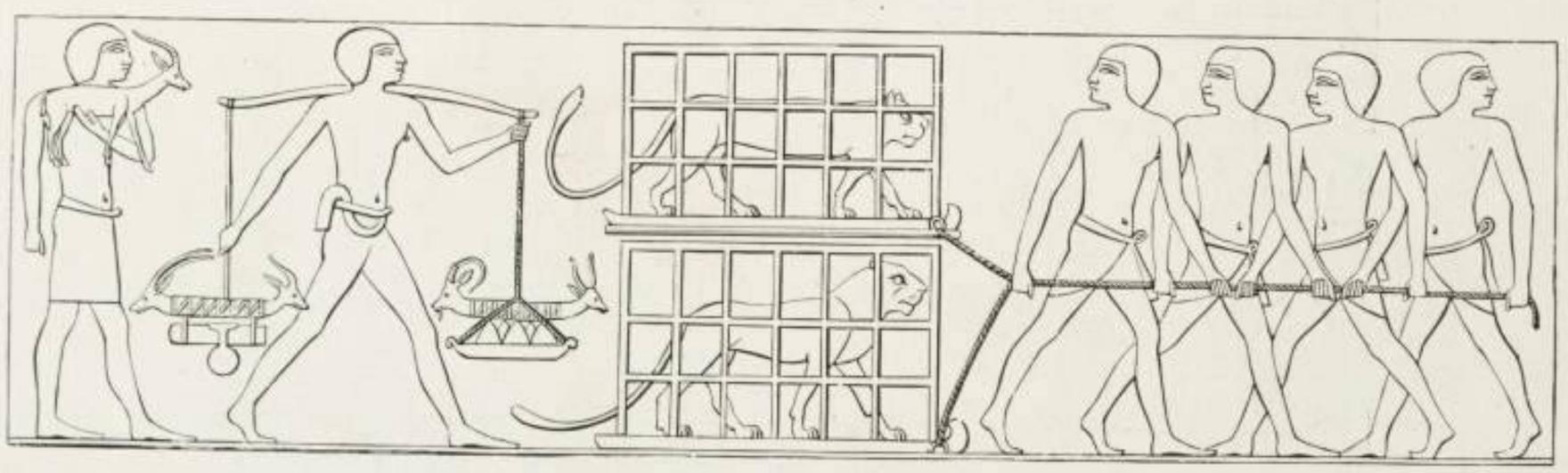
ACROBATIC EXERCISES AND GAME OF MOORA.

of office, who, as an inscription informs us, served under three Pharaohs. He himself was not of royal blood; but, as holding the office of high-priest, and



ENJOYMENTS OF HUNTING.

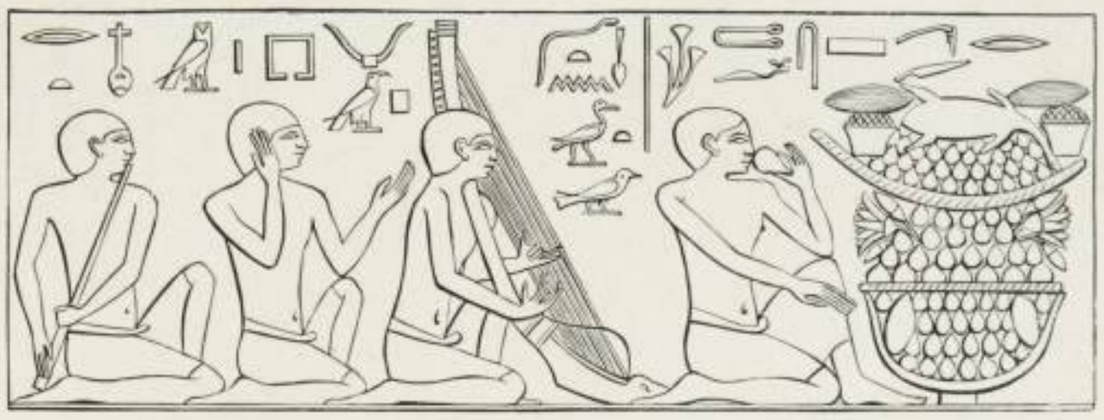
being, as he boasts, the friend and chamberlain of the Regent, "ruling in the heart of his lord" as privy councillor—"lord of the secrets" as superintendant



CAPTURED ANIMALS OF THE WILDERNESS.

of all government works and of the whole establishment of the scribes of his province—he was the husband of a princess, who is several times represented by his side. She was called Nefer-hoteps, meaning "her calm is beautiful."

and her daughters, as well as she herself, are everywhere designated as "relations of the king;"[1] moreover, her husband dignifies her with the title, to which every Egyptian wife thought she had a claim, of "the mistress of the house," "the beloved of her husband," "the palm of pleasantness to her husband." The sarcophagus, with the coffin, stood in the middle of the open hall, which was surrounded with twelve pillars, while the thick walls sloped inwards towards the top like the sides of a pyramid. Here the survivors and dependants were wont to assemble to offer sacrifices to the dead; a corridor led into the smaller sepulchral chambers, where statues of the deceased and his wife were also found. All the walls of the Mastaba consist of a fine-grained limestone, and are covered with reliefs of extraordinary delicacy. The outlines are sharp and clear, and although the inability of the artist to represent true perspective annoys us, the vividness with which all is rendered that is necessary for the realisation of the subject compels our frankest admiration. All that was noble in the life of a distinguished Egyptian, and all that he required of his survivors after his death for his honour and for the welfare of his soul, are more beautifully and vividly set before us in the Mastabas of Ti and Ptah-hotep than even in the tombs at Ghizeh.

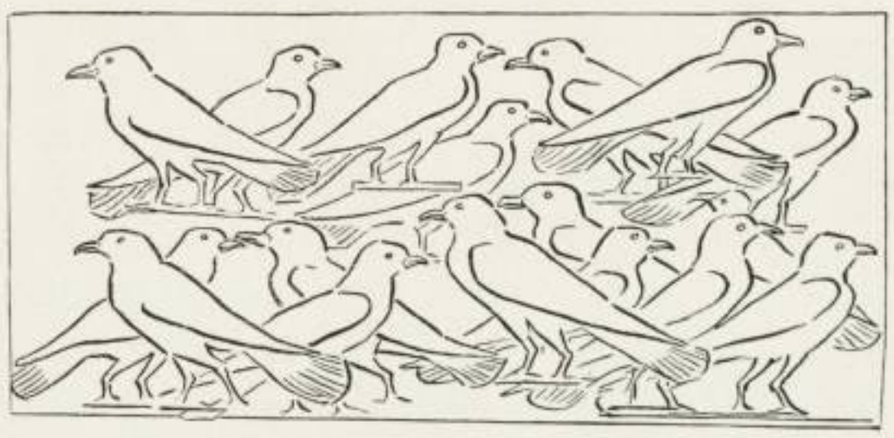


A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.



PIGEONS.

I should be only too happy to wander from wall to wall and reproduce for the reader one picture after another; but in this place I can only allow myself to mention the most remarkable details.



FLOCK OF PIGEONS.

The life of the great man was divided between his duties at court, the care of his property, and his pleasures among his family and in sport. The inscriptions mention in the barest words the relations that bound him to his royal master, while all that relates to his possessions and the joys of his life is set before us in pictures. As in Ghizeh, we here learn the extent of the herds of the deceased. Not Landseer himself could have sketched the profile of a heifer, an ass, a goose, or a crane with clearer outline than these modest artists;

[1] *Suten retch*, literally, "royal acquaintance."

the scenes which make us witnesses of the slaughter of the oxen are full of life, and little inscriptions everywhere help to complete the meaning of the pictorial illustration and to engage the sympathy of the beholder. In these we are told the weight of fat yielded by the slaughtered cattle; here we see the overseer's name written over his head, there the encouraging words shouted from one to another. Many trades and utensils have their names attached, so that these pictures have not a little advanced the study of the ancient Egyptian language. Above all, everything which serves as a contribution to the history of culture is of transcendent interest. The immense age of these pictures is indisputable, and yet it is hard to believe in it when we see what fixed forms all the aspects of citizen-life had already taken at the time when they were executed, and how, even at that early date, writing was in use even for the requirements of ordinary life. Lands and men were the most valued possessions of man. Hence we find secretaries reed and scroll in hand, and before them stand their lord's serfs; these were represented by the village magistrates, and above their heads we read: "What the heads of the villages brought in to the valuation." The sticks under the arms of the magistrates would seem to indicate that the business was conducted with scant mercy, and that even in those times the fellaheen paid their hard-won taxes far from willingly.

The line of hieroglyphics between the officers and the peasants says, "The rating by the chief intendant of the estates."

In another place the villages belonging to Ti are represented under the form of thirty-six female figures offering gifts of all sorts of country produce. The inscription above them runs thus:—"Food offering and drink offering from the villages on the family estates of the Chamberlain Ti, in Upper and Lower Egypt." By the side of each woman is the name of the place she represents. Such extensive estates, and lying so far apart, made it incumbent on the owner to provide good and efficient means of transport. The Nile and the canals were then, as now, the natural high-roads of intercourse; hence ship-building was actively carried on, and some of the pictures show the tools the carpenter had to use; others exhibit the forms of the finished boats, of larger travelling vessels and ships of burden. Ropes and sails were used, but instead of a rudder an oar was employed, moved by a man.

At that time, as at the present, the chief income of the wealthy Egyptian was derived from fields fertilised by Nile mud, and these pictures enable us to look on as eye-witnesses at every operation of the husbandman.

We will here only give the picture of the ploughman at his labour and the cattle treading out the corn. In the first picture we see a pair of oxen yoked together by a beam across the forehead. Over them is written, "A strong pulling"—of oxen; and over the peasant guiding the plough, "Labour at the plough." As we look at the second picture we are reminded of the passage in the Bible, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." This injunction is applicable to the foremost beast, above which it is written, "Trot on, beasts, trot on," and the overseer is about to give him a blow with his stick. Other pictures

show the sowing, and the flocks of goats, the grain flung upon the damp soil, the reaping of the ears with small sickles, the binding of the sheaves and the carrying of them home on asses. Even the "leasing," the gleaning, is mentioned; and while this recalls the Book of Ruth, there is another picture which reminds us vividly enough of Pharaoh's dream, which Joseph so sagaciously interpreted.

Seeing the picture of a hippopotamus-hunt in the tomb of Ti, we cannot but think of Behemoth, the Nile horse of the Book of Job: "His bones are as strong pieces of brass"—it is written—"he is the chief of the ways of God, was he made for him to play with? When the mountains bring him forth food and all the beasts of the field play; he rests under lotus-plants in the covers of the reed and fens."[1]

In one of the pictures in this Mastaba, which has even preserved its colour in many places, we see the noble Ti hunting the hippopotamus. He is shown of twice the size of his followers, leaning on his staff in his boat, which is overtopped by a papyrus-thicket of unusual height, which is the nesting-place of numberless birds. A hippopotamus and a crocodile are fighting, but the hunter's whole attention is fixed on the enormous river-horse which is already entangled in ropes,[2] while the huntsmen, whose efforts Ti is calmly directing, fling lances at it. The water swarms with scaly inhabitants, and the number in the nets, as well as that of the victims to the delightful sport of "sticking" the fish, is immense. On land we see the fish split, dried, and salted.

Nor was it only by water, but in the desert too, that the love of hunting of the nobles of that period showed itself. In the Mastaba of Ptah-hotep we find that worthy represented on a large scale, and before him a whole series of pictures representing his favourite amusements; gymnastic games, wrestling, and even the game of morra, which is still a favourite one—played with the fingers —in most countries bordering on the Mediterranean.

A great variety of beasts are ensnared by him and by his huntsmen. Here we see antelopes caught by the lasso, there well-trained greyhounds decorated with broad collars rush on the hunted gazelle; the domestic life of beasts of prey, even of the panther and jackal, is watched and depicted. A lion surprises a heifer; we meet with the hyena, the ichneumon, and the hedgehog;[3] nay, in the tomb of Ti, even with a stag. Who can enumerate and name the birds caught in Ptah-hotep's net? The hunters, when they come home, bring their lord the creatures they have caught alive—antelopes, gazelles, and lions. These last are shut up in strongly barred cages. The dogs, the master's favourites, follow the servant Khnum-hotep, who leads them in a leash; and there are dogs in the house too for his amusement. An ape and a dwarf are kept for sport in the more wealthy families. The followers of Ptah-hotep feast before him while he sits on his throne supported on lions' paws, and display their skill in playing the harp and flute. The first Egyptologist to whom we owe a reproduction of this picture, the careful and meritorious Duemichen[4] of Strasburg, takes it amiss in the

[1] Job xl. 18—21. The English version differs.

[2] The hippopotamus was harpooned.

[3] The hedgehog, *Erinaceus Ethiopicus* (Ehrenb.). The armadillo is found only in South America.

[4] *Die Resultate*, fol. Berlin, 1869.

ancient dignitary that he should have allowed his dogs to remain present at this concert, and even surmises that he must have cared more for the society of his hunting companions than for the piece of music that is being performed.

In truth it is difficult to preserve one's solemnity in this tomb, such a cheerful atmosphere pervades these pictures and bas-reliefs. It is as if they expressed the wish of the deceased to be joyfully remembered by his survivors.



HUTS AND HOUSEHOLD COMPANIONS OF THE FELLAHEEN.

Here a ship's captain shouts to the slow crew, "You are like apes." By the side of a flock of goats, which the herdsman is tempting with a basket full of fodder to follow him across the sowed field, we read the words, "This is how man loves labour." There is a regatta led by Ti, and one boatman calls out to his competitor, "You are free with your hands"—*i.e.*, you are too vehement. Above some running asses we see, "Man loves the swift and thrashes the lazy, so make haste." By a reaping scene it is written, "This is reaping: do it, I say, in due season." The ears are addressed in these words, "You are ripe," or "Well, you are large ones!" An ox being slaughtered, one fellow warns the other, "Keep steady." "I am doing it all right," is the answer. In a similar scene a man lifts up the leg of the slaughtered beast and touches the lips of another with the tip of his finger, "Look at this blood," he cries. "It is pure," says his companion. Most charming of all are the flocks of pigeons, which were trained as carriers at an early period in Egypt, and which to this day are kept in the poorest hovels of the Fellaheen. Among the hunting scenes many are broadly farcical.

Nevertheless death is kept in mind. One painting shows us the funeral procession of a deceased noble. Wailing women open the procession, and are followed by the beasts for sacrifice, and by priests burning incense and sprinkling the earth with essences. Near the sarcophagus walks the widow, and behind we see the children and superior servants of the deceased; his innumerable train of servants, with offerings of all kinds, close the procession. Many inscriptions are addressed to the guardian of the nether-world, the guide of the soul in the next



SANDSTORM IN THE DESERT.

life, the jackal-headed god Anubis.[1] Nor did they forget to indicate the kind and amount of alms to be offered to the Manes of the deceased,[2] and the festivals when they were to be laid on the altar in the Mastaba.

Most of the numerous tombs of this vast Necropolis, even those which the zeal of the learned had once disinterred, now lie buried in sand. There is much that is interesting and remarkable about many of them, particularly one which was erected for a dignitary named Thunerei, in which Mariette Pacha found a long list of kings' names, which has done great service in restoring the chronology of Egyptian history.

The number of relics found in this spot within the last decade is almost



MASTABA FAR'OON.

countless; objects in stone, wood, and bronze, and other materials, besides beautifully-worked ornaments in gold set with blood-stone, turquoise, lapis-lazuli, and other stones for females, have been brought to light in this portion of the Necropolis of Memphis. Some of the most precious of these relics, and of the very highest antiquity, were found at Sakkarah, and are to be seen in the Museum of Boolak.

A thorough study of this Necropolis would require many days. The traveller who penetrates farther into the desert in order to visit the remarkable building known as the Mastaba Far'oon—and which may perhaps be supposed to be the slaughter-house where the numberless beasts were killed which were here sacrificed

[1] At this early period the sepulchral decorations are addressed to Anubis, not Osiris.

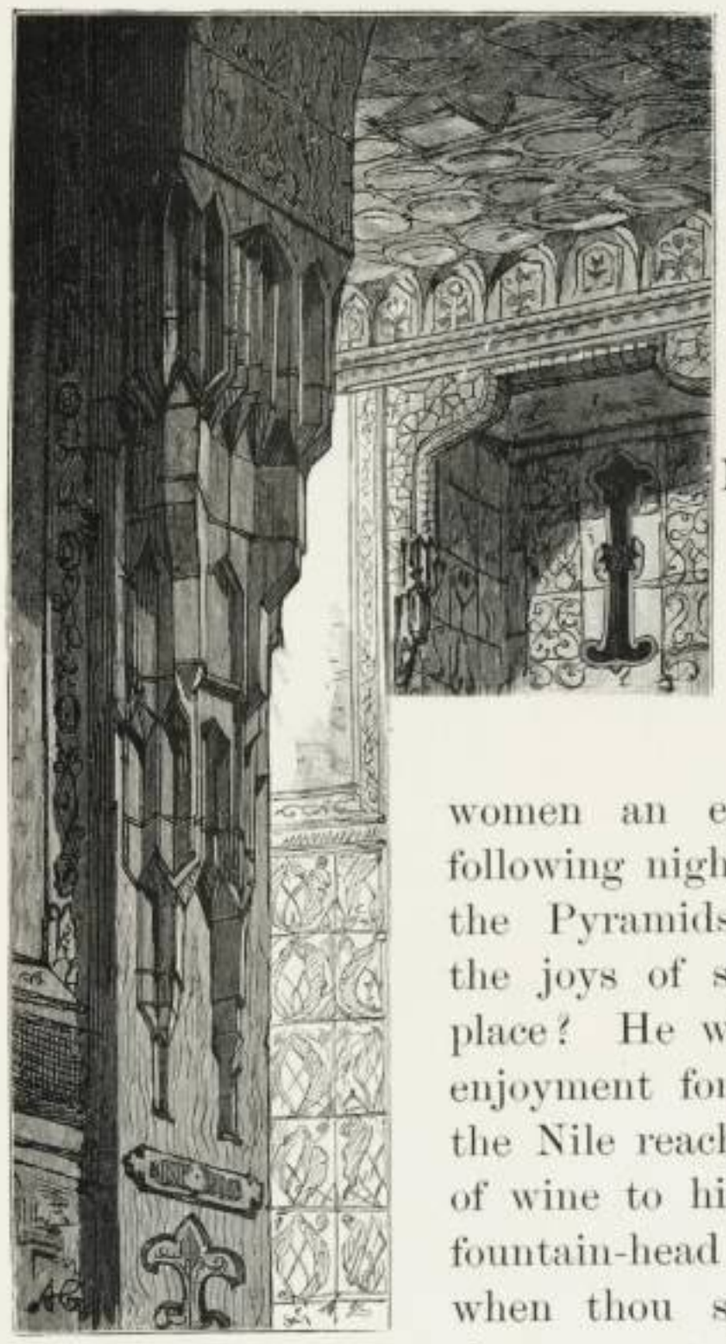
[2] In registers in the sepulchres containing a minute account of objects of the table, those of the later coffins have, besides lists of food, representations of objects of furniture and attire, and the numbers of each object.

—will not unfrequently meet a caravan of Bedaween from the Libyan oases who are rejoicing in their approach to the Nile after their painful journey across the waterless desert, and are resting for the last time before entering Cairo, which smiles on them in the distance.

Wandering here from tomb to tomb we have quite lost count of time. Night is spreading silently over the wide fields of the dead; only the revolting howl of the hyena breaks the stillness of the desert. The moon has risen and throws its filmy veil of silver threads over the Pyramids, the range of desert hills, and the green strip of fertile country.





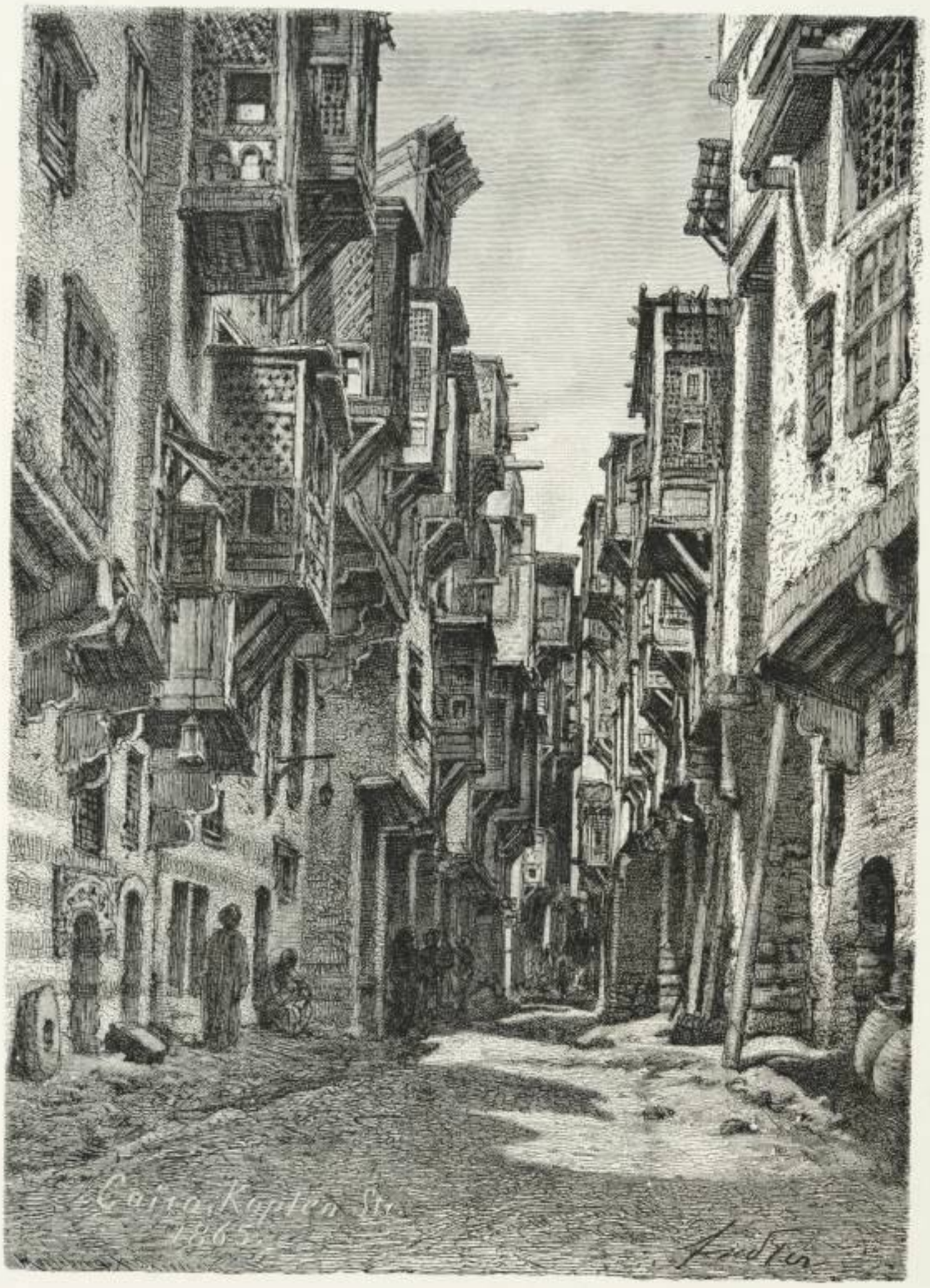


CAIRO;

THE ORIGIN OF THE CITY.

IN ONE of the stories of the "Thousand and One Nights" a man of Mosul praises Bagdad as the "city of peace" and the "mother of the world;" but the eldest of the men whom he addresses replies: "He who has not seen the city of Cairo has not seen the world. Her soil is gold, her women an enchantment, and the Nile a wonder." In the following night Sheherezadeh praises the delights of the city of the Pyramids in the following rapturous words:—"What are the joys of seeing the beloved compared to the sight of that place? He who has seen it confesses that there is no greater enjoyment for the eye; and when he thinks of the night when the Nile reaches the desired height he returns the goblet full of wine to him that offers it, and lets the water return to its fountain-head (that is to say, he wants nothing more). And when thou seest the island of Roda with its shady trees, thou art transported with joyful delight, and when thou standest in Cairo by the Nile, when at sunset it is veiled in the tissue of sunbeams, thou art revived by a soft breeze that fans the shady shore." These are rapturous phrases indeed, dipped by the imagination of the enthusiastic poet in colours as glowing as those shed by the sun as it vanishes from the Egyptian heavens. And yet, he who has ever stood on the height of the citadel of Cairo, and gazed across its forest of minarets at the Nile and the Pyramids on the western

horizon—who has visited its streets and byways, its bazaars and mosques, its open squares and gardens—who has mingled in its gay, motley, thronging stream of life, in the stir and bustle of its inhabitants—he will ever remember the days of his sojourn in Cairo as a time when it was vouchsafed to him to live in the

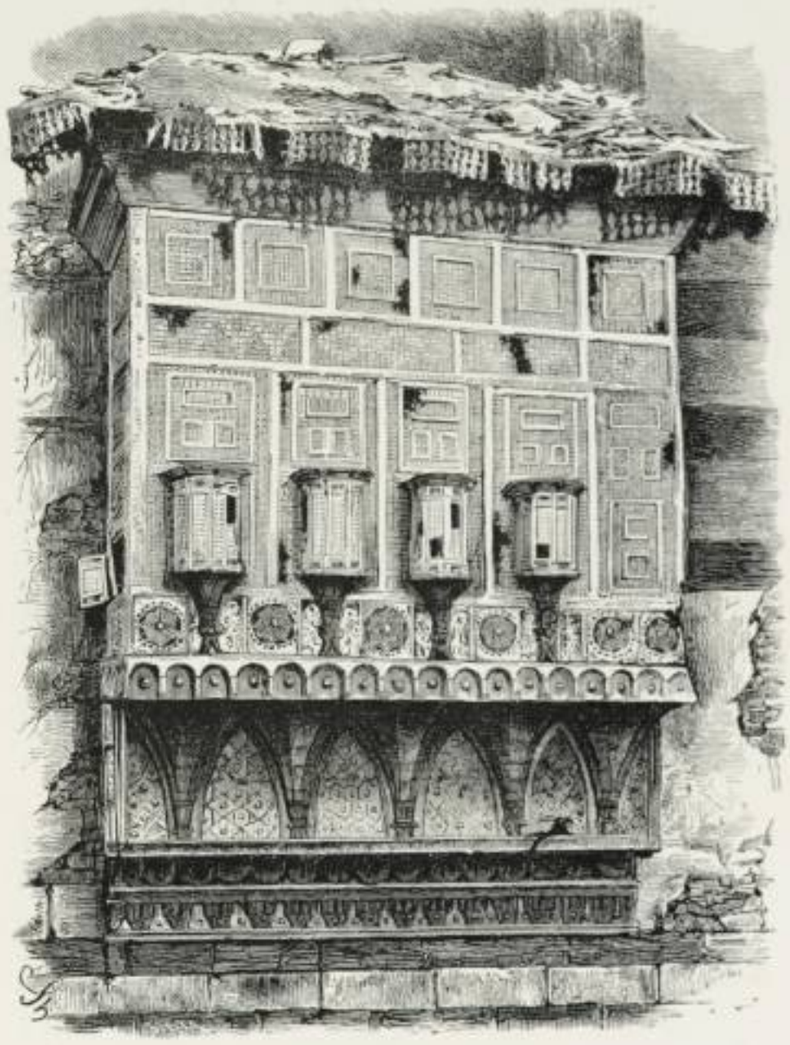


LANE IN THE COPT QUARTER.

land of fairy-tale and romance—aye, even though nature have denied him the heavenly gift of fancy, and though his soul may never have felt the stir of a poet's dream.

To wander through Cairo is to meet constant novelty; only to look round is a joy, and merely to see is to learn. No man ever left Cairo without profit, or

without loss; for though every man takes home with him a thousand different impressions and memories that long shine bright in his fancy, he carries in his heart a vain longing which ever beckons him with a tempting hand back again to the shores of the Nile. "He who has drunk of the waters of that stream," says the Arab proverb, "longs for it for ever;" and again, "Ye shall not linger with impunity under the palm."



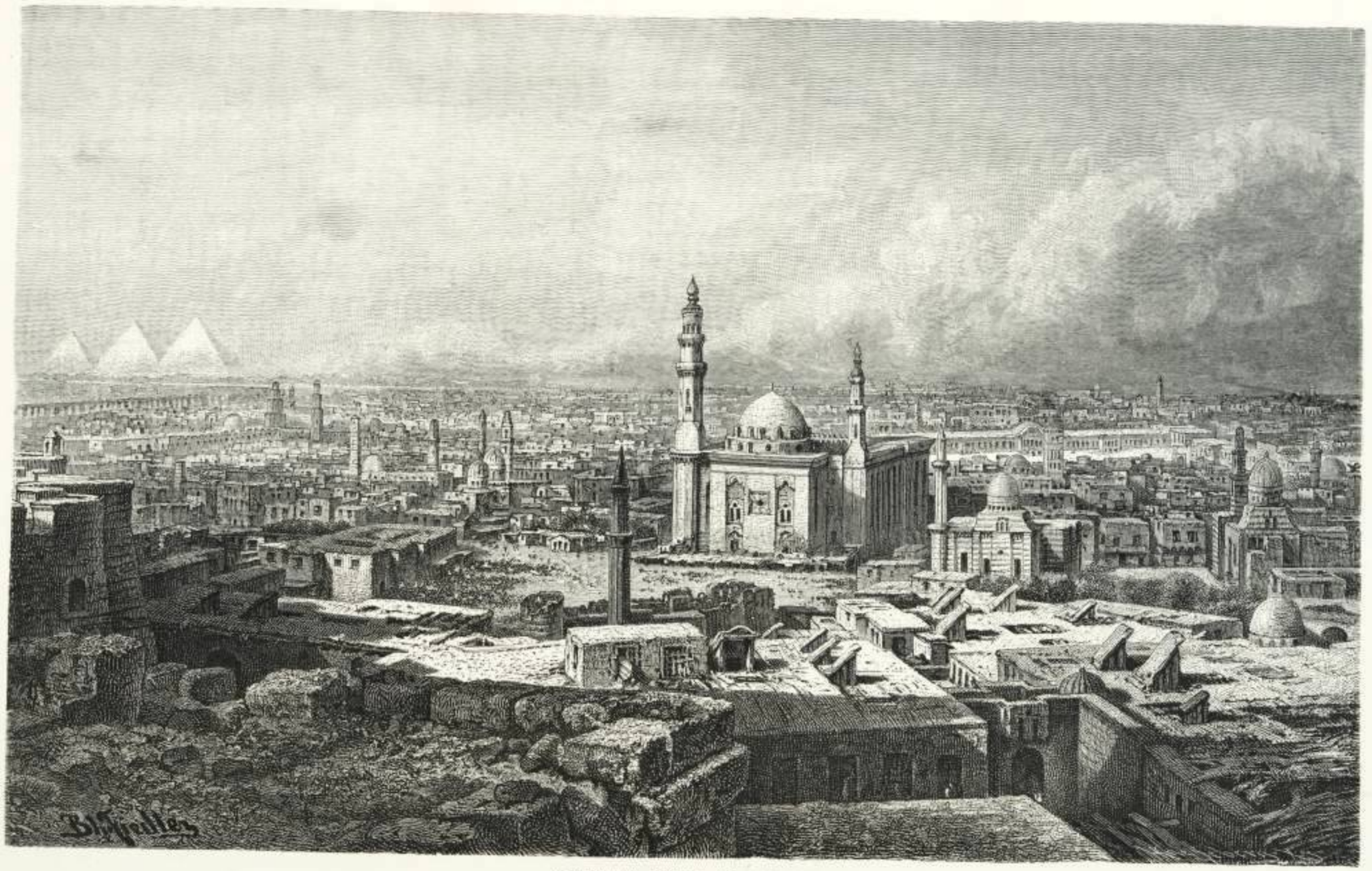
MASHREBEEYEH WINDOW.

How can we explain the magical charm that this marvellous city never fails to exercise? Certainly in its most fascinating spots there is nothing whatever of what we understand by a "fine city." The hill against which it leans is bare of all vegetation, and it is one of the youngest of the great cities of the East. One thing it has certainly above and beyond any other place that is known to me: it is so full of variety that a single ride takes us through more different elements of culture, productions of art, and objects of nature than in any other spot; "the three quarters of the earth here meet and touch."

Ere we are rid of the dust with which the desert-wind has covered us during our wanderings through the mighty remains of the age of the Pharaohs, we are standing on the carefully watered footway of a street on both sides of which are ranged handsome houses of European architecture. A few steps farther and we turn into a shady side-street where we walk between two high stone-walls. Not a window with shining panes allows of any friendly intercourse between the street and the domestic interior; but balconies with close lattices of wood-work project before us, behind us, above us, on the right hand and on the left, all along the street, concealing everything that lives and stirs within from the gaze of the passer-by or of the opposite neighbours. Through the interstices and openings of these lattices—which are worked with richly pierced patterns and delicately turned bars—many an Arab lady's eye peeps, nevertheless, down on us below; for the lattice, called the Mashrebeeyeh, admits air to the women's rooms, and allows the fair ones to see without being seen. The name of these outworks, which constitute the most lasting characteristic of the streets of old Cairo, comes from the Arab word Sharab—*i.e.*, drink—because the porous water-vessels called "goallah" are set in them to cool the water they



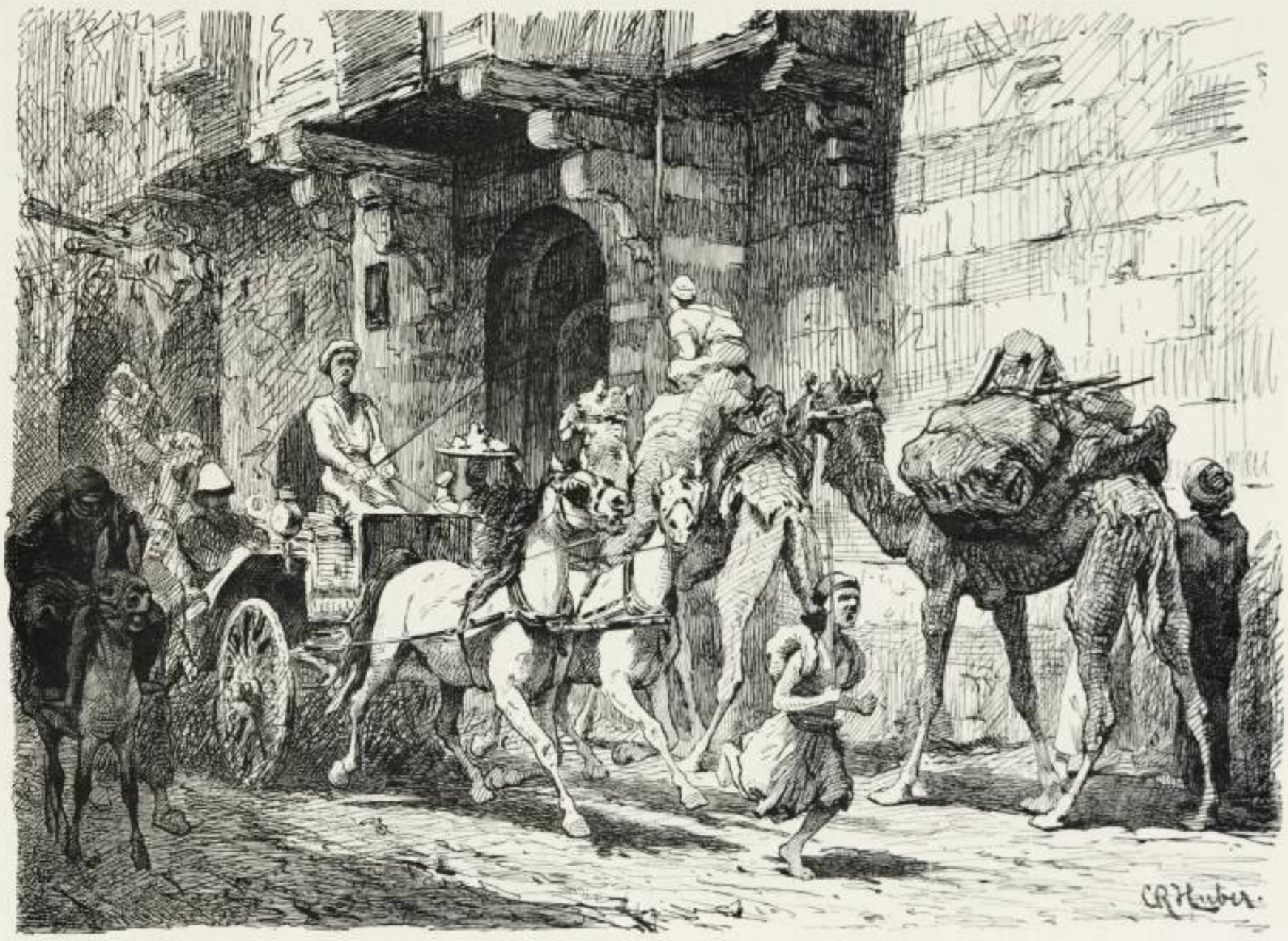
STREET DOGS.



GENERAL VIEW OF CAIRO.

contain; they are usually exposed to the air in round hollows in the floor of the balcony. In these thoroughly Oriental streets, where two riders can scarcely pass each other, it is always shady and cool, and the Cairene is wise to prefer them to the broad ones of the modern quarter.

We make our way towards one of the main thoroughfares, riding past the high door of a mosque. Pious Moslems come out of it, and politely make way for some Franciscan monks, who seem to be holding grave council close to the sanctuary of Allah. We now pass into a broader street. There beasts and vehicles crowd each



DRIVING THROUGH THE TOWN.

other, the men talking and shouting, while now and then we hear the bray of an ass, or the grunt of a camel; but the ear is never assailed by the clatter and uproar of an European town, for wheels roll silently over the soft unpaved roadway. We have hardly made our way fairly through the bustling crowd when we find ourselves on a vacant place with tumble-down houses over which vultures wheel, and where starving street-dogs are rummaging for bones among the ruins. Huge dry stones, among which even weeds disdain to strike root, lie in mighty heaps on one side; while on the other, behind yonder wall, in the well-watered garden of some great man, are collected the plants of every zone, revelling in moisture, bursting with sap, and growing with astonishing rapidity. At the gate of the park we meet an eunuch

mounted on an Arab horse with splendid trappings, and he casts a lowering glance at the fair Europeans who are whirled past him, unveiled and laughing, in their open Vienna carriages. A runner makes way through the crowd for the swift horses till they come to a standstill before a gaudy shop, in whose windows everything is displayed for sale that is dreamed of for feminine adornment, even in European capitals. In front of it a poor Arab offers for sale his wretched stock of nondescript wares on a miserable truck. A long string of camels now forces us to make way. They are tied together like boats in tow of a steam-tug; each carries on his humped back a bale of goods which is being conveyed to the railway, where



A LEARNED MAN ABSORBED IN THE KORAN.

the whistle of the engine mingles with the half grunt, half roar of the patient beasts. In the splendid garden of the Ezbekeeyeh square we see the black nurse of some Arab child side by side with the French "bonne" and her fair-haired charge; the Italian dandy lights his cigarette from that of a Nubian merchant; from the open window of an assembly-room, decorated with gilt mirrors and marble tables, ring out the latest European tunes, performed by a chorus of ladies; we pause to listen to the familiar strains, and are startled to hear, in the room next to the music-hall, the sharp clink of gold coins tossed on to a roulette table by the excited players.

Turn now into this side-street with its many balconies and finely pierced harem-lattices. There, in front of a "café," or tavern, on the ground-floor, sit a group

of black and brown folks listening with much complacency to the nasal recitative of a street-singer. His more than simple strains have no charm for the cultivated ear, and we hastily make our way through the group. There, riding on by a shady avenue of Lebbek-trees, we soon find ourselves again between the rows of houses of a narrow, gay, and busy street. The broad Nile gleams in the distance, and a forest of masts fills up the picture. That is the Harbour of Boolak. Side by side with a splendidly fitted steam-ship lies a clumsy Nubian barge with ragged lateen-sails, in form just like the boats we see on the monuments of Pharaonic times bringing the tribute of the Soudan to Egypt. Not far from the port stands a magnificent museum, in which the monuments and relics of antiquity are arranged in accordance with the highest requirements of the science of the West.

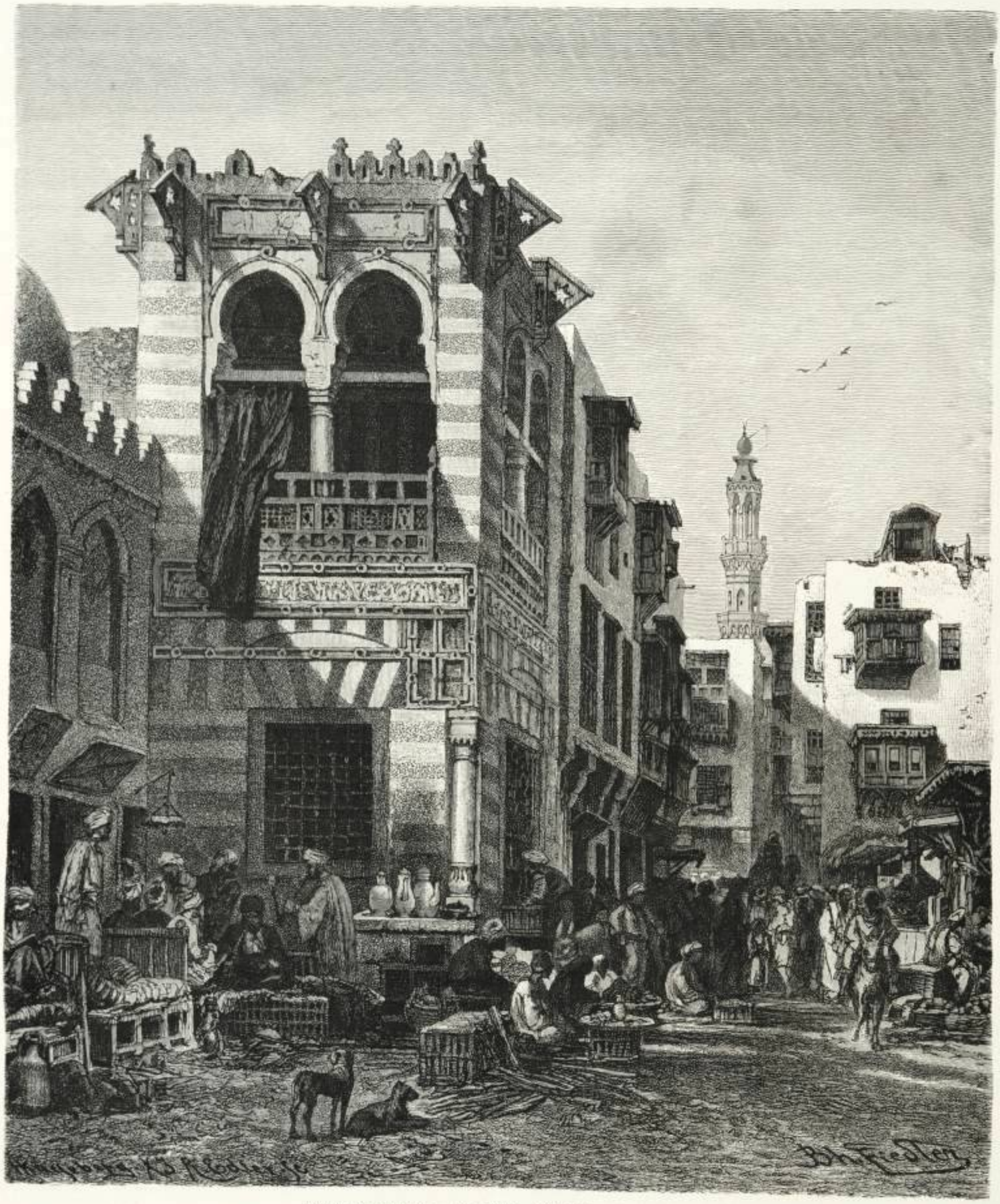
Of all the Egyptians who daily pass this building scarcely one in a hundred can tell his own age, and could hardly say whether "the Pharaoh"—under which name he designates the whole pre-Christian history of his country—lived three hundred or three thousand years ago. And yet it is among these ignorant men that the efforts of learning also find their home. In that vast building at Boolak slender Egyptian fingers pull from European steam-presses carefully printed sheets covered with learned Arabic texts. But we will turn our back on the "State printing-press" and the port, and return to Cairo proper, for in the courts of the University-mosque el Azhar—of which we propose to give further details presently—we shall find more students than in any "high school" of the West. Make yourself acquainted with those sages who live there in placid content, satisfied as it were with merely intellectual food, and then ask yourself whether you have ever seen a student more deeply immersed in his subject than that old Moslem who is striving for a right understanding of a difficult passage in the Koran.

This wonderful city is like a mosaic picture of contrasts. Still, to this day, the background of the picture is of Oriental colouring; but one Eastern figure after another is displaced by an European one, and those who desire to become familiar with Cairo as the metropolis of Oriental life must not delay.

The reader, we may hope, will follow us now. We are fettered by no considerations of time and space. The gates of palaces, the doors of mosques and schools, nay the inmost chambers of the houses are not closed to us, and we purpose to trace the life of the Cairene—great and small—from the cradle to the grave. We will introduce ourselves as spectators of his labours, and as guests at his feasts, and whenever a freer admission is granted to a trustworthy friend than to ourselves I will depute him to be your guide.

My business in these pages will be to present Cairo as it is; but in order to do so successfully, it will be necessary to describe how it developed.

Memphis, the ancient capital of Egypt, with which we are already acquainted, may be called the mother of Cairo. It lay on the west bank of the Nile, while its daughter, the younger city, is spread over the tract between the river and the Mokattam range, between the desert-sand and the magnificent garden-land. The limestone eminence with the citadel serves as its backbone, as it were, while the



PUBLIC SCHOOL IN THE HEART OF CAIRO.

Nile, whose swift waters rush past the garden-walls and quays of its western suburb, invites it to busy intercourse and traffic with distant shores.

The rocky hill behind the city is perfectly bare and barren.[1] Before the Lord God—so runs the old legend—revealed himself to Moses on Mount Sinai, He told all the mountains that he purposed speaking to his elect servant on one of them. Immediately they all began to strain and stretch themselves that they might seem tall and big; Zion alone—the mount on which Jerusalem stands—bowed and was humble. Then, to reward its humility, the Lord commanded that all the other mountains should give the plants that grew upon them to grace and deck it. The Mokattam parted with all its verdure in favour of Zion, and hence its name, which recalls an Arabic word meaning "to part."

During the splendour of Memphis only small hamlets stood opposite the Pyramids on the eastern shore of the Nile. One of the most southerly was in connection with the stupendous quarries which yielded the materials for the great buildings of the ancient city of the Pharaohs. The Egyptians called it Toroua, and as the prisoners of war were employed here as stone-hewers, and the name Toroua remotely suggested Troja, the story soon was current among the Greeks—who were so apt at seizing or coining legends—that here, near the modern Tourah, the captive Trojans had settled who had been led hither by Menelaus on his return after the fall of Ilion, and that he himself was said to have rested here with the recovered Helen.



BLACK AND WHITE JOCKEYS.

Another place of which we find early mention, and which formed the nucleus of the oldest portion of Cairo, was called Babylon, and it was said that it owed its origin to the Babylonians brought into Egypt by Cambyses.[2] We shall return to it again, but for the moment must direct our attention to a third and larger town which flourished here at a very early period. This is the venerable City of the Sun, Heliopolis. It was situate a few miles to the north-east of modern Cairo, and it was one of the most famous centres of learning of all antiquity. No one would willingly leave unvisited the spot where

[1] Called in Egyptian *kar-kar*, and mentioned as early as the VIth dynasty; it was the ancient arsenal. [2] B.C. 527.

it stood, for there still exist there a tree, a spring, and a stone, which are all three accounted among the chief wonders of Egypt; moreover, one of the pleasantest things in the world is an excursion thither, on horseback or driving, either early in the morning or when the approach of evening lengthens the shadows.

As soon as we have left the houses behind us and have crossed the city canal —Khaleeg it is called—we see the large mass of buildings of Abbaseeyeh with its barracks, its military school, and its observatory. On our right lies the extensive race-course, with its stands built of wood, where the races are run in the month of January. English and Arab horses both enter the lists, and during the few minutes' struggle the former usually beat their Bedawee competitors, though these are so much the handsomer, and far exceed the northerners in "staying"



DROMEDARY RACE.

powers. The dusky jockey can keep his seat in the saddle just as well as the English one, and yet the white man—small as he is, in accordance with his calling—looks down with proud disdain on the wretched ill-fed lengthiness of the black one. In no class of the Cairene population is race-hatred so keen as among the drivers, grooms, and riders. The Arab loves the horse, and on his native soil will depute the charge of a horse to no foreigner. Hence it has not unfrequently occurred that the English jockeys imported by wealthy Egyptians have been subject to the murderous attacks of their swarthy rivals. Dromedary-races are frequently run, and it is certainly a strange sight when the antediluvian forms, as we might almost say, of the "ships of the desert" begin nimbly to move their long stiff legs and soft feet, and to throw them up before and behind in swift career. They are urged forward with shrill shrieks by their dark riders;

but with all their energy, and the utmost exercise of the beasts' strength, they cannot match the swiftness of the horse. No doubt they have the power of continuing to run steadily for some miles, when the horse that outstripped them in the first hour has long since given in, panting and gasping. The swiftest dromedaries are called "Hegeen," and we shall have occasion in another place to speak of the high value set upon them, and of the incredible distances they can cover without taking any rest.

No sooner have we passed the Abbaseeyeh than we are fanned by the pure air of the desert, along the border of which our way lies. The road is hot and dusty, but we soon shall be protected by the shade of the Lebbek-trees on the right and left, and as we approach one of the residences of the Khedive Tewfik Pacha our eyes are gladdened by the sight of well-irrigated fields, luxuriant green gardens, and vineyards bearing abundantly. Ask the labourer when he sowed the corn that now with ripe ears awaits the harvest — ask the peasant by the road-side when the noble trees were planted whose broad crowns now wave over the road, or that beautiful Eucalyptus which stands up above the hedge-row— and the answers you will receive will seem to you hardly credible. Trees which in 1869 had only lately been planted, and still needed to be propped, when I saw them again in 1873 had begun to spread broad leafy crowns. The Lebbek (*Albizzia Lebbek*), which has now for many years been conspicuously characteristic of Egypt, is said to have been brought to the valley of the Nile from Eastern India in the time of Mahommed Ali; and the botanist Schweinfurth states that propagation by offsets or cuttings, which with most trees can only be practised on young shoots and branches, can be effected in the case of the Lebbek with branches as large as a man, or even with portions of the trunk. Many of the gardens we have passed on the way are more luxuriantly beautiful, and better kept than the one before which we now halt and spring from the saddle; but none can compete with it in fame, for in its midst, and now enclosed within a railing, stands a sycamore, under which the Virgin Mary is said to have rested with the infant Christ during the flight into Egypt. The Khedive Ismail, during his visit to Paris in 1867, gallantly presented it to the Empress Eugenie. It is no doubt of great age, but we can only regard it as the



GARDEN ON THE ROAD TO HELIOPOLIS.

successor of an older tree which was already dead when Vansleb visited Egypt in 1672. This trustworthy traveller was told by monks in Cairo that the Virgin's tree had died of old age in 1656, and they showed him its remains, which were preserved as a most precious relic. It is true that the gardeners showed a stump as the remains of the original tree.

Not far from the rent, broken, and riven trunk of the present Virgin's tree, which seems to have been planted on precisely the same spot as the old one, and on which travellers innumerable have cut their names, a spring of fresh water flows from the ground—which in these climes usually yields only a salt and bitter fluid—



SYCAMORE OF MATAREEYEH.

and waters the garden by the help of a double water-wheel. This spring is mentioned in records of the highest antiquity, and when it was said, and believed for centuries, that the balsam-shrubs—of which Brocardi compared the leaves to those of marjoram—could thrive here and nowhere else, this phenomenon was ascribed to certain miraculous effects of this spring, which had got interwoven with the legend of the Virgin. The infant Christ, it was said, had been bathed in the spring, and from that time it had never ceased to flow with fresh water. In another place we are told that the Virgin washed the Saviour's swaddling clothes in it, and wherever a drop fell from them on the soil a balsam-tree sprang up. When their pursuers came up with the fugitives, the Virgin hid herself with the Infant in a hollow in the tree, and a spider concealed her from their gaze with its web. Much that is heathen may, however, be traced in these legends; at any rate, the Egyptian myths



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

tell us of a god who was saved from his pursuers by hiding in a tree, and also of balsam-shrubs that sprang from the moisture with which a celestial being bedewed the earth.

The Arabs call this garden and its environs, including the ruins of Heliopolis, which are about half a mile distant, Ayn Shems, which, with reference to the spring, is commonly rendered "fount of the sun," but seems actually to mean "eye of the sun."

This name was borne by an idol which had escaped destruction under the ruins of Heliopolis, and of whom it was asserted that if any one in possession of any office ventured to gaze upon it he was shortly after divested of his dignity. The story goes that the Sultan Ahmed-ibn-Tuloon,[1] having heard this legend, took his stand in front of the image and ordered stone-masons to destroy it. Thereupon it is said that after an illness of ten months he died; we know, in fact, that he died in Syria. This idol, known as the "sun's eye," was probably nothing else than an Egyptian statue which had stood, long years before, in the vast hall of the sanctuary of Heliopolis.

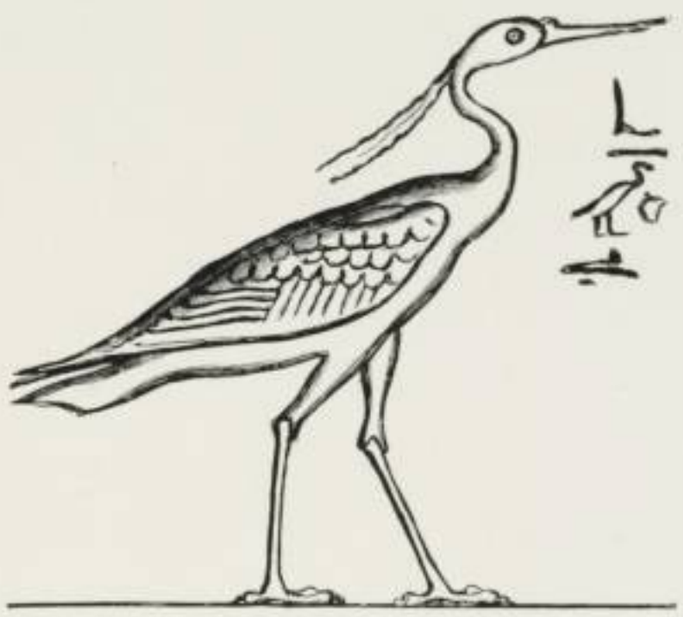
This famous temple of the sun is the only Egyptian temple of which a Greek (the geographer Strabo) has given us an exact description, and we must, therefore, especially regret that the words of the prophet Jeremiah have been so completely fulfilled: "He shall break also the images of Beth-shemesh [the house of the Sun] that *is* in the land of Egypt; and the houses of the gods of the Egyptians shall he burn with fire" (Jer. xliii. 13).

In a few minutes we reach the scanty remains, and are standing before a fine obelisk, the oldest of all the monuments of this description, and the only one which still lifts its point skywards, though it was raised in the remote period before the incursion of the Hykshos. As the obelisk form was sacred to the sun-god, we cannot be surprised to learn that the City of the Sun was full of obelisks, of which there remained in the time of Abd-al Lateef such a mass of fragments that he calls them innumerable. Most of those obelisks, which were transported by the Cæsars to Rome, Constantinople, and Alexandria (among these Cleopatra's needles), were originally erected here in front of the gate of the temple of the sun, and never stood singly, but always in pairs. The one we are now admiring had its twin, which was overthrown in the year 1160 of our era—and not in 1260, as Makreezee states. Arabs have even seen the copper caps that covered their peaks, and the verdigris that stained their reddish-brown sides. The ruins of the overthrown obelisk probably lie deep in the soil near its still erect companion, which was placed, more than four thousand years since, in front of the gates of the temple of the sun by Pharaoh Usertesen I. The inscriptions, which are alike on the four sides, exhibit the grand and simple style of that period; they record the name of the king to whom the obelisk owed its erection, and tell us that it was set up at a feast initiating a period of thirty years. Its base is deep in the ground, for since its erection the surrounding soil has risen by successive depositions of Nile mud to a thickness of nearly six feet; in the inscriptions that cover it numberless

[1] Who lived from A.D. 870 to A.D. 884.

wasps have made their nests. In the time of the Khalifs this obelisk and its brother were known as "Pharaoh's needles."

Heliopolis, which was called An by the Egyptians and On by the Hebrews, is mentioned at a very early date. The temple of the sun in its midst was as old as the worship of the day-star, with which all the religious doctrine and cultus of the Nile valley was connected. Ra, under his two chief aspects—Harmachis, the morning sun, and Tum, the evening sun—was worshipped here in a combined form, Tum-Harmachis; and associated with him were various female divinities, among which Hathor, Iusas, and the oft-named Nebt-hotep held important positions. I should not here allude to Osar-Sup or Osiris-Sup[1]—a god frequently mentioned as connected with Heliopolis—if it were not that I believe this name to have survived in that of Osarsiph,[2] which was given to Moses by the Greek narrators of the Jewish Exodus.



REPRESENTATION OF THE BENNU.
(*From a Ritual.*)

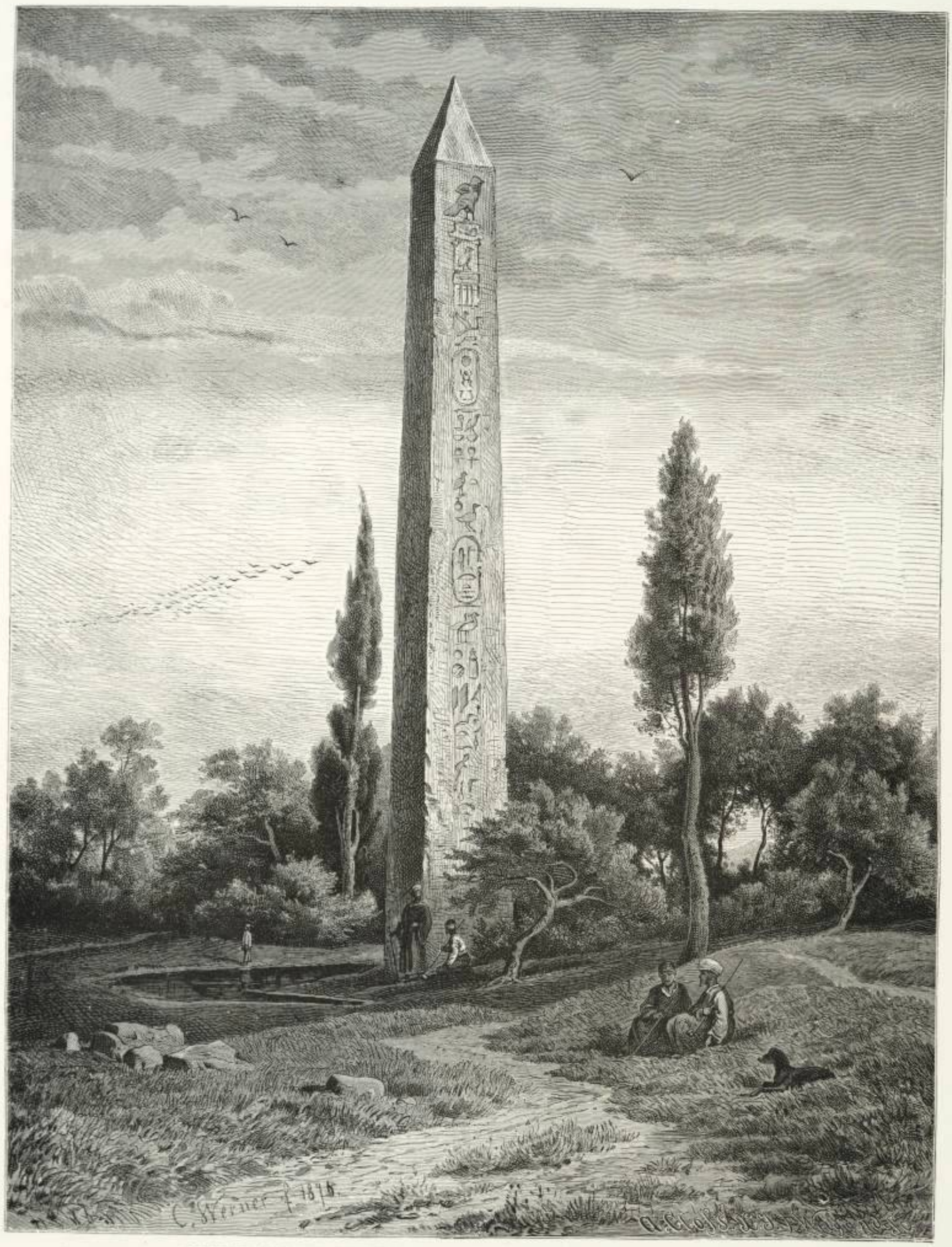
The temple of the sun was said to have been the dwelling of the immortals so early as at the time of the wars of the gods. When Typhon and Horus had wounded each other their wounds were bound up and healed in the "great hall" of Heliopolis. A manuscript on leather in the Berlin Museum informs us that King Amenemha I. and his son Usertesen rebuilt the temple itself; and there is no lack of Egyptian and Greek evidence to show that the god who bestowed light on the earth also aroused and nourished the enlightened powers of the spirit, and that under his protection a college of priests flourished here whose fame outshone the other similar foundations at Sais, Memphis, and Thebes. Herodotus celebrates the sages of Heliopolis as the most enlightened of all Egypt, and though the Greeks criticised their mystical style and method, they admired their astronomical and other learning; and the houses where Pythagoras, Plato, and Eudoxus had lived, while attending the great school of the City of the Sun, which even in his time was deserted, were still pointed out to foreigners in the city; its lecture-rooms seem to have been only with difficulty accessible to strangers.

Certain names of sages of Heliopolis have come down to us. May not the priest Potiphar for one have belonged to them, to whose daughter Asnath the Pharaoh married his favourite, Joseph? We could even give many details, if space permitted, as to the possessions of the priests of the sun—which under Rameses III. had become enormous—as to the establishment of the temple, and the sacred trees and animals worshipped within its precincts. We will only allude to the pale-hued bull Mnevis;[3] to the lions with a glistening skin which were kept here; and,

[1] According to some, Osiris, as represented before his destruction and embalmment, figured often in the Arabian nome at Mount Sinai, and also in the Eastern Desert. He was represented as a mummied hawk, and the name Sup or Supti is also applied to Sekhet, a form of Bast.

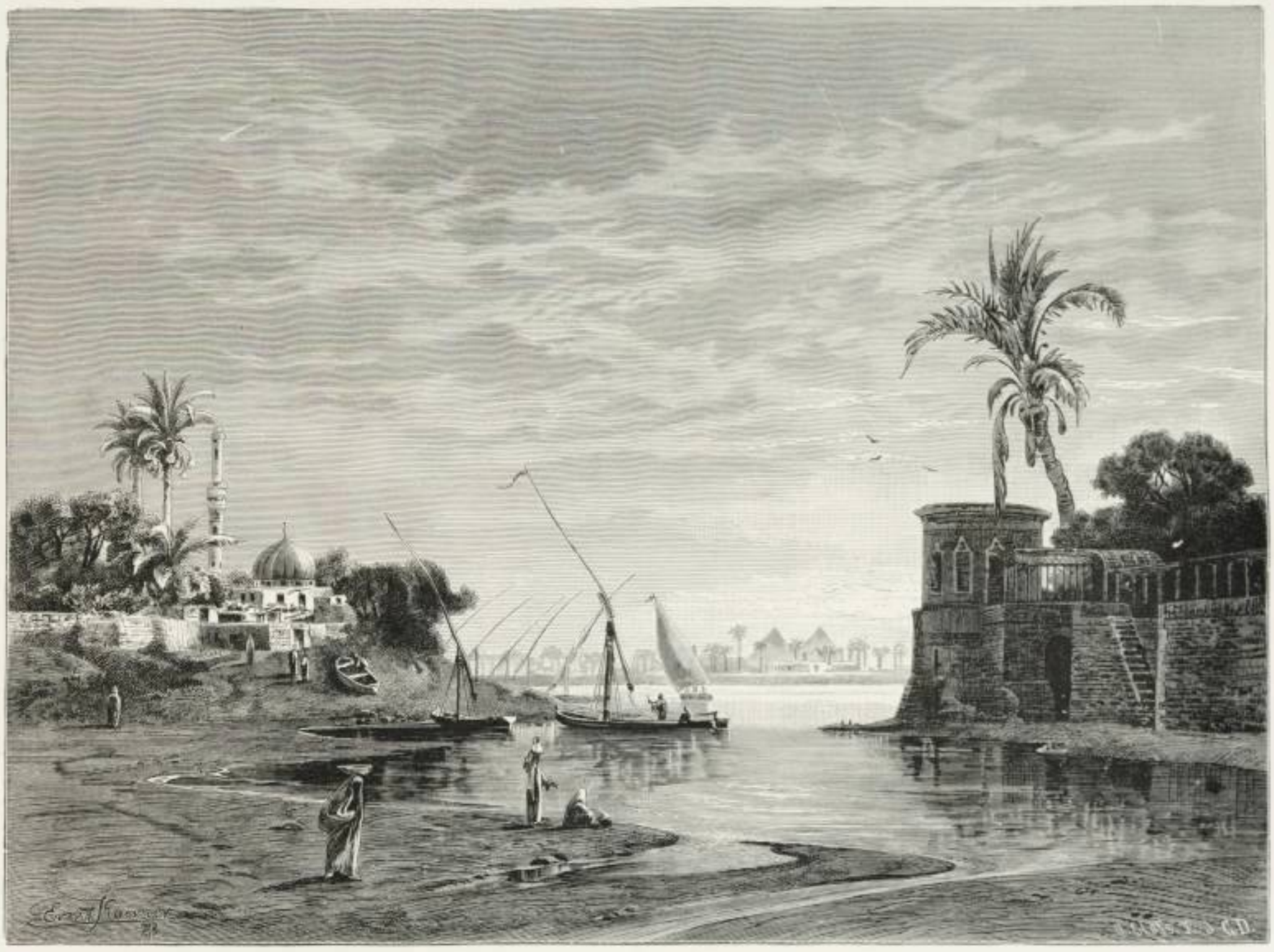
[2] Strabo, xvi. 760.

[3] Adored at Heliopolis as the incarnation of the sun-god Ra.



OBELISK OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN AT THE OLD HELIOPOLIS.

above all, to the Phœnix. Everyone knows the myth of the bird of the land of palms, which, after being burnt, rises again from its ashes and brings them to Heliopolis at intervals of five hundred years, by which symbol the consolatory hope found expression that all that dies, fades, or is extinguished in nature shall revive to new life, bloom, and glory. The image of the Phœnix, says Horapollo, signifies the traveller returning from strange and distant lands after a long separation. Venus, as we call it, the brightest and purest planet of the eastern



THE ISLAND OF RODA.

heavens, bore the name of the Phœnix; her early setting, giving promise of her return in the evening, seemed also to promise to the dying mortal that it should be vouchsafed to his departing soul to shine in renewed glory in the dark night of death. The Egyptians called the Phœnix "Bennu,"[1] and on many inscriptions the temple of the sun, or some portion of it, is called the house of Bennu.[2] All Egypt took part—we are told by later authors—in pilgrimages to this temple. The most splendid of the Pharaohs added to their names the title of "Prince of Heliopolis," to the exclusion of all other names of might; and proud conquerors,

[1] According to the Ritual, or Book of the Dead, the Bennu in Heliopolis was the creator of visible and invisible beings.

[2] Also roofed or capped home, or else city of pyramids or obelisks.

who at Memphis were content only to sacrifice to the great Ptah, submitted to many ceremonies in the sanctuary of the sun-god, and qualified themselves for admission into the mysteries of the temple.

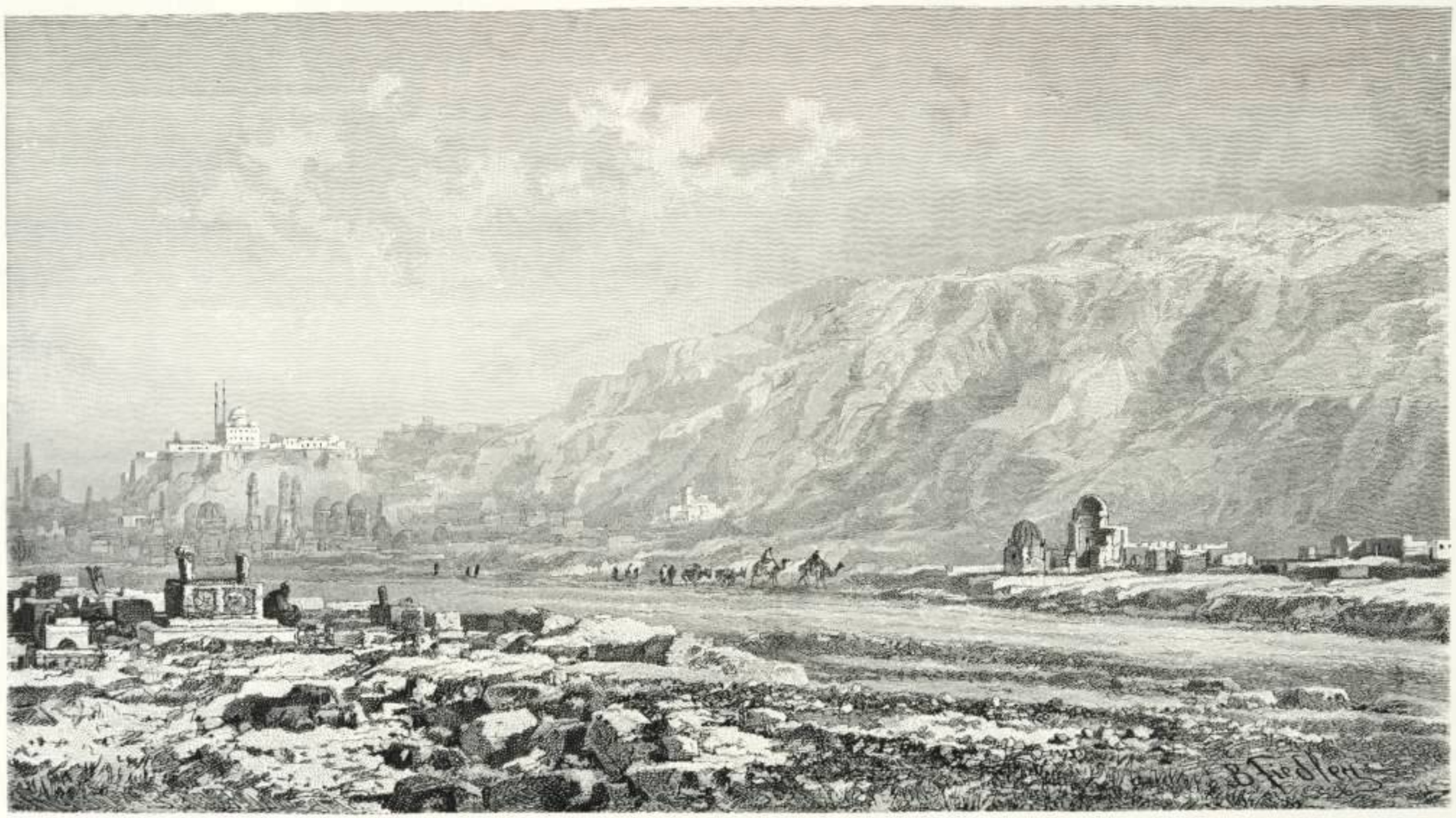
Amenemha I., the founder of the sanctuary of the sun, entreats, after he has begun the great work (which was not finished till the time of his son, Usertesen), "May it not perish by the vicissitudes of time, may that which is made endure!" This desire of a great king, which has come down to us through the leathern roll now preserved at Berlin, has not been fulfilled; for of his magnificent structure, built for all eternity, nothing remains but the obelisk we have seen, and a few blocks of stone scarcely worth mentioning. The Persian Cambyses is unjustly accused of having destroyed the temple and city of the sun, for the city was minutely described in detail long after his time, and the temple was still flourishing; nay, many remains of the sanctuary, that have now long since vanished, were described even by Arab authors.

Abd-al Lateef calls Heliopolis (Ayn Shems) "a small town with ruined but still visible walls, from which it is easy to recognise that they belonged to a temple, since hideous and huge idols were found there of hewn stone, thirty ells high, and with symmetrically formed limbs." The gate of the city—probably the pylon of the temple mentioned by Strabo—was as yet undestroyed. Almost all the figures, pedestals, and ornaments which our informant saw were covered with sculptured pictures and hieroglyphic inscriptions.

If we ask what has become of the enormous quantity of hard, well-hewn blocks which were still seen here at a comparatively late period by trustworthy witnesses, the answer is that Cairo the Great, growing up in the immediate neighbourhood of the temple of the sun, carried them off; and to find them again we must search through the foundation-walls of her palaces, her mosques, and her dwelling-houses. Heliopolis shared the fate of Memphis; but we have now made acquaintance with the old Phœnix, and will return to the young "bird of the sun" that rose from its ashes.

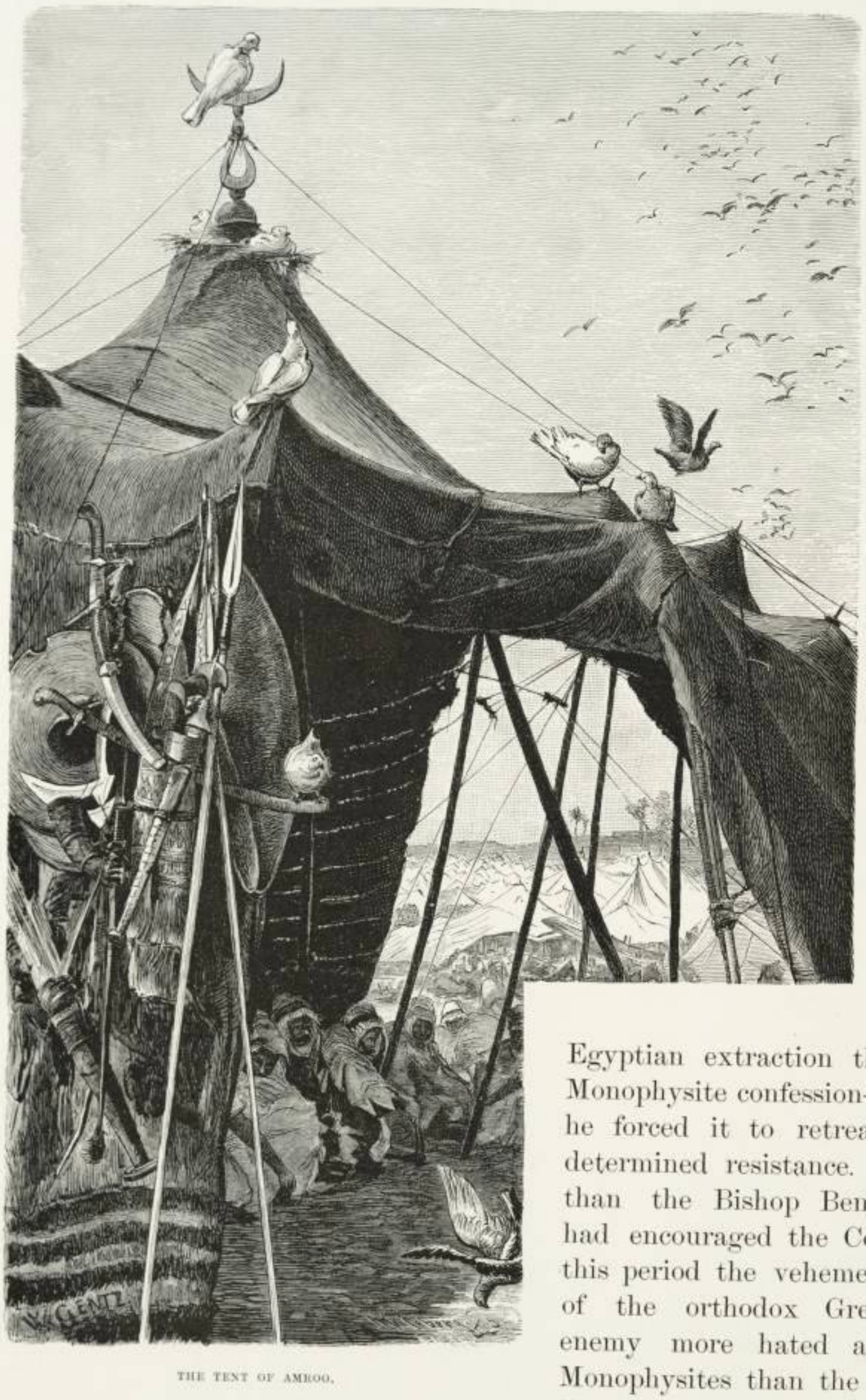
Back again to Cairo is our way. The asses that carry us are not less indefatigable than their driver Ahmed, the very type of the Egyptian *gamin*, of whom I shall have more to tell presently. We go over the whole city, crossing at its farthest southern limit the canal known as the Khaleeg, which traverses it in a perfectly straight line from one end to the other, and is said to have been projected by Amroo to connect the Nile with the Red Sea. We stand here at the spot whence it starts; this is Old Cairo, the humble mother of a magnificent daughter, the Fostât of the Arabs in the first century of Islam.[1] At the extreme south of it, after a short walk through streets of the most provincial character and appearance, we come upon a modest quarter, where considerable remains of walls and a fortification of the time of the Romans have been preserved. This is the Egyptian Babylon, the fort which for centuries contained one of the legions which kept Egypt in subjection to the Cæsars and the Byzantine emperors. This town was bathed on the west by the Nile, which divided opposite to it, embracing a large island,

[1] The era of the Hegira commenced the 15th–16th July, A.D. 622.



МОКАТТАМ.

in shape like an oleander-leaf.



THE TENT OF AMROO.

Roda is the name of this island, and in early times it was connected with Babylon by a bridge.

The history of the foundation of Cairo and of the dominion of the Arabs in Egypt is inseparably connected with these sites.

In the year A.D. 638 a small band of religious fanatics, adherents of the new religion of Mohammed, came into Egypt from Syria, under the leadership of Amroo-ibn-el-Asee. At Fâramah he, with his four thousand men, encountered the great imperial army commanded by the Greek governor Mukaukas, and with the help of the Copts—that is, of those Christians of Egyptian extraction that had clung to the Monophysite confession—who had joined him, he forced it to retreat after a month of determined resistance. No less a personage than the Bishop Benjamin of Alexandria had encouraged the Copts to revolt, for at this period the vehement dogmatic hostility of the orthodox Greeks made them an enemy more hated and dreaded by the Monophysites than the Mohammedans were. For the orthodox church pillaged their cloisters, closed their churches, had for a long time impaired their estates by unjust fines, and crippled their freedom by imprisonment; and they looked to the Mohammedans merely for rescue, in the first instance, from the heretical



OLD CAIRO

Greek emperors, priests, and officials, their oppressors and tormentors. After several battles the Greeks withdrew into Babylon, where they were besieged by Amroo, to whom the Khalif Omar had sent reinforcements.

The Arab warriors of that day were heroes, and their statesmen were sages to be regarded as in no respect behind the noblest figures whose memory has been kept green in the history of other nations. What Decius Mus, Curtius, or Arnold von Winkelried has acted more nobly than Zoobeyr, who resolved to sacrifice himself in order to lead his comrades to victory? He set up a ladder close to a breach in the wall and climbed up it sword in hand, but unobserved. Having reached the top he shouted to his companions a jubilant "Allah akbar!" in which, at his command, they all joined in loud acclaim. The besieged, thinking that a strong troop of the enemy had scaled the wall, fled—and Babylon was in the hands of the Arabs.



THE NILOMETER.

The vanquished garrison withdrew to the island of Roda, whence the Governor, Mukaukas, entered into negotiations for peace with the conquerors, after destroying the bridge that connected the island with the mainland. Two Copts went as envoys to the Mussulman camp, and Amroo detained them there a few days in order that they might become acquainted with the earnest and pious character of his warriors, and report it to their comrades. The deeply religious and noble lives of these defenders of their faith could not, in fact, fail of its effect on the envoys, and after a few contests by word and deed a treaty was concluded, by which the Copts pledged themselves to pay an annual poll-tax of two dinars, excepting only the old men, women, and children. The conquerors, on their part, resigned all claims on the land or property of the vanquished, and granted a free retreat to the Greeks who would not submit to the exaction of a tribute. In the course of a former chapter, describing New Alexandria, I have already related the honourable testimony borne by Mukaukas to the Arab character when the emperor reproached him bitterly with his weakness in yielding, with a force of 100,000 men, to an army of 12,000. After the whole Coptic population of lower Egypt had submitted to him without a single blow, Amroo turned upon Alexandria—which was still at that time the heart of Greek life in Egypt—in June 640. We know already that it was forced at last to succumb after a valiant resistance. Amroo wished to establish his residence in Alexandria, and began to construct a palace and to assign quarters to his troops; but the Khalif did not approve of these measures, and rightly so; for the unquiet mercantile port, used as it was to faction and strife, seemed but ill adapted to be the centre of a new and re-awakened vitality.

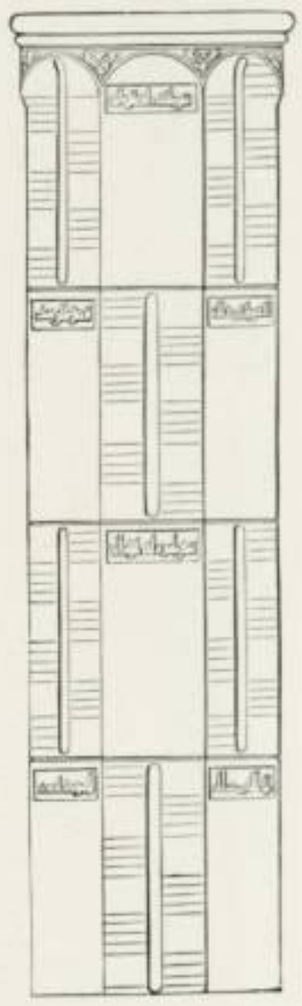
Amroo, therefore, retired to Babylon again, in whose neighbourhood his tent and camp, Fostât, had remained pitched. For when he was about to set out



OLD ARABIAN HOUSE.

for Alexandria, and had commanded that his tent should be removed, he had been told that a pair of pigeons had built their nest on the top of it. At this information the general desired that his canvas house should be left standing. "For God forbid," said he, "that a Moslem should refuse a shelter to any living being —one of God's creatures—that has put itself under the protection of his hospitality." Thus it occurred that on his return from Alexandria his old tent was still standing. He took possession of it again, and proceeded to found a new city which received the name of Fostât, or "the tent." At an early date the Arabic name for Egypt—Misr—was transferred to the new capital, to which the present name, Kâhira or Cairo, was not added till more than three centuries later; to this day, indeed, it is still called Misr or Masr by the inhabitants, and by Egyptians in general. The name of Old Cairo was first used when Fostât had sunk to being merely a suburb of New Cairo.

The building of the city progressed rapidly under the guidance of four master-builders, and the streets and quarters which were assigned to the soldiers, according to their nationalities, were distributed among the gardens and pleasaunces which the Arabs found ready laid out. There stood the fort of Babylon, whose "iron gate" opened on the Nile, and the bridge of boats which joined the island of Roda to the mainland; there rose the old Coptic church of the Virgin, which, indeed, had been built before the founding of Fostât, and in whose crypt to this day a spot is pointed out where, as under the tree at Matareeyeh, the Holy Family is said to have rested during the flight into Egypt; there—as far as Mokattam—lay verdant groves and vineyards, and in their midst stood up the "light-fort,"[1] as it was called, in which the Greek and Roman governors were accustomed to reside when visiting this neighbourhood.



SCALE OF THE NILOMETER.

The famous Nilometer, or Mikyas, on the island of Roda was, it would seem, not transferred thither from Memphis till after the founding of Fostât. Makreezee, in 1417, saw the remains of an older Nilometer, and its successor, after much improvement and restoration, serves to this day as the standard of the inundation which everybody watches with anxious expectation throughout Egypt. The Arabs assert that it was not constructed till fifty-six years after the founding of Fostât.

The visitor wishing to see it and the island can no longer avail himself of the bridge of boats, long since destroyed. A light boat will carry him over the narrow arm of the river to the large ill-kept garden of the estate of Hassan Pacha—in which, however, large vines, orange and lemon trees, roses, jasmines, and a variety of ornamental shrubs thrive luxuriantly, enclosing in their verdant bowers a fine summer palace in the Turkish style. The Mikyas itself is within a covered vault or chamber, the roof being supported on simple wooden pillars; it was built to replace the earlier structure which was destroyed at the end of the last century. The quadrangular tank, in which stands the octagon pillar, is walled all

[1] The *Leukon Teichos*, the "White Wall" or "White Fort": the ancient Citadel.



THE SACRIFICE TO THE NILE.

round, and communicates with the river by a canal; the pillar is supported by a beam at the top, and on it are inscribed the ancient Arabic measurements.

In the walls of the chamber there are small niches ornamented with simple corner pillars, and vaulted with low pointed arches, which were in use here as early as the beginning of the eighth century. Among the Kufic inscriptions which have been preserved on them, the finest owe their existence to Mamoon, the son of Haroun-er-Rascheed, "the friend of science," who restored the injured Mikyas in A.D. 814. The restoration of the Nilometer effected under the Khalif el-Mutawakkil is the most celebrated, as it was that which procured it the name of the *new* Mikyas.[1]

In the very earliest times the Pharaohs had understood the necessity of measuring exactly the amount or deficiency of the inundations of the Nile, and Nilometers are preserved which were erected high up the river in Nubia by kings of the old empire;[2] by princes, that is to say, who reigned before the invasion of the Hykshos. Herodotus tells us that the water must rise sixteen ells[3] for the inundation to be considered a favourable one; if it remained below this mark the higher fields failed in obtaining a due supply of water, and a dearth was the result; if it greatly exceeded it, it broke down the dykes, damaged the villages, and had not retired into its bed by the time for sowing the seed. Thus the peasant, who could expect no rain, and was threatened neither by frosts nor storms, could have his prospects of a good or a bad harvest read off by the priests with perfect certainty from the scale of the Nilometer; and not by the servants of the divinities only, but by the officers of the realm, who calculated the amount of taxes to be paid to them in proportion to the rising of the river.

The standard was protected by the magical power of unapproachable sanctity, and the husbandman himself has been strictly interdicted from the earliest times to this very day from casting a glance at it during the time when the river is rising; for what sovereign could bear to disclose without reserve the decrees of Providence as to the most important of his rights, that of estimating the amount of the taxes to be imposed? In the time of the Pharaohs it was the priesthood that declared to the king and to the people their estimate of the inundations, and at the present day the sheykh, who is sworn to secrecy, is under the control of the police of Cairo, and has his own Nilometer, of which the zero point is said to be somewhat below that of the ancient standard. The engineers of the French expedition first detected the fraud by means of which the government endeavoured every year to secure the full amount of taxes.

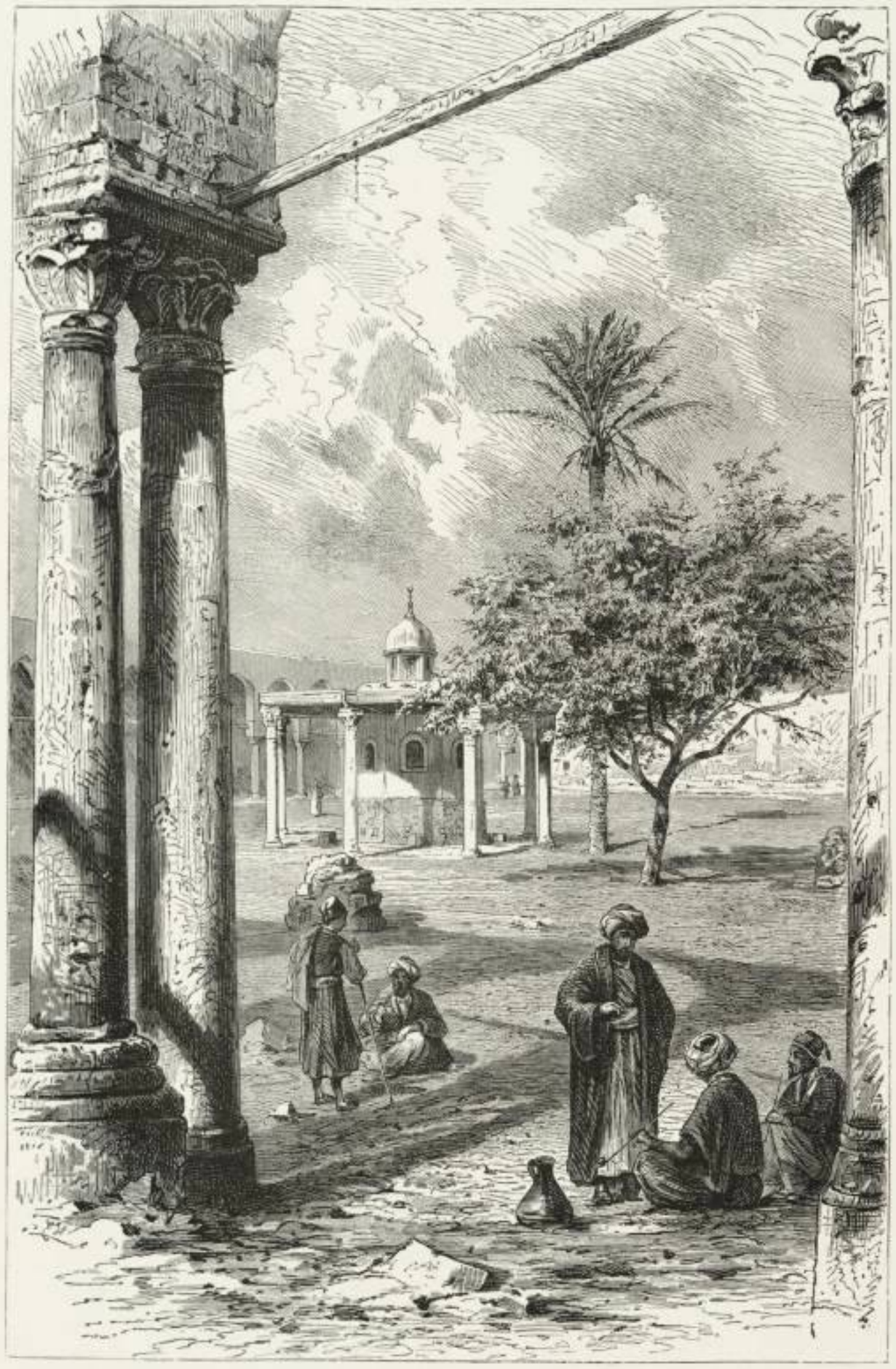
When the Nile has reached a height of fifteen old Arabic ells and sixteen kirat (the ell, or cubit, is five hundred and forty centimètres, about seventeen feet eight inches, and contains twenty-four kirat—the kirat being less than nine inches) it exceeds its lowest level by more than eight ells, and has reached the height requisite to enable it to irrigate the highest fields, reaching to that which the Arabs call Kefa.

[1] The present Nilometer; the old one had been destroyed by an earthquake.

[2] As, for example, the measurements of the height to which the Nile rose at Samneh in the reign of Amenemha III., of the XIIth dynasty, and the Nilometer at Elephantine, which has disappeared with the two temples in 1822; this last was Greek.

[3] The statues of the Nile of the time of the Romans in the first century A.D. represent the sixteen cubits as infants playing about the river-god. (*See* p. 17.)

This happy event is announced to the people who await it in breathless anxiety, and the opening of the dykes may be proceeded with. We shall presently describe the festival held on this occasion from the remotest times. The extent of the inundation has been watched with equal eagerness at every epoch of Egyptian history, and at



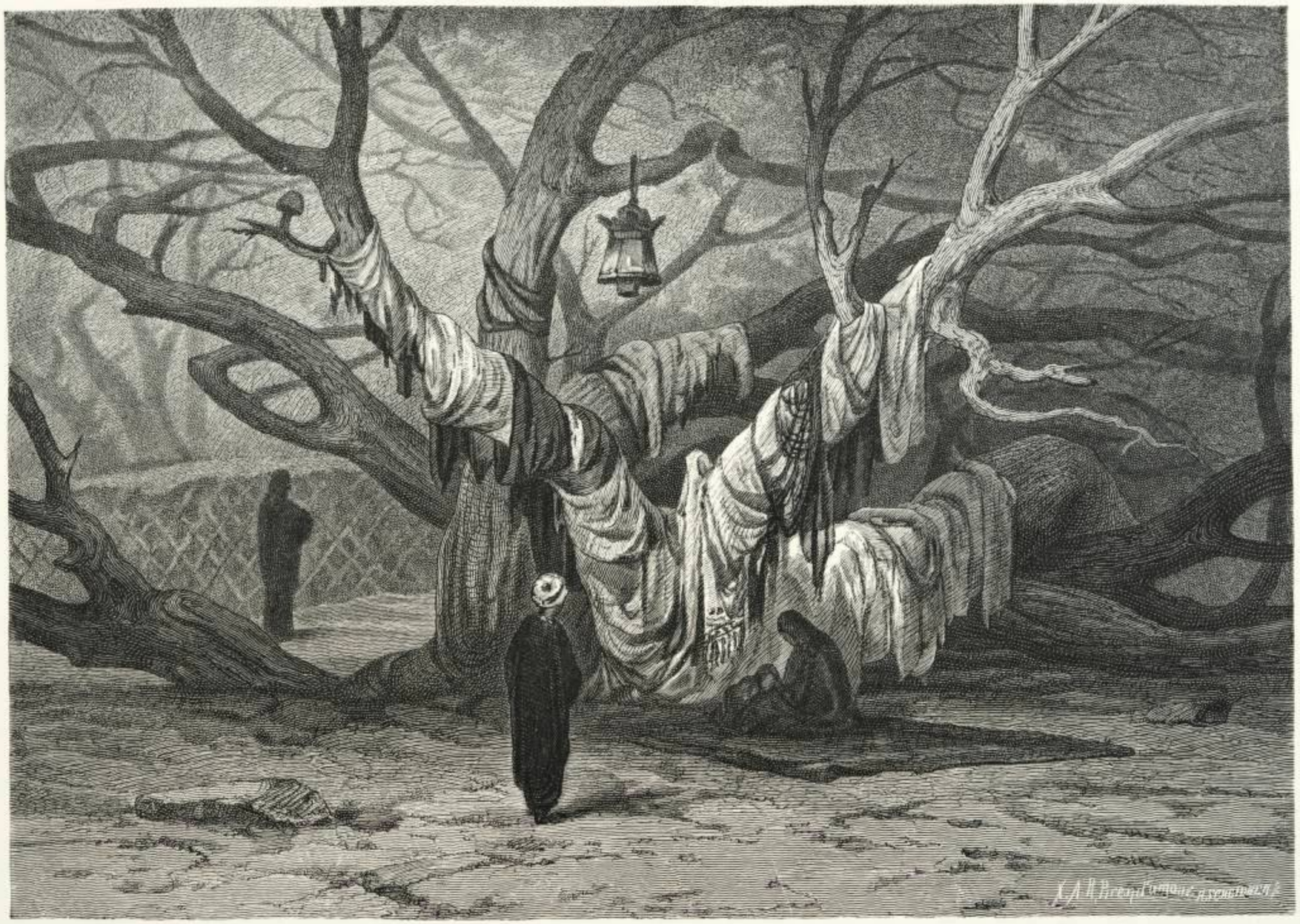
COURT OF THE MOSQUE OF AMROO.

the present time customs prevail, and we hear views expressed, which can be traced by direct descent to the time of the Pharaohs; and yet during the dominion of Christianity in Egypt, and later again under sovereigns governing a nation wholly converted to Islam, the old worship of the Nile, with all its splendour, its display, and its strange ceremonies, was extirpated with the utmost rigour. But some

portion of every discarded religion becomes merged in the new one that has supplanted it as a fresh form of superstition, and thus we discover, from a Christian document dating from the sixth century, that the "rising of the Nile in its time" was no longer attributed to Osiris, but to a certain Saint Orion; and, as the priests of antiquity taught that a tear from the eye of Isis led to the over-flowing of the Nile, we hear the Egyptians of the present day say that "a divine tear" has fallen into the stream and caused its flood.

As soon as the cutting of the dykes takes place, a coarsely moulded figure made of Nile mud is—even to this day—flung into the river with much rejoicing of the people, by whom it is called "the bride"; and it is considered as a substitute for a fair virgin who, it is said, used to be richly dressed as a bride and cast into the stream to purchase its favours. When, after the founding of Fostât, the Nile did not rise to its proper level, Ibn-Ayas relates that the Copts implored the governor Amroo to allow them to offer such a victim to the river. The general refused, but when the Nile remained at its low level and famine seemed to threaten the land, Amroo made the Khalif Omar acquainted with the state of affairs. His messenger came back with a letter and the order to cast it into the Nile. Amroo obeyed, and in the very next night the Nile reached the required level of sixteen ells; the letter of the Commander of the Faithful contained these words: "To the blessed Nile of Egypt. If up till this time thou hast flowed only by thine own will, then cease to flow; but if thy stream was obedient to the command of the most high God, we beseech that God that he will grant thee thy necessary increase." This pretty legend is hardly credible, because the ancient Egyptian faith forbid human sacrifice as strictly as the Christian religion itself. However, in pre-Islamite times some kind of offering was no doubt cast into the stream, though not a maiden; and Makreezee tells us, so circumstantially as to exclude all doubt, that in the fourteenth century the Christians were wont to throw a reliquary with the finger of a saint into the Nile to secure a good inundation. It may be well to mention in this place that the mystery as to the cause of the rising of the Nile has long since been solved. It owes its origin to the rains which fall at that time of the year in the tropics, and to the melting of the snows in the high mountain-ranges of the cradle of both the primary streams of the Nile. Its increase, at first hardly perceptible, begins early in June; it rises more and more rapidly from the 15th to the 20th of July, then proceeds more slowly till towards the end of September, when for a few weeks it remains at much the same level, or sometimes shows a slight decline; in the middle of October it swells once more, reaching its highest level—at which it can remain only a few days—and then, gradually sinking, it returns to its lowest ebb.

It is to the Nilometer that the island of Roda owes its fame, and there is little else that the visitor will find worth seeing beyond plantations, houses, and the modest tomb of a sheykh, unless we mention a venerable Mandoorah-tree with spreading branches, called by the Arabs Hakeem-kebeer, "the great physician," to which they make pilgrimages in order to be cured of fevers and other disorders. The devotees kneel down at its root, and its boughs are thickly hung with fragments of cloths of every description, the votive-offerings of the sick and thank-offerings of



THE SACRED TREE OF FATIMA.

the convalescent. Its sanctity is so highly esteemed that the pilgrims regarded Herr Welsch's wish to sketch it as sacrilege, and it was only by force and cunning that he succeeded in completing his portrait of this vegetable physician.

A legend has been preserved which says that this tree was planted by Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet, but I could not trace its origin. Siyootee, who died in 1506, does not allude to it. We are, however, better informed as to the period when the oldest mosque in all Egypt was built; to this day it preserves the name of its founder, Amroo, and we can soon reach it, after leaving Roda, by traversing the streets of Fostât with their squalid rubbish heaps.

The Mosque of Amroo is called with justice the chief mosque of Cairo. The conqueror of Egypt caused it to be erected in the spot where, during the siege of Babylon, Koteybah the merchant had pitched his booth. The new sanctuary was fifty cubits long and thirty wide. The raised pulpit, where the Koran was to be read and which Amroo had set up, had to be removed by order of the Khalif, because he thought it unseemly that the listeners, being true believers, should stand any lower than the reader. Opposite the chief entrance was situated the governor's house, which has long since vanished from the face of the earth; and very little has come down to us even of the mosque of Amroo in its original form, for only thirty-three years after it was built it was pulled down by the Governor Maslamah, newly constructed, and ornamented with a minaret; and two centuries later it was magnificently restored after a fire. The traveller who at the present day, after wandering through the narrow mean streets and clambering over heaps of rubbish, comes upon the dusty grey walls of this edifice, can hardly believe that enclosed within is one of the most venerable and grandly planned works of Arab architecture. When he enters the vast court of the mosque he will at first be startled by the immense breadth of space enclosed by the colonnade; then he will be filled with regret and indignation at the deplorable and reckless carelessness which has left this noble monument to fall into decay; but finally, when he has striven—irrespective of injury and ruin—to conceive justly of this glorious building as a whole, he will be full of sincere admiration and will yield to that thrill of veneration without which we cannot contemplate anything really great and grand.

The Mosque of Amroo is called the "crown of mosques," and in a certain sense it justly deserves the name, not only for its venerable antiquity and the grandeur of its style, but also because in it, and in it alone, more than once in times of common peril the representatives of all the creeds and confessions that worship the one and only God have met together in common supplication to Him.

What a scene it must have presented when, in the time of Mohammed Ali, Moslems led by their Ulema, Christians of every confession led by their bishops and patriarchs, Hebrews following their reciters or Rabbis, trod the broad court of this sanctuary and bowed with one accord before the Most High. If this grand devotional procession had had any but a mere earthly aim—the increase of the Nile—it would have been a still more gratifying incident to relate.

A closer inspection of the arrangement of this building seems to be required of us; and for this reason, that it may be said to be the finest specimen of a temple of worship of the oldest epoch of Arab architecture. The Mosque is not a house



MINARET OF THE MEMORIAL MOSQUE OF BARKOOK.

of prayer; it was originally only an open court surrounded with colonnades, of which the pillars and columns on the side lying towards Mecca are usually more richly ornamented than the rest. The minarets — slender towers generally standing near the doorway, but not unfrequently over it—are never absent. The Muezzin mounts to the top of them to call the faithful to prayer. The court of the temple of Mecca, which encloses the Kaabah, built as it was in the times before the foundation of Islam, may be regarded as a type of the simplest form of mosque; but the natives of the land of Mohammed were so ignorant of the arts of construction that they usually built their dwellings merely of clay and dried palm-branches. At the present time the mosque at Mecca still consists of a court enclosed by arcades, and in the midst of it are the Kaabah and the famous spring Zemzem.[1] The first minaret was no doubt a palm-tree, which the Muezzin climbed up to call the faithful to prayer; and when the religion of the Prophet required that places of worship should be erected, the faithful seized upon those buildings which they found ready to hand in the countries they had subjugated. A concession to any better style that might have existed, or an adaptation to their own needs of the architecture of the more advanced foreign nations, seems never to have been thought of. The pillars with their slender shafts reminded the sons of the desert of their palms, the cupola recalled the tent (Kubba), and they adopted both at an early date. It is wonderful to observe how the Greek spirit modified the primeval Egyptian polygonal column, and adopted it as an organic architectural element in the structure of the Doric temple—from which it never became dissevered—while at the same time the fine Greek sense of beauty added a certain nobility to the type. It was quite otherwise, though again in conformity with their religion and character, that it was applied by the Arabs, who came sword in hand, the conquerors of the nations. They unhesitatingly tore the pillars from the temples and palaces they

[1] At this spring, according to Mohammedan legend, Abraham performed his ablutions when he came to worship the Kaabah.

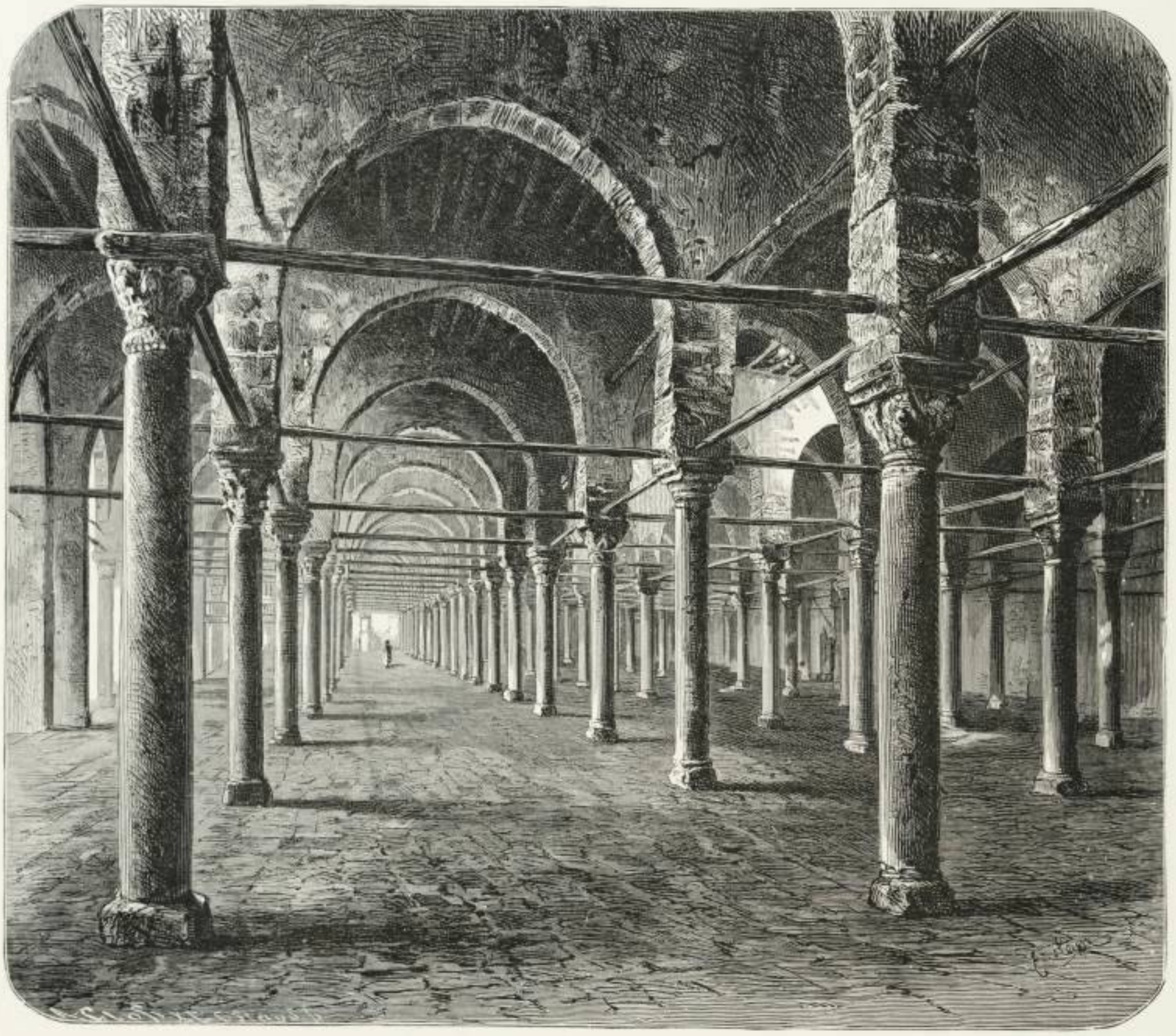
found standing, however noble and worthy of preservation they might be, to place them, unaltered, in their own buildings, regardless alike of the order to which they belonged, the thickness or the form of their shafts, and the nature of their materials. If they seemed too short, they raised them on a massive base; all they cared for was to make them of equal height as supports. The Arabs learned the structure of the cupola from the Byzantines, and brought it, as we shall see, to high perfection. The successful transformation of the round arch—which had long been known to other nations—into the pointed arch first occurs in their buildings. But the rich ornamentation of flat surfaces with arabesques is quite peculiar to them. This they borrowed from the arts of carpet and tissue weaving, known to them from the earliest times, and still we do not find it applied in their earliest buildings, for they had not yet learnt to transfer these designs from their looms, festal clothes, and tent rugs to the decoration of a stone surface.

No trace of such ornaments is to be found in the Mosque of Amroo, and it was not till later that it became a characteristic and unfailing feature of the Arabic style of architecture. We do not even meet with the peculiarly Arabic and very frequent *stalactite* ornament which is such a charming compromise and connecting link between the flamboyant and the perpendicular; but we will do full justice to its fantastic forms when we meet with it later on.

On the other hand, in the Mosque of Amroo there is no lack of those details of construction and articles of furniture which occur in all mosques, and with which we will at once make the reader acquainted. We can, however, more advantageously introduce him at another opportunity to the tombs of the founders, the schools, the public wells, and other benevolent foundations which are generally connected with a mosque.

The court, in which we have already recognised the most ancient form of the Mohammedan plan of worship, and which is never wanting in mosques even of later date, is called Sahn-el-Gama. In the midst of it, in the Mosque of Amroo, close to a palm and a thorn-tree, is the well Hanefeeyeh, intended for the prescribed ablutions; this is often roofed in and richly ornamented. The court of the Mosque of Amroo is encircled on all four sides by arcades closed on the outer-side by a wall without windows. A peculiar sanctity is attributed to the side lying towards Mecca, which in Egypt is to the east, and it encloses the holy of holies, known as the Liwan. While the colonnades to the north and south of the court have no more than three rows of pillars, and that to the west only one row of double pillars—which, indeed, are all overthrown but one pair—there is a perfect forest of columns on the eastern side. They are arranged in six long rows all at equal distances, and constitute a magnificent arcade, where they throw strange lights and shades on the pavement covered with torn mats, and afford a picture never to be forgotten, even by the traveller who, like myself, has also stood in the mosque-cathedral of Cordova—of all churches the most crowded with pillars. Most of the columns in the Mosque of Amroo are of marble, and have capitals of every imaginable form known to ancient art. Here the acanthus of the Corinthian order meets the eye, there the Ionic volute; and side by side with the Byzantine cubic capital we come upon the floral capital of the Ptolemaic period carved by Greek

hands. Only the forms of ancient Egyptian art are carefully excluded, as in all Arab buildings. If only these pillars could tell us whence they came, how much might we learn—down to the very latest trace of the splendid, but vanished, temples and churches of Memphis, Heliopolis, and other ancient towns in the neighbourhood of Cairo, which were still living cities at the time of the founding

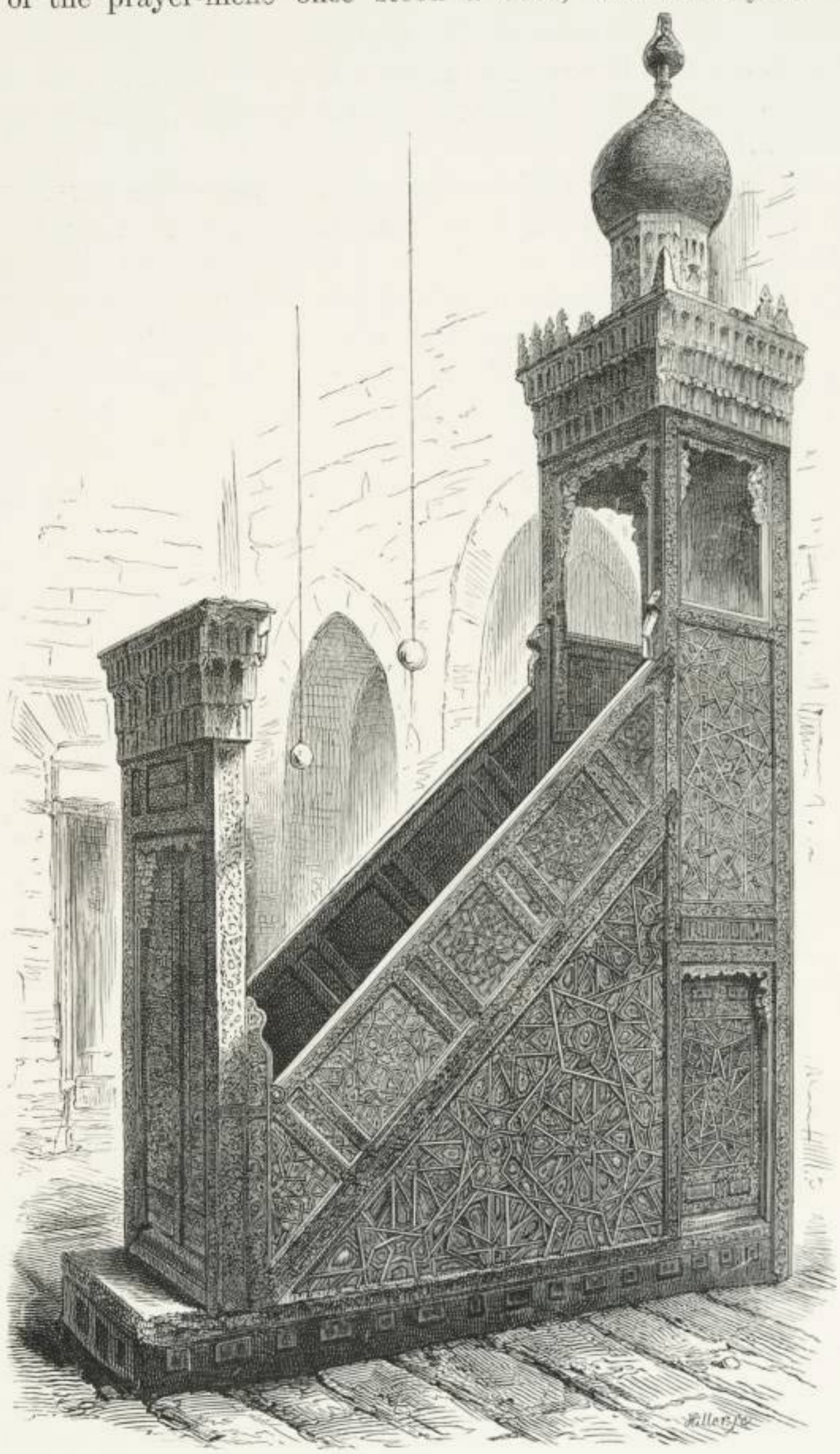


LIWAN OR SANCTUARY OF THE MOSQUE OF AMROO.

of Fostât! Very possibly at this time a column from the temple of Aphrodite props one side of an archway, while the other is supported by a pillar which once stood by the altar of a church to the Virgin.

Out there, where a solemn twilight reigns instead of the garish light of day, we see the prayer-niche—Mihrab or Kiblah—which is to be found in every mosque. It shows the believer in which direction he must turn to seek Mecca. In front of this, on feast-days, the Koran is read, and it is often richly ornamented with mosaic and stone carving. On its left is the Mimbar, or pulpit—a tall erection of wood, led up to by a straight staircase covered with rich carving or inlaid work; over it

there is usually a bulbous-shaped cupola supported on a sort of wooden baldachino. To the right of the prayer-niche once stood a desk, now destroyed; but in other



THE MIMBAR OR PULPIT IN THE MOSQUE OF KAYT BEY.

mosques the Koran is placed upon such a desk during divine worship. Nearer to the court, and standing between the same two rows of pillars as the Mimbar, there is a wooden platform surrounded by a balustrade, and generally raised on four

feet or pillars; it commonly stands away from the wall, but is sometimes attached to a pillar, and from it, on Fridays, the praises of God and the Prophet are proclaimed. This duty is performed by the preacher's assistants—Imam or Khateeb—and consists in repeating the verses of the Koran that are read in the prayer-niche in so loud a voice that the most distant member of the congregation may hear and understand.

Among the pillars of the Mosque of Amroo there are three which have a greater attraction for the Cairenes than even the grave of Abdallah lying at the north-east corner of the Liwan, or holy of holies, though he was the son of the founder of Fostât and of this house of worship, and is revered here as a saint. A fine pair of twin-pillars in the terribly injured western portico are a particularly favourite resort, for it is said of them that only true believers can squeeze through between the two shafts. The well-fed rich man naturally finds the passage through this "eye of a needle" more difficult than the lean and hungry wretch; but "even grief may grow fat," and many a pious Moslem has gazed with anxiety on his stout dimensions, and has had to bear the ridicule of his leaner neighbour—always maliciously disposed—at finding the passage too narrow for his bulk.



THE PILLARS OF ORDEAL.

The third pillar in repute stands in the Liwan, not far from the prayer-niche, and bears the trace of the prophet's whip, or, as others say—more mindful of the fact that the mosque was not erected until after the death of Mohammed—the whip of the Khalif Omar. When Amroo began to build the great court he entreated either one or the other—for the sake of historical probability we will say the Khalif Omar—to send him a pillar from Mecca. The Commander of the Faithful thereupon ordered one to fly at once to Fostât. But twice did the pillar defy his orders and remain where it was: when at his third command it made no sign of moving, its angered lord hit it a blow with his whip, and adjured it in the name of God and the Prophet to obey. At once the marble cylinder rose, shot like an arrow through the air, and dropped down on the site of the building. The Arabic inscription, showing the name of Mohammed in relief in white on the dark ground of the pillar, is very singular. On feeling over the letters that form the name not the slightest relief or intaglio is perceptible to the touch, and it is difficult to understand how they can have got marked upon the stone, in which they seem to have grown by some freak of nature. Herr Lüttke is of opinion that these characters must have been produced by blows on the marble with a blunt instrument, which effected a small disintegration *under* the surface.

At the present time the Mosque of Amroo is but rarely filled with devotees; but there was a time when its now bare walls were clothed with gorgeous

colours and splendid gilding, when twelve hundred and ninety copies of the Koran lay on an equal number of desks, and when, as darkness fell, no less than eighteen thousand lamps were lighted. The number of pillars in this mosque is said to have been greater than that of the days in the year, but at the present time only two hundred and fifty remain standing; and what a magnificent spectacle must it have been when, within the illuminated enclosure as light as day, thousands of the faithful stood arrayed as if in order of battle!

No one is allowed to sit down in the mosque, and there is neither seat nor bench to be seen, for the Mohammedan says that prayer is a fight against the devil, who seeks to hinder his approach to God and the Prophet. Therefore the true believers stand arrayed in ranks like a regiment led forth against the enemy, of which the individuals are likened to an army under the command of a general, and at their head stands the Imam or prayer-reciter as protagonist—Promachos—in the spiritual strife. Each believer is supported by a pair of angels sent from Heaven; these stand one on the right hand and one on the left of each supplicant as soon as he enters the ranks, and remain with him till prayer is ended. The front rank or van of the worshippers is called by Moslems by the same name as the ranks of a real army: both are termed Saff. The standing place of the Imam, the prayer-niche of which mention has been made, in the theological vocabulary of the Moslems is called Mihrab, and the word is said to be derived from another, Harb—meaning "war." Prayer, after the prescribed ablutions, is begun by reciting the Fatihah, the first verse of the Koran—the Paternoster of the Mohammedan—and it ends with a farewell to the guardian angels; it must be recited with deep prostrations to the ground, Rik'ah, their number varying with the hour of the day. Often, indeed, the soul of the devotee remains untouched under the discharge of these strictly prescribed formulas, and yet surely nowhere are worshippers to be met with so absorbed in their devotions as here. In Cairo, as elsewhere, the most diligent frequenter of the House of God easily passes for the most pious of men, and so it is not always the purest motives that urge the Moslem to the mosque; but the true believer prays not there alone, and more than once it has happened that I have come upon a traveller in the desert who, at the hour of prayer, in the conviction that he was alone with his God, knelt down on his little prayer-carpet, raising his arms in the prescribed manner with such devout fervour, such ardent longing and ecstasy, as though it had been vouchsafed to him to gaze through the open portals of Heaven itself.

To the Moslem, as to the Christian and Israelite, his God is everywhere present; nay, his mosques are built without any solemn ceremony of laying the foundation-stone; they have no inherent sanctity, and their site and walls are not dedicated by any consecration, for space would be too narrow to contain the Almighty, whose throne is Heaven and the earth His footstool. Mesgid—this is the original form of our word "mosque"—signifies a place to honour the Lord in; but the Arabs usually give their places of worship a different name—Gam'a, "the place of assembly"—and the mosque is, in fact, before everything a Gam'a, or

place of assembly for the faithful, who, on the Yaum al gam'a—*i.e.*, the day of assembly (their Sabbath, kept on our Friday)—gather together in order that they may first bind themselves to a great and closely knit unity, and there listen to the proclamation from the top of the Mimbar, by the mouth of the preacher or Khalif, of the inspiring confession that there is no God but the omnipresent Allah, and that Mohammed is His prophet. Then all the assembly sink like one man to the earth, in acknowledgment of this declaration, as if stricken down by its overpowering grandeur.

We shall see many more mosques founded in the City of the Khalifs, and take occasion to visit them.

That which is considered the oldest after that of Amroo is the one built by



ROW OF SUPPLICANTS.

the governor Ahmed-ibn Tuloon, and named after him. At the time of its erection Fostât had been founded less than two hundred and fifty years, and yet the life of the Egyptians had undergone a complete transformation in all its details and manners, and the scene of it had been altered in every particular. Amroo himself had promised to all the Copts who should accept Islam and pay the poll-tax perfectly equal rights with their conquerors, and many went over to the faith of Mohammed. War, pestilence, revolt, persecution, extortion by the strong from the weak, in short every calamity had decimated the inhabitants of the Nile valley under the Byzantine rule, and so made room for the Arabs. Many tribes settled in Egypt, and soon gave up their nomad life to establish themselves as husbandmen in the country, and in the cities as merchants and artisans, or as students and artists, thus inaugurating a new life—always linked with the old it is true, but characterised by peculiarities in all its relations.

The decayed language of the Egyptians—the Coptic[1]—with its insubordination to grammar, and its numerous words adopted from the Greek, was soon displaced by the supple and subtle Arab tongue. It has already been related in our account of Alexandria how marvellously rapid was the process of transformation which was wrought in Egypt by the Arabs; but while the exterminating powers of Islam wreaked themselves in their utmost horror on the Greek city, the Arab nature found in Fostât an appropriate opening for the development of its innate creative spirit, and for resuscitating from a heap of ruins a vitality full of vigour, variety, and significance, destined to enrich the world with the fairest fruits.

This is not the place for following the vicissitudes of the history of the Khalifs, nor for relating how, after Omar's death and the murder of Othman and



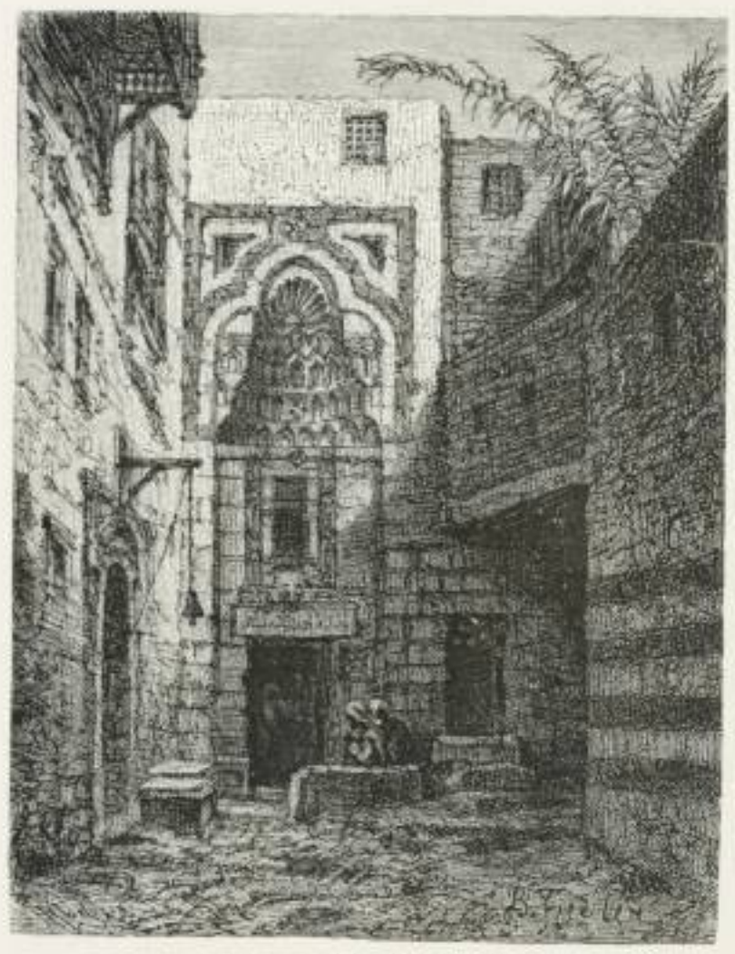
MORNING PRAYER OF A BEDAWEEN.

of Merwan II., the last of the Omayyades, Egypt, which was ruled by governors, became subject to the Abbasides; but it is worthy of mention that scarcely two hundred years after the founding of Fostât it was behind no city of the East in the distinction and brilliancy of its scientific position. Haroun-er-Rasheed's second successor, his learned son Mamoon (who died A.D. 833), visited Egypt and the city founded by Amroo, in which, during his reign, astronomy, to which he delighted to devote himself, jurisprudence, in connection with theology, natural science, grammar, and philosophy, were cultivated and taught in a celebrated school or academy; as were more particularly those sciences whose Arabic names have not been supplanted

[1] A name of the later Egyptians derived—written in Greek letters—from the Greek word *Aigyptios*—"Egyptian." There were four dialects, the Coptic, the Memphitic spoken at Memphis, the Theban or Sahidic, and the Bashmuric, a later dialect. Manuscripts in the Sahidic are as old as the third century A.D.; the Memphitic do not appear till the tenth century A.D. The language ceased to be spoken more than two centuries ago, but is still used in the ritual and services of the church.

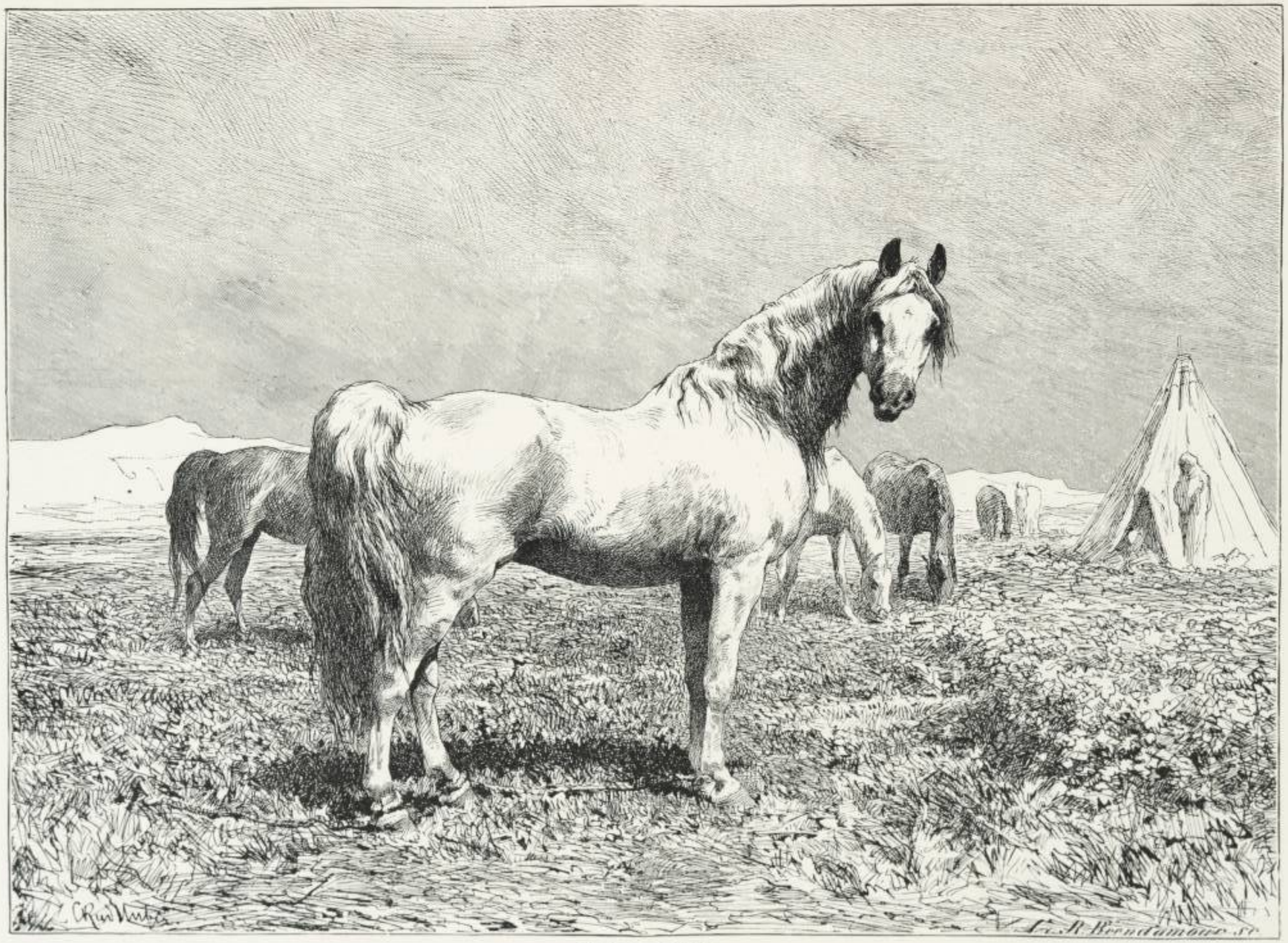
by others even in our day—Algebra and Chemistry. It was under Mamoon that the first terrestrial meridian was measured, and instruments previously unknown were used in the observatory erected by him. Also it is to the translations made in his time of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew books into the Arabic tongue that we owe the preservation of many writings of the ancients which would otherwise have been lost.

The same prince restored the Nilometer on the island of Roda, and decorated it with inscriptions which still exist. Under him Fostât enjoyed a period of fairest bloom; nevertheless, it was under the rule of a viceroy of the later Abbasides—the enterprising and talented Ahmed-ibn-Tuloon[1]—that the town first overstepped the limits of what we know now as Old Cairo. The father of this remarkable man, a Turk by birth, had found admission as a prisoner of war into the body-guard of the Khalif, which at that time constituted a Prætorian guard that succeeded on more than one occasion in breaking a sceptre and disposing of a crown. This talented man soon won a high position in the monarch's palace. His manly and noble-minded son, who had, too, a great taste for science, was appointed to the government of Egypt, and he not only knew how to maintain this by his wisdom, and by the force of arms and gold, but he made a victorious incursion into Syria, and founded an independent sovereignty for himself and his family. He enlarged Fostât, his capital—where he had resided at first in the palace built in the soldiers' quarter by his predecessors—by extending it in the direction of the present citadel, and by building the quarter called el-Khateeyah, where he erected for himself a splendid castle, and afterwards the mosque which to this day bears his name; he meanwhile had founded several richly endowed benevolent institutions, where every Friday he visited in person the sick and insane, besides causing many other useful buildings to be executed, among which the conduits especially deserve mention. The mosque is situated south-west of the citadel (which was not built till afterwards) and halfway between it and Old Cairo, not far from the spacious riding-course where the Arab grandees trained and exercised their splendid horses on the fortified hill called Kal'at el-Kebsh—"the fort of the ram." This was invested by legends with a peculiar sanctity; one of these relates that Abraham led his son to the slaughter on it, and that it then took its name in memory of the ram which was substituted for sacrifice by the Lord God. Other Cairenes declare that at the end of the flood Noah's Ark was stranded on this hill, and that a ram came out of it first of all the beasts; while earlier tales say that Ahmed found the remains of the Ark on Mount Ararat in Armenia, and that it was built into the new mosque in the form



ALLEY OF THE OLD TIME.

[1] A.D. 870.



ARABIAN HORSE.

of a frieze, on which the whole of the Koran was engraved. Very possibly Ahmed-ibn-Tuloon, as the head of a new princely race, assumed—in Oriental fashion—the name of "the ram," *i.e.*, the leader of the flock, and the name el-Kebsh—"the ram"—may refer to him.



ARCH ORNAMENT FROM THE MOSQUE OF IBN-TULOON.

This benevolent prince—who, when he felt death near,[1] desired that the Mohammedans should pray for him with the Koran, the Jews with the Pentateuch and Psalms, and the Christians with the Gospels, all on the top of Mokattam—when he had decided on building a new mosque, scorned to strip any of the more ancient structures in order to decorate his pious work. When he could find no right way—so runs the legend—of building a magnificent temple out of nothing but new materials, the Greek architect who had constructed the aqueducts under his orders, and who had been thrown into prison on a false accusation, let him know that he had conceived of the plan of a magnificent mosque, for which no pillars should be required other than those which would need to be placed on each side of the prayer-niche.

The Greek architect's drawing satisfied the prince's requirements, and thus the beautiful structure rose which, in spite of the many injuries it has suffered, has hitherto fulfilled the desire of its owner—that, even if fire or water should destroy Fostât, it might remain standing.

This structure differs but little in its ground-plan from the Mosque of Amroo, and is generally regarded as especially typical of the earliest period of Arab architecture. The rectangular court is enclosed by side-courts on three sides, and their flat wooden roofs are supported on pillars, and not on columns as in the Mosque of Amroo, and on heavy pointed arches, of which the spring recalls the horse-shoe arch. On the side facing towards Mecca, where the prayer-niche is placed, there are five rows, on the others only two. At the four angles of each square pillar are small columns with Byzantine capitals in gypsum. Coste and, after him, Von Kremer consider these peculiar features as the prototype of the cluster-pillars in our Gothic cathedrals. We do not even yet meet with arabesque decorations or with stalactite ornaments over the doorway in this noble building; but the capitals of the columns, the borders and spandrils of the arches are richly ornamented

[1] The revenues of Egypt were at this time very great; according to De Guignes (*Histoire des Huns*) 300,000,000 pieces of gold. At the death of Tuloon, about £12,000,000 were in his treasury, after £1,200,000 had been abstracted four years before by his son Abbas.

with truly Arabic and most beautiful foliage carving, which, however, still reminds us of its Byzantine prototype. The characters of the Kufic type, in which the verses from the Koran are inscribed, run off into branches and flowers, which might be regarded as of the nature of arabesque; they serve as a rich string-course ornament on the walls close under the roof. Even the latticed windows in the upper part of the wall have borders of foliage, and specially worthy of notice is the upper portion of the walls, which consist of burnt bricks and are



THE LIWAN OR SANCTUARY OF THE MOSQUE OF IBN-TULOON.

covered with a facing of alabaster. This forms a sort of fancifully designed pierced battlement, which has unfortunately suffered severe injury. In the sanctuary, on each side of the prayer-niche, stands a Byzantine pillar. The Mimbar is covered with very fine work in geometrical inlaying of walnut wood and ivory, but it was not erected in the mosque until its restoration under the Bahritic Mamelukes. In the midst of the court rises a domed structure, originally intended as the tomb of Ibn-Tuloon, but under which the tank for the prescribed ablutions does at present stand.

Strong external walls enclose this splendid building on the west, north, and south, to keep out the hubbub of the city, but in the course of time it has suffered severely and undergone cruel disfigurement. It is difficult, at the present

day, for the visitor to form any idea of the grand effect it must have produced at the time of its first completion, for almost all of the arches have been walled up, and the arcades subdivided into cells, which afford a refuge to beggars who torment the visitor, and to Cairenes past work. Badly whitewashed walls with square windows and doors now enclose the court in place of the open pillared arcades. Nothing is left to remind us of the former splendour of the building but the frieze and its injured cornice, the niches and rosettes between the walled-up arches, and the Liwan, or sanctuary, which has been spared and left open. Close to the western outer wall of the mosque rises the quite peculiar minaret. The tower rests on a massive quadrangular substructure, and rises in three stories, each smaller than the last; the lowest is circular in plan, the second and third polygonal. The small cupola has lost its summit, but we know that instead of a crescent it was crowned with a little ship, in which it was the custom to place food for the kites that soar round the mosque.



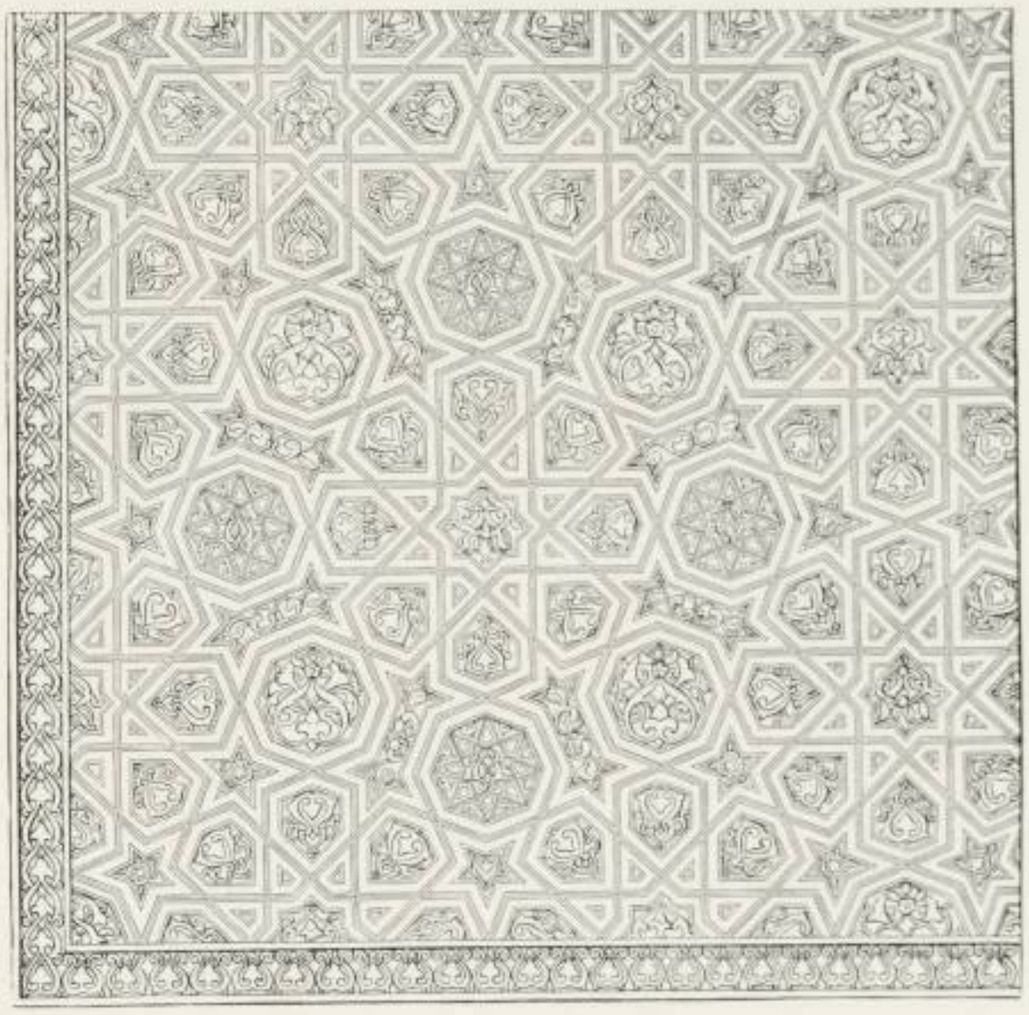
CAPITALS OF COLUMNS FROM THE MOSQUE OF IBN-TULOON.

Quite peculiar, too, to this minaret is the flight of steps going round it outside, by which the muezzins mount from balcony to balcony. It is said that once Ibn-Tuloon, sitting in council, became quite absorbed in thought, wrapping a strip of paper spirally round his finger; when he roused himself to consciousness and met the enquiring looks of his officials, he excused himself by explaining that the twisted strip of paper was the model of the staircase of the minaret he was building. The whole edifice was completed in two years, and it seemed to the Cairenes so extravagantly costly that they complained at the enormous sum disbursed for it, so that Ibn-Tuloon was forced to declare that he had found a treasure, to which he owed the means of erecting his mosque. It was said that he had three times come upon enormous buried wealth, and, in fact, the sums laid out by him for public purposes were immense; although at the same time he reduced the imposts, and on a second occasion mitigated them, because in a dream he heard the voice of a friend saying to him, "When a prince sacrifices his rights for the best interests of his people, God takes it on Himself to make it up to him."

Ahmed-ibn-Tuloon is one of the noblest figures in Oriental history. When he died, in May A.D. 884, in spite of the many wars he had engaged in, and his indomitable energy in building, which had extended even to fortifying the island of Roda, he left behind him an enormous treasure, which, according to our modern English computation, is said to have amounted to sixty millions; he was sincerely lamented by his innumerable subjects in both Syria and Egypt. The dynasty founded by him was to all extents and purposes independent, although the prosperity of the Abbasides continued to be prayed for in the mosques of Fostât; and seventeen sons and sixteen daughters who survived him—for he had an extensive harem—seemed to promise long continuance to the new family of Regents. And yet within twenty-two years of the death of its founder it was extinct. The power of the Abbaside Khalifs dwindled to nothing at the same time. The last rulers of

Egypt who acknowledged their supremacy, before the rising of the Fatimites, were the Turk Mohammed-el-Ihsheed and, last of all, his black slave Kafoor, who, after serving his lord and his two sons, who were minors, with conspicuous fidelity, undertook in his own person the government of the Nile valley—which was at that time under a visitation of famine, war, and pestilence—till he died, in the year 967 of our era, greatly lamented by the poets,[1] to whom he had been a liberal patron. He was succeeded by the grandson of his former lord, Mohammed-el-Ihsheed: this boy was only eleven years old, and his relatives took advantage of his youthful inexperience to snatch from him his rich inheritance.

At this period of its utmost misery Egypt was certain to fall like a ripe fruit into the first strong hand stretched out to grasp it, and this strong hand was not long to wait for.



PATTERN OF THE MIMBAR IN THE MOSQUE OF IBN-TULOON.

A few decades before, a bold man, Obeyd-Allah — who called himself, whether rightly or no, a descendant of Alee, the prophet's son-in-law, by his daughter Fatima—had founded a new Shiite dynasty called the Fatimites,[2] in Northern Africa. Under the title of a Mehdee—meaning "one who is under the special guidance of God"—he founded, on a peninsula which juts out into the bay of Tunis, the splendid capital of Mahadeeyah, which is now utterly destroyed, and after many wars he and his successors brought the greater portion of North Africa, Sicily, and Sardinia under their dominion. Obeyd-Allah's son Kasoon was even bold enough to attack Egypt, and he actually succeeded in reaching Alexandria and in conquering the Fayoom; but it was not until fifty-five years later that his great grandson Mo'izz, encouraged by Egyptian emirs, ventured to attempt to subjugate the whole valley of the Nile. In February A.D. 969,[3] he sent his general Djawhar with a picked army to invade the country lying to the east. A battle was fought at Ghizeh, the adherents of the dynasty of Ihsheed were routed, and the victorious Djawhar crossed the Nile and encamped to the north of Fostât on the spot where modern Cairo, which he subsequently founded, was destined to rise.

[1] Also the musicians, who were much enriched by his favours and donations. The musical art was much prized at the period. A considerable volume existed with the names of the poets and their works, but all their poems have disappeared.

[2] Consisted of eleven sovereigns who reigned one hundred and eighty-eight years.

[3] Towards the end of the reign of Kafoor.

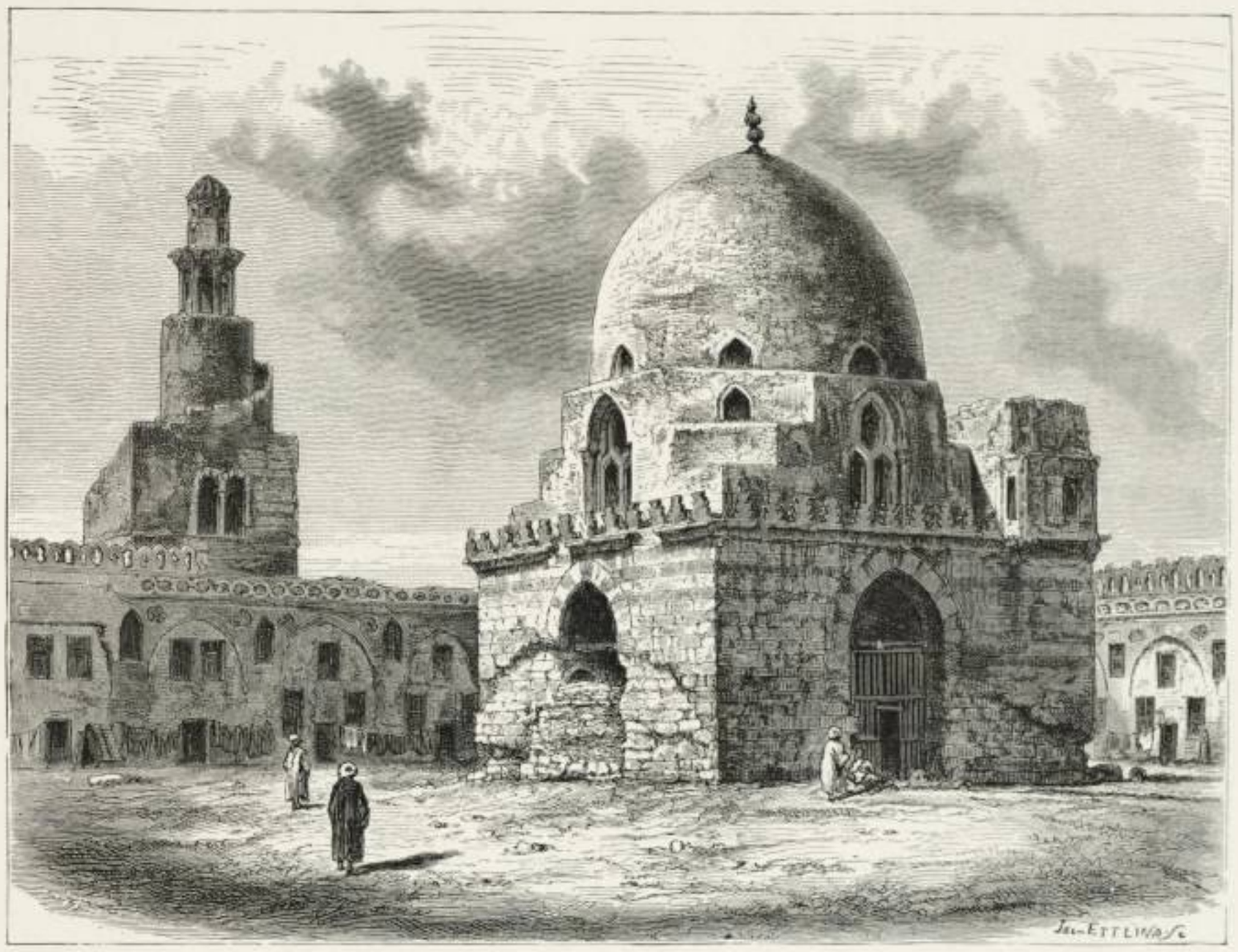


THE CONSORT OF THE SULTAN.



AHMED.

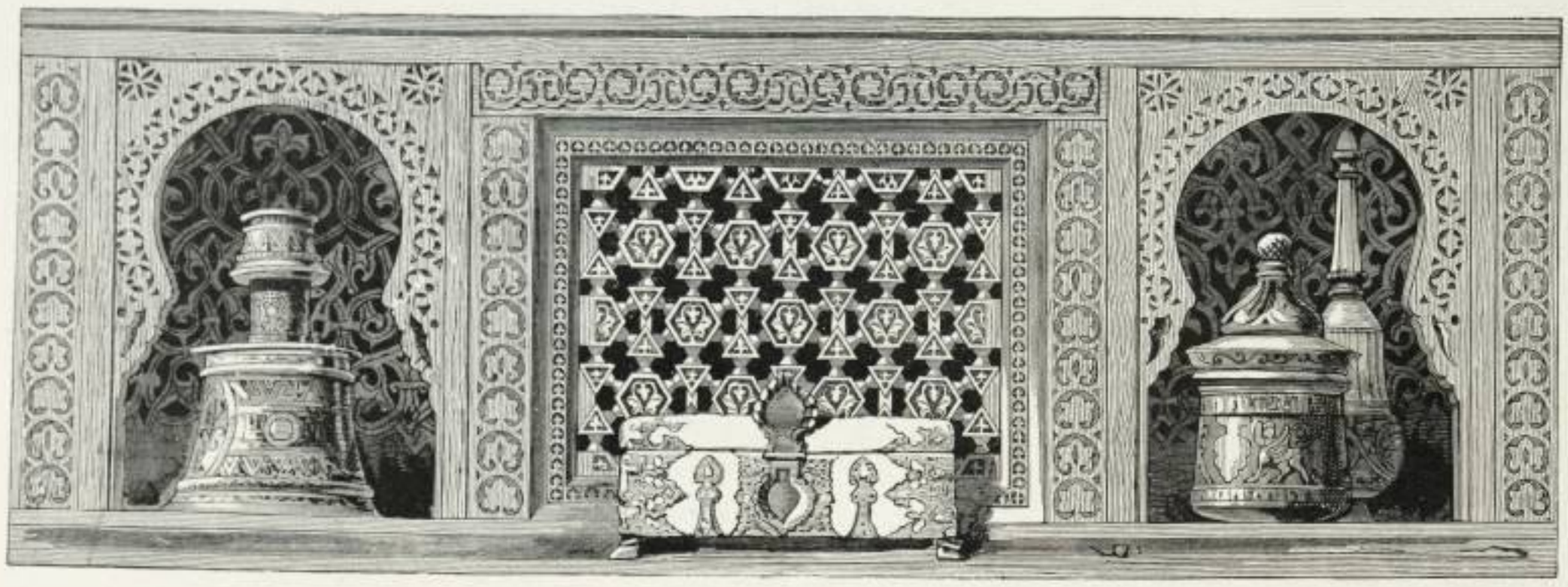
A few months after his entry into Fostât, Djawhar gave orders to add to the city on the northern side by the building of a new town. This adjoined the quarter of el-Khateeyeh founded by Ibn-Tuloon, and was to serve, in the first instance, as head-quarters for Djawhar's soldiers, and as the court residence of the Fatimite Khalifs. The first sod was to be turned, by the advice of the astrologers, at the moment when the planet Mars—known to the Arabs as el-Kahir, "the victorious" —crossed the meridian of Fostât. According to another legend the circuit of the new city was marked out and surrounded by a string to which little bells were

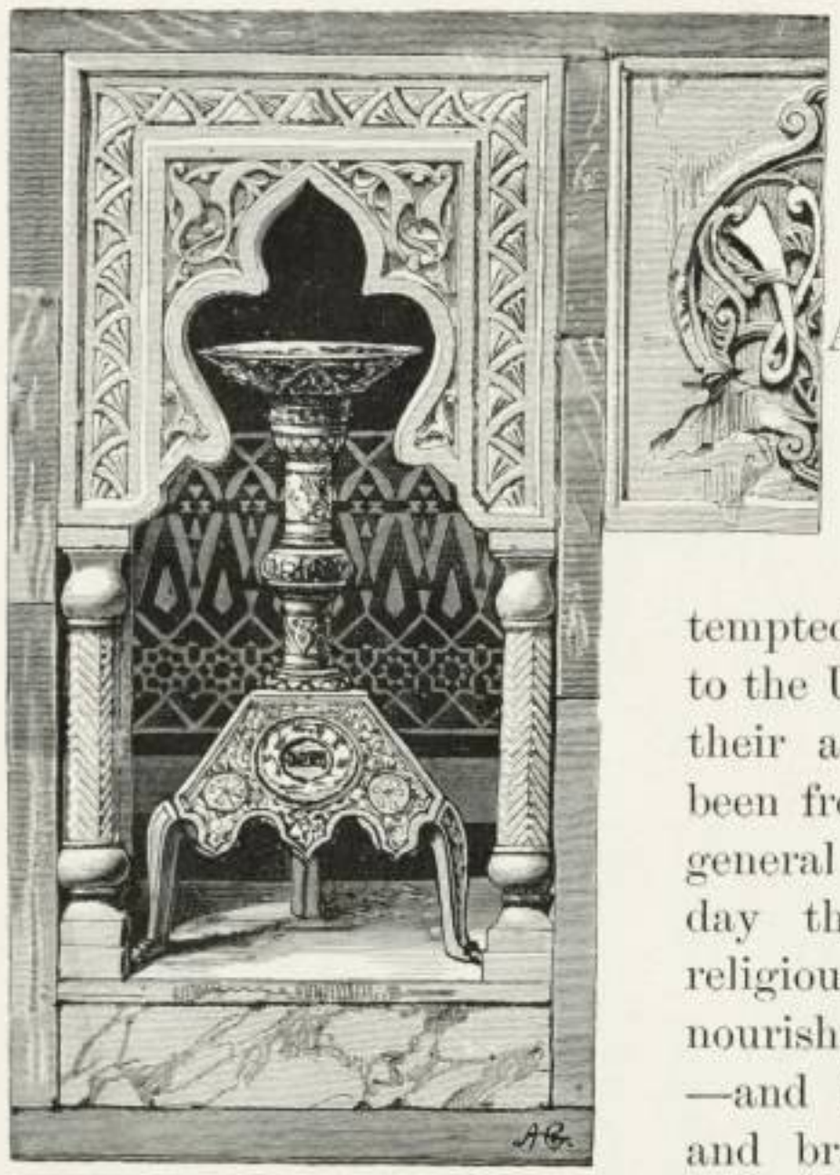


MINARET AND COURT OF THE MOSQUE OF IBN-TULOON.

attached, so that at a signal to be given by them the labourers might all begin together. But before the architect who awaited the word of the astrologers could sound the signal, a bird of prey shot down on to the string, the little bells rang out all round, the labourers set to work, and, it is said, at the very instant at which the planet crossed the meridian of the new town. This in consequence took its name from it, Masr-el-Kahira—*i.e.*, the Victorious of Egypt.

A star of conquest had presided over the founding of the new town, and Djawhar lighted up in it a new luminary which guided him to victory in the arena of intellectual conflict; for his first act was to found the University and mosque of el-Azhar, which to this day may be regarded as the source and centre of all scientific life in the East.





CAIRO;

UNDER THE FATIMITES AND EYOOBIDES.

VARIOUS have been the changes that have passed over the city since that period of early development which we have traced so far. We now stand on the threshold of the most splendid section of its history, and we feel tempted to interrupt the course of events to do honour to the University and mosque of el-Azhar, and to record their achievements. It must be regarded as having been from the time of its foundation by Djawhar, the general of the army under Mo'izz, down to the present day the source from which all the intellectual and religious life of Cairo has for centuries derived its nourishment—from whence, indeed, it still derives it—and it deserves to be considered as the very heart and brain of the City of the Khalifs. But for the present we must pass by its lofty gates, and postpone visiting it till we can do so without interrupting the course of the historical narrative. I will then resign the reader into the care of a guide to whom this famous institution is familiar, and who will make him acquainted with its organisation and results. Here it need only be said that Djawhar himself built and furnished it magnificently, and secured the salaries of the professors and the maintenance of students by munificent endowments.

Soon after the founding of Cairo the Khalif Mo'izz[2] transferred the royal

[1] A.D. 970.

[2] A.D. 972; his treasures and expenditure were enormous. Makreezee, pp. 385—488.

residence to the new city in which, only three years after, he was borne to the grave of his forefathers, whose bodies had been conveyed to Egypt. The country and the capital alike owed great things to his immediate successors. They governed their kingdom, which already extended to the western confines of Africa, with solicitude and wisdom, opening out new channels for the commerce of Egypt, even as far as India and deep into the heart of the African continent. The caravans which travelled from Tangier—which bordered on the Moorish dependencies of Spain—and traversed the greater portion of Northern Africa *viâ* Kayrawan and Tripolis, conveyed merchandise of enormous value, which they poured into the Khans of Cairo, fast rising to be the most important capital of the East; and





ANCIENT EGYPTIAN VASES.

from thence other files of camels kept up constant intercourse between Syria and Egypt. Aydab and Klysma on the Red Sea were the ports where goods conveyed by sea were shipped and unshipped.

The artistic industry of the Arabs also found ample opportunity for display under the Fatimites, who loved to live in richly fitted palaces, and whose ministers and richer subjects, imitating their princes, built magnificent dwelling-houses.

In the fifth soorah of the Koran, wine, gambling, statues, and drawing lots are forbidden as an abomination to the faithful; hence neither painting nor sculpture could ever rise to a high eminence among the Arabs, or even assert their dignity as independent arts; nevertheless, the prohibition of the Prophet was disregarded, particularly in Cairo under the Fatimites, and we are told that in their time the most splendid tapestries were in use, on which were representations of the sovereigns and of celebrated men; and that in the capital itself there were manufactories of artistic vessels and materials of every description. A variety of table ornaments were produced there, and the elegant figures from Cairo were highly esteemed, particularly gazelles and lions, elephants and giraffes. Certain vessels of glazed clay, regarded as unique, bore the forms of human figures, or of animals. Similar vessels were not unknown to the ancient Egyptians; but the painters who worked



HAREM OF A HOUSE IN THE TIME OF THE KHALIFS.

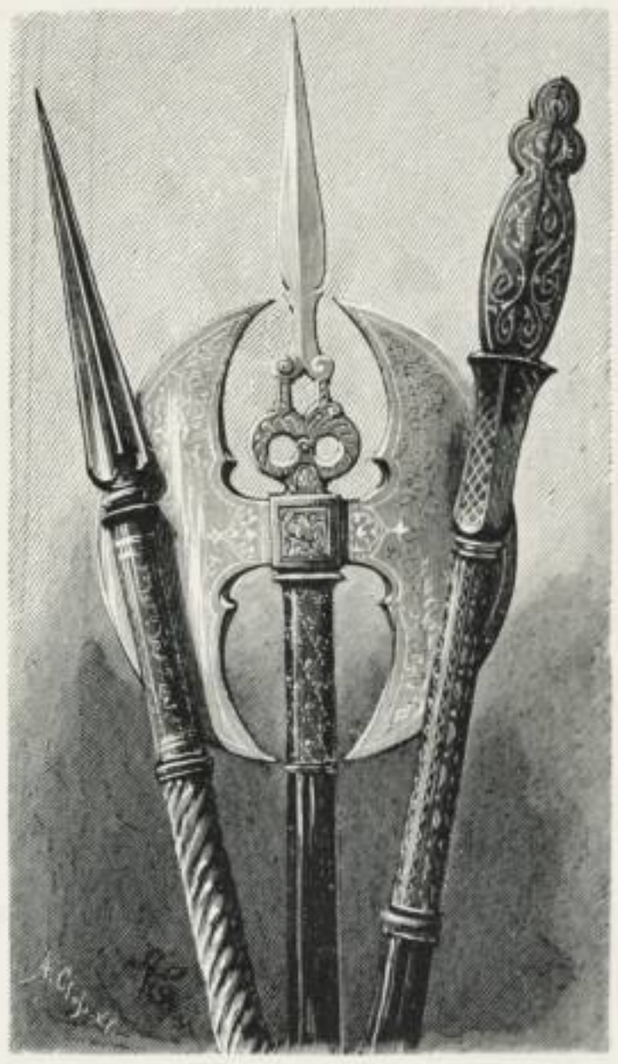
in the service of the Fatimites appear to have immeasurably surpassed the artists of Pharaonic times, who were never able to attain to any freedom of treatment, and to whom the laws of perspective remained unknown. For how should an artist of Old Memphis or Thebes have so succeeded in painting dancing women



ABOO BEKR. OMAR. OTHMAN. ALEE.

EGYPTIAN COINS.

that some should seem to float out from the wall, and others to recede? And Makreezee asserts that both were accomplished under the Fatimites by Ibn-Azeez and Koseyr during a banquet in Cairo. We are also told of portraits of distinguished poets executed at the same period, and of a picture representing Joseph in the well, which, by its fine effects of colour, excited the highest admiration. Even the workshops of the sculptors sent out not merely fantastic ornaments and designs of animals, but human figures, and among them armed knights on horseback.



HALBERD AND SPEAR FOR LION HUNTING, OF STEEL INLAID WITH SILVER. TIME OF THE FATIMITES.

At an early date the Arabs had exchanged their primitive modest garb for the gorgeous clothing used by the nations they had subjugated, and more particularly by the Persians. At the court of the Khalifs at Bagdad an enormous use was made of embroidered dresses of the rarest materials. The Fatimites sought to vie with the Abbasides in this respect, and several establishments were founded in Cairo for the production of embroidery on silk, which was largely used for turbans worked with gold, for mantles of honour with the monograms of the names of sovereigns (tiraz), and ladies' robes with inscriptions. The robes of honour embroidered with the tiraz played so conspicuous a part under the successors of Mo'izz that the "Intendant of the Tiraz" held one of the most distinguished posts in the court. Very costly work was also produced by the goldsmiths and armourers, and the former worked not for ladies only but for men also, for both sexes were fond of decorating themselves with necklaces and bracelets. We are told of ladies who so loaded themselves with ornaments of gold and precious stones that they could not walk without assistance. The

men expended large sums on the decoration of their arms; and the interior of their houses, as well as their persons, were decked with every product of the industrial arts of the period. The walls were lined with polished stucco in various colours, with arabesques or richly embroidered stuffs, or even with tiles in pottery with an enamel facing of inimitable brilliancy; the floor was of mosaic or was covered with thick carpets. A carpet made in the reign[1] of Mo'izz represented the chief cities of the world, and under the pictures were explanatory sentences in letters of gold and silver. This carpet is said to have cost 22,000 dinars (about £12,000). The cabinet-makers had preserved their early art of inlaying furniture, using costly dark wood inlaid with lighter ones, or with ivory and mother-of-pearl, and at no period were the coverings for pillows and cushions more richly designed or more beautifully coloured than those of the Egyptian damask at that date.[2]



ARABIC SILK DAMASK OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY. FROM A GARMENT OF HENRY THE SAINT (A.D. 1002—24) IN BAMBERG GERMAN MUSEUM.

The costly stuffs of Damietta have already been spoken of; figures of various animals were woven into these. The heavy stuff known as Deebak brocade, with its large patterns of flowers, is still to be met with in the high-mass robes of Catholic priests. The Christian Copts were the best weavers both in the Delta and at Syoot in Upper Egypt, which produced a particular purplish-red furniture stuff. Even quite simple vessels of clay and brass showed very elegant forms, and were decorated with rich Tawsheer work; nor was less care bestowed on the ewers and bowls used for washing the hands at meals, on the lanterns for lighting the courts and halls, on the plates, saucers, and vases, the boxes, jars, and bowls (khordâdhee) used for the lavish burning of essences—in which the Prophet himself had indulged—and for containing sweetmeats, preserved fruits, syrup, and sherbets, which the Cairenes to this day prepare in great and excellent variety. The joys of the table even inspired the poets to sing of them, and many an old traveller celebrates the praises of the multitude of cooks and roasters who set up their stalls and fires at the corners of the streets, or carried them about



ARABIC STUFF. PRESERVED IN THE GERMAN MUSEUM OF NUREMBERG. DARK-RED GROUND AND GREY FOLIAGE, THE OUTLINES CHANGING BLUE AND GOLD.

[1] A.D. 968—977.

[2] A.D. 968—977.

on their heads. Old Sebastian Frank[1] tells us, "There be there [in Cairo] as many as fifteen thousand public kitchens, wherein every day, and all day, they cook victuals and dainties, both roast and boiled; for the natives cook but little in their houses, but many cooks go round about in the city with fire ready prepared on a hearth, which they carry on their heads, and they will boil or roast meat therewith; and if any man have need they take down the oven from their head and give to the hungry according to his desire for a reasonable sum of money." At the present day cooks are to be seen at many street-corners, and wandering provision-merchants in great numbers. A writer of the time of Saladin[2] declares that if he were called upon to enumerate and describe the various sweetmeats prepared in Egypt a separate book would require to be written. A large pasty, of which the preparation is minutely described by this author, proves the luxury of living indulged in by the princes and grandees of his time. First a dough is prepared of thirty pounds of the finest meal, kneaded up with five and a half pounds of sesame oil; this was to be divided into two portions. One, rolled thin, was laid in a large copper pan with strong handles, prepared for the purpose. On this was spread a minced stuffing of meat, and above it thirty lambs, roast and stuffed with a fine spiced *farcis* of pounded pistachio nuts, pepper, ginger, cinnamon, mastic, coriander, carraway, and nuts. Over this was poured rose-water flavoured with nutmeg. On and between the lambs were packed twenty fowls, an equal number of young chickens, and fifty small birds, some stuffed with meat and some with eggs, some roasted in grape juice or lemon juice. This mass (may we not write "mess") was garnished with little meat patties and tarts full of sugar-work. When it had acquired a dome-shape—and pieces of meat or toasted cheese



WIFE OF THE SHEYKH OF THE COOKS.

[1] "Chronique et Tableau de la Turquie," 4to, 1550.

[2] A.D. 1171—1192.

might still be added—Attar of rose with essence of nutmeg, or of aloes wood, was to be poured over it; it was then covered with the other half of the dough, care being taken that it so effectually enclosed the contents that no steam should find even the smallest outlet, and the dish was put into the oven. When the crust was well baked, and of a delicate ruddy hue, the pasty was withdrawn from the oven, wiped with a sponge, and again moistened with rose-water and nutmeg. This dish was considered particularly suitable for being taken on hunting and country expeditions by the king or great personages, since it contained a variety of viands, was easily portable, did not fall to pieces easily, looked handsome, tasted well, and was very slow in cooling.

Though Persia, and at a later day Andalusia, yielded the finest Attar of rose, Bassorah the famous palm-flower oil, Armenia the most costly essence of willow, and Koofah the finest essence of stock gilly-flower and violet, the lily oil of Egypt was especially prized; but the choicest spices and the finest incense were brought from the Somali coast in the time of the Khalifs as they had been under the Pharaohs. The consumption of essences must have been enormous at the highest tide of Egyptian splendour, for the people were actually enjoined to perfume themselves on Fridays, corpses were anointed with aromatic essences; sherbets and sweetmeats were flavoured with fine vegetable extracts, perfumes filled the air in every well-to-do house, and saturated the letters and presents which were constantly being exchanged. The ladies bathed in perfumed water, the men used scented oils for the hair, and both made use of red, yellow, and green soap. During great festivals incense was burnt in all the streets, so that even the poorest might be regaled by the mere act of breathing. Nor was there any lack of narcotics. The mode of preparing opium, introduced from Syoot in Upper Egypt, was well known, and the Sultan Beybars[1] promulgated several edicts prohibiting the use of Hasheesh, a stupefying and intoxicating preparation of Indian hemp. In spite of the Prophet's prohibition the juice of the grape continued to be indulged in; alcohol (as its name indicates) is an Arab discovery, and beer—the favourite beverage of the ancient Egyptians—was also brewed and drunk under the Khalifs. Many a jovial song in praise of wine was sung by Arab poets, and in early times many Arabs would by no means admit that the Prophet had forbidden its use. In an old MS. copy of Tha'âlibi[2] it is said, "The Prophet—may God bless him and accept him—permitted wine, and mercifully allows us to strengthen ourselves with it at our meals, and to lift the veil of our cares and sorrows." In another place it is written, "None forbids wine but a churl, and none allows it but a noble soul; the free-handed and the generous praise it, the avaricious and niggardly find fault with it. But shun drunkenness, it is a disgrace and a sin." Wine is called "the alchemy of joy, and the pleasantest thing the world rejoices in." In the "Cheerer" it is said, "the world is as one beloved, and wine is the dew of her lip."

Ibn-el-Mu'tazz sang:[3]—

"Care not if time passes slowly or hurries thee onward;
Whisper thy woes to the wine cup that bubbles before thee.

[1] A.D. 1277. [2] Died about A.D. 1043, in the reign of the Khalif Mostansir-Billah. [3] A.D. 807



PRINCELY GARDEN IN CAIRO.

Yet, if three times thou hast emptied it pause and consider;
Guard thou thy heart lest joy vanish and leave only torment.
Here is the proved panacea for sadness and sorrow;
Hearken thou then to my counsel who knows what will serve thee,
Care not for time, but bethink thee how often the wretched
Fain would amend all its evils—alas! but he cannot."

Other poets who have sung of wine praise it with gay freedom and without restraint. The drinker sings triumphantly as he raises his glass—

"Drink, or e'er this life be past
Drain the goblet to the last."

A great deal of wine must have been drunk in Egypt, if it is correctly stated that the wine-tax in one day amounted to more than a thousand dinars (almost £600). The Christian monks seem to have kept the best cellars of the noble juice, and the poet Ibn Hamdees[1] gives a ravishing picture of a night he spent in drinking with some friends in a convent in Sicily, his native home. There was fine muscatel there indeed, and a piece of silver purchased "liquid gold."

The princes and potentates in their palaces feasted off the precious metals, and even off plates of onyx and the other less precious gem stones. Knife and spoon handles of jasper and carnelian, and vessels of rock-crystal were not very rare. Glass, both clear and coloured, was used in a variety of forms.

The outside of the house that faced on the street was just as simple as the interior was splendid—particularly the "mandaree," or room for receiving visitors, and the harem, or women's apartments—for suspicion and jealousy, as well as fear of the greed of princes and of the envious gaze of the passer-by, prescribed concealment of the wealth of the household, especially under the later sovereigns.

The Arabs excelled all other nations in horticulture, and particular care was bestowed on the gardens, which are praised alike by poets and prose writers. Among the latter is Aboo Bekr el-Herawee, the traveller who is known to the Arabs as Kiselak,[2] because he inscribed his name on innumerable monuments; he enumerates the following plants, which he had seen all at the same season in Egyptian gardens:—Roses of three different colours, two sorts of jasmine, and two of lotus, myrtle, jonquils, chrysanthemums, white and scented violets, stock gilly-flower, levkoja (snow flake), iris, lemon, palms with ripe and unripe fruit, bananas, sycamores, vines with sour and sweet grapes, fig and almond trees, coriander, melons, cucumbers, and a variety of other vegetables, among which the famous Egyptian asparagus is mentioned in the earliest antiquity. Another writer, speaking of the Khalif's garden, says that it contained—besides many other splendid plants to be met with in our gardens—palms of which the trunks were covered with plates of gold, which hid pipes out of which water spouted, so that it seemed to shoot up from the palm-tree itself. Flowers thickly sown were made, by training and clipping, to form figures and inscriptions, and in cool pavilions springs spouted out from the wall, and baskets were fastened up in which rare birds built their

[1] A.D. 1251. A Sicilian, died in the Island of Majorca, A.D. 1132.

[2] A.D. 1627.

nests; peacocks and other birds of fine plumage ornamented the terraces. Many cultivated plants have made their way, by the intervention of the Arabs, from the East to the West, and were improved by them. The fairyland of Oriental tales cannot be conceived of without its gardens. In them alone may even the blue heavens find permission to gaze down on the unveiled beauties of the harem; thus it was in the garden that love tied its forbidden bonds, while high walls shut it in from the sight of the passer-by.



GARDEN ON THE ROAD TO HELIOPOLIS.

Even the mosques—richly as they were furnished and decorated within—were comparatively plain on the exterior. It was only on the chief gateway, in the friezes, the minarets, and the beautifully ornamented casing of the cupolas that the decorative arts of architect and sculptor could display themselves; while, so early as at the time of the Fatimites, they had understood the application of the arabesques and inscriptions, which had long been used as patterns for weaving, to the walls of the palaces and mosques. These delightful surface decorations served at once to please the imagination and satisfy artistic feeling, and to arouse sentiments of devotion and a thirst for learning. Little, alas! has remained to our day of the buildings of that date, but there is no lack of descriptions of the splendour which gradually developed itself under the Fatimite Khalifs, and it may be asserted with perfect confidence that all those features—which are peculiar to Arab architecture, and of which we shall be able to point out fine examples of a later period—reached their full development under this race of sovereigns. This is especially true of the *stalactite ornament*, as it has been called—from a false idea that it was an imitation of those fantastical natural formations which occur, in many varieties, in caverns where the water percolates through the roof. Kugler describes it as a peculiar kind of architectonic structure, of which the striking effect may be attributed to its apparent constructive value, and also to its organic (in the ideal sense) and fanciful character as a decoration. It occurs as a transition or interposed ornament supporting overhanging members of the edifice: for instance, as filling up the internal angles where a cupola rises above a quadrangular space; and in various other instances it is used in certain places as a substitute for a complete

arch and vault. It is an artificial system of projecting parts in which small brackets alternate with little niches with pointed arches, in such a way that the base of each super-imposed bracket is over the centre of the niche below, and often so that the upper projections hang over like a fir-cone. The constructive rationale of the stalactite is an idea of support and thrust upwards, and Schmoranz, one of the most accomplished connoisseurs in Arab art, distinguishes three varieties, the Arab, Persian, and Mauresque. Each of these displays certain peculiarities, partly resulting from the character of the materials to which they are applied—wood, alabaster, terra-cotta, or stone. The uncoloured stalactites intended for mere effects of shadow are, of course, differently treated to the many-coloured painted ones.



CONSOLE OF THE BALCONY OF THE MINARET OF THE MOSQUE OF EZBEK.

The palace built for his sovereign by Djawhar the Victorious has entirely disappeared; but a poetical description has been preserved of another structure of that period, the castle of the princes al-Mansoor, at Bugia in Algiers, which was sung of by the afore-mentioned poet Ibn Hamdees. The following prose version is from the German of Count von Schack:—



PERSO-TURKISH STALACTITE CAPITAL.

"Century on century have passed over Greece and have given birth to no palace so splendid as this. O Mighty One, we are made to understand the joys of Eden in these halls, with their lofty roofs and this cool delicious court-yard. The sight of them prompts the believer to deeds of virtue, for gardens as fair as these may be his home above; and even the sinner looking round him leaves the path of error, repenting of his former sins, to deserve the joys of Heaven. When the slaves open the gates the very hinges murmur a welcome to those who enter. The lions before the gate, which bite brazen rings, lift up their voices to say Allah is almighty. They seem ready to spring and tear the intruder who enters the court without being bidden. Like woven carpets dusted over with fine camphor are the marble pavements of the court. Pearls are inlaid all round, and far and wide the earth fills the air with perfume, as if it were pure musk. When the sun sets and darkness reigns, this castle might serve instead of it and make the night as clear as day."

The poet also praises the fountain of the same palace; it was surrounded by lions, from whose mouths the water poured into a basin, and as it rushed forth from their jaws it made a noise as loud "as though it were their roar." In the midst of the basin stood a tree of metal with birds in the branches, and threads of water that played in the sun poured from their little beaks; moisture dropped also from the leaves of the tree. Ibn Hamdees devotes a poem even to the gates and to the ceiling of this palace. The gates were ornamented with the precious metals and with carving, and studded with gold nails. On the ceiling

there were pictures of blooming gardens and hunting-scenes. The painter of these was highly lauded—

> "'Twould seem he dipped his paint-brush in the sun's refulgent beam
> To give the scene the splendour and the glamour of a dream."

The most important structure of the Fatimite period now remaining in Cairo is the mosque which was erected by the grandson and second successor of Mo'izz.[1] It is true it is half-ruined, and offers little worthy of remark to the visitor; but he who knows the story of the life of its founder, Hakim, must admit that this Khalif, who came to the throne when only eleven years old, is one of the most remarkable figures in history—one of the most singular and, by reason of the strange contradictions combined in his character, one of the most incomprehensible. To this day the sect of the Druses living in Syria regard him as an incarnation of the Most High—he himself, in his later years, believed himself to be God—and they believe that he disappeared only to come again and to receive the homage of the whole world. The development of Cairo owed but little to him, and the different classes of its inhabitants met with the most various treatment at his hands, according to the mood he was in. The Jews and the Christian Copts suffered most, and yet at times he would grant them the utmost freedom, and even permit such of them as had gone over to Islam to return to the exercise of their old religion. The lowest classes, among whom in his youth he was wont to pray, and whom he won over by his ever open hand, were devoted to him, while he was dreaded by the great. In the harems of the wealthy his very name was a word of fear, for no woman was allowed to leave her house, nor were the purveyors of provisions even permitted to cross its threshold. Magnanimity and meanness, mad severity and gentle kindness, affability and haughtiness amounting to the most frightful and blasphemous mania, a stern and utterly intolerant devotion to the doctrines of the Shiite sect and complete subjection to the religion of his fathers—all these conflicting elements and moods ruled alternately in the storm-tossed soul of this strangely compounded man; sometimes he would ride through the streets of the city in pomp with a large suite, at others alone, on an ass; for half the week he would sit in rooms artificially darkened, where candles and lamps took the



THE MOSQUE OF EL HAKIM.

[1] A.D. 996.

place of sunshine; and once, like a second Nero, he had his palace set on fire. At last, in one of his nocturnal expeditions on Mokattam, he disappeared, leaving no trace. Probably he was murdered; but the Druses, as I have said, to this day look for his return to earth. He built three places of worship, but the mosque named after him and praised as an admirable work was destroyed by an earthquake. A stately structure with a ruined minaret that is but little injured—used in his time as an observatory—is now supported by the north-east portion of the city wall. It stands between the two most conspicuous gates in Cairo, the Bab en-Nasr—or "gate of victory"—and the Bab el-Footooh, which were built in the reign of the second sovereign from Hakim, the magnificent but feeble el-Mustansir, by his Wezeer Bedr el-Gamalee. The Bab en-Nasr is an important structure of the best period of Arab art, and the solidity and accurate squaring of the stones are justly admired by experts. The Bab el-Footooh with its circular forts, well constructed and well preserved, deserves equal praise.

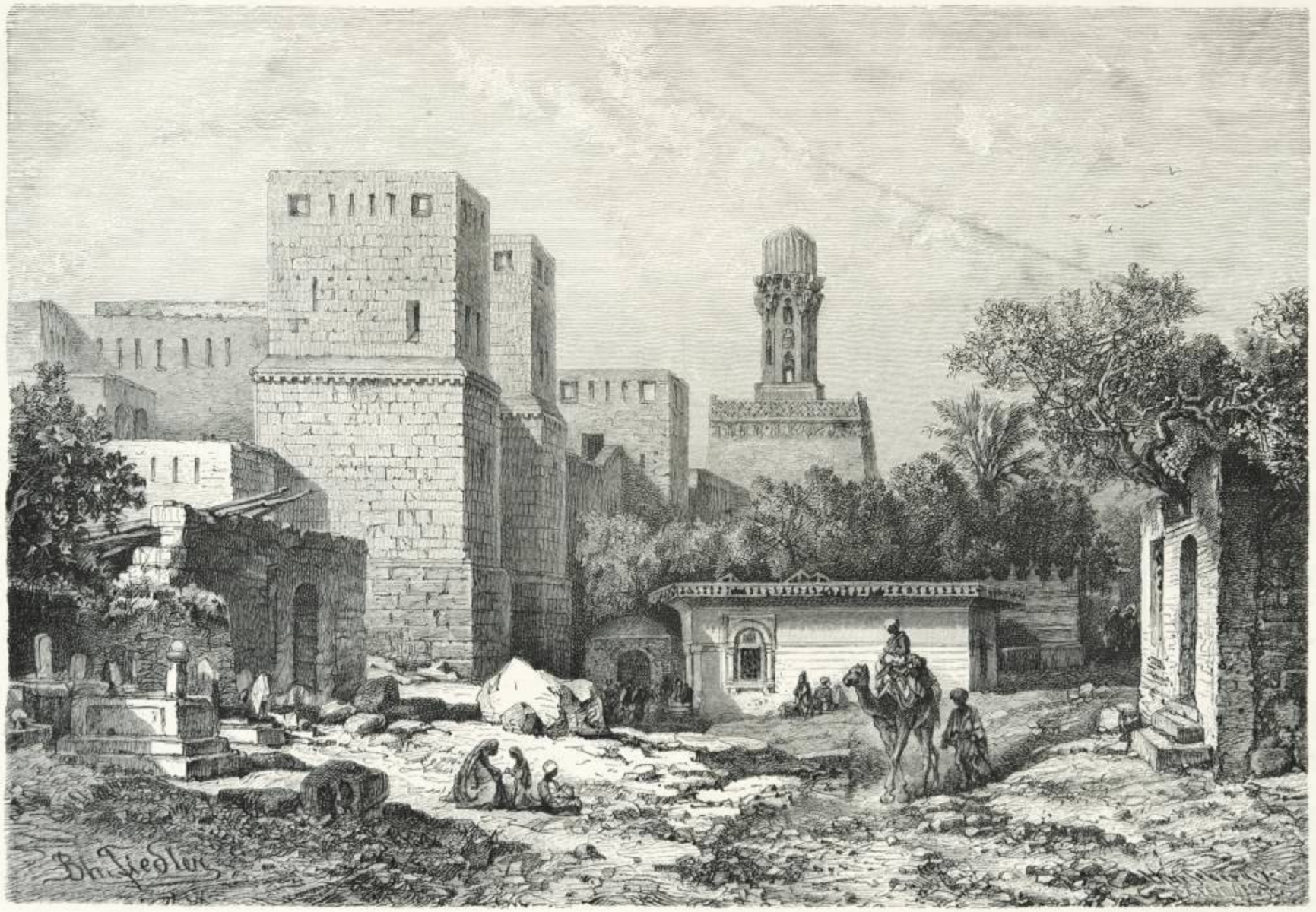
The traveller who, in his walk round this suburb, comes towards these gates and the mosque of Hakim will see, on his left, a little cemetery where J. L. Burckhardt—the finest writer of travels of any period—rests among the Moslems whose country and customs he studied and described.

It is highly significant that it is not the Khalif who is commemorated as the builder of these two portals, but in both cases his Wezeer; and, in fact, after the time of Mustansir,[1] the Wezeers became more and more the rulers of the fate of Cairo, of Egypt, and of the Fatimite race. This dynasty became extinct after eight successors of Hakim had filled the throne, its end being as pitiful as its rise and early career had been splendid. The Egyptian Khalifat met its death-blow under the feeble Adeed,[2] not indeed so much from the first Crusaders—who, under the later Fatimites, made a violent and victorious descent—as in consequence of the avarice and jealousy of the Wezeers, who made war on one another when they ought to have guarded the kingdom. Among them must be mentioned Shawer, who, to consolidate his power, applied for help to Noor-ed-deen, Prince of Aleppo.[3] He thus threw open the road into Egypt to the Kurdish mercenaries of the Syrian, led by Sheerkooh and his young nephew, the famous Salah-ed-deen (Saladin), the son of Eyoob. After many vicissitudes, which culminated in the unprincipled Wezeer appealing to the Crusaders themselves for aid, he was deprived of both office and life by the Kurds.[4] After the death of his uncle Sheerkooh,[5] Saladin took his post, and reigned over Egypt, though at first only nominally and in the name of Adeed—the last of the Fatimites, who lived shut up in his palace with his wives; but even before the death of this prince, which took place shortly after, he governed as the independent Sultan, and he ventured boldly, and with impunity, to have prayers said on the pulpits of Cairo for the Abbaside Khalif, whose faith he shared, being a Sunnite. From him sprang a new dynasty of sovereigns for Egypt, named the House of the Eyoobides,[6] after Eyoob, the father of Saladin.

[1] A.D. 1036—1094. [2] A.D. 1153. [3] Atabeg of Syria.

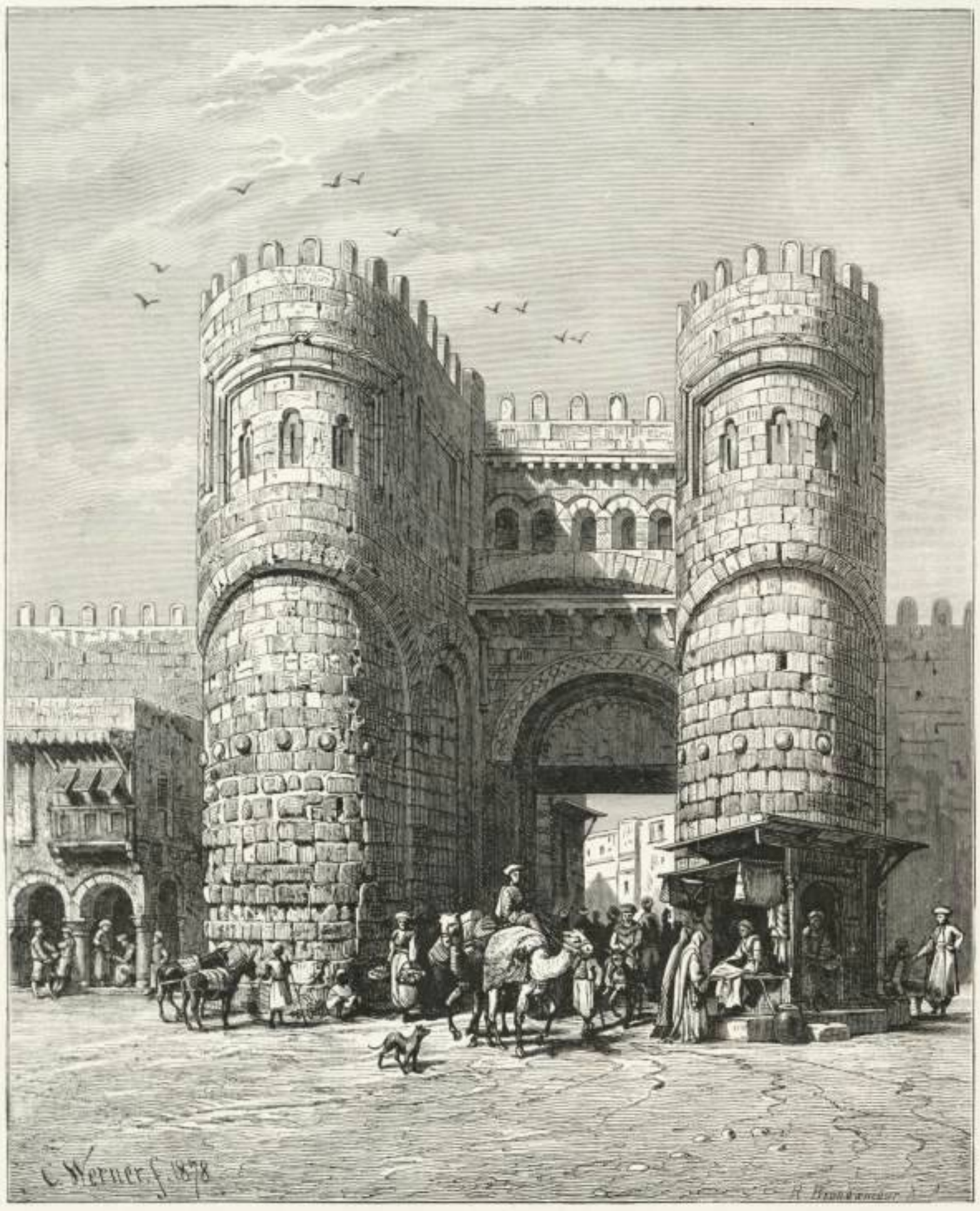
[4] First mention of employment of carrier-pigeons at this time.

[5] Commander-in-chief of Noor-ed-deen. [6] Eight reigns lasting eighty years.



BAB EN-NASR

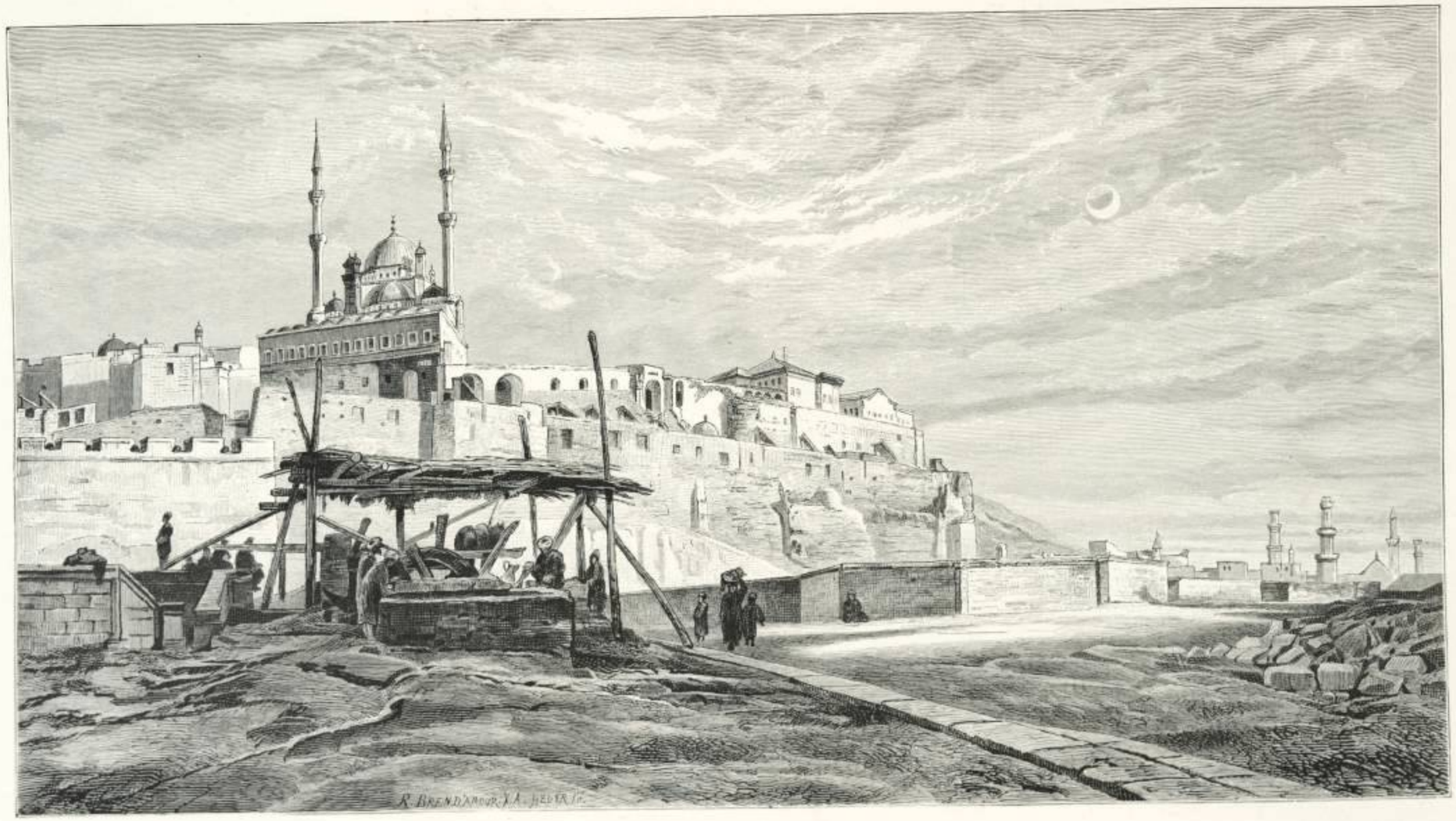
Saladin's grand deeds of prowess, his chivalrous spirit, his generosity and good-heartedness have survived far more vividly in our Western legends and poems than they have among Orientals. Walter von der Vogelweide[1] rouses us with the appeal "Remember the gentle Sal'adeen," and to him "gentle"[2] conveyed the idea of generous magnanimity, our "true gentle-man." Dante allows him



BAB EL-FOOTOH.

to linger alone in a circle, as the noblest of the heathen—"E solo in parte vid' il Saladino."[3] Lessing and Walter Scott have both done their best to keep Saladin's personal memory green in the mind of Western nations. It was he and his valour that lost Jerusalem to the Crusaders, and nevertheless Christian

[1] Cir. 1260. [2] *Milte*, or "Mild." [3] "Inferno," canto iv., 129.



CITADEL OF CAIRO

chivalry found in him something akin to itself, and was ready to accept the legend that he was the son of a Christian woman, and that he allowed himself to be dubbed Knight Templar by the captive Hugo of Tiberias, though the Templars were the bitterest foes of his cause. His life is not free from mean traits, but still he was a hero and a true knight: the only one of his creed at that time who could do justice to his enemies, and at the same time a prince—as Lessing has painted him—who was never weary of giving, and in whose treasury, after he had given away many millions, only about forty-five shillings were found at his death. His sister—the Sittah of Lessing's play—was named Sitt' esh-Shameh, and history says of her that at her brother's death she distributed her own treasure in alms, since his coffers were almost empty.

This is not the proper place for following his warlike career; but what he accomplished for Cairo must not remain unmentioned, for it was Saladin who founded and erected the citadel which to this day towers imposingly above the city.[2] If it had been built with no other object than that of maintaining obedience and defending Cairo, the choice of the site could hardly be deemed happy, for it is overtopped by other heights lying farther to the south which again command it. But Saladin wished to fix his residence in the new fortress, and Makreezee tells us that he selected the height of Mokattam—"the pleasure-house of fresh air," as it was called—for his building, because it was observed that meat, which would keep only twenty-four hours in the city, remained fresh two days and nights up on the hill. After the fall of the Fatimites, and the restoration of the Sunnite confession, the greatest dangers threatened Saladin from the Shiite inhabitants. At first he had lived in the castle of the Grand Wezeer, and had given the palace of the Khalifs of the race of Mo'izz to his Emirs, and no spot could be found better suited at this time for the coercion of the Cairenes than that which he selected. The eunuch Karakoosh[3] was entrusted with the construction of the fortress, and the outer walls which were to surround the whole city; and this extraordinary man, who seems to have been half a fool and half a sage, solved the problem set before him by destroying the small pyramids of Ghizeh and the third pyramid—that of Mycerinus—and using them as stone quarries. The finely squared blocks of the Pharaonic period were carried across the Nile, and the work proceeded rapidly, even while the Sultan was absent fighting in Syria, though it was not completed till the reign of his nephew and second successor, Malik el Kâmil.[4]

The memory of Karakoosh, the architect, has remained particularly fresh among the Egyptians. The buffoon[5] who is always conspicuous in every public theatrical exhibition[6] is called by his name, and he appears, in fact, to have merited this fate by many of his acts and dealings. A widow once begged of him to

[1] Nathan der Weise. [2] A.D. 1174

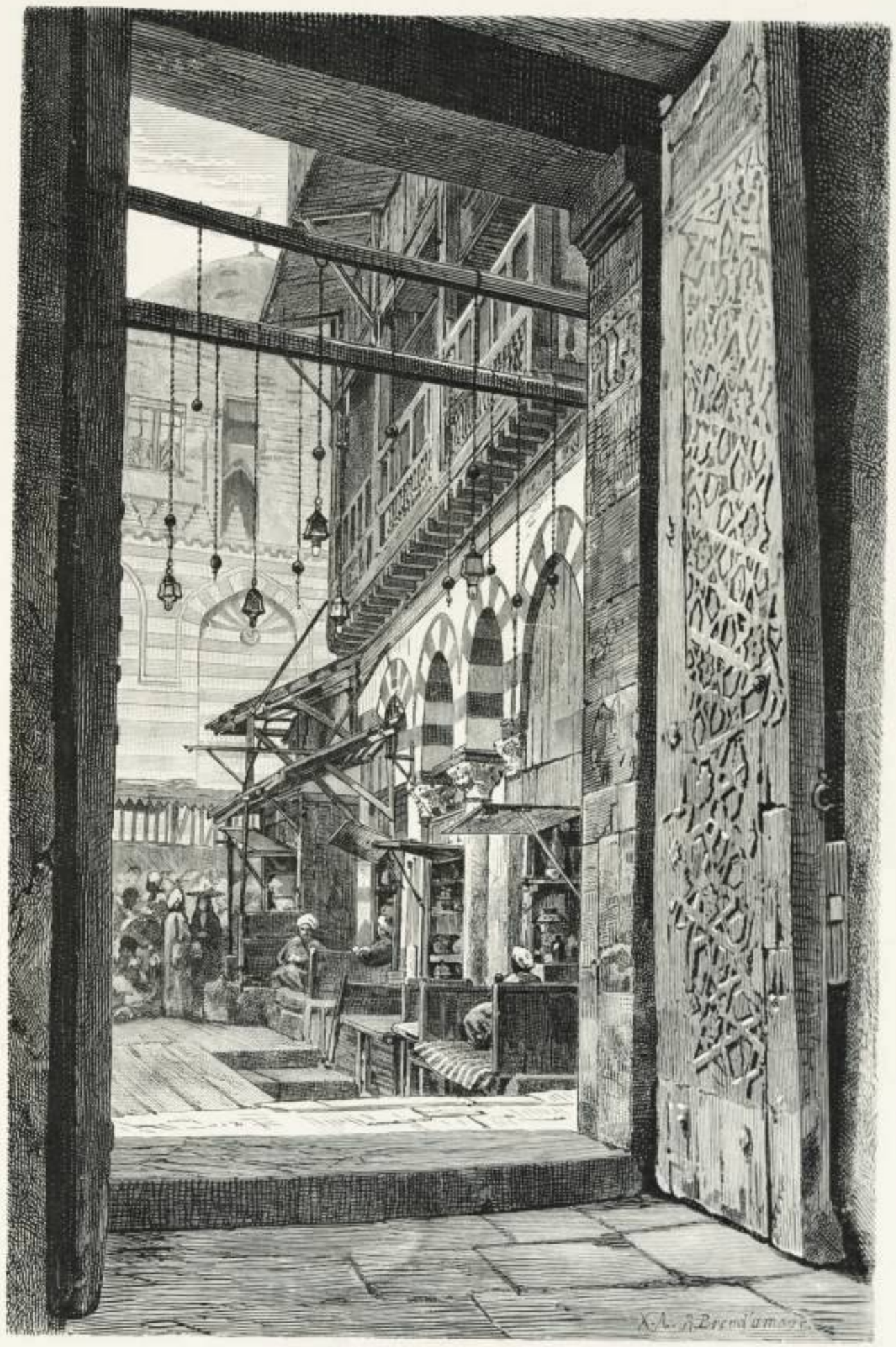
[3] Beha-ed-den. The name *Kurakoosh*, meaning "black bird," was given to him as a nickname, probably after new imposts.

[4] About A.D. 1219.

[5] D'Herbelot, in his account of Karakoosh, states a work was written by Soiuthi on his actions.

[6] Supposed by some to be the origin of Karaguse, Karaguez, or Caragheus, the Chinese Punch or Polichinello, exhibited as a kind of *ombre chinoise* by a figure behind a cloth illumined by a lamp from behind. This cynical performance of the Karaguse often embodies political caricatures of the day, and reflects public opinion. Others deny that Karaguse, which means "black snout," is the same as Karakoosh.

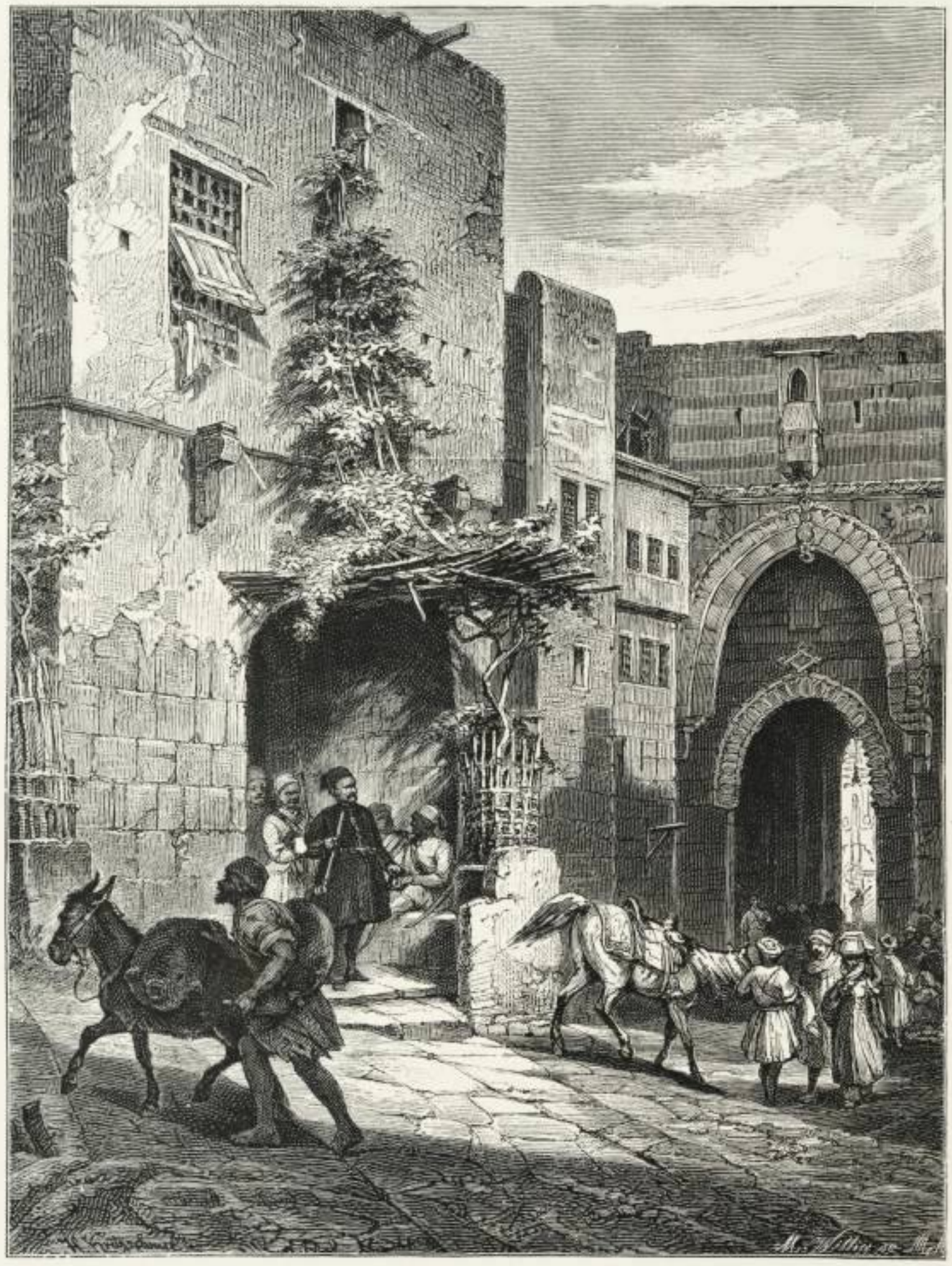
bestow on her a winding-sheet that she might bury her husband who was just dead. Karakoosh replied—"The alms-box is just now empty; come again next year,



DOOR OF THE ALLEY OF SUKKARIJE.

and then, by God's help, I will give you the winding-sheet." The following story, which is related of other persons too, with several variations, is more to his credit. A great robbery was committed in Cairo. Karakoosh enquired of the man who had been robbed whether his street was closed by a gate, as was frequently

the case in early times. Having been answered in the affirmative, he ordered that the gate and the inhabitants of the street should both be brought to him; then, applying his ear to the gate, he said: "This gate tells me that the man who



DOOR OF THE MAMELUKES IN THE CITADEL OF CAIRO.

stole the money has a feather in his turban." The thief involuntarily clutched at his turban and was discovered.

Many other traits of Karakoosh are told which are absolutely barbarous, but the confidence put in him by Saladin would seem to prove that he cannot have been altogether devoid of fine qualities.

The Arabs called the new fortress the "Nile Castle," and the modern Cairenes call it simply 'el-Kal'ah, or "the fort." A winding road, very well kept, now leads

up to the citadel; but the old steep path, shut in by walls, is also kept up, and debouches at the gate called el-Azab, which is also called the Gate of the Mamelukes, because it was close to it that the frightful tragedy was enacted of the massacre of these haughty nobles under Mohammed Ali, as will presently be related.

The palace in which Saladin's successors lived for centuries was subsequently wholly abandoned; a few halls decorated in the Turkish style are re-opened at the present day on occasions of great ceremonial receptions. The finest of the marble pillars were broken away by Seleem, after his conquest of Cairo, in 1517, and sent to Stamboul with the most valuable of the other decorative objects and furniture. It would have been very difficult to form any idea of the appearance of an Arab castle, or of the life within its walls, if the following account of the reception of the Crusaders' envoys at the palace of the Khalifs at Cairo had not been handed down to us. We owe it to the historian William of Tyre.[1]

"As this prince's house," he says, "has quite strange arrangements, such as have never been seen in our time, we will here correctly set forth all that has been told to us by faithful reporters, who have been with this great prince, of his splendour, his immeasurable wealth, and his many lordly possessions, as it will be not unpleasing to know of them more exactly.

"Hugo of Cesaræa and Godfrey, the Knight Templar, arriving at Cairo accompanied by the Soudan, went to the palace called in the language of that country Kasare (ar-Kasr), preceded by a number of apparitors who marched in front with much clatter, armed with swords. They were led through narrow passages where there was no daylight, and at every doorway they met with companies of armed Ethiopians, who hastened to salute the Soudan as soon as he appeared. Having thus passed the first and second posts, they were shown into a larger space where the sun could shine, since it was open to the sky. Here there were galleries to walk in, with marble columns pierced and carved with gold in relief; the pavements, too, were of various materials, and the whole aspect of these arcades was really worthy of royal majesty. The elegance of the materials and workmanship involuntarily attracted the gaze of the passer-by, and the eye found it hard to turn from them, nor could it be satisfied with gazing on them. There were basins of marble filled with the clearest water; birds of infinite variety and unknown in our part of the world were heard singing, while their strange forms and colours were equally new and presented an extraordinary appearance, at least in the eyes of our countrymen, and they all had different food appropriate to their taste, according to their species. From thence they went still farther on, under the guidance of the chief of the Eunuchs, and they came to buildings as much more beautiful than the former as those had seemed superior to those usually seen in other places. Here they found an astonishing variety of quadrupeds, such as the fanciful hand of the painter might depict, or poetry describe in the licence of fiction, or the imagination of a sleeper invent in his dreams—such, in short, as actually exist in the East and South, while the West has never seen the like. After passing through many corridors and twisted passages,

[1] He was Bishop of Tyre, A.D. 1100—1187, and wrote "Belli sacri Historia, libri xxiii."



ROOMELEH PLACE WITH THE MOSQUE OF HASAN.

where the busiest might well have paused to gaze at all they saw, they reached the palace itself, where they found more numerous bodies of armed men and attendants forming considerable troops, which, by their splendid dress and great numbers, attested the incomparable magnificence of the sovereign of this place, just as the various objects they had seen proclaimed his wonderful splendour and wealth.

"As soon as they were within the palace the Sultan did homage, as is the custom, to his suzerain; he prostrated himself twice, offering him, as it were, a manner of worship which is paid to none other. Finally, after prostrating himself a third time, he divested himself of the sword that hung round his neck. Then, with surprising swiftness, the curtains of cloth of gold, embroidered with an infinite variety of precious stones, were withdrawn. These, which hung in the middle of the room, had concealed the throne, and the Khalif became visible, showing his face to all beholders, seated on a gilt throne, dressed in robes more magnificent than those of kings, and surrounded by a small number of eunuchs who were his retainers."[1]



MALKAFS.

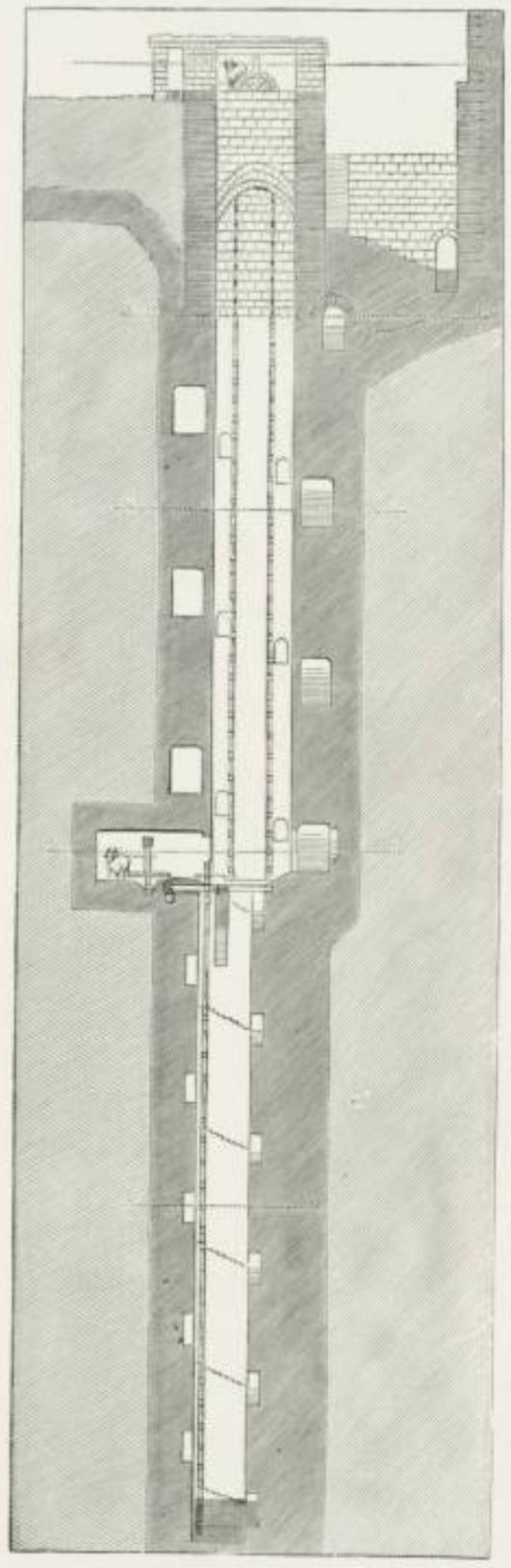
In this instance, too, written words have proved more enduring than stone and metal.

In the Citadel of Cairo, to which we will now return, a good deal remains from the period of its founders. But newer features of very various styles and of every date—early, late, and brand-new—are mingled with what is old, and greatly predominate. The fort is a fantastical and Babylonian medley of fabulous courts and labyrinthine corridors, of barracks and palaces, of abruptly precipitous walls and hideous *oubliettes*. It ought to be contemplated as a whole, and yet it is impossible to describe the way in which this whole is composed, or how the parts which constitute it, and which have so little resemblance to each other, are connected. Here the tallest minarets of Cairo seem almost to touch the sky, there the deepest well in the city has its bottom below the level of the Nile—on one hand rises a half-ruined and ancient wall of blocks from the Pyramids, on the other the shining alabaster walls and court of a modern mosque—here stands a palace with splendid pillars, and there a dilapidated place of worship. The old mosque yonder is turned into a granary, and this wing of the palace, formerly decorated with fabulous splendour, is now a barrack.

After climbing a steep street, in which breath altogether fails us, we find ourselves suddenly on a small plateau, fanned by the pure desert air, while the eye can gaze unhindered far and near. At our feet we see the busy—or lazy—swarms of people on the Roomeleh square, adjoining the old Karameydan, which now and henceforth bears the name of the founder of the vice-regal house,

[1] "Histoire des Faits et gestes dans les régions d'Outremer" (Guizot, coll. de Mémoires, Paris, 1823).

Mohammed Ali. The splendid Mosque of Hasan, which towers above this square or *place*, was built about two hundred years later than the citadel; but, even at the earlier date, great and small may have assembled here, taking part in every sort of amusement, and spending the month of Schawwal awaiting the starting of the great caravan of Mecca pilgrims. The eye glances across and away from this animated spot and the vast places of worship that dominate it, and we see before us the huge city spreading far and wide to the west and north. There are many human forms and fluttering garments to be seen on the flat roofs, which also support the openings of the ventilators, wooden structures resembling in form those that cover the cabin-ladder on board a river steamer. These "malkafs" form quite a little town on the top of the larger one, but the eye does not linger on them, for it is tempted to wander in every direction—and upwards especially—by the minarets, which stand up here, there, and everywhere in hundreds of tall and slender forms. But our upward gaze is soon dazzled by the rays of the sun and the sheeny glare of the whitewashed walls; and the eye turns away, lower and farther towards the west, where the broad Nile silently floods its green and fertile banks, and the Pyramids rise up on the margin of the desert at the foot of the rocky Libyan range.



SHAFT OF JOSEPH'S WELL.

What Vesuvius is to Naples the Pyramids are to Cairo; they are its peculiar and characteristic token or symbol, and if at any moment we forget—surrounded by evidences of European culture—that we are parted from our Western home by many a mile of sea and land, the Pyramids remind us of the fact that we are sojourning in the land of the Pharaohs. We glance rapidly across the Hill of Mokattam to the east, and the Wind-mill Hills to the south, across the strip of desert and the heaps of ruins; but we let our gaze linger somewhat longer on that strange scene—the Necropolis of Cairo. The different cemeteries, in distinct groups of tombs, lie far apart in the sandy waste; and, besides these, those towns of domed mausoleums, among which the two most justly celebrated are those of the Mamelukes, close below us to the south, and farther away, north-east of the citadel, the burial-place of the Khalifs.



POT FROM JOSEPH'S WELL.

So long as the sun is still high in the heavens, this great picture lacks half of its most bewitching charm. Grey, yellow, brown, dazzling white, with here and there a streak of green dimmed by dust or by distance, are the only colours that meet the eye; but we will visit the citadel again, and stand by the parapet of the

south-west platform early at sunrise, or in the evening before the sun has disappeared behind the Libyan range, when the radiant heavens flood the varied and suggestive picture with an infinite wealth of tints. Rosy clouds float like filmy veils round the slender minarets, a paler gold is mirrored in the Nile, the fields have a bluish-green bloom upon them, the horizon glows in regal purple, and the distant hills reflect a tender violet.

It is with difficulty that we tear ourselves from the scene, but before night falls we must turn back to the inner courts of the citadel. Here two neighbouring spots have remained unaltered from the time of Saladin. First, an utterly neglected mosque, in a half Byzantine style, with its dome fallen in; and, beyond it, a very remarkable water-work, called by the Arabs "Joseph's well," and said by them to have been dug by that son of Jacob who was governor under one of the Pharaohs: it received its name, however, from Saladin, whose full name was Salah-ed-Deen Yoosuf—Yoosuf signifying Joseph. Abd-al-Lateef,[1] the contemporary of the great Sultan, who enjoyed the honour of his personal acquaintance, speaks of this well, which is accurately described by Makreezee.

It consists of a shaft 88.30 metres deep (about 289 feet). The water is raised in jars by two large wheels turned by the help of oxen, which go up and down on a sloping plane hewn out of the rock to about half-way up the shaft. Important as this structure was in early times, it has been of little value since the introduction of steam-pumps into Cairo. Besides, the water has a saltish flavour, in consequence, as Makreezee states, of a mistake made by Karakoosh,[2] who had the narrow opening —through which at first a small quantity of excellent water was procured—much enlarged, and so admitted the waters of a salt spring, that mixes with the sweet.

The great mosque which now graces the citadel, and whose tall and too slender minarets are visible from a great distance, must be introduced to the reader's knowledge with the other works of Mohammed Ali, who founded it, and after whom it is called.

Saladin, before his death, had concluded a peace with the Crusaders, and his successors—for he left seven sons and one daughter—inherited from him Egypt, Syria, Arabia, and a part of Mesopotamia. But during his lifetime he had already divided these vast possessions among his three eldest sons; the other members of the family had towns and provinces over which they ruled. His son Melik el-Azeez[3] was succeeded by Saladin's brother, Melik el-Adil,[4] who governed for a short time as guardian of his nephew, who was a minor, and then, having deposed the boy, who was only ten years old, governed Egypt on his own account. He is known also by the name which he bore before he usurped the throne, Seyf-ed-Deen Aboo Bekr, and we find on his coins that he—like all the other members of his family—had stamped, not his own name only, but that also of the feeble Abbasside Khalifs, whose supremacy he acknowledged. The heraldic double-headed eagle is remarkable on one of the coins here figured; it also occurs on ancient buildings in Cairo.[5] After Melik el-Adil, evil times fell upon the Mohammedan

[1] A.D. 1193. [2] Sobriquet of the Beha-ed-deen, Vizier of Saladin, A.D. 1174—1193.
[3] A.D. 1196—1200. [4] A.D. 1200.
[5] It appears still earlier, having been found on a small Babylonian hæmatite cylinder at least B.C. 500.

peoples of western Asia and Syria. But this is not the place to relate how the Eyoobide families made war on one another; how the Crusaders attacked even Egypt; how Damietta fell,[1] and Melik es-Salih—Saladin's grand-nephew—routed Louis IX. of France at Mansoorah,[2] and—as the reader already knows—kept him prisoner there; or how the Mongols overthrew the ancient sovereignties of Asia, overran China, and rushed on in wild hordes to the very frontiers of Europe. But I must not omit to mention that when Melik es-Salih, the last but one of the Eyoobide race —the last was murdered soon after he came to the throne[3]—aspired to form a strong body-guard such as the Abbasside Khalifs had had, which should ruthlessly carry out all his orders, this project was greatly facilitated by the inroads of the Mongols. For many individuals of the overthrown nations, particularly Turks and Kharezmians, must have emigrated into foreign countries and sought service wherever they could find it; and there can have been no lack of Turkish prisoners of war to be sold into slavery, and no one better able to purchase them than the wealthy sovereign of Egypt. A poet of that period addressed the founder of this



COINS OF MELIK EL-ADIL (SEYF-ED-DEEN ABOO BEKR, SON OF EYOOB). THE INSCRIPTION CALLS HIM THE "RIGHTEOUS KING."

body-guard—this heterogeneous troop of purchased warriors—Melik es-Salih, who in other respects was reputed a just and temperate prince, telling him he was committing a folly, for that he was inviting "the hawk's brood to settle in the eagle's nest." And the poet goes on:—

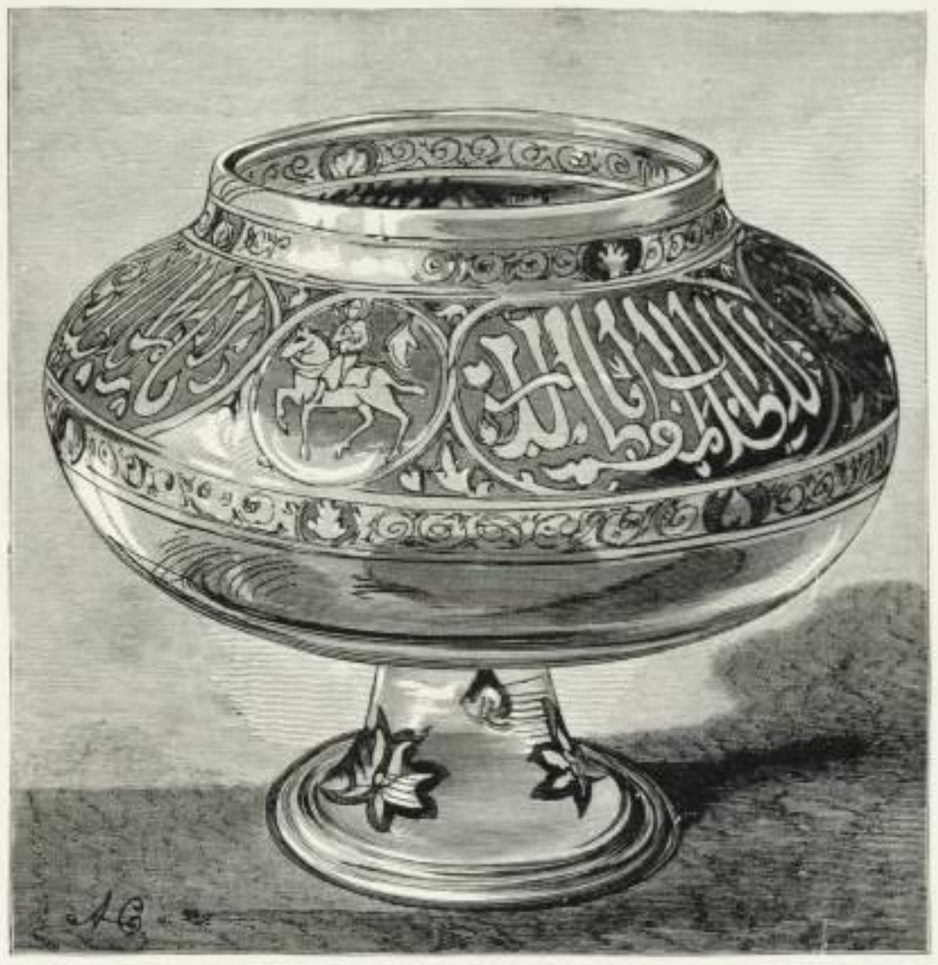
> O glorious Saladin, I see thy son
> Hurry to market to buy foreign slaves;
> But soon to market they will make him run,
> Sold into slavery himself by slaves.

The poet's prophecy was fulfilled. This body-guard, under the humble name of "Mamelukes"—*i.e.*, the slaves—became a terror, it is true, to Melik es-Salih's foes, and even to the armies of the Crusaders; but soon grew to be far more terrible to him and to his house, whose last scion, his own son, died under their daggers.

Much clatter of arms is heard throughout this period, and yet the arts of peace were by no means neglected, particularly at Cairo. Study, rhetoric, and philosophy throve in the universities and schools; singing and poetry under the immediate patronage of the princes and grandees—nay, even in the streets and in the household circle. The authors of the time of the Eyoobide dynasty are distinguished not only for the subjects of which they treated, but for the artistic elegance with which they wrote their manuscripts. Behâr ed-deen Zoheyr,

[1] A.D. 1219. [2] A.D. 1250. [3] A.D. 1256.

secretary to Melik es-Salih, enjoyed the greatest esteem as a calligrapher, and this beautiful penman was at the same time a poet, and a man of quite bewitching amiability. His poems, lately edited in a splendid form by E. H. Palmer, show us how high a degree of intellectual freedom was allowed to the soaring spirits of that age, and under what refined and delightful conditions of life the social intercourse of the Cairenes was carried on. The poet celebrates not mighty princes only and beautiful women, but garden-feasts, water-parties on the Nile, and



OLD ARABIC ENAMELLED GLASS CUP.

jolly drinking-bouts. It was to the city of the Khalifs that Behâr ed-deen Zoheyr invited one of his many friends in the following pleasant lines:—

"If you come to see me here, my friend,
Thanks and hearty welcome will await you,
If you come not—which the Lord forfend—
You are held excused; I cannot rate you."

The same amiable poet, in the following lines, thanks a friend for a letter which has given him extreme pleasure:—

"Your letter came, and I declare,
My longing it expresses quite.
Methinks my heart was standing by
Dictating to you what to write."

Palmer's Translation.

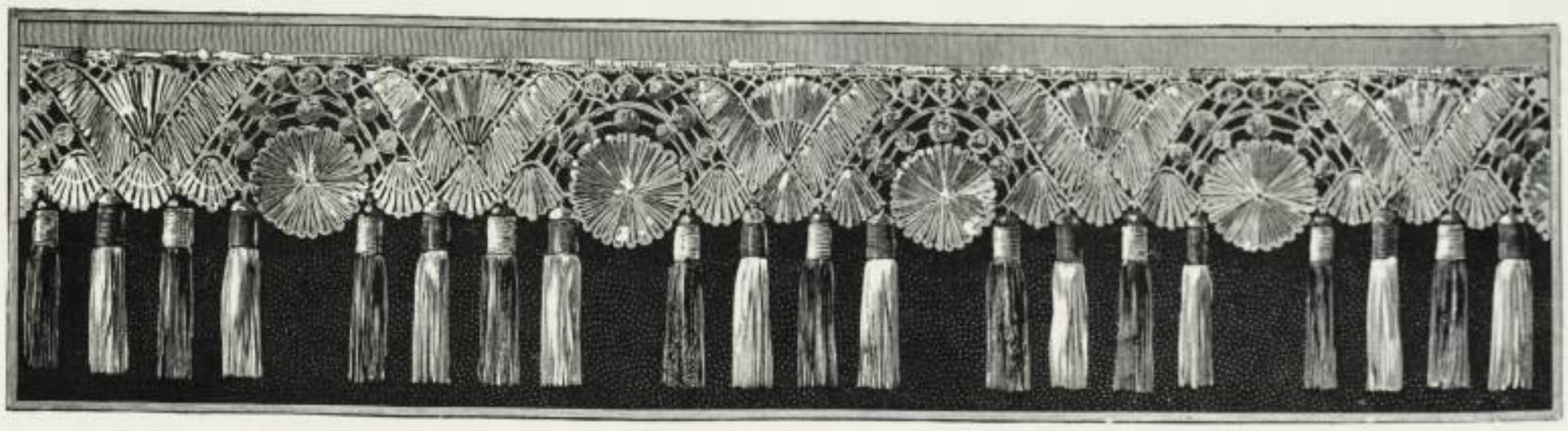
With what subtle grace does the poet allude playfully to passages from the Koran to proclaim himself the prophet of truth and love! He is admirable, too, as

a satirist. He retorts on a would-be philosopher, who reproaches him with not understanding his arguments, by saying "he is no Solomon, that he should understand the language of beasts." We learn from his contemporary and biographer, Ibn Khallikan—the author of "Accounts of the Lives of Remarkable Men"—that our poet was born at Mecca, or at any rate near that city, and was on such terms of friendship with Melik es-Salih, his liege lord, as did the prince and the poet equal honour. It was in Cairo that Ibn-Khallikan met him, and wrote the following estimate of his character:—"He has great influence over his sovereign, who knows how to value him very highly, and entrusts him with his secrets as he does no one else. In spite of this he uses his influence only in the interests of justice, and benefits many by his good offices and friendly services." After the death of his sovereign (1249) the poet led a retired life, and rarely left his house. Nine years later he died of the plague, which raged fatally in Cairo. He was buried in the Karafeh, the necropolis of Cairo—with which we will shortly make better acquaintance—close to the mausoleum of the Imam Shafi'ee.





MAMELUKE EMIR.





CAIRO;

UNDER THE MAMELUKE SULTANS.

NO SOONER was the race of Eyoob extinct than Aybeg, a warrior of that troop of Mamelukes which were quartered on the island of Roda, and who called themselves the Bahrites (*i.e.*, of the river—*bahr*), seized the reins of government. He and his successors constitute the race of the Bahrite Sultans, under whose dominion much blood was shed in Egypt, though at the same time many great works were achieved.

The beginning of their rule was disgraced by frightful massacres. The palace in the citadel was their residence, and the very first of them was there assassinated in his bath by one of his wives. Another wife of the murdered man undertook to avenge him. She killed her guilty rival and flung her body into the ditch of the citadel, where it lay unburied for days, and every one who was suspected of having been an accomplice in the crime shared her miserable fate.

How many such deeds of horror these walls must have seen in those terrific times, and how fearful a harvest must Death have reaped in that field! His scythe swept over the house of the Abbassides also. Mighty kingdoms were overturned by the overwhelming might of

the Mongol invaders. A swarm of them under Hoolagoo conquered Bagdad (1258) and slew the last Khalif of the true blood of Abbas, with his two sons and all his nearest relatives.

When the Mameluke Beybars mounted the throne of Egypt by means of a murder, there were no true Khalifs left, and yet he felt that his sovereignty could not be regarded as firmly secured over the numerous Shiite sectarians, as well as the friends of the Eyoobides and of the crushed house of Abbas in Egypt and Syria, unless he could invest it with some semblance of legitimacy and religious consecration. He was much rejoiced, therefore, when he learned that a descendant of the Abbassides and of the Prophet, who gave himself out to be a son of the Khalif Sahir, had escaped the sword of the Mongols. He called him to Cairo without delay, received him there with the utmost pomp, conducted him to the citadel, and assigned a palace there as his residence. The chief Kadi was required to acknowledge his descent, and to do homage to him as Khalif. Beybars himself swore allegiance to him, and in return was invested by the new "Commander of the Faithful" with the office of Regent of all the lands then subject—or ever to become subject—to Islam. To carry out this farce to the end, Beybars received at the hand of the new Khalif the insignia which were to distinguish him as the representative of the Abbassides, and which consisted of a black turban richly embroidered with gold, a violet upper robe, a gold necklace, golden spurs, several sabres and swords of honour, two spears, and a shield. The standards of the Abbassides fluttered over his head as he mounted his white horse, which had black housings and was decorated with trappings of the colours of that house.

Beybars allowed the fullest liberty to this feudal lord of his own creating; but after the Khalif had fallen at the head of the legion which he himself commanded, in the struggle against the Mongols, Beybars set another "Commander of the Faithful" on the throne, who was also said to be descended from Abbas, but he kept him a helpless prisoner in the citadel. The same fate pursued his equally hapless successors, in whose name a series of Mameluke Sultans governed the country till the Ottoman Sultan Seleem I.[1] conquered Cairo and Egypt, and forced the last of these sham Khalifs to transfer to him his titles, rights, and dignities.[2] It is from this act and right of conquest that the Sultan ruling at Constantinople derives his claim to the title of "Commander of the Faithful." To the present day, it is true, the learned Sunnites still refuse to acknowledge his supremacy in spiritual matters, and ascribe it exclusively to the Grand Shereef of Mecca.

The history of Egypt under the Mameluke Sultans is only connected with that of Europe by very slight threads, and the pages on which it is written are deeply stained with blood; but the ghastly deeds of this race of warriors, who drove the Crusaders out of Palestine, were almost always done with the naked sword; while the Greeks had at an earlier date called Egypt the "land of poison," and even under the Ptolemies poison was the favourite tool of the ambitious, and preferred to every other means. Nor is there any lack of fine and manly figures among the Mameluke

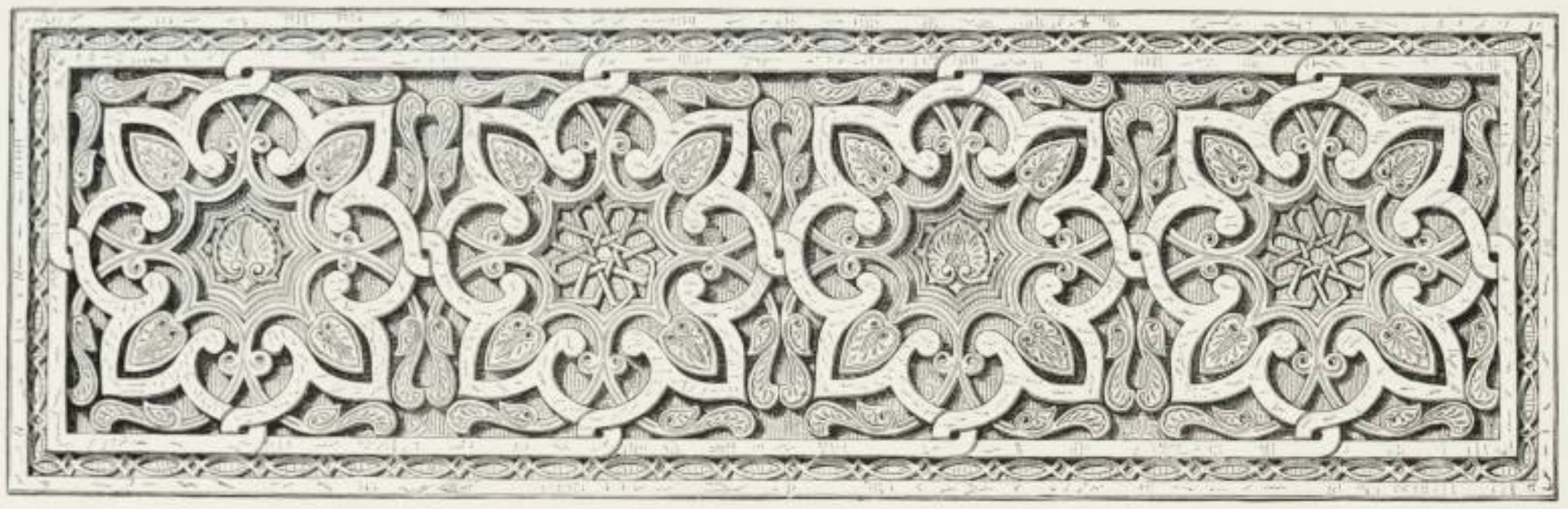
[1] A.D. 1517.

[2] Toomān Bey, the last of the Mamelukes, who made an heroic resistance at Ghizeh, fled to the Delta. Seeiem exposed him on a camel for six days, and hung him in the arcade of a gate of the mosque of Mo'ayyad.



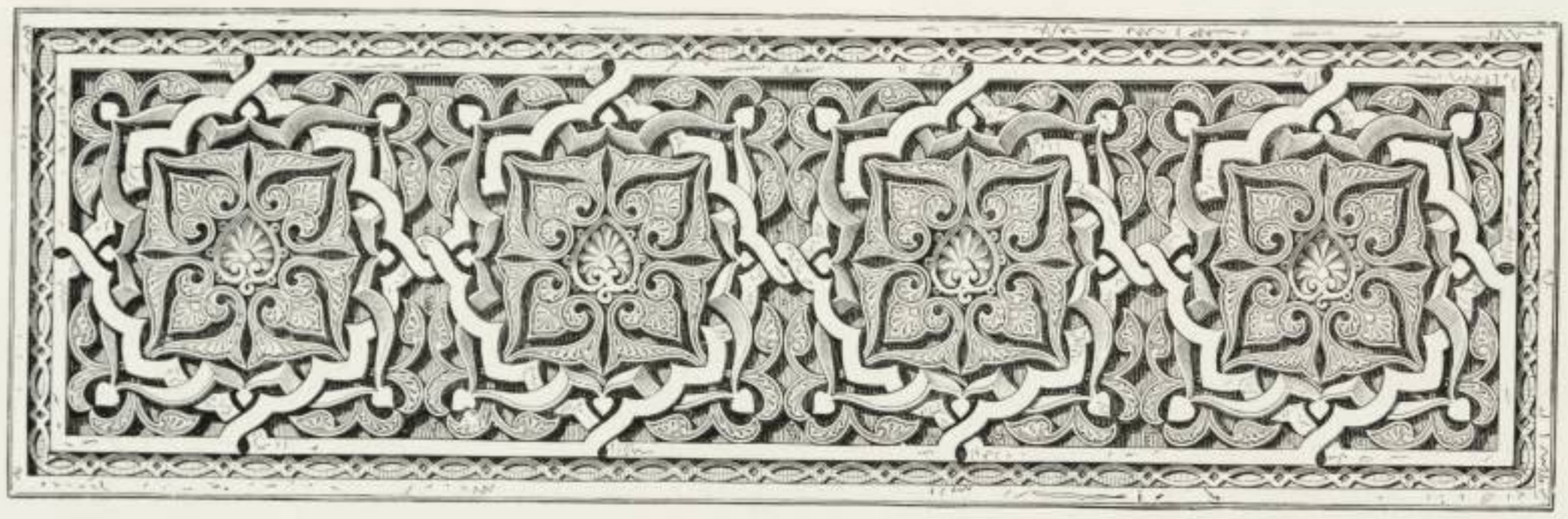
DOOR OF THE MORISTAN OF KALA'OON.

Sultans, many of whom had entered the Nile valley as slaves; and it must not be forgotten in their favour that most of them promoted the arts and sciences with such zeal, that all the noblest works of Arab art which have escaped destruction owe their origin to them. The Moristan (as it is called) of Kala'oon, which is the



ORNAMENTAL GIRDLING OF THE MORISTAN OF KALA'OON.

most richly endowed foundation, and the Mosque of Hasan, which is the most beautiful of the mosques of Cairo, were raised by the Mameluke Sultans of the Bahrite dynasty; but most of the numberless mausoleums which are known as the "tombs of the Khalifs" were built by Sultans of the family of the Circassian Mamelukes, who also caused many other mosques to be erected. From 1250 to

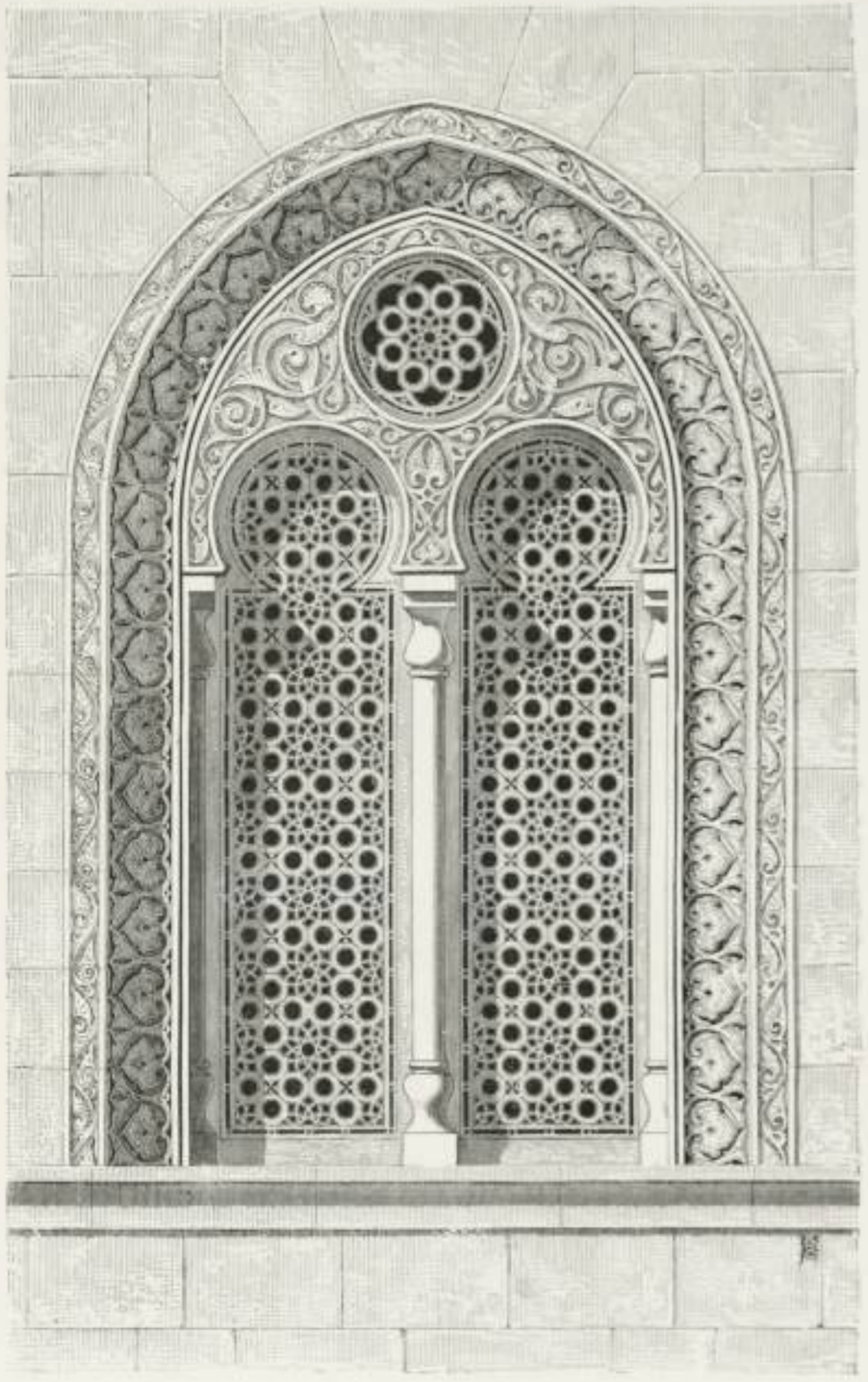


ORNAMENTAL GIRDLING OF THE MORISTAN OF KALA'OON.

1517 these princes ruled Egypt from the citadel of Cairo as their capital and residence. Kala'oon, who died in 1290, was the second successor of Beybars. He could glory in his successes over the Mongols and Crusaders, and the historians who wrote under his son's direction lauded him highly for his virtue and love of justice; but the author of the history of the Khalifs cannot forbear bringing a charge against him which his dealings seem to have justified—that he held no oath or treaty sacred if his interests required him to break them.

However, the Egyptians were far less oppressed under him than under his predecessor Beybars. He earned the honours which a nation is ever ready to pay to a victorious prince, and he may even have won many hearts by his extraordinary beauty, which brought 1,000 dinars into the pocket of the slave-merchant who brought him from Turkestan. Finally, he took care, by splendid endowments, to earn the name of benefactor of the poor and suffering.

The Moristan, or hospital, founded by him, now stands in the north-eastern quarter of the city, hard by the bazaar of the coppersmiths—who may be seen there at work on the deserted site of the vast, but neglected and now fast perishing structure. Only the tomb of its founder is preserved from destruction, and still visited by the sick, who expect to be cured of headache by the Sultan's turban-cloth, which is treasured as a relic, or who seek to be healed of intermittent fever by his caftan.



WINDOW IN THE MAUSOLEUM OF KALA'OON.

It is an effective and noble structure of the best period, and in former times owned an endowment for fifty readers of the Koran. On Thursdays young women generally resort to it, and mothers with little children. The former pray before the splendid shrine for male offspring, which are thought so important in Arab families, and which ensure to the mother an amount of consideration, which is usually denied her if she is childless or only bears daughters. Strange things, indeed, are to be seen by any one who succeeds in watching the devotional exercises of the women who come to this sacred spot. He will observe them with astonishment throw off all their upper garments, cover their face with both hands, and then leap from side to side in front of the niche till they sink exhausted on the ground. They often lie on the stone floor for a long time before they recover from this collapse and find strength enough to rise.

Many mothers bring very young children, not yet able to walk, that their "tongues may be loosed." For this extraordinary purpose the poor little creatures are conducted to a large polished dark stone near the right-hand



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF KALA'OON.

window; a green lemon is squeezed upon it, and the juice is rubbed on to the large stone with a smaller one. As soon as the stone, which contains iron in some form, begins to turn red from the action of the vegetable acid, the child is made to suck it; of course the babies, who like nothing but sweet things, refuse, and scream with all their might. This delights the mothers, for the louder they scream the more the miracle is believed in, and the more surely will "the tongue be loosed."

A mysterious influence is also attributed to the pillars of the prayer-niche. They are covered at the lower part with a patina, or oxidation, which has not a very pleasing effect, as it is due to the lemon-juice deposited by the "loosened tongues" of the children. These extraordinary ceremonies have never before been described. When my informant, the architect Herr Schmoranz—one of the best connoisseurs in Arab art — succeeded once in watching them, he was discovered by an old Eunuch, and very probably his beautiful drawings might never have adorned these pages if he had not previously studied every part of the Mausoleum of Kala'oon, and so made himself familiar with all its passages and exits.



ROSETTE OF A PRIMARY SCHOOL IN CAIRO.

Not women and mothers only pray by the Sultan's tomb; the poor entreat for a better lot, and, in point of fact, few institutions have done more to alleviate sorrow and misery than that of Kala'oon, which included, besides the mausoleum, a school and a hospital of immense extent. There was a separate ward for each form of disease, and each patient had his own bed; women were received in a wing separate from the men; every sufferer, whether rich or poor, was nursed free of charge. Connected with the hospital proper were laboratories, dispensaries, kitchens, baths, and a lecture hall where the chief physician of the establishment gave his clinical lectures on medicine. The store-rooms for food, and the amount consumed, were so vast that several stewards were occupied solely in purchasing them and in accounting for the sums of money expended in them. The college connected with the institution was equally well furnished forth, and possessed a fine library; close by was a school for children, where sixty poor orphans found a home, food, and clothing.

This work of Kala'oon has outlived the memory of his warlike deeds, and causes his name to this day to be blessed, for every Moslem regards charity as the greatest virtue. All that is undertaken by the faithful must be done solely to the glory of God, and the stronger the power of the faith in his breast the greater will the number of his good works be. The loftier Christian conception of neighbourly love, as including all humanity, is foreign, no doubt, to the Moslem religion, but the sons of Islam are required to show love, pity, generosity, tender-heartedness, and patience to every fellow-Moslem; and of the five indispensable exercises by which the believer is to give proof of his faith the giving of alms was placed second by the Prophet, the first act of faith being prayer. We cannot, therefore, be surprised to see a magnificent benevolent

foundation like this Moristan of Kala'oon established on the broadest principles of pure humanity, and erected in the capital (at that time) of the Mohammedan world by a Moslem ruler, or to learn that not Cairo only, but every great city of the East can to the present day boast of similar institutions.

Nevertheless beggars have at no period been wanting in the city of the Khalifs, but these poor creatures, many of whom are blind—some led by children, many finding their way about with wonderful skill and certainty, though with no guide but a stick—seldom give the impression of being abject and cowering victims; on the contrary, they ask for assistance with a certain self-respect, and we, who understand the pious texts they call out to the passer-by, perceive that their object is on the whole not so much to excite compassion as to urge upon the rich man the duty of giving out of his abundance, and to remind him that he—the needy one—is justified in expecting from him who is blessed with a superfluity "the wages of his poverty, in the name of God." "I," cries the beggar, "am the guest of God and the Prophet, oh! God, the free giver!" or some such motto, and he who bestows freely is assured that by his gift he makes the Most High his debtor. Many beggars cry out, "I demand of God the price of bread, and he who pays the price giveth to the Lord." It might put our men of fortune to shame to see how large a portion of his income a wealthy Cairene, even at the present day, is wont to set aside for benevolent purposes. Pious endowments (*awkaf*—plural of *wakf*) are numerous and various, and consist in moneys and invested capital, which are managed by proper trustees. Most of them are attached to mosques, and intended for the support of schools (*medreseh*) and fountains or wells, which are always kept up in the neighbourhood of the mosques. These institutions—known as Sebeel—which afford relief to the thirsty, are a great boon in a rainless region and in a town where the natural water is all saltish surface-water. The benevolent custom of making cisterns dates, no doubt, from the time when the Arabs wandered as nomads through the desert, but it is equally valuable in the cities. The poor, needing to moisten his parched gums and unable to pay the water-carrier, would have to make his way to the Nile, which is at some distance from most parts of the city, if he could not find a drinking-fountain in almost every street. For several weeks before the Nile rises its waters become turbid, unwholesome, and almost undrinkable, though at other times they are so delicious that Champollion called them the champagne of drinking waters, and the Arabs say that the Prophet would have wished to live for ever if he had once tasted them; it is at that season, therefore, that the public fountains are most used. Many of them are enclosed by railings of finely-wrought iron, gilt bronze, or wood. A projecting roof shades the drinker, who mounts a few steps to the window of the cistern room, where the water is distributed, or to reach the metal tube out of which he sucks the refreshing liquid. Poetical inscriptions in



PUBLIC DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

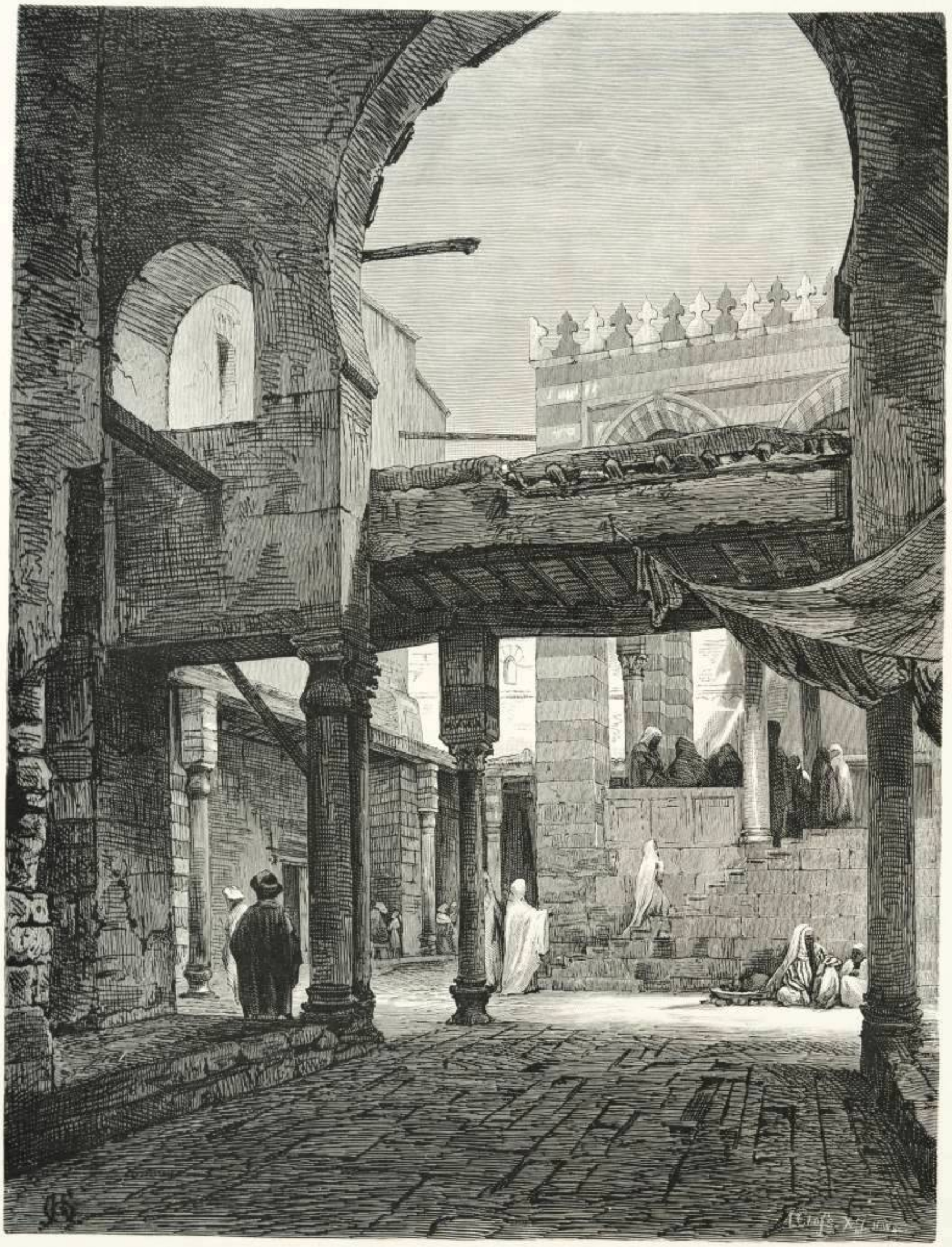
gilt letters record the memory of the founders of the fountains, and their Arabic name—"Sebeel," or "Sebeel Allah"—signifies "the path to God," since the good deed of providing for the hungry and thirsty is the surest road, next to martyrdom, by which the faithful may attain to Him.

Hence even the water-carriers—who are wont to attract the attention of passers-by by clattering their metal drinking cups, and whose queerly-shaped water-skins look like the body of a goat with four stumps of legs—call out "The way of God, oh thirsty ones!"

These words, no doubt, were first sung out in the desert; but pious phrases such as "God forgive thy sins, oh distributor of drink!" or "God have mercy on thy parents!" are particularly frequent on the lips of the water-seller when in honour of some festival he is hired to give the fluid free of charge to all that ask it; and each one who receives the bowl of refreshing fluid at his hand, while he thanks him, adds a fervent "Ameen" (Amen) to his pious invocation. When his water-skin is empty he calls down the blessing of God on the dispenser of the drink, and wishes he may come into Paradise.

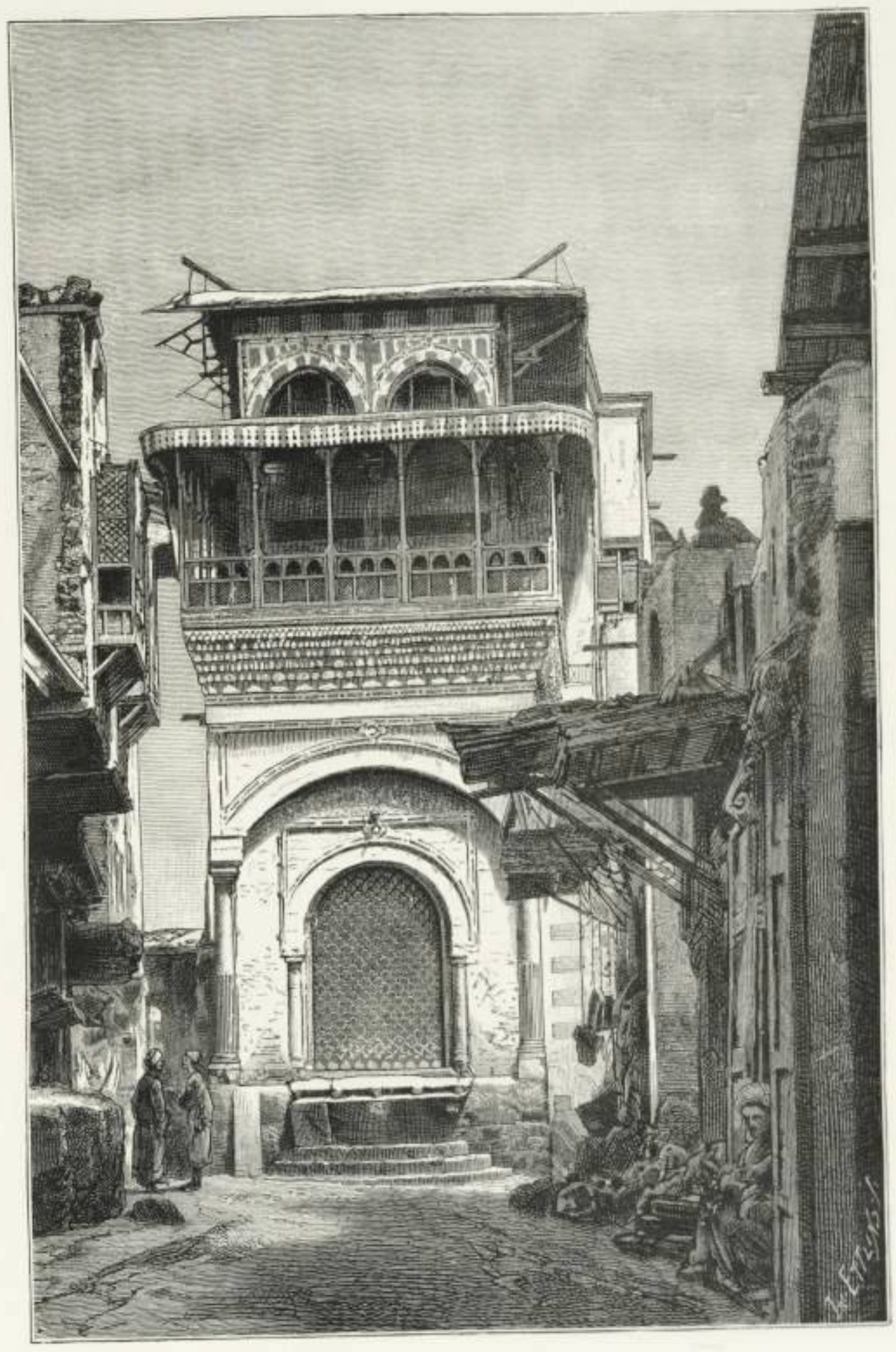
The wells in the city are of course of far less consequence than those on the track across the desert, and the pious spirit of the Mohammedans has therefore associated another foundation with that of the Sebeel or city fountain, which very plainly proves how much of true and beautiful humanity is to be found in that much contemned Islam which we often accuse of empty formalism. The public wells are connected with houses of several storeys in which elementary schools are maintained out of the endowment money—usually for orphan boys. Thus, every builder of a fountain may be considered as a benefactor to orphans as well, and the more ancient of these institutions date from a period when, so far as I know, no institution for orphans had ever been thought of in Europe.

Numerous foundations of this kind were endowed under the Mameluke Sultans, and perhaps no sovereign who ever ruled in the Nile valley did more to enlarge and beautify Cairo than Kala'oon's youngest son, en-Nasir. He mounted the throne as a boy of nine years old, was deposed once by the ambitious Ameers, and on another occasion, after he had done great deeds, he was compelled to resign the government; at last, however, he re-entered the citadel, and took the reins of the state into his own hands. For forty-three years, in all, he governed independently, and was prudent, but suspicious—industrious and capable, but licentious, and passionately addicted to many costly amusements. During his second reign he beat the Templars, drove the Christians out of Aradus, and achieved the greatest deed of arms of his reign by vanquishing the Mongols in the plain of Merg as-Soffar, and annihilating their army of more than 100,000 men. The citizens of Cairo prepared a grand festival for the return of their triumphant Sultan after this victory. A splendid palace was erected to receive him, close to the Bab en-Nasr, with which we are already acquainted, and near it large basins were filled with perfect lakes of lemonade, which Mamelukes served out to the returning army to drink. Any one who had a house in one of the streets through which the procession of victors must pass could let it for a few hours for a hundred gold pieces to some of the curious who were attracted to Cairo. When, not long after, many buildings in the city were destroyed by an earthquake,



COURT IN THE MORISTAN OF KALA'OON.

and thousands of human beings were buried in the ruins, it was thought that this was a visitation sent by God to punish the arrogance and extravagance of the triumphant nation.



FOUNTAIN AND SCHOOL.

Some of them, and particularly the Christians, were ere long visited in another way. Some time before, and particularly under Hakim,[1] they had suffered much oppression and been forced to submit to humiliating edicts. Nasir showed himself more tolerant, until an envoy from the Sultan of Morocco met a Christian riding on horseback, who was haughtily pushing aside all those of lower rank who

[1] A.D. 996—1000.

came near him. The Moor, it is said, enraged by this haughtiness in an unbeliever represented the matter to the Sultan, and persuaded him to renew the strict edict, by which the Christians were compelled to wear blue turbans and the Jews yellow



STREET IN CAIRO.

ones, that they might be immediately distinguished from the Moslems. Christian and Jewish women were to wear a distinguishing mark on the breast, the men were strictly prohibited riding on horseback, and even on asses were allowed only to sit sideways. The ringing of bells on feast-days was to be discontinued, and Christians were forbidden to employ Moslems, either as slaves or in any hard labour. Their appointment to public office, in the magistracy or otherwise, was also prohibited.



A BLIND BEGGAR.

These decrees fomented the hatred of the lower orders of Moslems, who began to maltreat the unbelievers and to plunder the churches and synagogues, till the threats of Christian princes put an end to these melancholy outbreaks. During his third and longest possession of the throne Nasir undertook the beautifying of Cairo, with an expenditure that was almost extravagant. He is said to have given 8,000 dirhem (about £4,500) a day for building purposes, although he had not to pay for the forced labour of the lower classes and the slaves of the Ameers, but only to feed them while they dug and built for him. Syrian architects assisted his Egyptian artificers. A new canal, constructed by his orders, converted wide wastes of desert into garden-land, and as he had splendid palaces built for himself, his wives, and his children, the Ameers too vied with each other in erecting and decorating castles and suburban residences, which soon surrounded the city on all sides. More than thirty mosques many bath-houses, mausoleums, and cloisters are said to have sprung into existence at this time, and the governors of provinces were so ready to follow his example that the Viceroy of Damascus, for instance, had many old houses pulled down in his capital to build finer ones in their place, and to widen the streets.

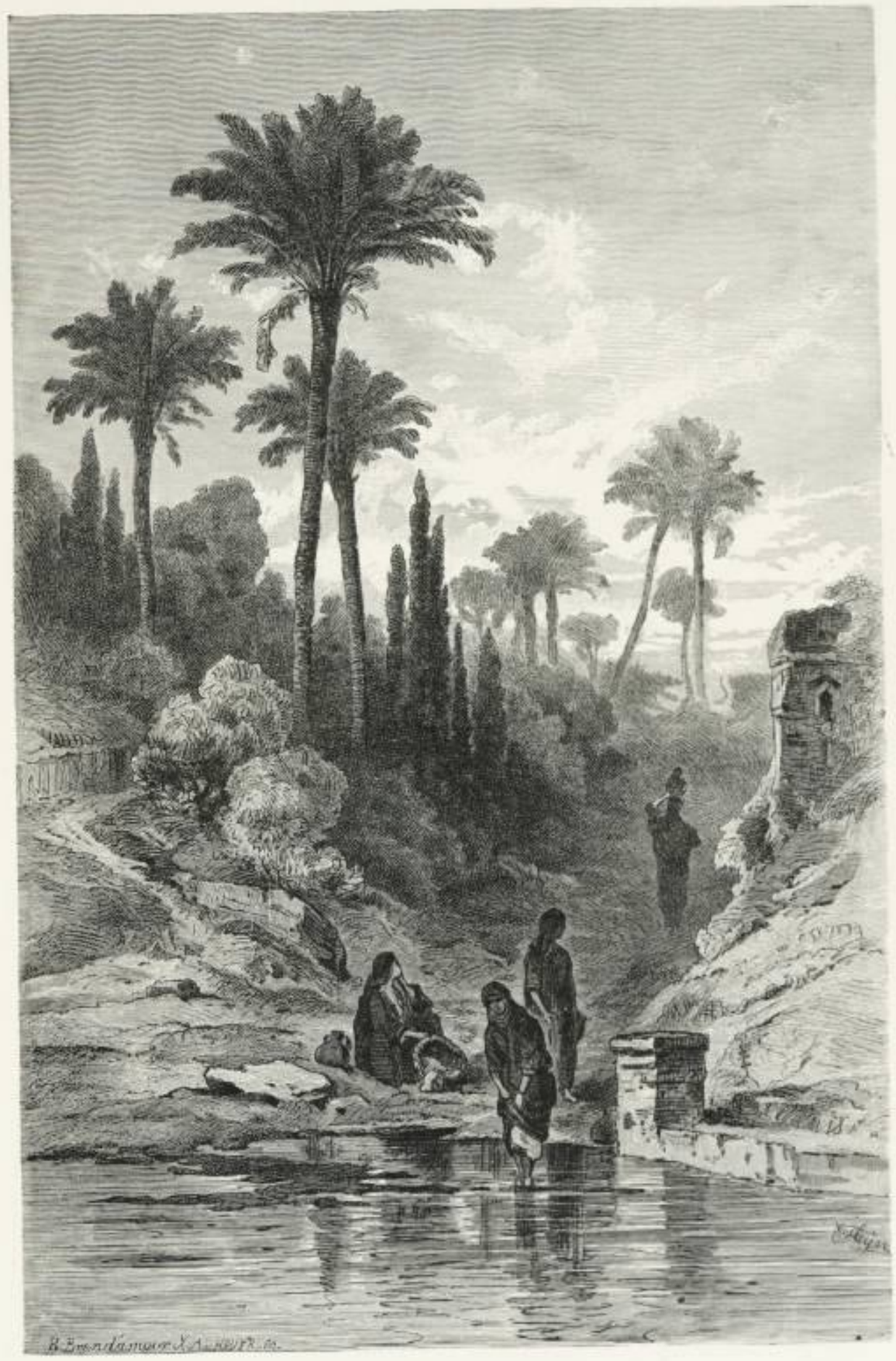


AMONG THE OLD HOUSES.

Nasir was also a great lover of horses, and kept a number of experts among the Bedaween, whose business it was to look out for particularly fine ones. He deemed no price too high for a really noble steed, and he is said once to have paid 1,000,000 dirhem (about £560,000) for a single horse of exceptional beauty, and the large sums of gold that flowed to Sons of the Desert through his hands gradually estranged them from the simple customs and manners of their fathers. He himself would take part in horse-races, and do everything in his power to secure the victory for his own horses.

This chivalrous Sultan—in spite of a lame foot and small stature—was also devoted to the chase, and particularly to falconry for birds, a sport that is particularly successful in Egypt, where birds abound, and which, at that time, was a favourite pastime with all the Arab grandees. He would pay any price for a fine and well-trained falcon, and his masters of the horse and hunt enjoyed his particular

favour. He was, moreover, a good manager of his land; he had the making of new canals much at heart, and devoted himself quite passionately to the breeding of sheep and of geese. He was a fostering friend to the learned men of his time, and



ON THE OLD CANAL AT CAIRO.

raised the historian Abool-Fedâ—who, it is true, boasted of being descended from the elder brother of the great Saladin—to the rank of Sultan of Hamah, giving him all the privileges and marks of honour that he himself enjoyed. He forgave the son of the sage Kazweenee many misdeeds for his father's sake. This is not the place to enlarge on the weaknesses of a prince who at times devoted himself to the highest and gravest aims, and yet frequently gave himself up, body and soul, to the

most trifling pursuits. He would always be surrounded by the handsomest male and female slaves of all countries, and after a spell of hard labour would commit wild excesses at magnificent feasts.

When, after a painful death,[1] his eyes were closed, but few nobles followed his corpse to the tomb, and it is said that only one lantern and one wax taper were carried before the bier of the splendour-loving Sultan, who had been distinguished by many admirable qualities. He was laid in the tomb of his father Kala'oon.



HORSE RACE.

After his death, the Ameers disposed of the throne, though they had frequently declared that they would remain true to the house of Kala'oon, even if no descendant were left of it but one blind daughter. They kept the Khalifs during their life-time shut up as their mere tools in the citadel, and compelled them to give a certain religious sanction to their proceedings. Nasir, indeed, had made use of the Abasside prince of his time, carrying him forth to battle as a sort of standard or ensign, to impose upon his enemies. Several grandsons of Kala'oon held the sovereignty under the Ameers, but none of these Sultans of a day could maintain himself on the throne, which in six years changed its owner six times, till a son of Nasir, only eleven years of age, and known as Sultan Hasan, assumed the sovereignty. Of all those "fainéant" princes we need only name Scha'aban, an older

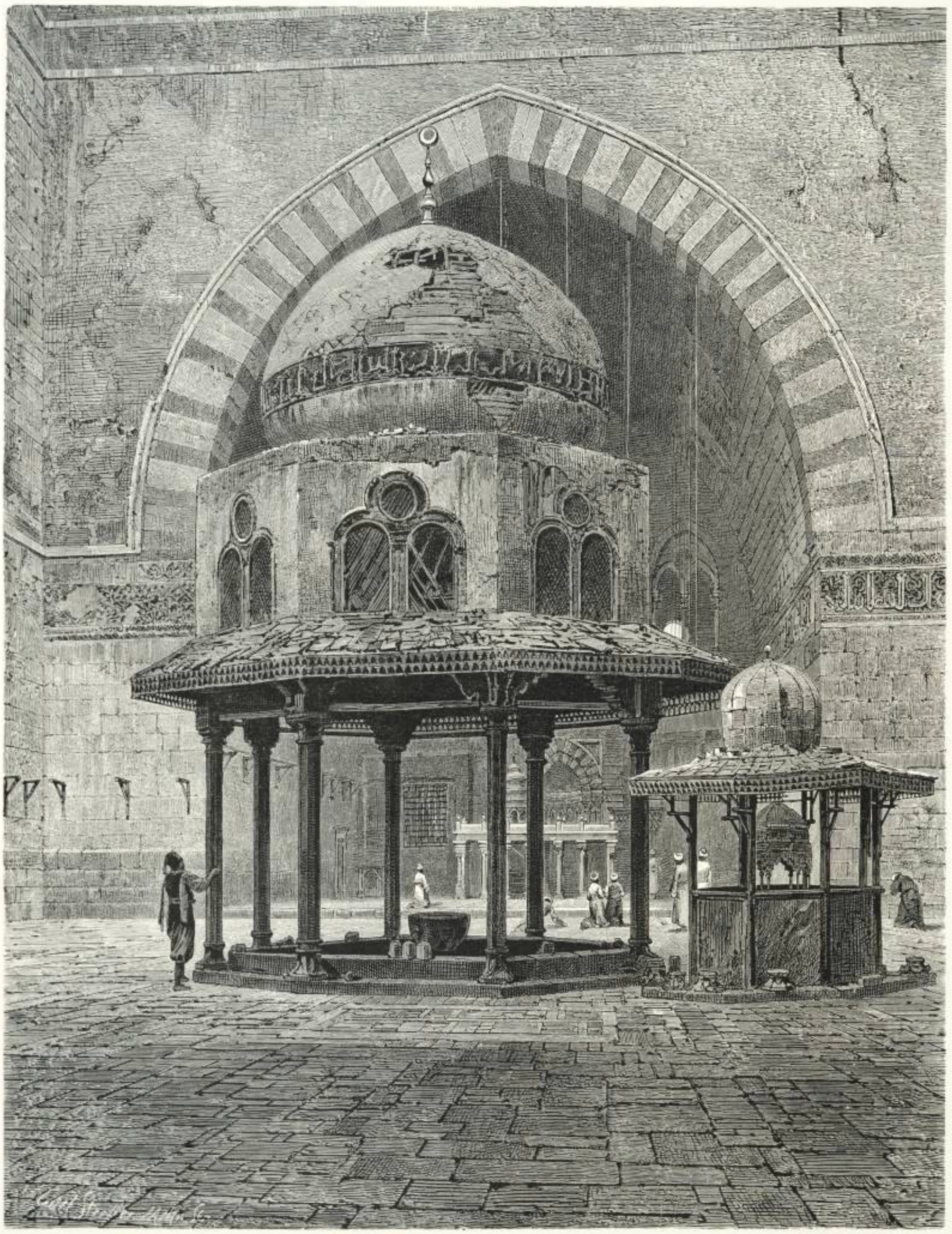
[1] A.D. 1341. [2] A.D. 1316.

son of Nasir, for we have some particularly splendid specimens of Arab calligraphic and ornamental art executed in his reign. Four years after his accession, Hasan was forced with tears to restore to the nobles the authority they had lent him, but he was again entrusted with it shortly after. In the twenty-fifth year of his age he again aroused the dissatisfaction of the Ameers because he preferred Egyptian and Arab officials to the chiefs of the Mamelukes, and while he was flying from his



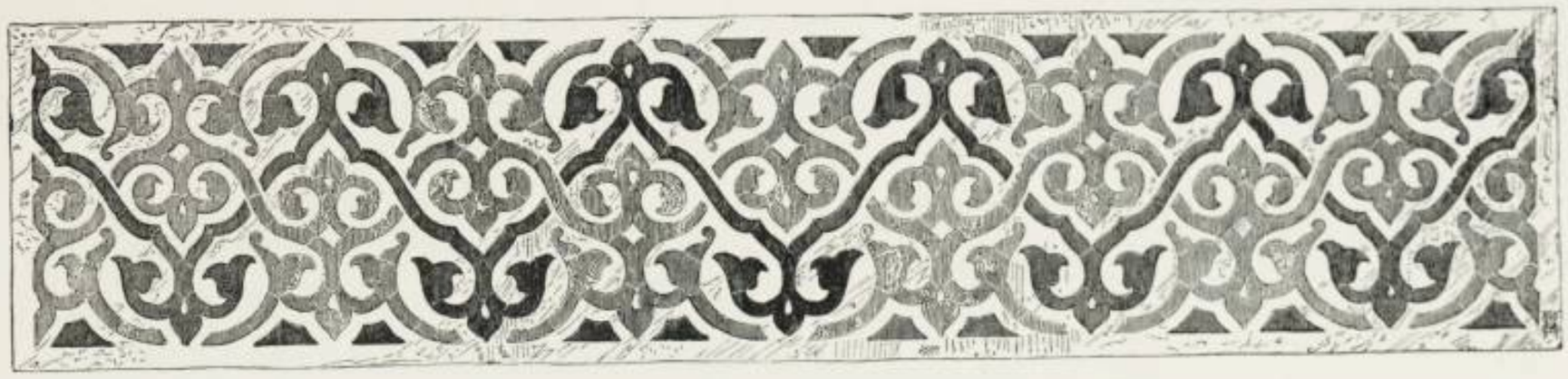
HAWKING OF THE HERON.

enemies he was taken prisoner by the powerful and bold High-Marshal Yelboghas, dragged into his house, and there murdered. From the time when he ascended the throne till his death was but fourteen years, and this short reign was remarkable for one fearful visitation which fell upon Cairo, and for the completion of one splendid work, which to this day is regarded—and with justice—as the most magnificent ornament of Cairo. Hasan himself retired to Siryakoos while the most fearful outbreak of plague that has ever visited Egypt raged from November, 1348, until January, 1349, slaying thousands daily. This awful epidemic, called the Black Death, seems to have come to Egypt from China by Tartary, Mesopotamia, and Syria, and to have been transmitted from Constantinople to Italy, Spain, France, and Germany.



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF THE SULTAN HASAN.

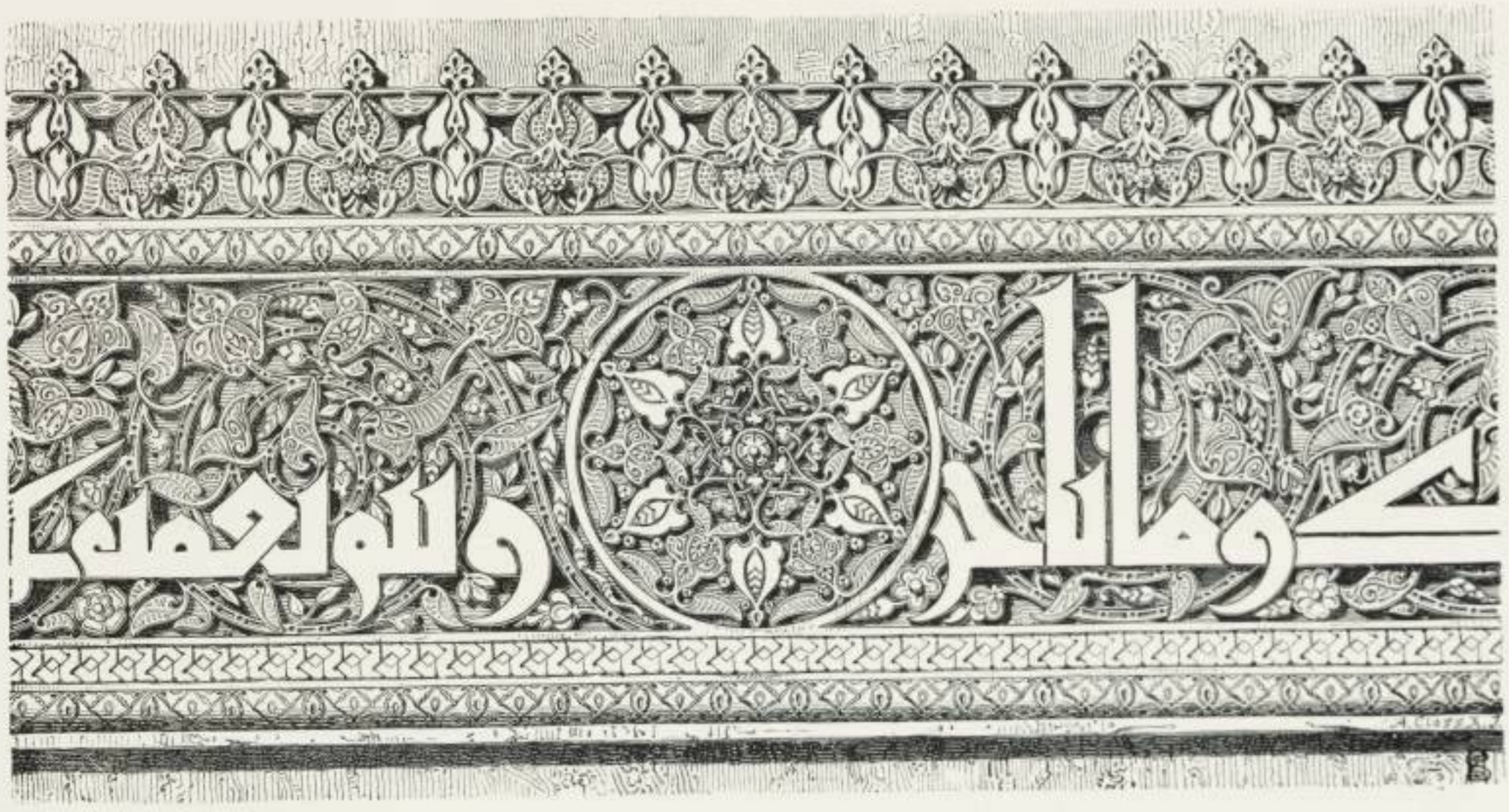
Not men alone, but every living thing—nay, even plants—were attacked by the poison of this deadly disease. Plague-spots broke out on most of the domestic animals, and even on hares; the surface of the Nile was crowded with dead fish, the dates on the palms were full of worms, and uneatable. In the short space of two



ORNAMENT OF THE HEAD-PIECE OF A DOOR OF THE MOSQUE OF SCHABAN.

months 900,000 men are said to have died in Fostât and Cairo, and we are told that several estates changed owners seven and even eight times from the sudden death of the possessors.

The reader of Makreezee's account of the course of this pestilence will be



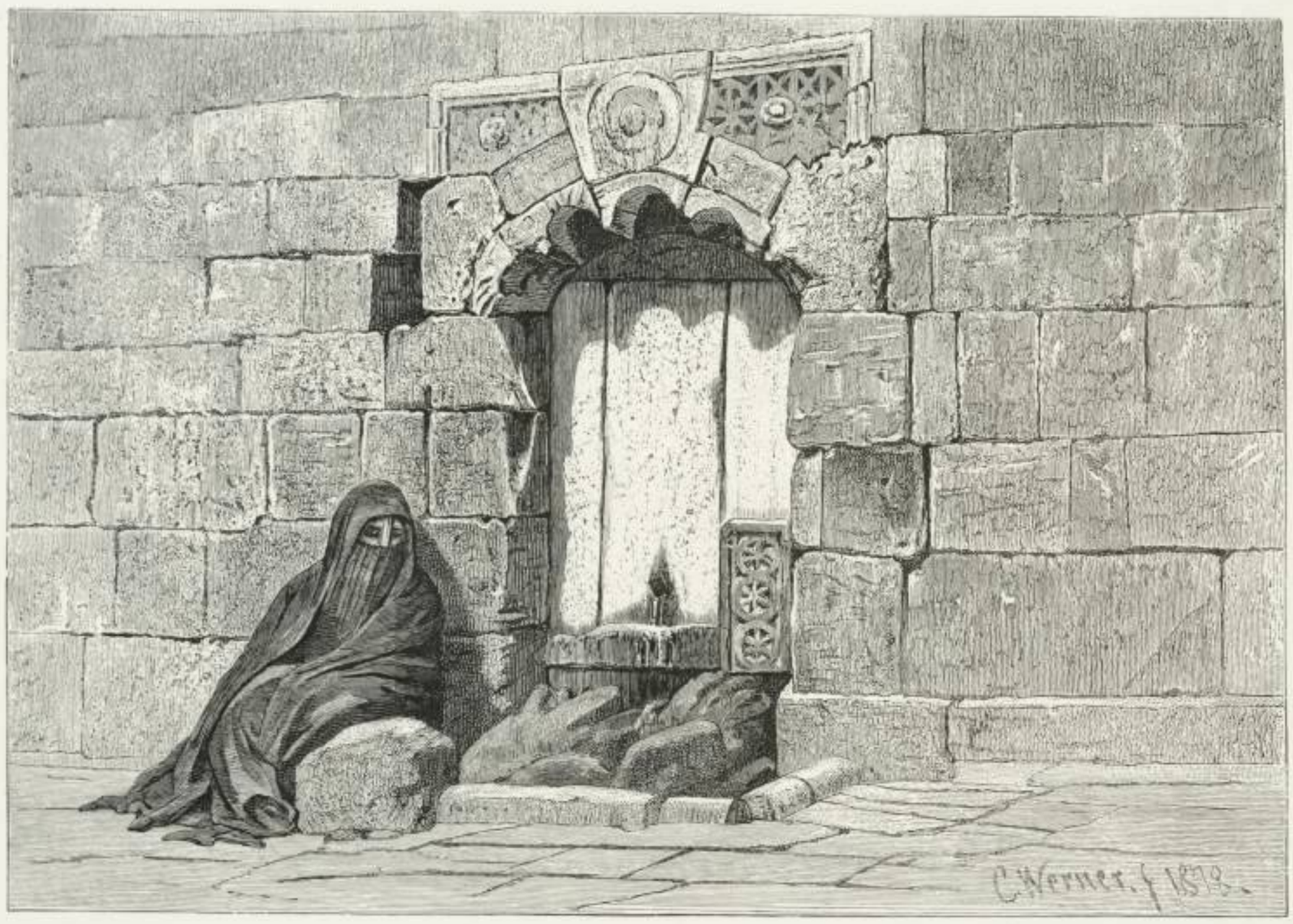
FRIEZE IN THE MOSQUE OF THE SULTAN HASAN.

reminded only too vividly of the terrible visitation which decimated Pharaoh's subjects just before the Exodus of the Jews.

The same avenging angel, which then slew the first-born of all the land, passed again from house to house on the Nile shore; and this incident in Egyptian history seems better adapted than any other to illustrate to the reader Alma

Tadema's striking picture of an Egyptian mother bewailing her son under the ninth plague of Egypt.

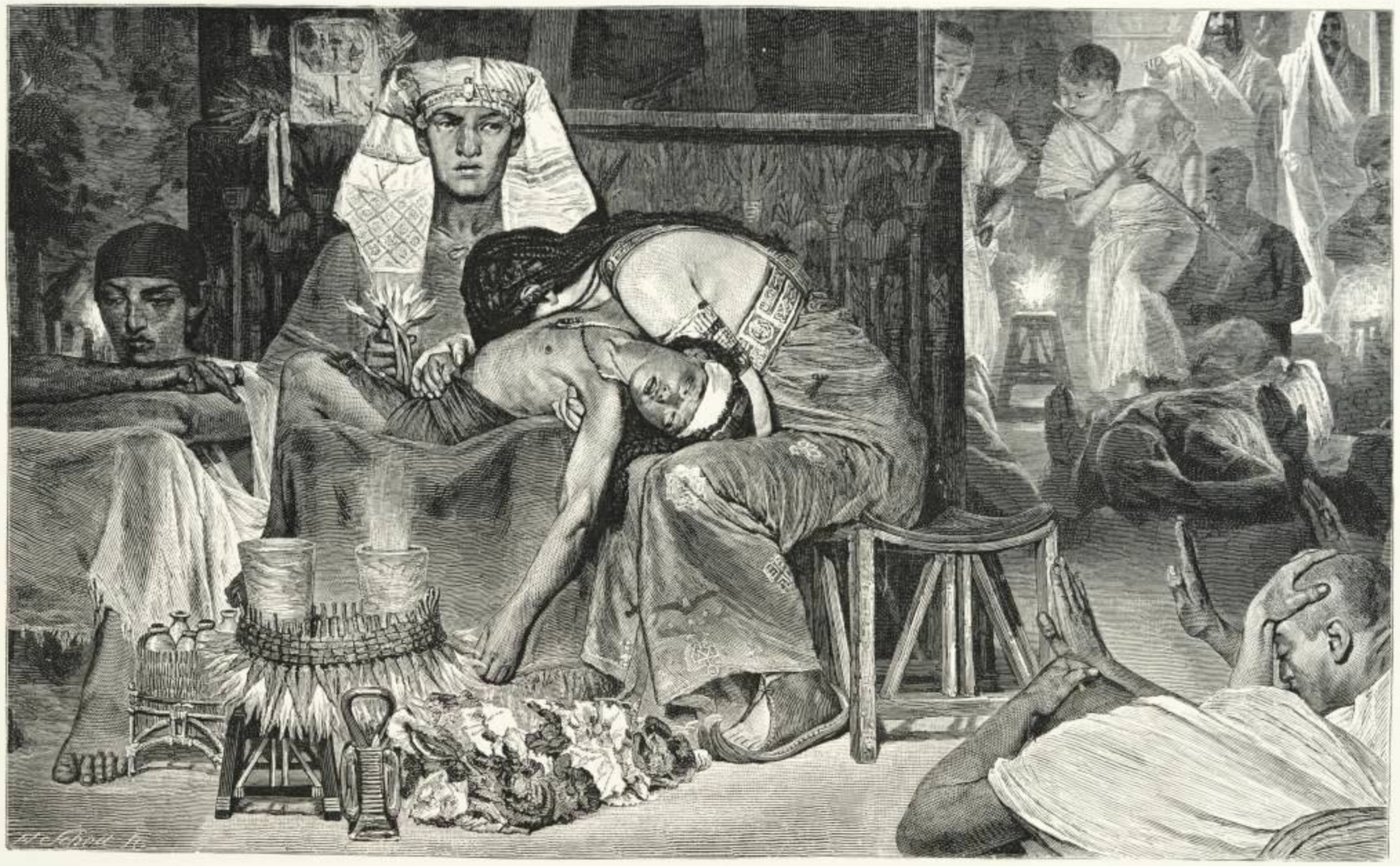
Every class fell victims to this pestilence; there were no tillers in the fields, no servants in the houses, no water-carriers for the thirsty, no artisans to produce clothing and necessaries, and it is difficult to comprehend where, within a short time of this visitation, Sultan Hasan could find the means and the hands to build that sacred edifice which is justly regarded as the most magnificent and perfect production of Arab architecture. He is said, it is true, often to have found himself embarrassed,



REMAINS OF CONSTRUCTIONS OF THE TIME OF THE MAMELUKE SULTANS IN A MODERN FOUNTAIN.

for the building of this mosque took three whole years, and it cost twenty thousand drachms of silver daily.[1] When Hasan was advised to abandon the completion of a work which swallowed up such vast sums he was not to be dissuaded, but replied that he would give no man the right to say that a sovereign of Egypt had lacked means to build a house of God. After it was completed, he is said to have commanded that the architect should have his hand cut off, to prevent his ever designing another building of equal beauty in any other place. This structure differs in arrangement too from all the other ancient mosques that I am acquainted with, and it cannot be denied that the master who was entrusted with carrying out the work did not keep himself entirely free from European, and more particularly from Italian influence,

[1] About 15,000 francs, or £600, according to Makreezee.



THE DEATH OF THE FIRSTBORN.

though none of those features are absent which we have learned to regard as characteristic of a Moslem place of worship. Thus, even in the mosque of Hasan, the Hosh el-Gama forms the nucleus of the edifice; but it is smaller than in the oldest mosques we have seen, and instead of the colonnades which, in those, surround the main court, we here find a very lofty hall with an arcade of pointed horse-shoe arches on each of the four sides of the court. This main court and its four wings, the principal part of the mosque, constitute a Greek cross. It is impossible to tread this grand space, where no roof intercepts the light of day, without being deeply impressed. All that surrounds us is majestic, solemn, and harmonious; and, if we turn our attention to the details of the ornamental work in the sanctuary and in the mausoleum itself, we shall feel our utmost artistic requirements satisfied by the infinite play and variety of lines, and the beautiful and flowing forms of the recurring designs, and long to know the meaning of the words and texts from the Koran that are tastefully introduced into the Arabesques—a decoration full of significance, and in many places conveying lessons of warning while gracing the design. The rich ornamentation of the wall-surfaces at first seems arbitrary and puzzling, but we soon perceive that the curves are not entangled in a mere fantastic maze, but combine in regular order with the inspiring texts that appeal to the heart and soul of the believer. The Moslem is forbidden to use any image to beautify his sanctuary, so he ornaments it by the bold and skilful application of lines, and by mottoes addressed to the beholder. Every portion of this costly structure is neglected and injured, and yet we feel our spirit elevated as we lift our eyes to the enormous arches which enclose the court of the mosque, like four gigantic barbicans, and support the walls, crowned with a majestic cornice and ornaments of simple lily-form.



ORNAMENT FROM A LARGE PORCH OF THE MOSQUE OF THE SULTAN HASAN.

In the midst of the court, which is paved with slabs of coloured marble, there is a large fountain, and, near it, a small one. The first is for the ablutions of the Egyptians, and has a cupola fancifully shaped like a globe, and coloured blue, crowned by a crescent, and surrounded by a broad belt of inscription in gold letters. The second and smaller fountain was formerly used by the Turks only. At the south-east corner of the court a pointed archway, with a span of more than sixty-seven feet, forms the entrance to the vaulted holy of holies. Here none of the accessories are wanting which we have already met with in the Leewan of the Mosque of Amroo. The *mimbar* or pulpit is supported on stone pillars, and Sultan Hasan himself—who during the periods of his deposition had devoted himself to theological studies—would sometimes mount its steps to address the people, who had to remain in the larger space outside the sanctuary. Numerous lamps hang low down, suspended from the top of the vault, to light up the sacred chamber for evening prayer. In the farthest background of this holy of holies are the prayer-niche, and the entrance into the mausoleum of the builder of the mosque, known as the Maksoorah. This



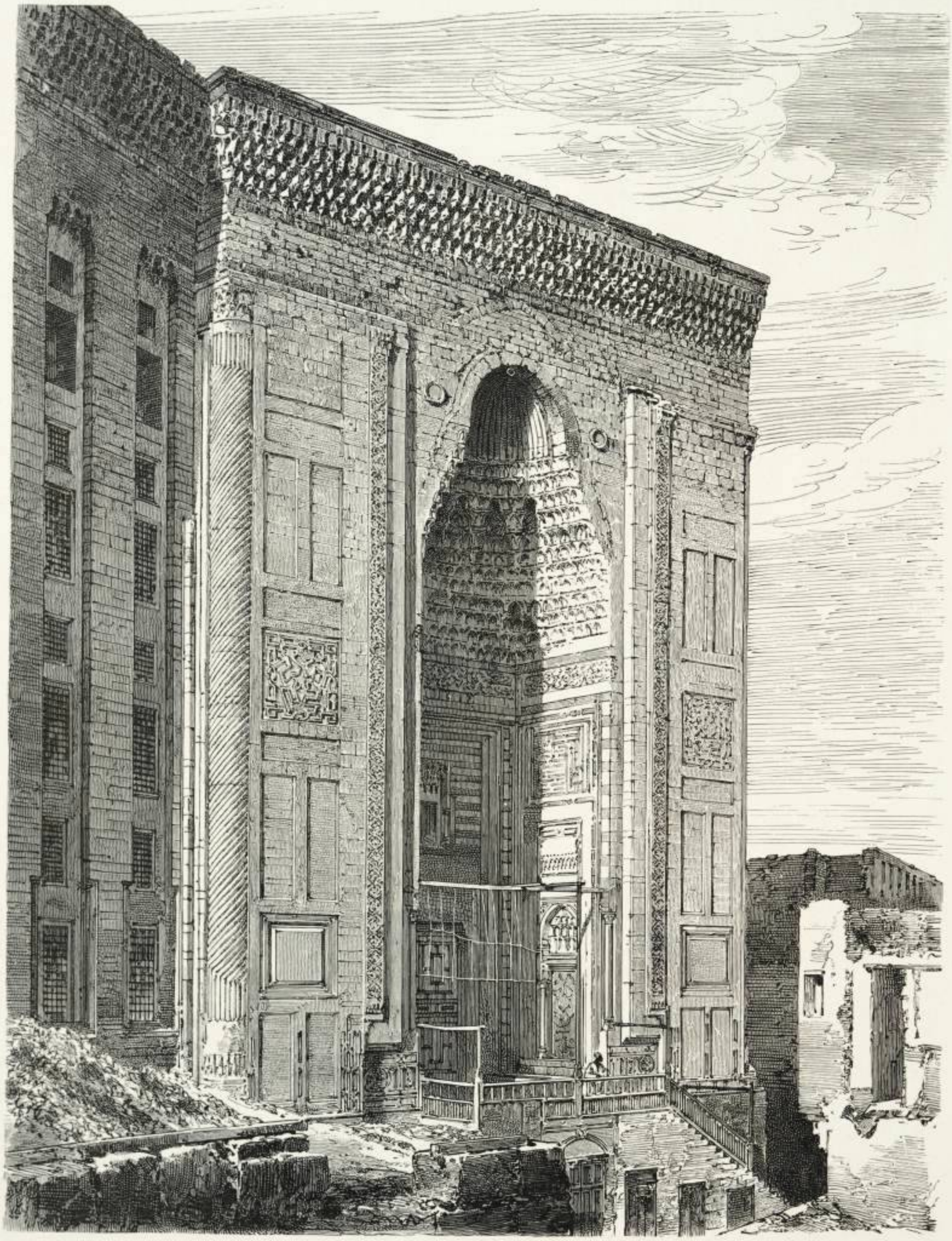
CARPET MERCHANT IN THE KHAN EL-KHALEEL.

tomb has a particularly impressive effect; for the quadrangular room, in the midst of which is the sepulchre, is crowned by a cupola which reaches to the height of 180 feet, and the transition from its circumference to the quadrangular structure on which it rests is effected in a really classical way by the introduction of brackets wrought in a honeycomb and stalactite design. The lower part of the walls of this chamber is inlaid with coloured marbles, and the upper part has a frieze with texts from the Koran in large letters. But even here nothing is done for its preservation, and yet the tomb of Hasan is a favourite resort of the Cairenes, who do not know that the body of its founder was never recovered, and, therefore, cannot be resting there. They love to assemble to discuss public news of all kinds in this commodious space; but many of them visit the tomb of the Sultan to be cured of certain complaints. Catarrh and similar disorders disappear when the tongue is moistened by the reddish fluid which is obtained by wetting the porphyry threshold-stone with water and then rubbing it with a certain miraculous pebble, which is carefully preserved. The two pillars to the right and left of the niche in the farther wall are also considered to have healing powers. He who licks one of them can be cured of jaundice, and women who suck the juice of a lemon they have rubbed upon them will be blessed with offspring.



NICHE FOR PRAYER.

Surely the architect who designed and built the great entrance-niche on the northern side of this mosque never dreamed of these small souls sunk in the crassest superstition. It is led up to by steps, and rises above them to a height of sixty-five feet; the top of it is an apse, interrupted in its spring and supported on stalactite work. The walls are lined with rich arabesques, and a portion of the cornice—with its honeycomb design—which runs round the whole of the outer wall of the mosque, crowns the façade, in the midst of which we find this entrance-niche—a portal worthy of any temple. The transition of the large bulbous cupola into the square base is effected by an intermediate polygon. The larger of the two minarets belonging to this mosque has no equal in Cairo as regards its height, which is about 280 feet. The thickness of the enormously strong walls is worthy of remark, and the building produces even from outside an impression of complete and perfect seclusion from the



PORCH OF THE MOSQUE OF THE SULTAN HASAN

pillars built into its angles. Unfortunately one of the minarets must have had a less firm foundation than the rest of the edifice, for it fell in soon after the structure was finished, and buried in its fall the fountain-school which Hasan had established near his mosque, and in which three hundred orphans were brought up at his



ORNAMENT FROM THE GREAT PORCH OF THE MOSQUE OF THE SULTAN HASAN.

expense. These unfortunate children were killed at the same time by the enormous blocks falling from such a height.

We have lingered long over the description of this building, because it is, on the whole, the finest and most beautiful of all the funeral mosques that have cupolas. Many such, it is true, stand in various parts of the city—by far the greater number in the east of Cairo, where there are large groups of them standing together, and known as the tombs of the Khalifs and Mamelukes. It is no longer possible to determine what princes are buried in these last, which lie to the south of the citadel; but well-preserved inscriptions tell us that the so-called "tombs of the Khalifs" have no right to that name, since most of them were built in the time of the Mameluke princes, who succeeded the Bahrite rulers—of whom Hasan (died 1361) was one—and who were known as the Burgite or Circassian Sultans. Barkook, Farag, Burs-bey, Inal, Kayt-Bey, el-Ashraf, and Kansoowah el-Ghooree—whose mausoleums with cupolas are celebrated as the finest of the so-called Khalifs' tombs—were members of this family of rulers.

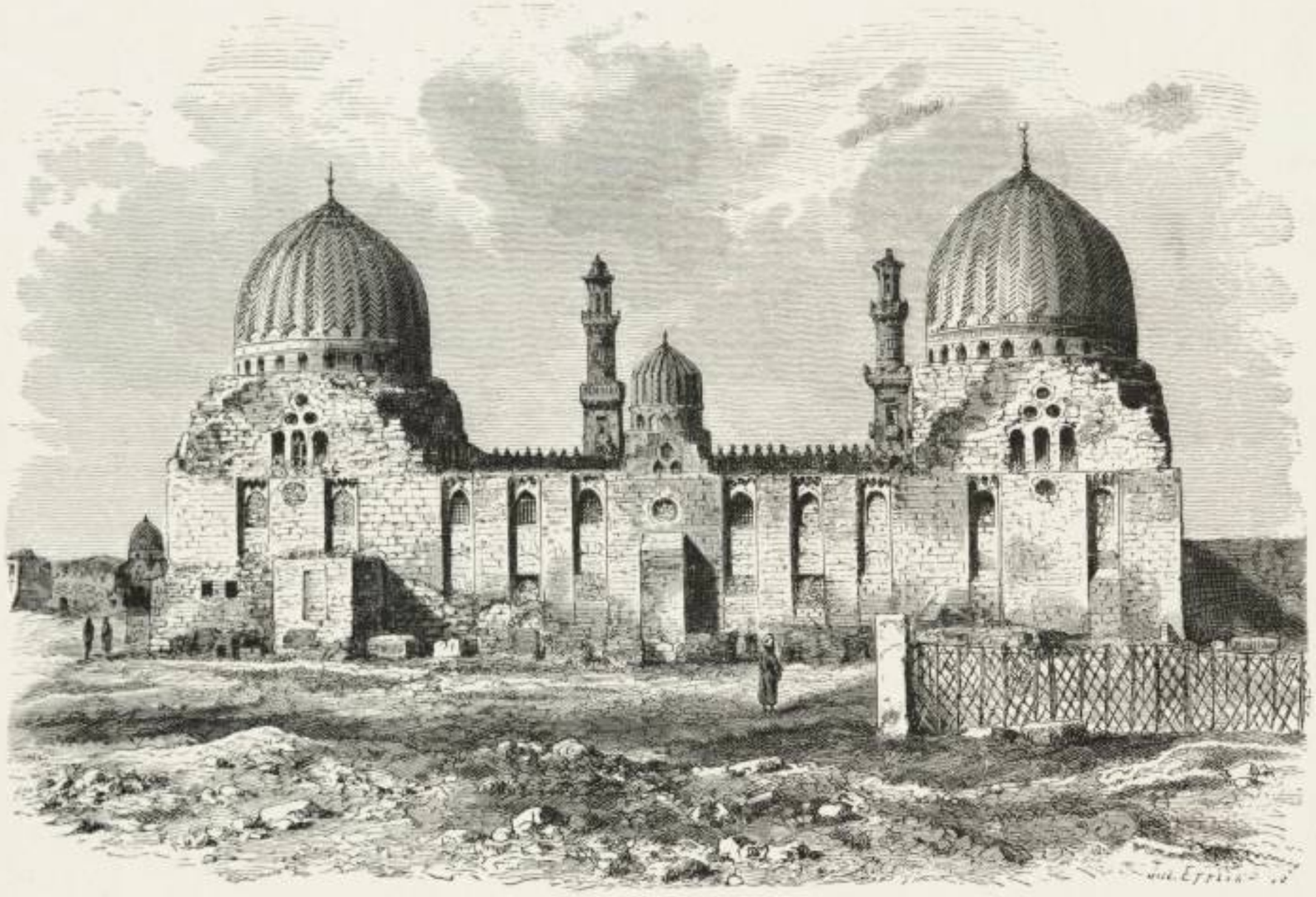


ORNAMENT FROM THE GREAT PORCH OF THE MOSQUE OF THE SULTAN HASAN.

From 1382 to 1517 the fate of Egypt was in the hands of these unbridled men, many of whom had first come into Egypt as slaves. They had already received the name of Burgites in the time of Kala'oon, who gave the tower of the citadel as a residence to the Circassians of his body-guard—and the word *burg* signifies a fort or tower of defence; he also gave them a particular uniform.

The first of them who succeeded in seizing the sceptre was Barkook, who had been sold into Egypt as a slave, and who, when he had overthrown the Bahrite

Mamelukes, kept possession of the throne for seventeen years. Self-willed, subtle, and brave, at the same time suspicious and cruel, he recklessly pursued whatever object he had in view ; and yet, in spite of the blood he shed and the tortures he inflicted, he was to the end of his life a patron of science and art. The great historian Ibn Khaldoon lived in his reign, and was his friend ; though he could not persuade the Sultan to take energetic steps against the growing power of the Osmanlee, whom he, with prophetic insight, looked upon as a more dangerous foe than even the Mongols, led at that time by the all-conquering Timoor. Barkook's memory is still kept fresh in Cairo by his beautiful mosque-tomb, where, by the side



TOMB, WITH MOSQUE, OF BARKOOK.

of his own mausoleum, and another erected for his harem, he also established a fountain with its school, chambers for the students and their teachers, and for the officers of the sanctuary. The mausoleum is crowned by two fine cupolas, one over the men's graves and the other over the women's, and it has two minarets ; close to it is the monument of Sultan Farag, the son and successor of Barkook. The great conqueror Timoor died before Farag, and his death relieved Egypt of the most pressing danger that, at that time, threatened her independence.

It would weary the reader if I were to relate in detail the innumerable bloody struggles for the throne, the revolts and deeds of violence of which Cairo was the scene under the Circassian Mamelukes. These overbearing and usurping foreigners could have no idea of true patriotism or of the sacrifice of their own interests to the common good. Each in his turn plundered the " provision-land of the earth," or the " mother of well-being," as Arab writers delight in calling Egypt. Their rapacity was insatiable,

and although it is true that magnificent edifices were built under their auspices, this was only because they were filled with the desire to impress on their contemporaries and on posterity a due idea of the power and wealth they had at their command.



ORNAMENT FROM THE MOSQUE OF BARKOOK.

One of the most splendid mosques in Cairo is that of Farag's second successor, whose name was Sheykh el-Mo'ayyad, and who came into Egypt as a slave at twelve years old. This was erected on the site of what had been a prison, into which he had been cast by his enemies; at that time he made a vow to convert that dungeon into a mosque if ever he attained the throne. When he became Sultan, he splendidly redeemed his word, for he expended the enormous sum of 400,000 dinars (about £225,000) on the edifice called by his name, and containing the mausoleums of himself and his family—although, as may be easily seen, and as historians tell us, he had the pillars used in it brought away from ancient dwelling-houses, palaces, and mosques. This mosque, which has been lately restored, is, perhaps, the most splendid of all those in Cairo; thirty polishers and a hundred workmen were employed on it for years; but it no doubt displays a certain overloaded style. The desire to adapt and subordinate the perfect beauty of noble forms of detail to the harmonious proportions of a grand architectonic unity had given way to a wish to dazzle the beholder by splendour of colouring, costliness of material, and a superabundance of decorative design. The court, with its well, is surrounded, as in other mosques, with colonnades. Among the pillars which support the arches we find several of the Corinthian order, which owe their origin to Greek or Roman artists, and which were removed, as has been said, from very ancient buildings. The sanctuary is particularly splendid, with a coffered ceiling inlaid, painted, and gilt; but the effect is not produced by noble forms, but by material and display; and though in many parts of this mosque the eye is charmed by lovely details, it is soon disenchanted again by others which are both inartistic in conception and careless in execution.



ORNAMENT FROM THE MOSQUE OF BARKOOK.



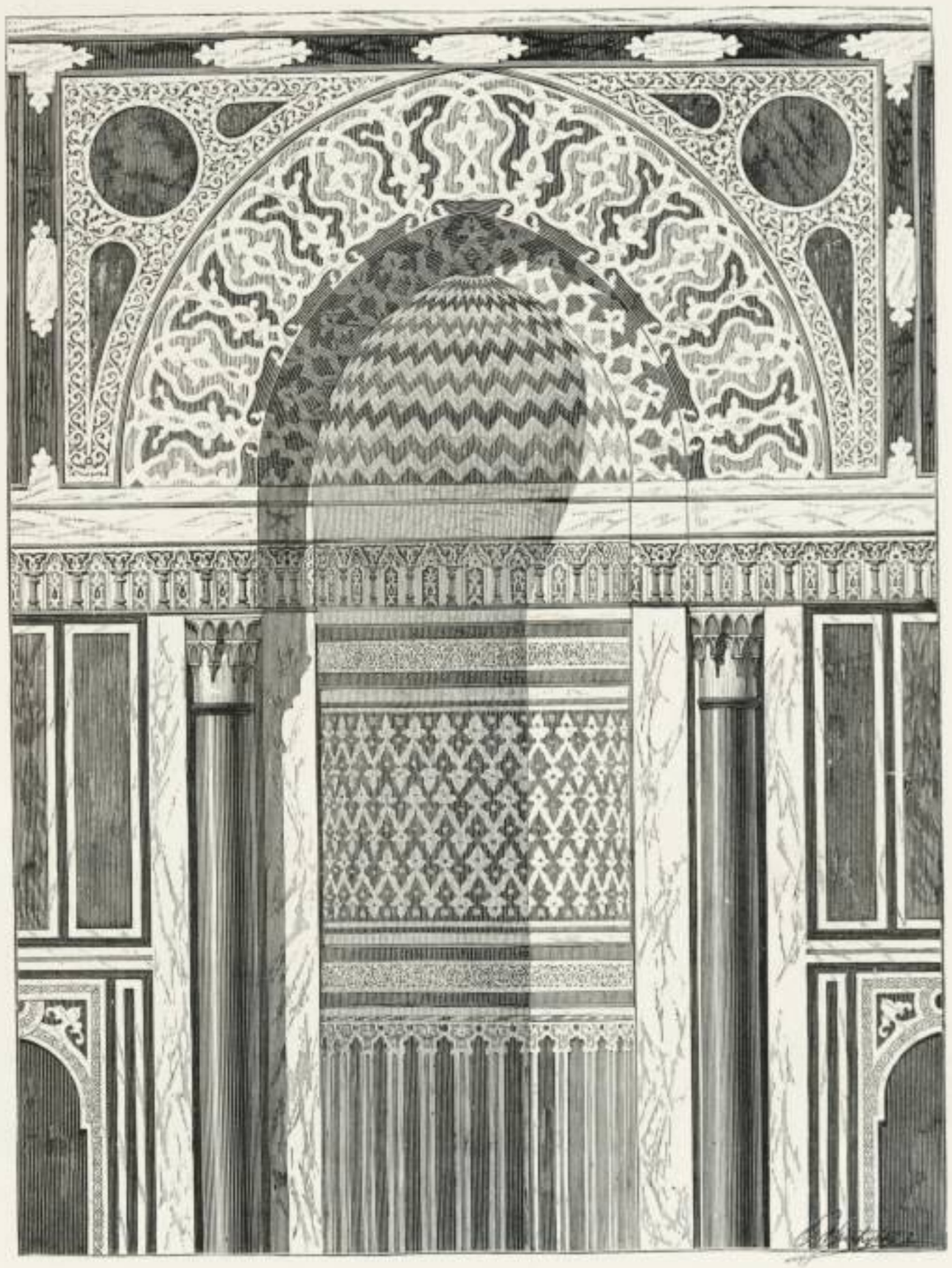
FOUNTAIN AT THE TOMB AND MOSQUE OF BARKOOK.



NECROPOLIS AT THE FOOT OF THE CITADEL.

Sheykh Mo'ayyad had won splendid victories over the Syrian generals[1] by the military genius of his son,[2] and many of his contemporaries praise him as a fine orator, poet, and musician; but the unprejudiced judgment of posterity can only hold him in horror as a hypocrite in religion, cruel, and insatiably avaricious.

Highly-gifted Mohammedan travellers have praised his mosque as a "collection

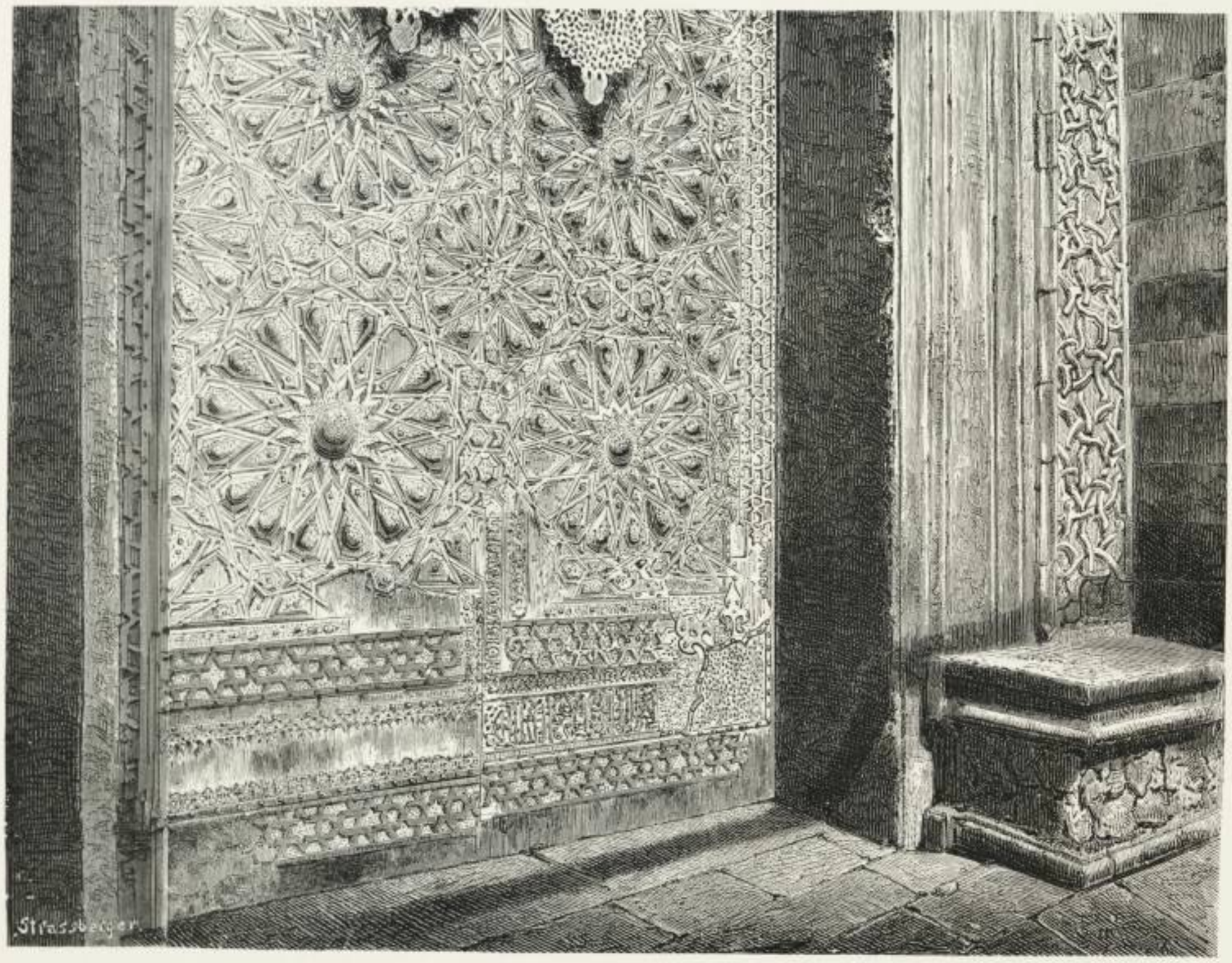


NICHE FOR PRAYER IN THE MOSQUE OF THE SULTAN MO'AYYAD.

of architectural beauties," and have declared with rapture that the strength of the pillars in it proves that the king who built it was the "prince of the sovereigns of his time." Sculptors, too, assert that, "compared with this, the throne of Belkes [the Mohammedan name for the Queen of Sheba] was but a trifle, and the far-famed palace of the ancient Persian kings scarcely worth speaking of." But only three years after the death of Mo'ayyad[3] it was discovered that one of the minarets—there

[1] A.D. 1412—1421. [2] Ibrahim, who died at an early age. [3] A.D. 1421.

were three—leaned considerably to one side. A council of architects was convened, and pronounced their opinion that, as the falling stones were causing many deaths, it must shortly be pulled down. The door of the mosque was closed for thirty days, and the architect, Mohammed el-Burgee, had to put up with the satirical verses of the poets of Cairo for a much longer period. It is true that an excuse for the mishap was found, for many people asserted that the damage was done by the "envious eye" of people looking on at the unfinished work—that "evil eye" against



DETAILS OF THE PRINCIPAL DOOR OF THE MOSQUE OF MO'AYYAD.

which the Egyptians have protected themselves, by amulets and spells, from the time of the Pharaohs to the present day.

The superstition of the Cairenes is especially attracted to this mosque and to the neighbouring Bab el-Zuweyleh. The latter, particularly, is a favourite haunt of the Kutb, that miraculous being whose chief resort is the roof of the Kaaba at Mecca, and who often shows himself to the true believer, in the humble guise of a man. At this particular spot he cures the toothache, and those who are suffering from it drive a nail into the door of the gate, or pull out a tooth and crush it in the roadway beneath.

Mo'ayyad was succeeded by his son, who, however, died in three months, leaving

his eldest son, a boy of ten, upon the throne; but his preceptor, Burs Bey, who had previously been a slave, soon contested it, and succeeded in taking possession of it. The mausoleum of this usurper also stands among the tombs of the Khalifs.[1] He died a natural death, after a reign of sixteen years. He carried Janus, King of Cyprus, prisoner to Cairo,[2] that island being at the time the head-quarters of the pirates who infested the Mediterranean and interfered with its commerce; he had kept the Mongols from invading Egypt, though at the cost, it is true, of a not very honourable peace, and had earned the title of Protector of Mecca. He had acquired the possession of the harbour of Jedda at the same time as that of the Holy City, to which it belonged, and the commerce of these two towns had not long before been much increased; for the ships voyaging from India and Persia, and which had formerly brought their freights to Aden, avoided calling at that port in consequence of the oppressions exercised by the princes of Yemen after the year 1422; but when the navigator Ibraheem, of Calcutta, had met with a good reception at Jedda—at first with one ship only, but subsequently with a little fleet of fourteen large and heavily-laden merchant-men—trading-ships began to frequent that port in much greater numbers than before. By the year 1426 not less than forty merchant-ships from India and Persia were anchored in the harbour of Jedda, and had to pay a duty of 70,000 dinars (about £40,000). And how much more important must the tribute money have been which the pilgrims had to pay, who united to their pious purpose the usual business in small trade!

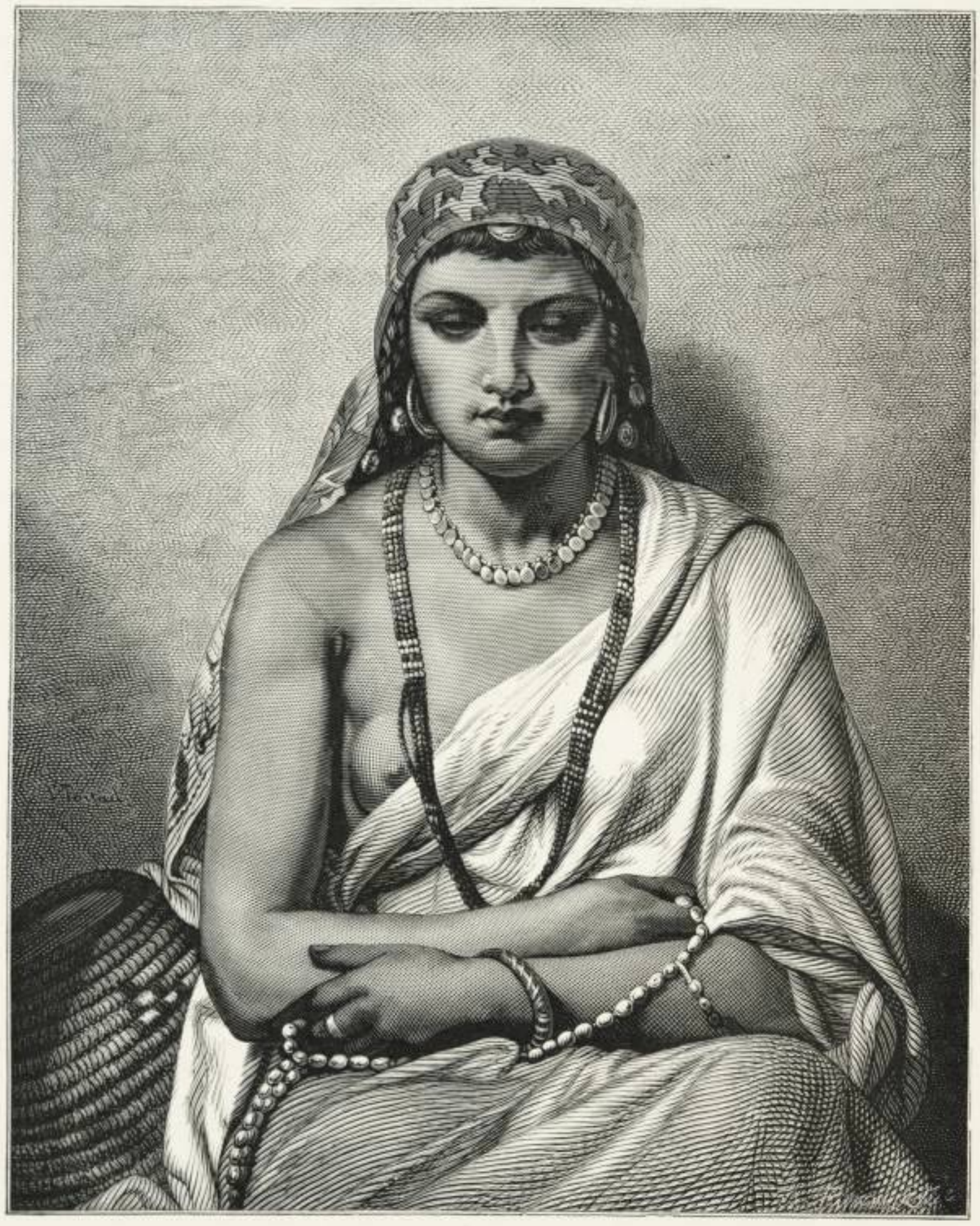
The great fair of Jedda, the scene of rendezvous where representatives of every nation acknowledging Islam annually assembled, was at that time second to none in importance. Under the Mameluke princes the Red Sea was the great high-road by which the whole of the commerce between India and Europe must pass. The "infidel" King of Ceylon sent ambassadors to Sultan Kala'oon to conclude with him a treaty of commerce, and in the time of Kala'oon's grandson envoys came even from China to Cairo; their huge junks had long been the medium of commerce across the Indian Ocean. The ancient caravan route from the Red Sea to the shores of the Nile was trodden by long files of heavily-laden camels, and at the ports of Keft—and subsequently at Koos—the vessels waiting to load and unload were almost innumerable. Thirty-six thousand boats, it is said, navigated the Nile, and the Florentine Frescobaldi asserts that in his time (1384) there were more vessels in the harbour of Cairo than at Genoa, Venice, or Ancona. Under the Mamelukes it fell to Alexandria's share to supply the requirements of Western Europe in the matter of Eastern merchandise. Representatives of every commercial nation and city were to be found there, and it has been said with justice that, at that time, the position held by any nation in relation to the general commerce of the world might be accurately estimated by its footing in that emporium. The Venetians would seem to have outstripped all other dealers, though the Genoese concluded special agreements with Sultan Kala'oon, and with his son Khaleel,[3] who built the Khan el-Khaleel, which became the centre and head-quarters of business in Cairo. The

[1] A.D. 1422.

[2] After paying a large ransom and agreeing to an annual tribute he returned as a vassal to Cyprus.

[3] Who ascended the throne A.D. 1292.

Black Sea may be said to have been their special domain, and they, assisted by the Venetians, carried on the trade of importing Greek and Circassian slaves. The Nile valley, which is so poor in forests and mines, had also to be supplied from the North with ship-timber and iron; for without a due supply of these indispensable



ABYSSINIAN FEMALE SLAVE.

materials, Egypt was unable to construct a single ship of all her fleet. This fleet had often inflicted the greatest damage on those of western countries; a large portion of the gold and silver coined in Europe flowed into the hands of the infidels of the East, the trade in slaves—among whom there were only too many Christians, both men and women—could not, of course, be countenanced by the Church, and so it came to pass that the Pope repeatedly prohibited all trade between the maritime

nations of Europe and the seaports of Egypt, and threatened the refractory with all kinds of temporal and eternal punishment. But the Christian merchants were more tempted by the certainty of earthly profit than terrified by the threats of the Church, and they exchanged money and merchandise with the unbelievers with all the more unconcern that the enormous profit they easily made enabled them to spend the more freely in purchasing pardons and dispensations.

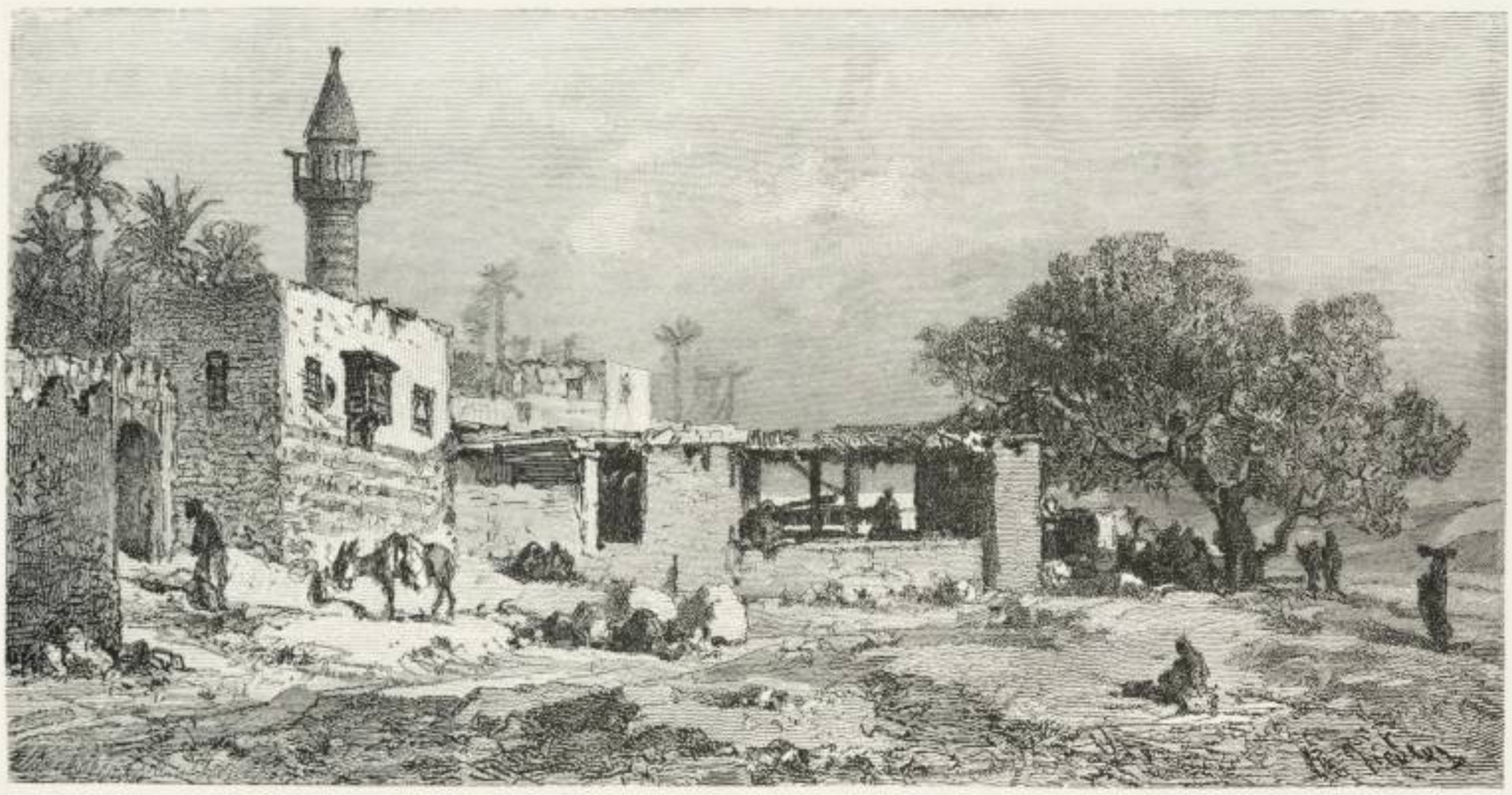
The lion's share in these enormous transactions flowed into the coffers of the Egyptian Sultans, for we learn from a table of prices-current, drawn up by a companion of Vasco de Gama, that Indian spices were five times as dear in Cairo as in Calcutta, and that this was in consequence of the high duty that had to be paid on them in Egypt, to supply the Mameluke Sultans with a large proportion of the treasure which even the least lavish of them freely spent, as we have seen. Burs-bey, and his predecessors and successors were accounted the wealthiest princes in the world; and, in truth, the sums disbursed in their reigns for every kind of luxury were beyond all measure great. The purchase of new Mamelukes and pages, of fine horses and other beasts, cost millions yearly. We have already seen what enormous sums were swallowed up by the architectural ambition of these sovereigns; but their greatest outlay was in keeping up their court, of which the splendour involved lavish expenses; their harems were crowded with wives and eunuchs, with Circassian, Greek, Abyssinian, and other female slaves—some of whom cost a perfect fortune—with singers and dancing women. Even the lower servants were clothed in silk, and wore gold ornaments. Their wives and favourite slaves must have pearls and precious stones, not only for their personal decoration, but for their household vessels and small wares, and for the litters in which they were borne to the country-houses of their masters with an escort of eunuchs and Mamelukes.

The East is the land of gifts, and probably not a day passed in which a considerable value in gold, slaves, horses, jewels, and robes of honour was not dispensed to his subjects by the hand of the sovereign. Beyond a doubt, the most fertile arable land in the world yielded great returns, and the quickly-emptied coffers could be re-filled again and again by exorbitant taxation of the citizens and peasantry, by the sale of places, by confiscations and penalties inflicted on all "unbelievers" in Mohammed; but all these sources of wealth would prove insufficient against the frightful and extravagant consumption if commerce had not again and again filled the treasury to the brim.

This influx of gold was seriously diminished by Burs-bey, for he prohibited all trade in spices to private individuals, assumed the monopoly of all Indian merchandise, and sold it by his officials for such insanely high sums that the Frank dealers would only purchase what was absolutely necessary, and the Venetians sent a fleet to Alexandria and threatened to cease all dealings with the countries under his rule. This reduced him to less sweeping demands, but he adhered to the monopoly in pepper and sugar; and in Egypt itself pepper was not to be purchased excepting from his officials; nay, he took away from the merchants the stock they had in reserve, and gave them so small a compensation that they suffered severely. He laid claim to the right of dealing in many other articles, and the discontent of his subjects led to revolts, and to reprisals on the part of the Venetians and of the

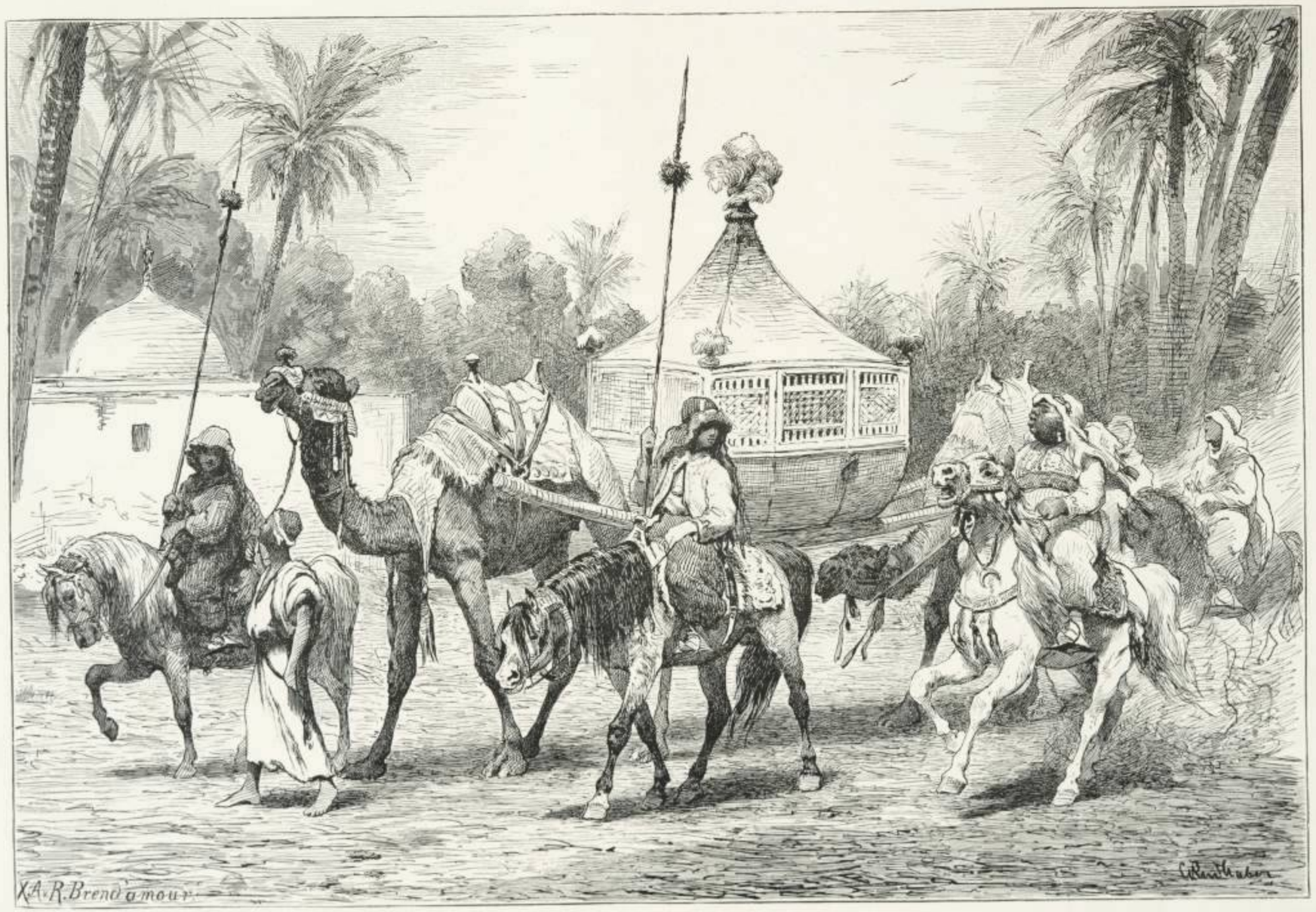
Princes of Castile and Aragon, who captured several of the Egyptian vessels. The mischief entailed on his country by his insatiable avarice was enormous. His greed went so far that—if we may believe his contemporary Makreezee, who stamps his character with infamy—during his reign Egypt and Syria were depopulated and impoverished.

In the short space of thirty years after the death of this prince eight Circassian sultans succeeded each other, and under their rule Constantinople was allowed to fall into the hands of the Turks, who gave it the name of Istamboul or Stamboul. After the deposition of Timoorboga, the last of these princes, Kayt Bey, a Mameluke whom Burs-bey had purchased for fifty dinars, succeeded in possessing himself of the



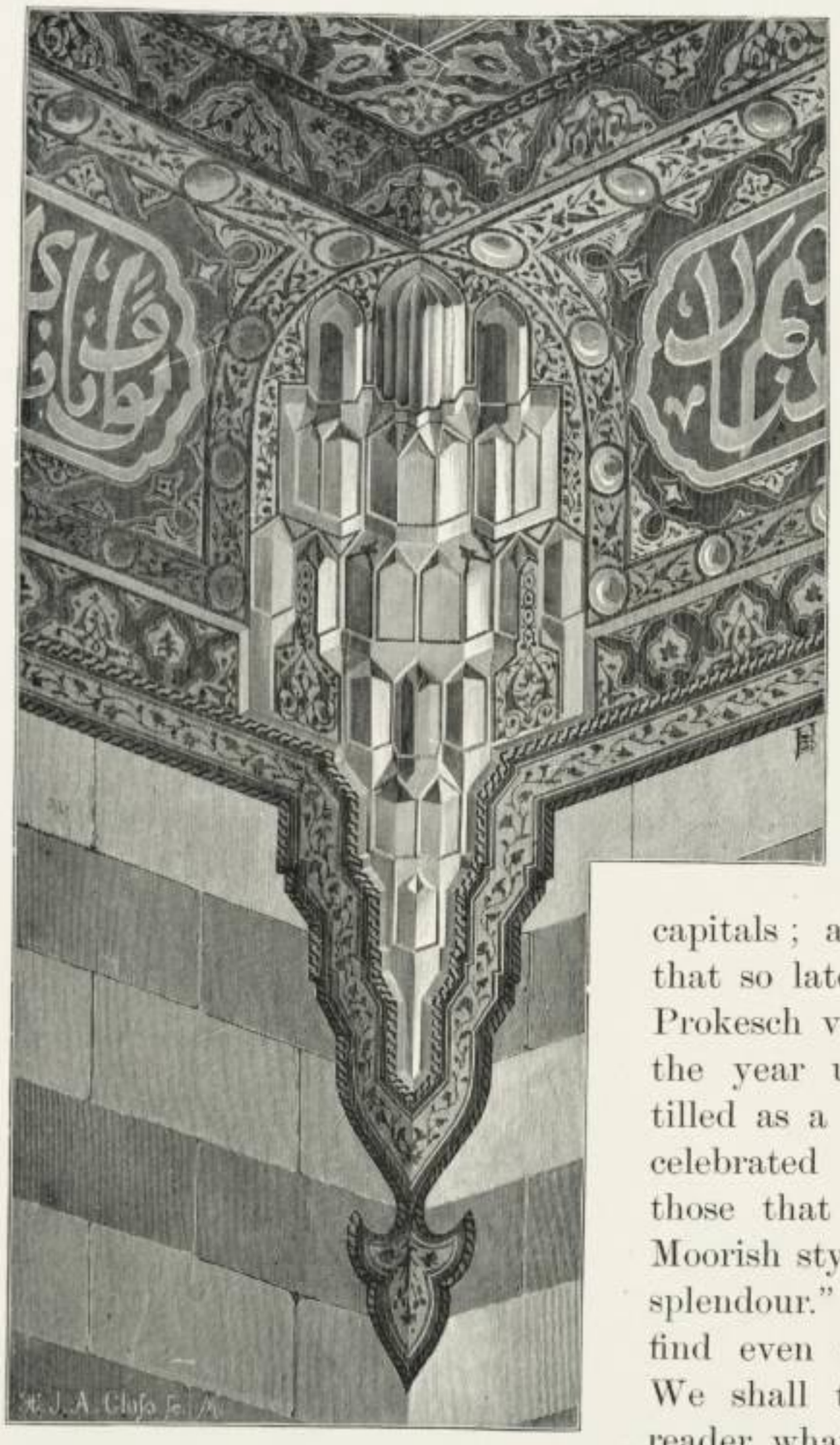
COUNTRY RESIDENCE, AND WATER WHEEL, AT CAIRO.

throne, and governed for twenty-nine years. This *parvenu* had in his youth been distinguished as a brave lance-thrower, and as instructor of the fencers, who used then—as they do to this day—to exhibit their prowess at the setting forth of a caravan of pilgrims. He proved his mettle several times as sultan, and showed himself a skilful statesman, and indefatigably active and adroit in the business of government. He was at the same time violent, and his love of money amounted to the meanest covetousness. Under him a successful resistance was offered to the Turks, under Mohammed and Bayazeed, and the general who distinguished himself most in the struggle was Ezbek, after whom the largest and finest square in Cairo is called Ezbekeeyeh. This eminent man had also been brought into Cairo as a slave, but had been capable of raising himself to high dignities and great possessions. A part of what is now the Ezbekeeyeh Square was acquired by him as a place where he could break in his camels. At an earlier period it had been the site of handsome houses and blooming gardens, which, when he took possession of it, lay in



SPOUSE OF THE SULTAN ON HER WAY TO THE COUNTRY RESIDENCE.

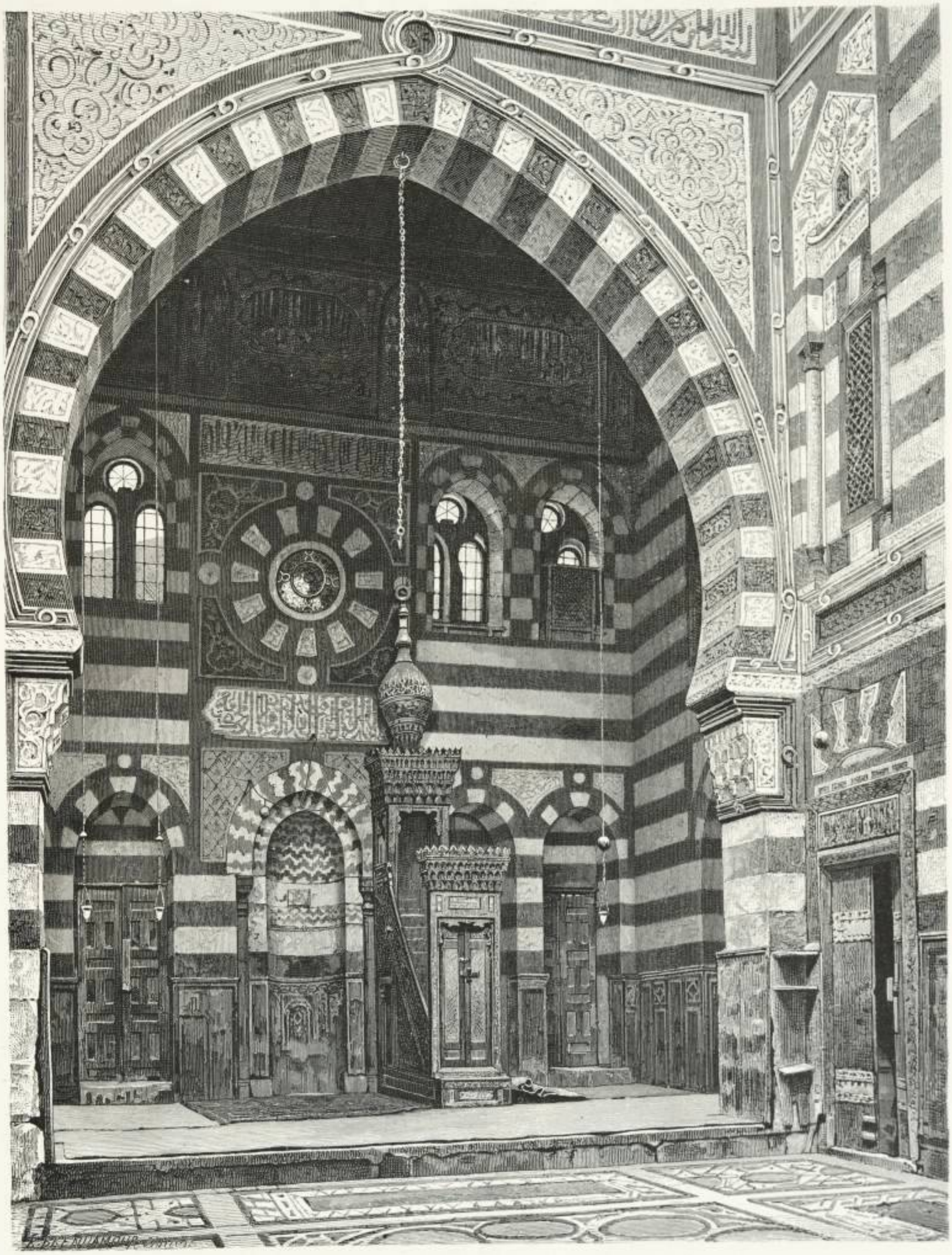
deserted ruins. Ezbek began by restoring the canal, the neglect of which had brought this quarter of the city to ruin; he then caused the land to be cleared of ruins and rubbish, and fine buildings to be erected on one side of it. Soon after other wealthy men followed his example, and at last it became the fashion to have a house in the Ezbekeeyeh. The beautiful mosque which bears his name is a worthy monument of the remarkable man in whose honour it was built, and its rich and tasteful decoration is highly praised by the admirers of Arab art. Even the school attached to it is a very remarkable structure. The Ezbekeeyeh Square has survived many vicissitudes, and now it is known throughout the world as the brilliant and splendid centre of Frank society in Cairo. The visitor at the present day sees a handsome public garden in the midst, and passes by a well-kept road leading to the capital hotels, fine public buildings and private houses which surround it on every side, and which are full of all the luxuries of European capitals; and he will find it difficult to realise that so late as in the year 1827 the trustworthy Prokesch von Osten spoke of it as being for half the year under water, and for the other half tilled as a field. Most of the buildings on this celebrated site were destroyed or dilapidated; those that remained were for the most part of Moorish style, and "bore traces of their ancient splendour." At this day it would be difficult to find even one stone of the Mameluke period. We shall take occasion presently to show the reader what Ismail Pacha made of this spot.



AN ARCHITECTURAL DETAIL FROM THE SCHOOL OF THE MOSQUE OF EZBEK.

Kayt Bey died at the ripe age of eighty-five,[1] having been compelled in his last hours to abdicate in favour of his son, aged fourteen, and he was buried in the beautiful mosque-tomb which, according to custom, he had caused to be erected while he still "walked in the land of the living," and which, again, is one of the "tombs of the Khalifs." The visitor to this splendid building, on leaving the city passes

[1] He abdicated A.D. 1496.



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF EZBEK.

by another fine structure known as the Okella (a corruption of *Wakkâleh*) of Kayt Bey, which was also built by that Sultan. Such Okellas or Khans existed in great numbers in Cairo, as in most of the cities of the East. They served, and still serve, as hostelries for the merchants, as well for the accommodation and safe keeping of their wares, and consist of a court surrounded by buildings, of which the lower storey forms a vaulted warehouse, while the upper rooms are used as living or store rooms. Most of these Okellas — Lane says there must be above two hundred in Cairo—are named after their founders, who built them for the benefit of the public, as protectors of commerce and benefactors to the merchant class. The entrance is through a gateway, which is closed at night, and is often finely decorated with ornaments on the key-stone. This is the case in the gateway of the Okella of Kayt Bey, and it is unfortunate that it should have been so much injured, for he had eminent architects and sculptors at his command. This is abundantly proved, in the first place, by the mosque-tomb we have mentioned, which every one who has seen it must remember with admiring wonder, and which Coste, one of the most distinguished connoisseurs of Arab art in Egypt, declared to be the most beautiful building of the kind in Cairo. How beautiful is the cupola, covered with a net-work of ribbon ornament that covers it like a stone lace-work! How elegant are the form and decorations of the minaret, how characteristic the entrance! Up to this we are led by an ante-chamber surrounded by walls crowned with little pinnacles, and which seems to have been used in the time of the Sultan—as similar chambers were in other mosques — for ceremonious receptions of distinguished guests, or for solemn audiences and judgments. In the niche of the doorway there is, on each side, a stone seat, over which carpets were spread on such occasions, and on which personages of rank were seated. In the background stood the throne for the Sultan, led up to by steps. Those who wished to approach him had to pass



MINARET OF THE MOSQUE OF KAYT BEY.

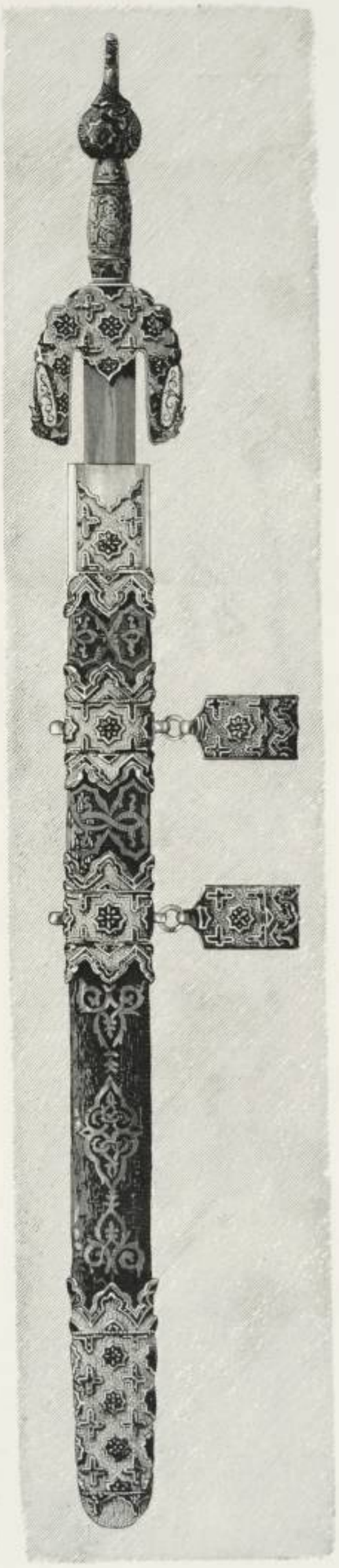
through a double row of Mamelukes in brilliant array of arms.

The architectural arrangement of this mosque resembles in most respects that of Sultan Hasan's, but the roof of the central court was quite peculiar, with a lantern of pierced wood, which admitted the air and the softened light of day. The grand proportions of the inner room have a particularly harmonious effect, and make this place a singularly soothing and pleasant spot, which we are ready to visit a second and third time and to indulge ourselves in gazing at the noble forms of the arches and vaulting, the finish of the carving, and the fanciful grace of the flat surface ornament, which even here excludes every kind of high or round relief. It is rare to find a worshipper kneeling on the broken marble pavement, and if by chance a Cairene has found his way here it is to worship certain blocks of granite encased in an ugly cover; of these the grey one shows the impression of both the Prophet's feet, and the red one the mark of one only. Kayt Bey himself brought these with him from Mecca; he loved to travel and to undertake long hunting expeditions, and besides his pilgrimage to Mecca, he afterwards visited Hebron and Jerusalem. We are told that on his return from Arabia and Cairo he was received with great pomp. At Matareeyeh, the Atabeg Ezbek—the builder of the Ezbekeeyeh square—gave him a grand banquet, and when he entered his capital he found the streets adorned with silken hangings, and richly decorated. Singers, male and female, joined the procession, singing songs of triumph, and when he reached the citadel he was received there by the very same Ameers who, nine years later, forced him, as an old man, to abdicate in favour of his son.

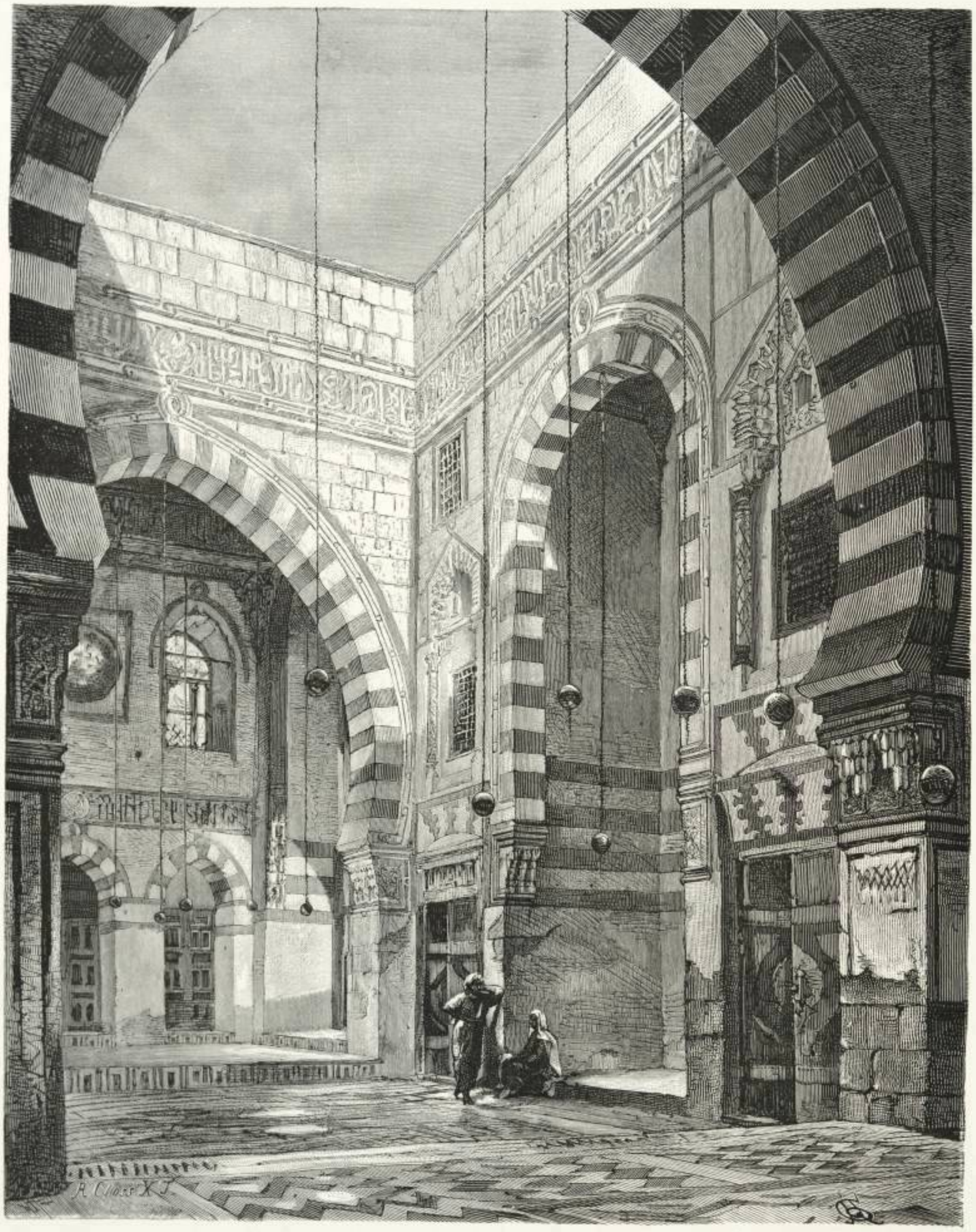


ORNAMENTS OF THE MOSQUE AND TOMB OF KAYT BEY.

Under both the series of Mameluke Sultans the crown of Egypt was either clutched by bold usurpers or given by the ambitious nobles to children under age,



ARAB SWORD OF CEREMONY.



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE AND TOMB OF KAYT BEY.

but descended from a former sovereign. It always devolved on the phantom-Khalifs of the Abbaside family to authorise and proclaim the new sovereign.

Kayt Bey's son Mohammed was born in his father's seventy-second year, and his mother was a Circassian slave. In a reign of only three years he made himself infamous by his cruelty and his unbridled licentiousness. The few instances of his personal courage and of his generous liberality sink into the shade by the side of his numberless shameless deeds. Whoever he might meet in his nightly prowls through the city was beaten, mutilated, or beheaded. For whole nights he would float on the Nile with singers of both sexes; with his boon companions and black



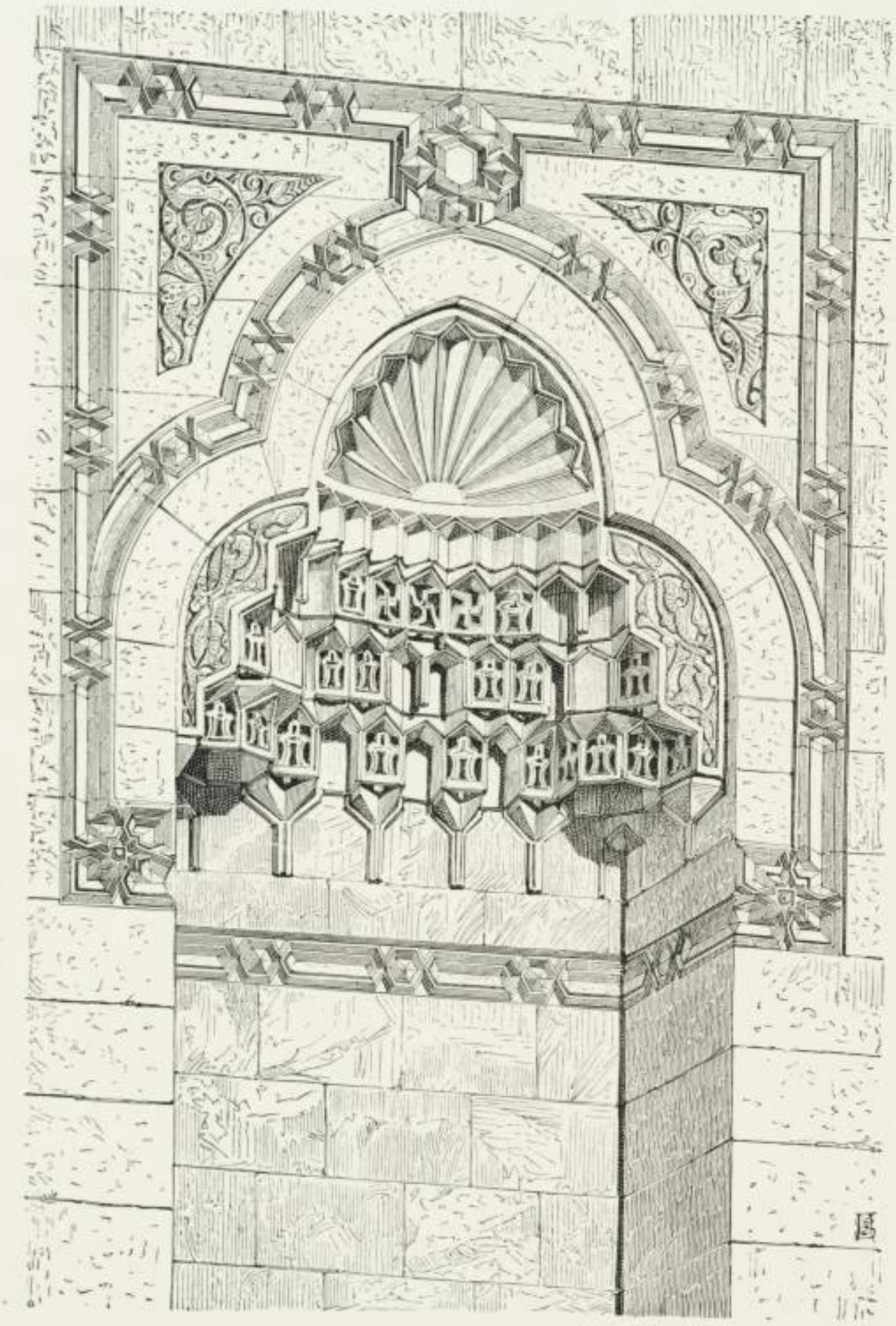
THE SULTAN'S FAVOURITE SONGSTRESS.

slaves he would force his way into private houses, and carry off the fairest women from their owners; and, in order that he might have light enough for his nocturnal expeditions, the shopkeepers were obliged to light up their shops with lanterns. On one of these excursions he was attacked by a troop of Ameers and Mamelukes, who had conspired against him; they killed him, and left his body lying in the street, but it was subsequently interred by his uncle and successor.

Once more within six years the throne of Egypt changed its owner four times till at length Khansooweh el Ghooree—formerly a slave of Kayt Bey's—succeeded in occupying it for fifteen years.[1] This old man—he was sixty years old when he

[1] A.D. 1501—1516; he died of apoplexy, or was killed in the battle of Dabik, north of Aleppo, and his head carried as a trophy to the victorious Selim I.

took possession of the throne—was descended from a royal house, and many noble qualities may be attributed to him; there are, too, in Cairo, many splendid monuments of his time. It is true he had to oppress the people with new and scarcely endurable taxes in order to maintain his repute as a builder in "the



PORTAL OF THE MOSQUE EL GHOOREEYEH.

grand style." Besides many other sanctuaries, he was the founder of the beautiful mosque named after him, in the street El Ghooreeyeh, and of the fountain and school opposite to it. He had many new cisterns and caravanserais constructed on the pilgrims' road to Mecca; he built round the citadel of Cairo, and at its foot he laid out a beautiful garden, with trees and flowers that he had introduced from Syria.

His dress and weapons were always most choice and valuable, his horse's harness was as elegant as it was costly, and he always fed off gold plate.

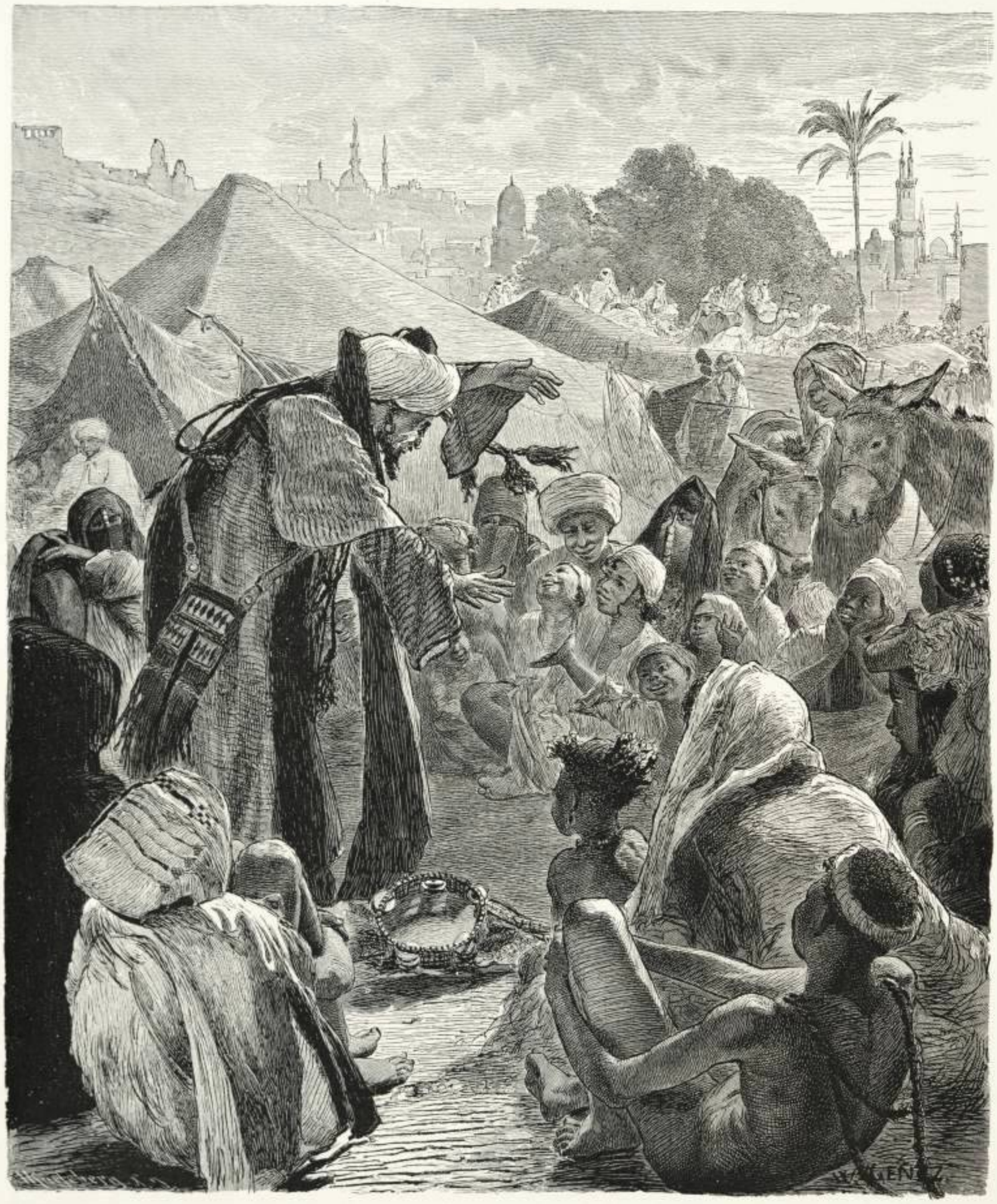
The sons of Nasir had heaped treasures on Aufak, the most beautiful and famous singer of her time. This remarkable woman was the mistress of these three Sultans in succession; and the pearls and jewels with which the royal brothers decked her turban are said to have been worth 100,000 dirhem—about £2,800. Khansooweh el Ghooree was equally open-handed to singers, male and female, and not to singers only, but to musicians and poets also. Tale-tellers were always allowed free access to him. What period, indeed, and what country, could be better fitted to prompt their imagination to new creations than these, where the fate and history of great and small alike changed from day to day with the unexpected rapidity and variety of a kaleidoscope? The prince of yesterday, to-day was lying in the dust; and a boy whom men had known as a slave, to-morrow might be a ruling potentate, disposing of inexhaustible treasures. A lucky speculation in trade, or a service rendered to the Sultan, might raise the poor to wealth; or a well-to-do citizen might turn to a beggar in a twinkling, if this were the pleasure of some great man. The marvels of India, of the palaces of Persia, nay, even of distant Cathay, were familiar—and not from books alone, since every day sailors and travellers, merchants and slaves, brought fresh stories of these remote countries to the capital of the Mameluke Sultans.



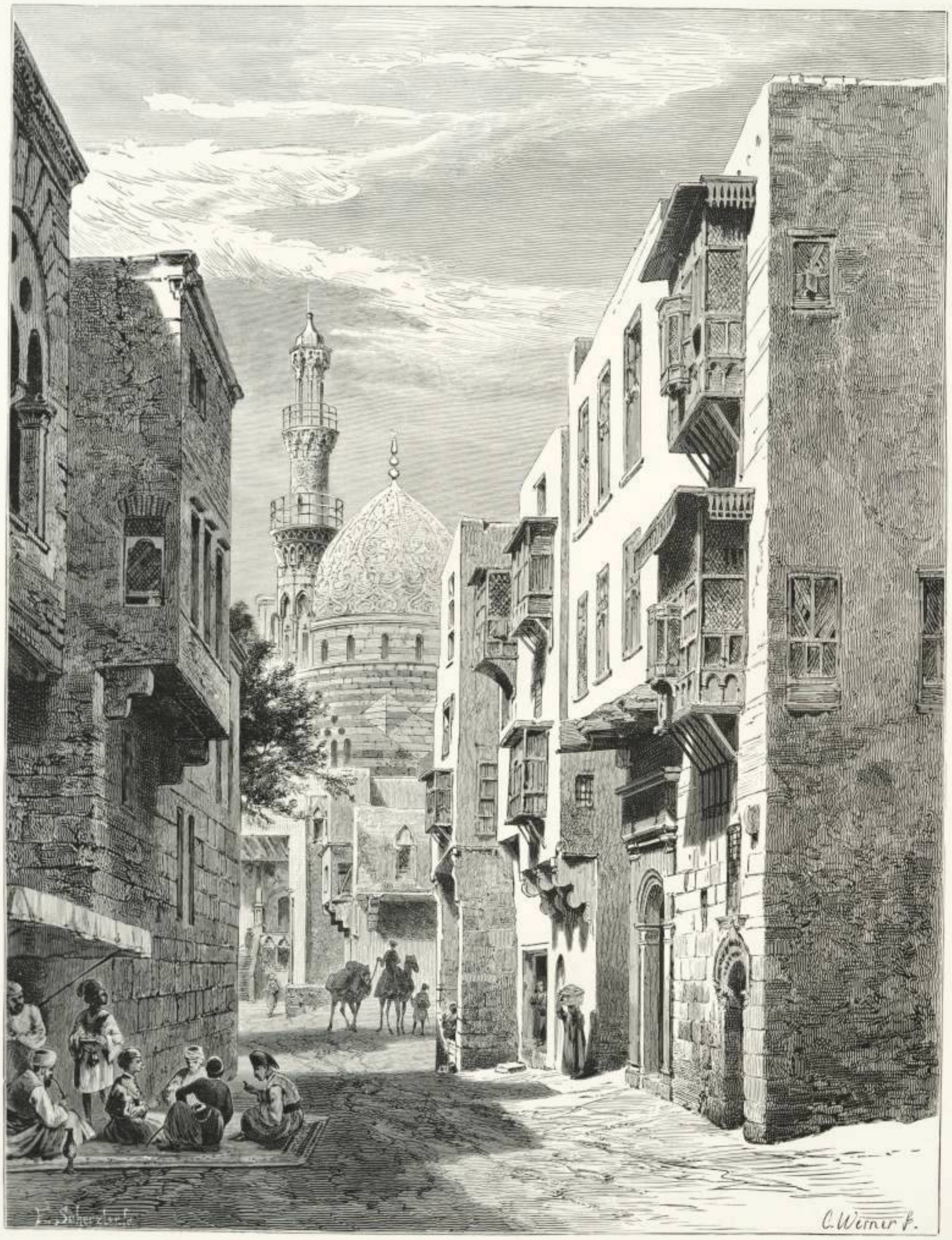
ORNAMENT OF THE MIMBAR OF THE MOSQUE OF EL GHOOREEYEH.

All that greed or luxury could dream—of earthly possessions, of sensual delights, of splendour and favour—was within the reach of a happy few in almost superabundance, and he who would outvie these actualities, in tale or song, could but borrow from the region of romance. And the oppressed and wretched people—crushed, taxed, and denuded—were always thirsting for these marvellous tales, which lifted them from their dull and squalid surroundings into the realms of light that were opened to their gaze by the story-teller. Why should not good-hap and riches fall in some lucky hour into the lap of the poorest of the poor among them, as it had to the fortunate boy Aladdin? Pictures answering to the romantic forms of which these old legends spoke were vivid in the fancy of every Cairene, and the lively imagination and visionary spirit of the Oriental constantly re-moulded them in new forms, each more weird or more splendid than the last. The reign of Khansooweh el Ghooree was the very flowering-time of Oriental romance, and there can be no doubt that the stories of the "Thousand and one Nights," most of which had long been known by oral transmission, assumed a concrete form at this time or a very few years earlier.

The wandering Arab had ere this beguiled his hours of repose with these tales; then they helped the townsman to forget the pinching cares of life, or served to relieve the tedium of luxurious monotony in the seclusion of the harem. The narrator was allowed to give his imagination the freest play, but the predicaments he originated he was expected to get over easily and pleasantly, and the play of his poetic fancy had to serve as a framework for deep thoughts, though suggested by pleasing images,



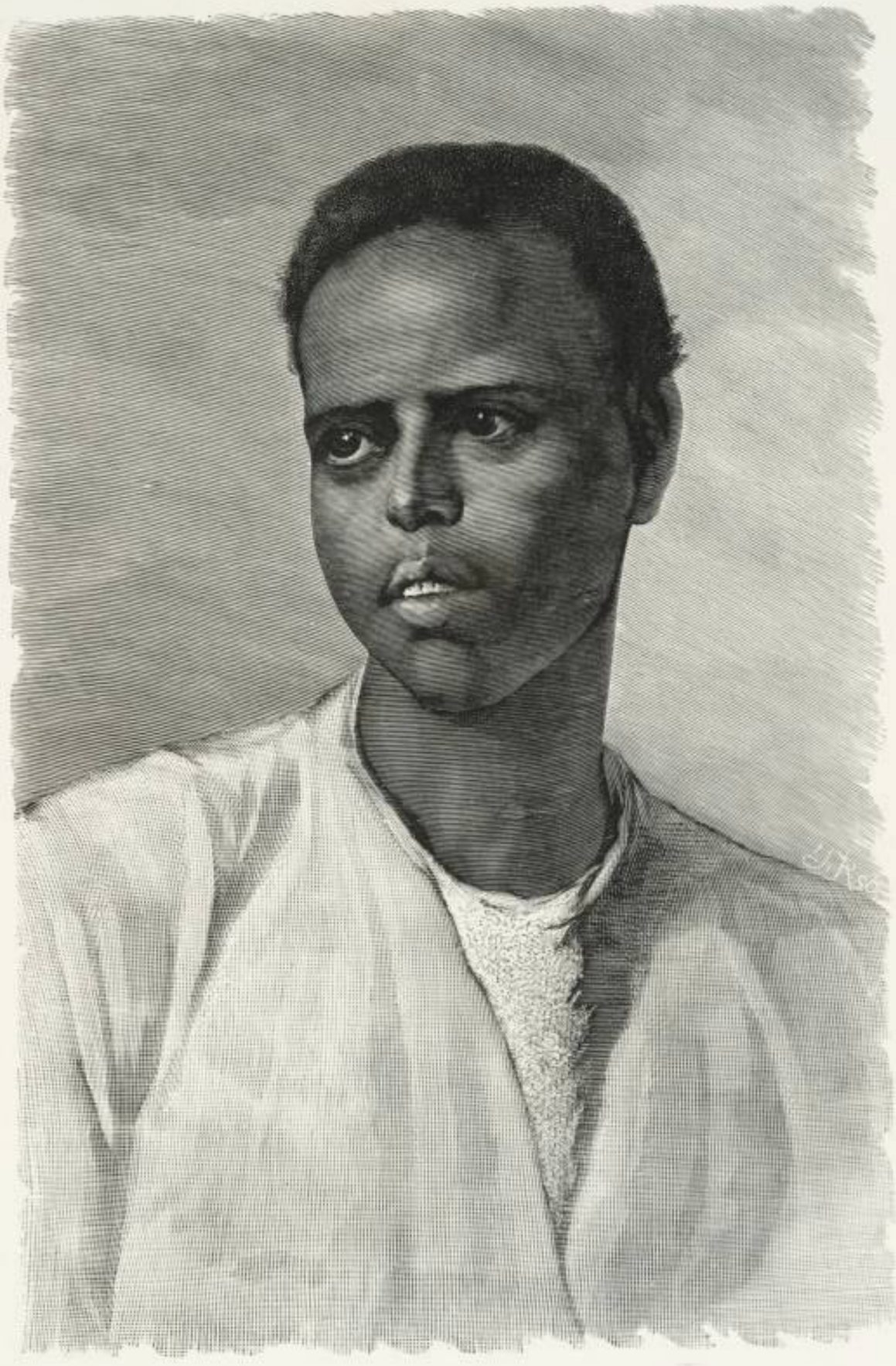
EASTERN STORY-TELLER.



DARB-EL-AHMAR.

like the arabesques that cover the groundwork in the national architecture. The poetry of the Moslems has, therefore, been very happily compared to their productions in the constructive arts.

Indeed, both the Eastern legend and the arabesque ornament are the unreal



A YOUNG POPULAR HERO OF TO-DAY.

offspring of fancy; and yet both must command our admiration, like everything that has reached absolute maturity and perfection within the limits of the beautiful and of its own conditions. The Arab faith admits no image, no symbol; mysticism is foreign to it, and its bald theism strictly corresponds to the naked walls of the places of worship erected in the first century of Islam. Perfectly bare of ornament, they produce

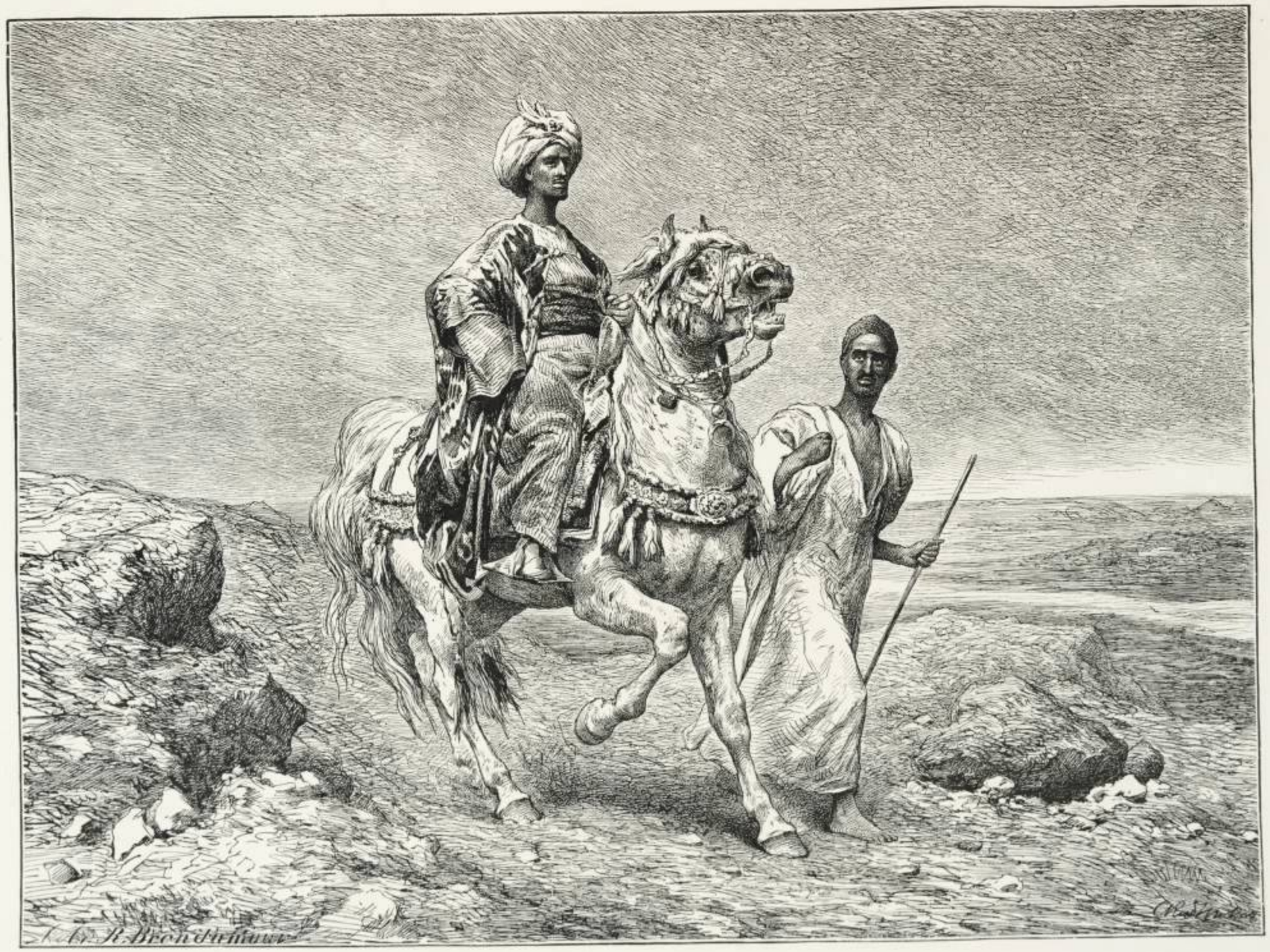
the same effect as a rocky landscape destitute of vegetation; but at an early stage an attempt was made to animate the stone, to "make it plastic," and the effort succeeded without infringing the injunctions of the faith, by the introduction of those legends in arabesque, those poems in colour with which the walls are covered, and of which a gifted traveller has said that they "looked like petrified spray." They are, in fact, a poem of lines, palms, stars, flowers, and suggestive forms, and the beholder's



MAUSOLEUM OF KANSOOWEH EL GHOOREE.

fancy yields irresistibly to their charm. Not so, however, his understanding; for he cannot but miss—in almost every building—that well-considered co-ordination of the structure and organic relation of parts which distinguish the loftier spirit of Western architecture, as well as the due proportioning of the strength of the supports to the superincumbent weight, a satisfactory treatment of the cornice, and, above all, structural solidity.[1]

[1] According to the architect, M. Jules Bourgoin, author of "Les Arts Arabes" (Paris, 1873), some interesting peculiarities in the mosques show the influence of European art, bas-reliefs of portions of the Mosque of Hasan having edifices with belfries and towers of pure Gothic style.



AN ARAB OF RANK

The Mosque of Kansooweh el Ghooree is the last we need study as belonging to this period of the decadence of Arab-Egyptian Architecture. That it has a certain superficial splendour cannot be denied, but the details betray an unmistakable degeneracy in style. El Ghooree's Mausoleum stands among the tombs of the Khalifs—a cubical structure with an extravagantly high cupola; however, he cannot have been buried here, since he was killed in Syria, in the year 1516, in battle against the Osmanlee, and his head was carried to their Sultan Seleem, who, in the following year, put an end for ever to the independence of Egypt.

Even the Indian trade of the Arabs, to which, as we have seen, the sovereigns of Egypt had for centuries owed much of their wealth, met its death-blow under Kansooweh el Ghooree; for in 1497 Vasco de Gama sailed round the Cape of Good Hope. At Melinde, on the east coast of Africa, he met with an Arab pilot, who conducted him to the Malabar coast and into seas previously unknown to European seamen, though for several centuries Moslems had carried on there a well-regulated trade, even with China and Japan, which had borne them golden fruits. El Ghooree did not fail to understand the danger which threatened his people's interests from the Portuguese, and, encouraged by the Venetians, he dispatched a fine fleet to the Indian Seas under the command of the Kurd Ameer Huseyn. In the first encounter with the Europeans El Ghooree's admiral won a victory, though dearly bought; but in the year 1509 the great captain Francisco de Almeida succeeded in avenging the death of his son Lourenço, who had been killed in a glorious and heroic struggle against the Egyptians. He annihilated the Egyptian fleet under Huseyn, near Diu, and this victory made the Portuguese masters of the Indies, and destroyed for ever the Arab trade with Eastern countries. The new rulers of Egypt, the Osmanlee, made an attempt, it is true, somewhat later, to repossess themselves of Diu; but this entirely failed, and to this day the Turkish flag has never again waved triumphantly in Indian ports. All that was grand and pregnant, all that was beautiful and suggestive in Egypt, deteriorated, or was swept away by the Ottoman conquest. This fatal catastrophe occurred a few months after the death of Kansooweh el Ghooree, who had neglected opposing the Turks while it was yet time. He was succeeded by his former slave, Tuman Bey, to whom the Cairenes gave the surname of Melik el Ashraf, *i.e.*, most honoured king: and in the midst of misfortune he did credit to the title by his heroic conduct. On the 17th October, 1516, he mounted the throne, and by the 20th January of the following year his predecessor's conquerors were within a few miles of Cairo. A battle was fought at Heliopolis, near the Pilgrim's Lake (Birket el Hagg); one division of the Osmanlee force seized upon the Egyptian camp, a second surrounded the Mokattam and fell on Tuman Bey's army in flank. This Sultan had fought like one of the heroes of the glorious days of Islam, and he had already succeeded in penetrating with two Ameers and a picked troop of Mamelukes to the very heart of the Turkish camp, where he had taken possession of the Sultan Seleem's tent and had slain the generals he found there, when news was brought to him that his army was in full flight from the field of battle. Even the open and masked trenches in which the Egyptians had posted their artillery had fallen into the hands of the Turks, through the treason, as it proved, of two Albanian Mamelukes, who had betrayed to a Turkish

pacha—a countryman of theirs—the Egyptian Sultan's plan of battle, and had pointed out to him the trenches hidden by wattled reeds, and the position of the cannon. When the Osmanlee had succeeded in circumventing the Egyptian army it was indispensable to turn the field-pieces round; but they were old-fashioned iron mortars mounted on transoms, loaded with metal, and without wheels, so that this movement could not, in fact, be effected; while the Turks had light and movable cannon at their command. Kurt Bey, one of the bravest of Tuman's Ameers, was therefore in the right when, having been taken prisoner by the victors, he was asked by Seleem what had become of his former valour—"That," he replied, "had suffered no detriment, and it was only to their cannon that the Turks owed the victory, for with them the weakest woman might vanquish the strongest man; they were a Frankish device, of which no Moslem ought to make use in fighting against men who believed in God and the Prophet."

The Egyptian Sultan fled to Tourah while the Turks took possession of Cairo and its Citadel. Slaughter and rapine were indulged in with impunity by Seleem's soldiery, drunk with victory, till by a bold surprise and attack Tuman Bey once more made himself master of the city. He kept it but a short time; he was forced again to surrender it to the enemy, and then obliged once more to make an attempt to save the independence of Egypt by a pitched battle. For a whole day he fought at Ghizeh with a contempt of death worthy to be commemorated; next day, however, he was deserted by his flying troops, and, being betrayed by Bedaween, he was seized and dragged a captive to Seleem. After being kept a prisoner for seventeen days, he was hanged at the Gate ez-Zuweyleh to an iron hook which is still shown there.[1]

This was the end of the Mameluke rule and the beginning of Turkish supremacy in Egypt.

Muta Wakkil, the last of the pseudo-Khalifs of the Abbaside race, escaped with his life when he had solemnly made over all his dignities and rights to the Ottoman princes. He is said to have left two sons, but they died unknown and ignored. The Abbasides died out slowly and silently like tinder feebly smouldering out: the dynasty of the Mameluke Sultans ended like the wild flare of a torch that is suddenly extinguished by a stormy gust.

[1] The 13th of February, A.D. 1517.



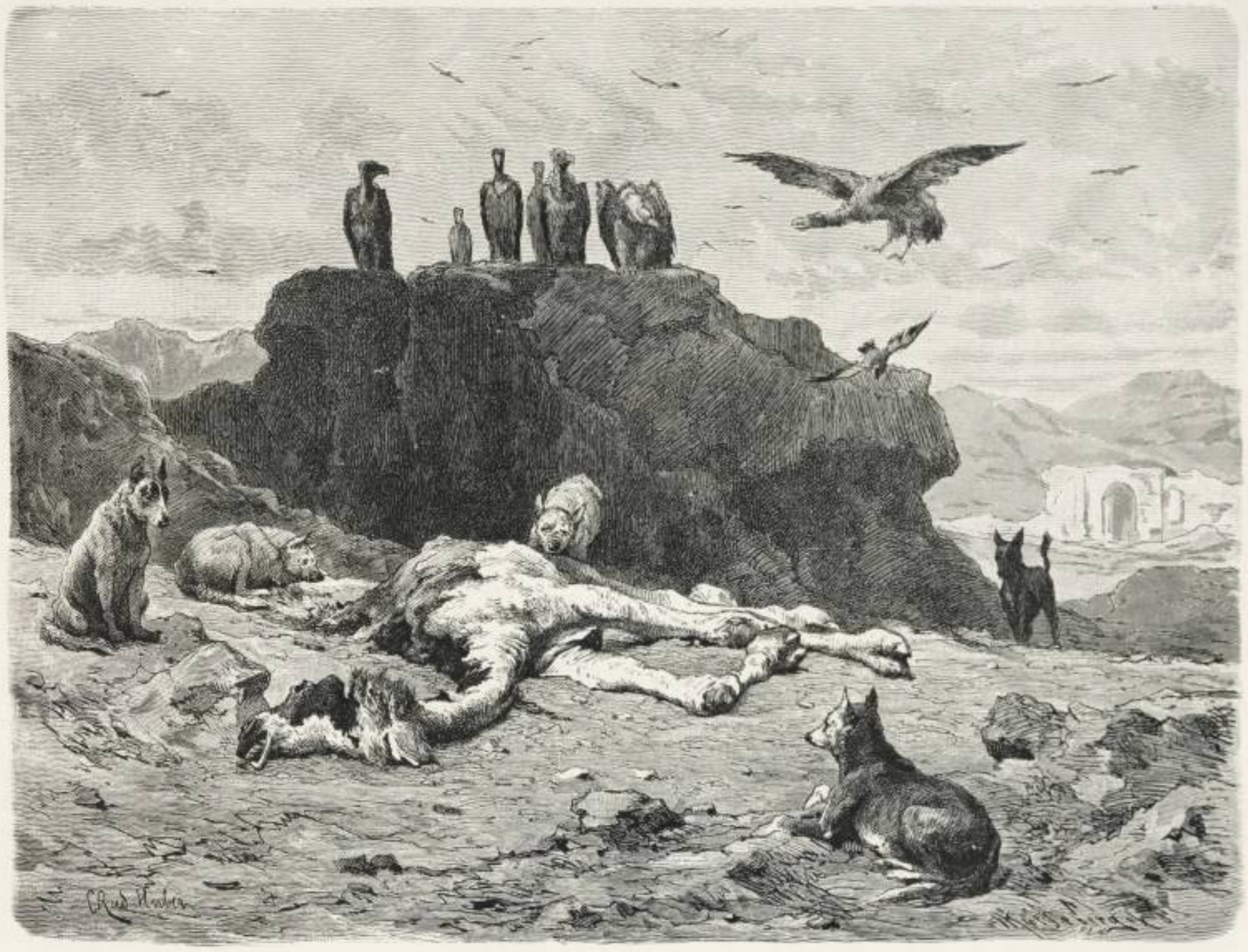
DERVISHES AND OTHER STRANGE DEVOTEES.

CAIRO

IN ITS DECADENCE; AND ITS TOMBS.

AND so henceforward Egypt was a province of the Ottoman Empire; governors sent from Constantinople resided in the city of Cairo, and a Turkish general occupied its citadel. Both these officials were to be assisted and supported by a state-council composed of officers, learned men, and distinguished Mamelukes; and in order to prevent any governor of the Nile valley from winning the suffrages of the inhabitants, each was nominated for one year only—a time so short that the occupant of the office was forced to devote himself with breathless haste to the performance of the only task to which any one of them applied himself with any zeal, that, namely, of enriching himself before the expiration of his tenure. Then the recalled ruler returned to Constantinople with the booty he had secured, and thither also were conveyed all the revenues which the state officials were

unable to divert into their own pockets.[1] But the most abundant source of wealth could not but be dried up by this shameless rapine. Under the Mameluke princes commerce had brought gold in abundance into Egypt, and the reckless *parvenu* princes had made haste to return the gold they had extorted into the hands from which they had snatched it; but under the Turkish rule the wealth they wrung from Egypt was altogether lost to the country, and fell into the hands of the oppressor and foreigner. Dearth and misery fell upon the wealth-creating Nile,



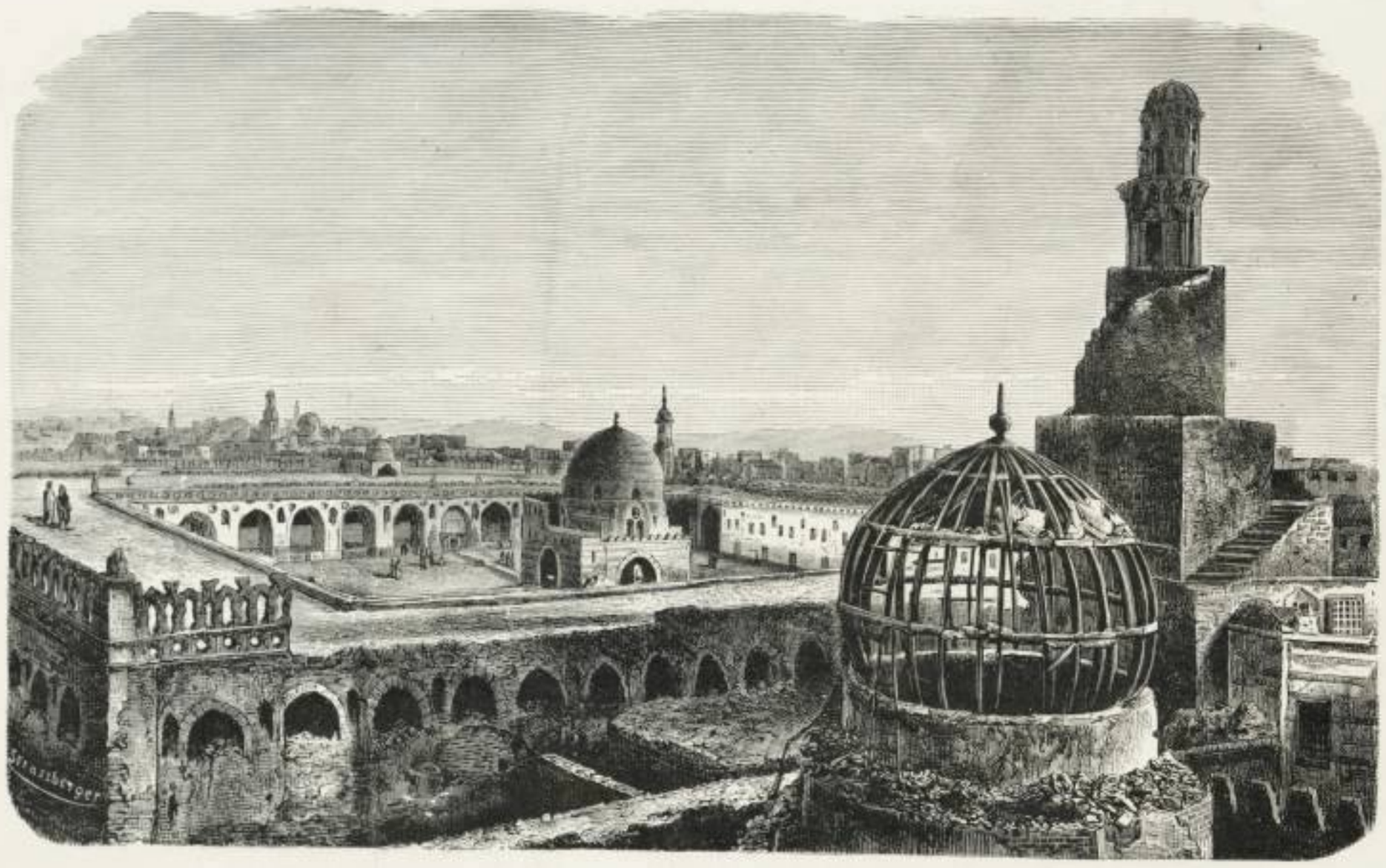
BEFORE THE WALLS OF MASR-EL-KAHIRA.

and the condition of the country was not improved when its government passed out of the hands of the Turkish Governors—whose Sultans grew weaker and weaker—into those of the twenty-four captains (or beys) of the troops and their Mamelukes, who ruled arbitrarily in the provinces, and allowed the pacha from Constantinople no privilege whatever but that of receiving their annual tribute.

These new tyrants chose a leader from among themselves—the Sheykh el Beled,

[1] The new Government consisted of (1) The Pacha, who received the orders of the Sultan and promulgated them. (2) Six Military Corps, the chiefs of which formed the divan of the Pacha, whom they controlled and watched, and could denounce, if necessary, to Constantinople. (3) Twelve Mameluke Beys, chosen annually, but re-eligible, charged with the twelve divisions of Egypt. This form of government resembled the eikosarchy, or Government of Twenty, subsequently reduced to twelve, the dodekarchy, under the Assyrians, B.C. 620.

or "Lord of the Land"—and, as there were always several beys who laid claim to this dignity, endless bloody quarrels arose, of which the scene was usually laid in the streets of Cairo. At last, towards the middle of the last century, Alee Bey, a man of character and talent, became the Sheykh el Beled, and succeeded in acquiring the dominion over Egypt. He diminished the troops of Janissaries, increased the number of his Mamelukes, and ventured, when he had secured the support of the people, to send the governing pacha back to Constantinople. He laughed to scorn the sentence of death declared against him by the Porte, and, in 1771, caused himself to be proclaimed Sultan of Egypt by the



THE RUINED MOSQUE OF IBN-TULOON.

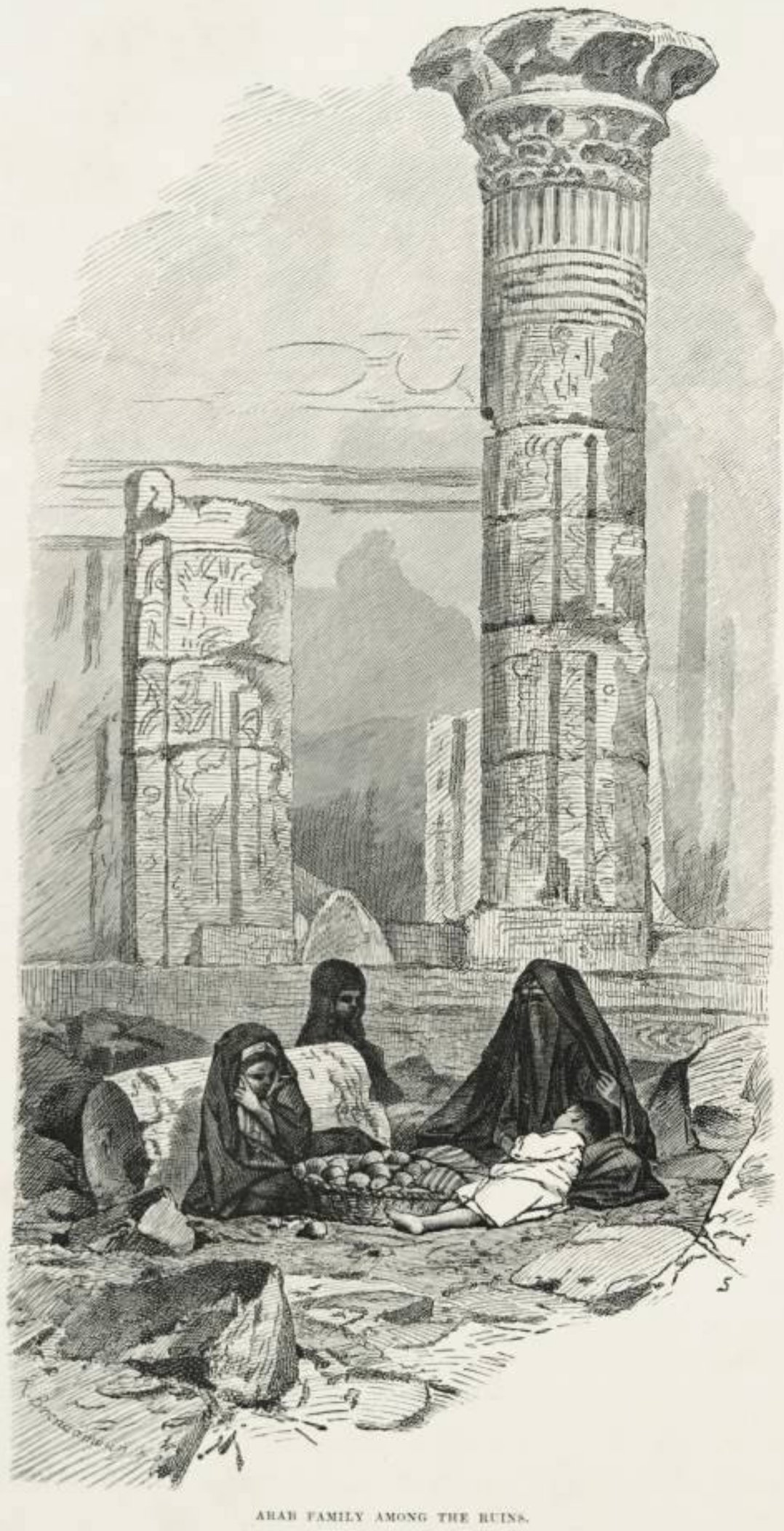
Shereef of Mecca. He would have made himself master of Syria had he not been betrayed by the basest treachery into the hands of his enemies, and then killed. After his death, the three Beys Ismail, Murad, and Ibraheem fought for supremacy; but, although the Porte favoured the last of these three, the two others presently succeeded in taking possession of the Nile valley and of its capital, and subsequently earned a great name by defending Egypt against the French under Buonaparte. Cairo owes no added splendour to this period. Her old glory under the Khalifs has paled; a home had been found by the Nile for a high and characteristic form of culture, but all that was fairest and noblest in it has fallen into decline and ruin; and it is on the Turks, and on the misrule of their governors that the chief blame must be laid. They dug the grave, so to speak, of its ancient splendour, and, as we recall their deeds, we cannot forbear asking—How is it that even now, when so much is being done for the improvement of the Khedive's

residence, so much of Cairo lies in ruins ; that even the noblest buildings of the time of the Khalifs are hastening to utter destruction ; while, outside the walls, ruins lie piled on ruins, and at her very gates—amid the wreck of noble monuments on one hand, and gay pleasure-houses on the other—the vultures and wild dogs gorge themselves on the loathsome carrion of dead beasts?

In the first instance, no doubt, we must ascribe this decadence to political causes, for before the invasion of Egypt by the French, and ere the Government of Mohammed Ali brought about better times for the country, the rulers, as we have seen, had been for three centuries incessantly striving to make money out of it, and never either to preserve what was old or to create anything new. But this will not account for the decay of these monuments in later and better times; and Ignaz Goldziher, the man of all others most competent on all Oriental questions at the present day, with whom I have gravely discussed this matter, shows convincingly in an essay (not yet published, but which he has placed at my disposal) that it is the very character of the Egyptian people, their total lack of the spirit of historical continuity, which is mainly instrumental in the destruction of the noblest secular and religious buildings, seconded by the careless constructive architecture of the builders of the time of the Khalifs.

He endeavours in the first place to clear the Cairenes from the accusation of a lack of religious fervour, to which many writers have ascribed their neglect of some of their noblest places of worship. He was as much surprised as I was at the number of ruined mosques which we meet with at every step, and which, nevertheless, served for the offices of a religion which is still living and flourishing under their walls ; a religion which constitutes and contains the alpha and omega, the source, sum, and essence of all the spiritual vitality of which Moslem Egypt is capable. Wherever the eye turns, it sees the annihilation of abandoned mosques, medresehs, and tombs of saints—buildings famous in the history which records their origin and splendour—while their very ruins testify to their former magnificence and beauty. But all this destruction cannot be laid to the charge of religious indifference as attributed to the Moslems of Egypt, for the breast of the Mohammedan certainly never swells with greater pride than under the consciousness of the abundant well of religious feeling and theological science which flows in Cairo ; and in this respect Cairo, the capital and heart of Mohammedanism in its decadence, may boldly hold her own against any city of the East, ancient or modern. The Cairene is religious ; he is a Moslem, and a pious Moslem, and thoroughly devoted to Islam ; but Mohammed himself declared, "Islam is not a monkish system," and the very word Islam signifies "devotion to God," and conveys no idea of ascetic mortification. For once that an Egyptian Moslem thinks of the "apparatus of terror" of the Koran, or shudders at its grim and elaborate delineations of the pains of hell, he triumphs a hundred times in his hopes of Paradise with its endless delights. Gloomy views are foreign to his nature, which strives in everything to see the brightest side. His religion allows him many worldly pleasures, and he enjoys them with greedy sensuality and fickle taste. An old Arab writer, comparing the physical and spiritual characteristics of the Cairenes, described them with justice as being as changeable as the

weather-cock, and licentious to the utmost degree ; so that it is difficult for a Christian, who sees their worldly mode of life, their facility of temper—verging on frivolity, their views of life, and their clinging to the world, to believe in the religious feeling which nevertheless is never lost unless by the most reprobate.



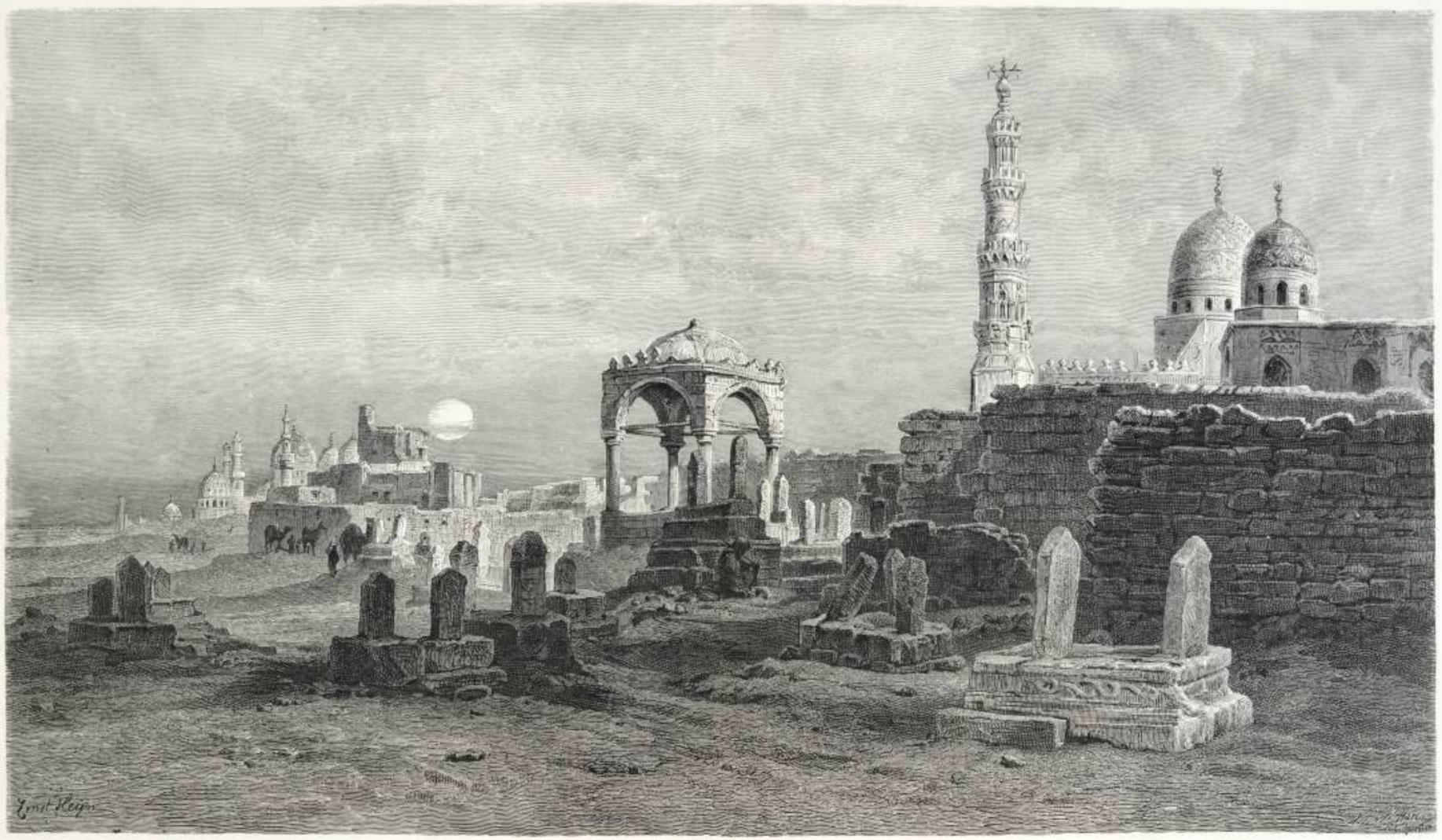
ARAB FAMILY AMONG THE RUINS.

Their rapid changes of mood—a peculiarity which they share with other nations in whose veins the blood is much mixed—and their inconstancy, which they have inherited from their nomad ancestry, must be considered in the second place as contributing to explain the carelessness with which the Cairenes originally set to work in the erection of their ancient buildings, and with which they abandon them to decay. Works of such strength as to be calculated to endure to all eternity, like those of the Pharaohs, they never even thought of. All that they built bore the stamp of evanescence and change ; it would seem as though they had never quite forgotten the tent of their forefathers — a dwelling quickly set up and as quickly removed. Very rarely, even in the time of the Khalifs, was there such care exercised in the choice of the materials or the construction of the buildings as in the works of the ancient Egyptians. The love of luxury and splendour, the airy fancy and frivolous vivacity of the Egyptian middle-ages have taken tangible form in numberless ill-founded edifices covered over with the richest play of lines and splendour of colour. "They are marvels in their own way, these Moslem tombs and mosques of Cairo," wrote a French essayist ; "their plan, as it lies upon

paper, is projected with an astonishing genius for art, and when they stood completed they were for a few score of years as bewitching as a painted and rouged beauty can be; but at the present time they are no more than squalid ruins—heaps of beams, rafters, and lumps of plaster which betray at once the instability and superficial character of the builders." This judgment is too severe, but it cannot be denied that the only well-preserved buildings of the Arabs are those of which the original foundations were not laid in the service of Islam, or else in which the influence of foreign art is to be traced. They were Byzantines who built the Hagia Sophia in Constantinople; the chief mosque in Damascus grew out of the church of St. John; the pillars in the mosque of Amroo were stolen from heathen and Christian temples; the sanctuary of Ibn-Tuloon was built by a Greek; and Italian influence is unmistakable in that of Hasan. One of those portions of this structure which were truly Arabic fell in, as we have seen, soon after it was built, and the melancholy fate of part of the mosque of Mo'ayyad, shortly after its erection, has also been told.

More spirited descriptions of buildings, fresh in all the splendour and charm of recent completion, than those given by the Arabic historians and poets are nowhere to be found; but, strange to say, the Moslem, though enjoined by his religion to fix his inward eye on all that is lofty and sublime, has no feeling for the monuments of a former age, and includes them all under the one denomination of "Kufree," that is to say "heathenish." They arouse in him neither sympathy nor admiration; nay, he is so absolutely indifferent to them that he does not even despise them. In the historical literature of the Arabs that refers to Egypt—particularly in the classical works of Makreezee and Abd-al Lateef—the Pyramids, the Sphinx, and other monuments are mentioned and described; but these authors are read only by a few, and any interest in the monuments of Egyptian antiquity finds no place among the feelings of the pious Mohammedan populace. It may be confidently declared that there are not in all Cairo a thousand Moslems who, in the whole course of their lives, ever took a single donkey-ride to Ghizeh to see the Pyramids and Sphinx; and we shall have to speak of great and beautiful monuments in Upper Egypt which have been carried away piecemeal and burnt in lime-kilns, or built into the foundations of manufactories and palaces.[1] An intelligent traveller, a Mohammedan of Damascus—one of the "illuminated" Theosophists of his time—about 170 years ago made a pilgrimage to Mecca through Palestine, Egypt, and Arabia, spent some weeks in Cairo, and left not a grave of a walee (or saint), inside or outside the city, unvisited and undescribed; but of the Pyramids, and of the impression they left on his really susceptible apprehension, we find no word. Even the Mohammedan landowner who makes a voyage down the Nile in his dahabeeyeh (Nile-boat) to inspect his estates will rarely or never be at the trouble to take a ride into the country to contemplate those "pillars of eternity" which are the goal of so many inquiring pilgrims from the West; and if by chance some ruins of antiquity catch his eye, he vouchsafes no more than a passing glance at these wondrous objects, and calls the fleeting impression he receives from them a mere "fantasy."

[1] Gliddon: "Appeal on Destruction of Monuments," London, 1841.



TOMBS OF THE KHALIFS.



The Oriental is not conservative: he is utilitarian in the strictest sense of the word; hence antiquity, even when it bears the stamp of grandeur, does not appeal to his sympathies unless it is of some obvious utility. The artistic merits or historical associations of a monument in no way justify its existence in his eyes. The first condition he requires is that it should be applicable to some purpose; in short—and this tells and explains the whole matter—he is devoid of the historic spirit which begets all our pleasure in preserving the relics of the past, and which is the source of all sound culture in the present. Certainly there is no lack of good historians among the Arabs, and even the philosophy of history has been worthily treated of in their literature; but the faculty and the endeavour which the European regards as lying at the root of all deeper and higher culture — the effort to apprehend the present as the child of the past, and to discern its features through every phase of its development — this endeavour and this spirit are foreign to the Oriental, and he therefore feels no pang when the monuments of the past are destroyed and their very memory is recklessly erased from the great book of life. He loves "stories" indeed; they amuse his fancy and excite his interest, which is indefatigably receptive of facts — whether real or invented is all one to him; but "history" as we conceive of it, and cultivate it in order to elevate our minds and train our energies, is unknown to the Oriental as a means of education. In former times el-Fahree was the only historian who insisted on that the young should be introduced to the study of history; he wrote the history of the Khalifs, having lived during the period of their extinction by the Mongols; and his works, which were and are still unknown to the Orientals themselves, have lately been rescued from oblivion by the industry of German research.[1] Recently, however, the reformers of education in modern Egypt have bestirred themselves to cultivate historical literature and to make students acquainted with history. These praiseworthy efforts cannot fail of exercising a beneficial effect on the mental and general progress of future generations: but that now living is unfortunately devoid, as we have seen, of any such impulse of reverence as would result in the preservation of ancient buildings. These children of the present—to whom the future is in the hands of God and independent of their volition, and to whom

[1] Translated by W. Ahlwerdt, Gotha, 1860.

the past is a thing unknown—do not actually labour to destroy what exists, but they feel no call to preserve it, and the decay of those ancient sanctuaries causes them no regret. That which has no practical utility deserves, as it seems to them, to perish; and it would appear as though that conservative spirit which was natural to the ancient Egyptians, and their passionate adhesion to the *status quo*, had been entirely lost to their posterity by the admixture of foreign blood. They prefer to build something new that offers fresh food for the eye, and they abandon the decrepit to its fate. Unfortunately, ever since the conquest of Egypt by the Turks all that they have built is devoid, not only of solidity, but of that fine feeling for art which we everywhere meet with among the most ruinous remains of the architecture of the Khalifs. And it is even a subject for rejoicing that in these times of decadence the renewal of the old buildings has been neglected, since the only attempt that has been made in that direction has turned out most lamentably. The mosques of Cairo were usually built of alternate courses of red and of yellowish-white stone, a favourite method even in western architecture and particularly in Tuscany. As the red colour was somewhat faded, on the occasion of the opening of the Suez Canal all the old mosques were painted in honour of the Khedive's guests with a colour which is certainly anything rather than pale. The task of restoring the stately old mosques and minarets was handed over to the house-painter, and his unskilled hand has daubed the walls with vulgar ruddle and glaring yellow; and now their jack-pudding pattern of stripes disgraces the noble monuments, whose builders took the utmost care in the application of their colours that they should be soft and subdued. The structures of the Turkish period are ungraceful in form, overloaded with massive ornament, and painted with tasteless gaudiness; but they will not long vex the cultivated eye, for, above everything, they are built, not for permanence, but for the passing hour—which makes what use it can of them; and posterity, which was never once thought of by those who built them, will revenge itself by forgetting them.



FRAGMENTS OF A COLUMN.

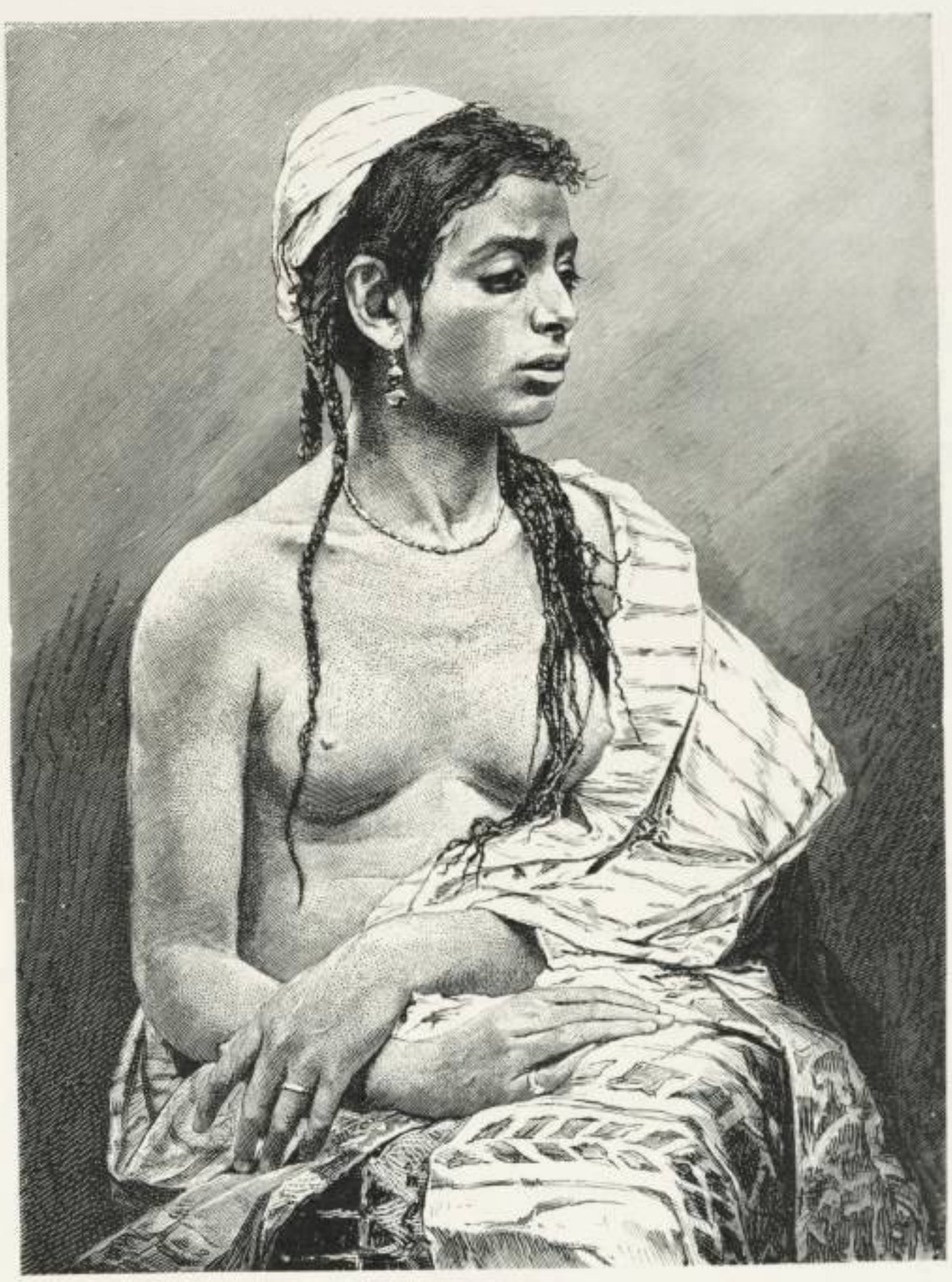
The caprice and laxity which are displayed by Orientals in their works of art are reflected in their political history. Dynasties and reigning sovereigns change with surprising rapidity, and where in the annals of modern Oriental history shall we find long lines of kings like those of antiquity or of Europe?

Time, which hurls its mighty avalanche down upon all things and buries them in its inexorable advance—dahher, "revolving time," or, as the Arabs also call

it, "the passing of the nights"—time destroys all things. This melancholy truth is nowhere truer, nowhere more forcibly felt, than in the East—

"Know, oh soul, that all that is not Allah must pass away."

Thus runs a verse which was declaimed by the heathen Arab Lebeed, and which earned him the honour of admission into the ranks of the poets of Islam,[1] to which



HAMIDA, A CAIRENE MAIDEN.

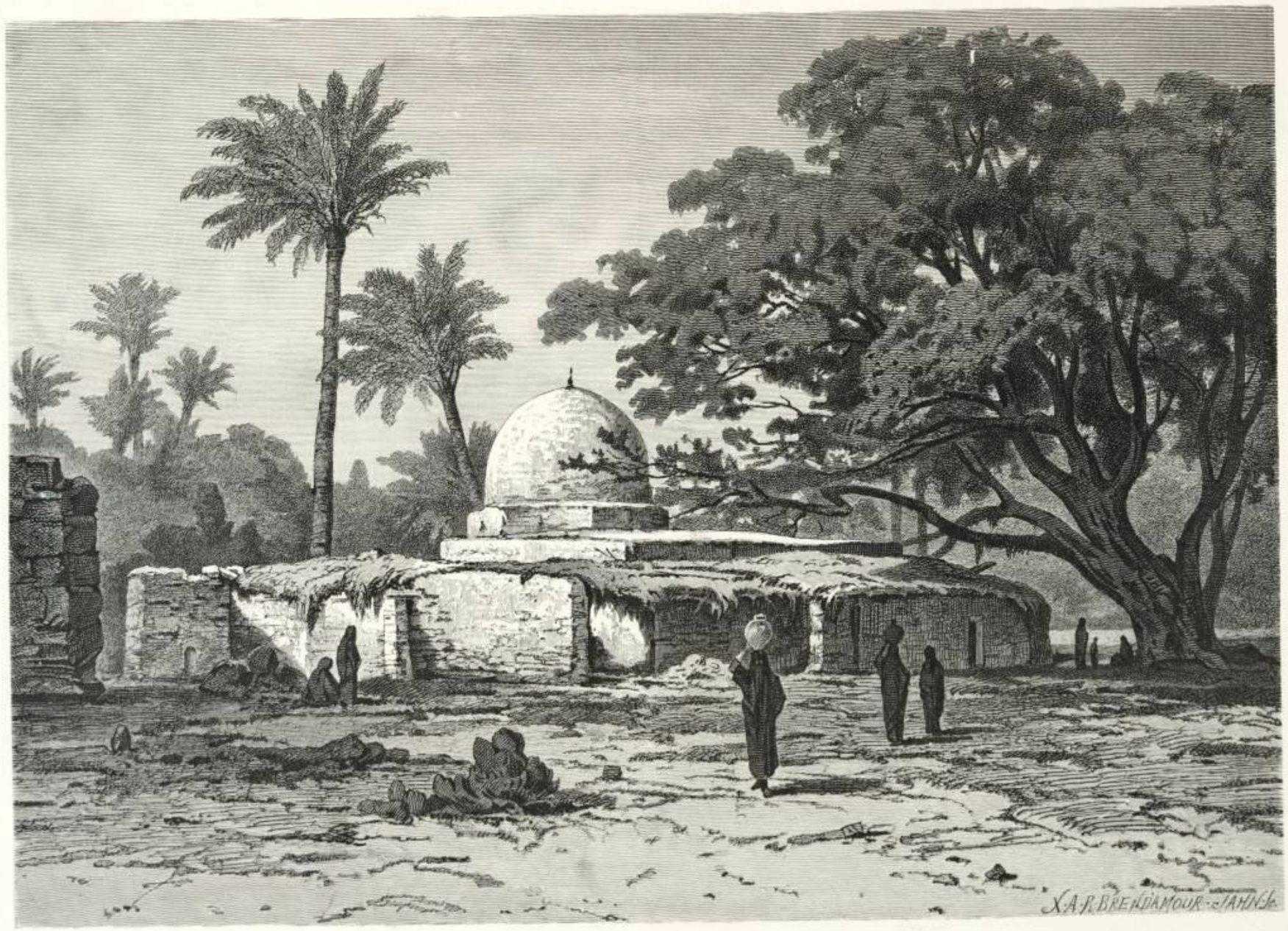
in his last years he became a convert. The writers of history even, in the artificial and laboured prefaces to their works, enlarge not on the Eternal, which is mirrored in the fates of nations, but only on the Transitory, which strikes them as they contemplate all earthly things.

The mythological instincts of the people prompt them, as we often have seen, to connect miracles and legends with sacred buildings and relics, and these usually

[1] Lived in the time of Mohammed.

survive as long as the objects of their reverence. If the relics are lost, or the buildings fall into decay, the legend vanishes from the memory of the people, acquires new meanings, and is at last completely lost, for myths and legends demand local circumstance and fostering. Many legends, therefore, have disappeared with the ancient buildings; still not a few have been preserved, but they are for the most part so monstrous and unmeaning that the repetition of them can only be endurable to those who believe in them. One of the least foolish that I am acquainted with may find a place here. Lane—who was so well acquainted with Cairene life—relates it, and connects it with the Gate of Ez Zuweyleh or el Mutawelee, of which I have spoken, and which is believed to work miracles and is regarded as a haunt of the mysterious chief of all the Walees or saints.

A certain pious shopkeeper felt an ardent longing to be enrolled in this venerable company, and to that end he went to a man who was universally esteemed as holy, to beg him to procure him an interview with the Kutb. After all sorts of tests this was promised him, and he was commanded to go to the above-mentioned gate and to address himself to the first person he might see coming out of the neighbouring mosque of el Mo'ayyad. The merchant obeyed, and he was, in fact, met by the Kutb in the form of a dignified old man, who granted his prayer and ordered him to take the district south-west of the Zuweyleh Gate under his protection, with the street called Darb el Ahmar. Immediately the merchant felt that he had become a Walee, and perceived that he had insight into things hidden from other mortals. When he reached the district entrusted to him he saw a man selling cooked beans out of a large pot to the passers-by; the newly-made saint took a stone, struck the pot over with it, and submitted without a murmur to a severe thrashing for the deed. When the bean-seller's rage was somewhat moderated and he set to work to gather up the shards of his broken pot, he found a poisonous snake among the pieces; then he perceived with repentance that he had beaten a Walee who had interfered to prevent his selling food that would have poisoned his customers. The next day the poor saint limped round his district with swollen limbs, and, without thinking of the blows he had received a few hours before, he flung over a large jar of milk which was offered for sale at a stall. Again he was severely beaten by the owner, but the passers-by held the milk-seller back, remembering what had happened the day before. When they searched among the fragments of the milk-jar they found a dead dog at the bottom. On the third day the Walee dragged himself again to the Darb el Ahmar, but painfully, for he was sorely beaten. Here he met a servant carrying a tray on his head, with delicacies and fruit intended for a feast in a country-house. The saint immediately put his stick between the man's feet, so that he fell down and all the contents of the saucers were spilt in the street. The servant flew on him in a fury, and gave him as severe a taste of the stick as he himself expected to get from his master for his clumsiness. Meanwhile the dogs fell upon the cates that lay in the roadway, and within a few minutes of the first mouthfuls they lay dead. This proved to the bystanders that the food that had been spilt was poisoned, and they earnestly implored the saint's forgiveness. The pious man rubbed his severely beaten shoulders, said to himself that it was not worth while to see things that were hidden from other



TOMB OF A SHEYKH ON THE ISLAND OF RODA.

mortals, and prayed to God and the Kutb to remove from him the burden of sanctity and to restore him to his former ignorance and humble condition. Heaven granted his prayer, and, as a shopkeeper, he escaped the beatings he had received as a Walee.[1]

It is related of the saint commonly known as "Iron Stone," who is said to have been the Mameluke of Sultan Kayt Bey, that his master sent him to a venerable sheykh to offer him a rich gift in gold. The Walee at first refused the offering, but presently accepted it, pressed the coin between his hands, in which it instantly turned to blood, and said, "See my son, this is your gold." The Mameluke was staggered; he remained with the Walee as his disciple, founded an order of Dervishes, and is to this day reverenced as a saint at Cairo; more than one legend is connected with his tomb



TOMB OF IBRAHEEM AGA.

Particular powers are ascribed to various relics, but they are also attributed to certain buildings, as, for instance, to a certain mosque which is still called "Gam'a el-benat," *i.e.*, the mosque of the daughters. This, it is believed, has the gift of assisting girls who have remained unmarried to get a husband. Every Friday the true believers assemble in this mosque, as in all the others, to pray and hear sermons. If a maiden, who, in spite of the efforts of her relatives, has not succeeded in being chosen as the mistress of any harem, desires to obtain a husband, tradition prescribes the following mode of procedure: She must go on a Friday to mid-day prayer—the most solemn service in the whole week—in the Mosque of the Daughters. When the believers prostrate themselves for the first time at the cry of the Imam, "Allah akbar" (Allah is great), and while their foreheads touch the reed mats on the floor of the mosque, she must walk once up and down the space dividing two ranks of worshippers; then, beyond a doubt, within a year it shall be her lot to know the joys of married life by the side of a good husband.

Most of the pious legends are associated with the tombs of saints which, like the saints themselves, are called Walees. A great many of these may be regarded as centres of the religious life of the Cairenes, and yet the older ones are no better kept up than the other structures of the time of the Khalifs. Such walee-tombs are either found in mosques, which are named after the saints interred in them, or they are independent structures roofed with a cupola within whose narrow walls the coffin of the saint, covered with a carpet, serves as the shrine before which the devotees put up their prayers. These Kubbeh are usually erected on the spot where the holy man, whose remains they cover, is supposed to have had his anchorite's cell or Zawiyah (literally, his *corner*), and such buildings occur at every step

[1] There is a long account of the *Kutb* in Lane's "Modern Egyptians," 12mo. (1871), i. 290.

throughout the East; for great is the number of men whose tombs have become the scene of pious devotions or the centre of a crowd of superstitious and miraculous legends. A devout Moslem will never pass by such a memorial without putting up an inward prayer and a supplication that he may be received into the order of the Walees. What such a saint may be, and what idea we may form of Mohammedan sanctity, has been set before the reader in the account of the mawlid or birth-day-festival of the holy Ahmed Seyyid el-Bedawee of Tantah.

Often at night, on the way home from some distant excursion, ere reaching Cairo a monotonous chant may be heard, hardly to be called a song—a recitative in Arabic, broken from time to time by a shrill scream, wrung as it were from the labouring breast of some passionately excited worshipper in his pious ecstasy. A reverent feeling steals over the traveller, and his blood runs chill as he catches sight of the figures of the Dervishes, shrouded in the shades of night, who at this late hour are gathered round the tomb of a Walee, performing their strange evolutions and their Zikr, or mystical recitations, under the open heavens. I propose to take my readers to witness such a Zikr when I make them the spectators of the festivals of the Cairenes; but the visitor to the capital can at any time assist at these very extraordinary religious practices if he visits a Tekkeh or Dervish monastery at certain hours.

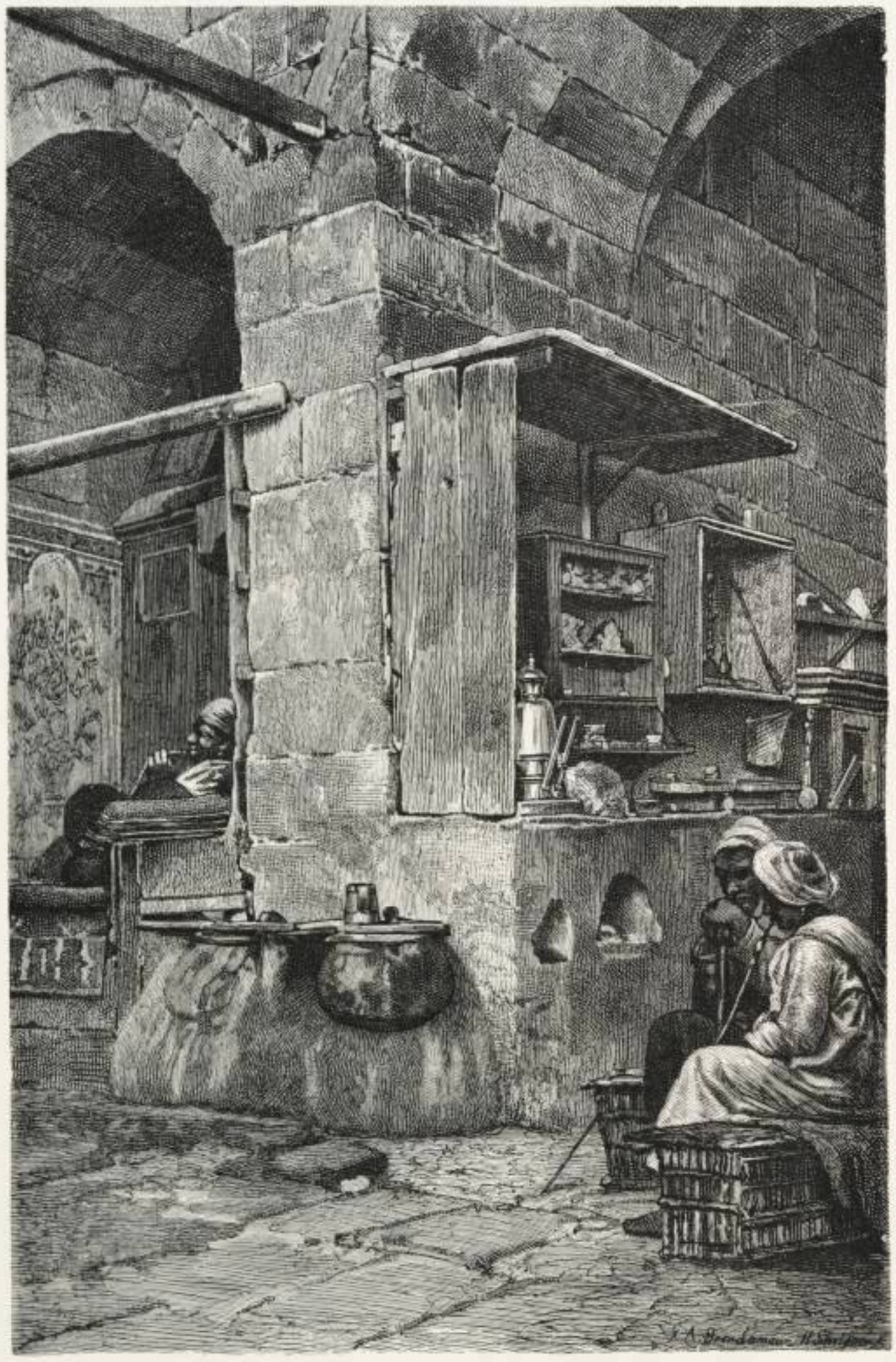


A DERVISH, IN ECSTATIC EXCITEMENT, PIERCING HIS CHEEK.

These buildings commonly occupy the site of the former dwelling-place of a Walee who was in some way connected with the order to which the cloister belongs.

Every Thursday, as it grows dusk, a troop of Dervishes, in their grey sugar-loaf hats of sheepskin, proceed, lamp in hand, through the Abdeen street of Cairo, and then, to the left, through the squalid lanes of the Greek quarter. They are on their way to a tomb-mosque, rarely visited by foreigners, where they pass the whole

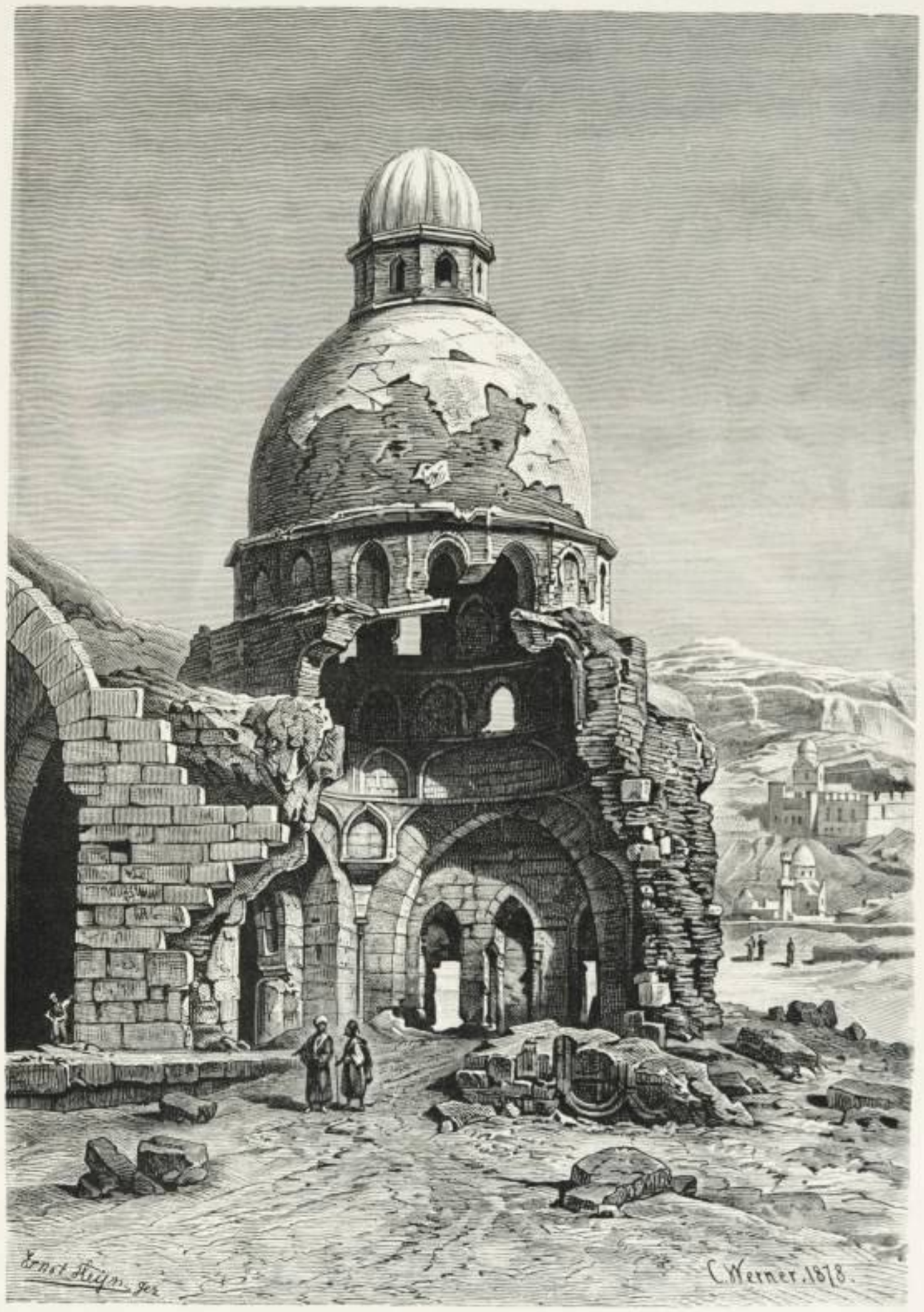
night by the grave of the saint in Zikr. Many even of the non-initiated take part in the pious exercises of this brotherhood, which is much run after by the people. The lower class, nay, even many of the better educated and cultivated Cairenes go



VAULTED CELLAR IN AN OLD STREET.

to the tombs of the Walees, in the first instance no doubt on account of the miraculous powers ascribed to them, and which are chiefly exercised in healing, for which reason they naturally are chiefly attractive to the sick and crippled. Under a sycamore near Cairo there stood a Kubbeh which, even in the last century, is said to have possessed the miraculous power of curing animals; for if some of the dust taken from inside it were laid on the sick or injured limb of any beast a cure

was instantly effected. The tombs of other saints are frequented because their aid is hoped for in circumstances of outward difficulty, and others again to obtain the blessing of offspring. At Za'ka, a frontier-town between Egypt and Syria, not far



MAMELUKE TOMB.

from el-Areesh, there is the grave of a Bedawee saint and sheykh named Zuweyyid, of which the gate is never closed, because it is believed that treasures preserved in it can never be stolen by any thief, and that those who seek refuge in it escape their pursuers. Nor is it only the tombs of miracle-working saints that enjoy such fame and reverence, but also those of such men as have been intimately connected



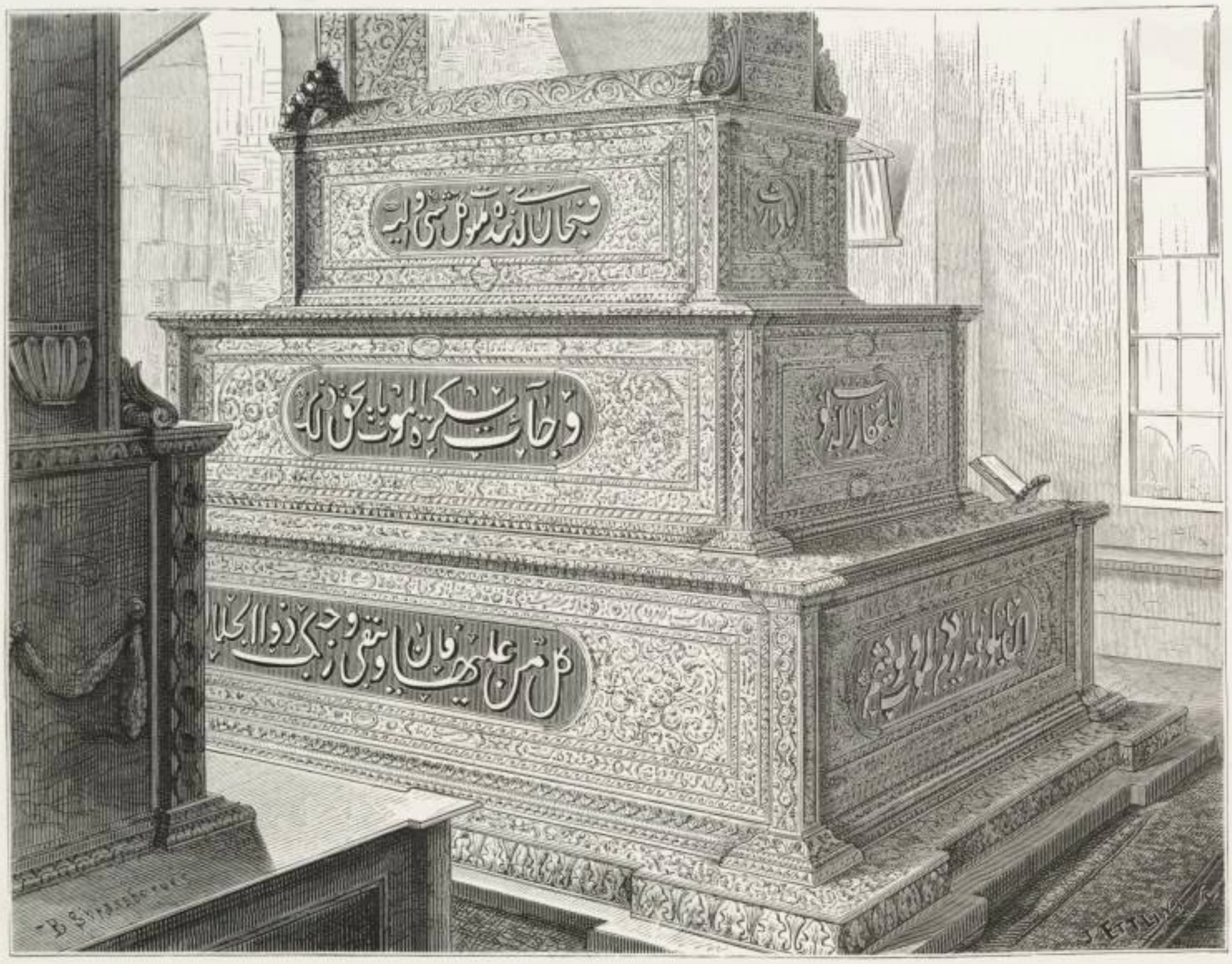
THE KARAFEH OUTSIDE CAIRO.

with the rise and growth of Islam, particularly those of the Companions of the Prophet, *i.e.*, those men who had known the Prophet himself. Among these are reckoned those warriors who came into Egypt with the great leader Amroo, and every tomb which the people persuade themselves has been erected to one of these shares the same honours as the resting-places of the Walees.

It is true that the tomb of the same "Companion" is venerated in four or five different places, and yet we never find any attempt made to clear up the contradictions that arise from this, for the tenacity with which the people cling to such traditions is very great. Most of those which survive in Egypt are connected with the hapless family of the Khalif Alee. They owe their origin to the family of the Fatimites, who, as we have shown, traced their pedigree back to Fatima, the wife of Alee and Mohammed's favourite daughter, and who made the pious city of Cairo, in which they resided, the centre of a Shi'ite dominion. Even at the present day, when Cairo is justly regarded as the focus of Sunnite learning, these traditions are firmly believed. Thus the great festival of Ashoora, which was originally Judaic and begins on the tenth day of the first Mohammedan month Moharrem, is solemnly observed as a great fast and day of repentance by those Cairenes who cherish the memory of Alee, and with mourning ceremonials that are scouted by the Sunnites, because it is the anniversary of the fall of the dynasty of Alee and of the martyrdom of Hasan and Huseyn, the two sons of Alee. The scene of these performances, which in part are perfectly theatrical, is usually the mosque of el Hasaneyn, where the head of the martyr Huseyn is said to be buried. This Huseyn is a saint highly esteemed by the Cairenes, and, their most unpleasant peculiarity being their perpetual habit of swearing, no oath is oftener in their lips than—"By the life of our master Huseyn" (Wahayat seed-na Huseyn).

The most abundant food for the tomb-worship of the Cairenes is offered them at the Karafeh, the most vast cemetery in all the East; and there, if anywhere, we may find the traces of those beliefs of the Egypt of the Pharaohs which have survived among the Moslems of the Nile valley. I have already hinted that such remains exist, when speaking of the festival of Ahmed-el-Bedawee at Tantah and of the rising of the Nile. In Cairo we are particularly reminded of ancient forms of thought by the fact—unique among the modern cities of the East—that behind the abodes of the living there lies spread a city of the dead; a place of rest full of graves and mausoleums innumerable. We saw, when considering the Necropolis of Memphis, that in the time of the Pharaohs the cities of the dead were placed to the west of the towns, and that this situation was intimately connected with their religion and mythology; and it may have happened quite accidentally that the Necropolis of Mohammedan Cairo extends as a long array of groups of tombs outside the Eastern limits of the city and across the ledge of the Mokattam. There, to the right and left of the citadel, stand those magnificent cupolaed buildings which, with their builders, I have already introduced to the reader, and at the feet of the mausoleums of the great lie immeasurable rows of graves with simple head-stones or white-washed Kubbeh. A cemetery is called a "karafeh" in the Arabic dialect spoken in Egypt; but this name originally belonged only to those particular acres of the dead that surround these tombs of the Khalifs and Mamelukes. This Karafeh, for

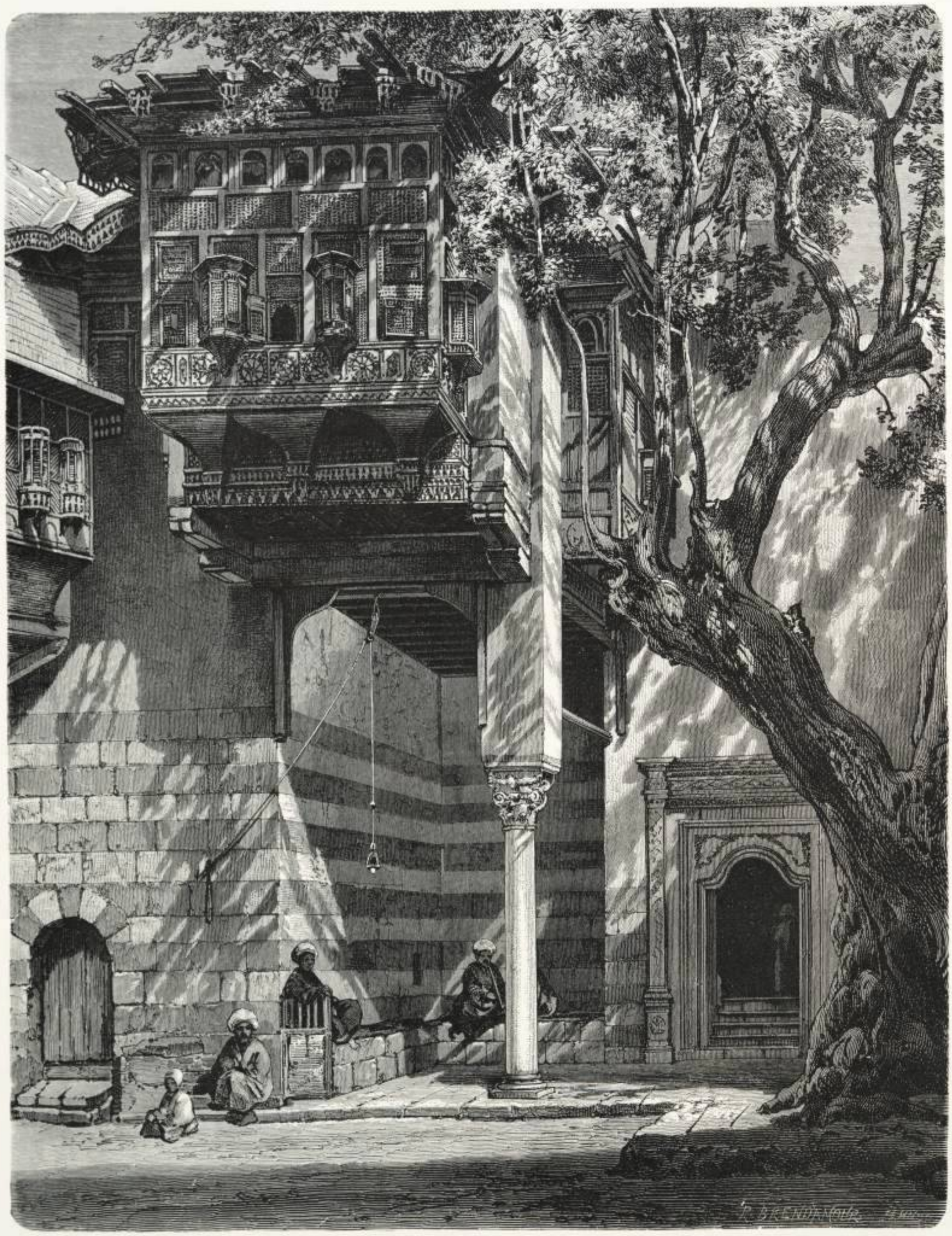
centuries the burying-place of the Moslem inhabitants of Cairo, is also one of the most popular resorts of the pious, whether native or foreign, who visit Cairo in order to seek out the graves of the saints and there to put up a fervent prayer. The populace of Cairo frequently make a pilgrimage to the Karafeh on a Friday, starting before sunrise, and regularly on certain holy days, particularly that of el Eed. Men, women, and children are then to be seen crowding the streets that



SARCOPHAGUS OF IBRAHEEM PACHA.

lead to the cemetery; and the city of the dead, usually so deserted and silent, is filled with gay and active life. Palm-branches are laid on the graves; dates, bread, and alms are dispensed to the poor, and the spirits of the favourite saints are appealed to in long-winded supplication. Are these devotees Moslems—believers in the one and only God—or are they not a people who worship their ancestors? In truth we can hardly blame the Wehabites[1]—those destroyers of the temples in Upper Arabia and India—when they turn their fanaticism against the tombs of the Walees,

[1] Name of a sect called also the Wahhabees, from Abd-el-Wahhab, their founder. This sect arose in the end of the eighteenth century in Arabia, and with iconoclastic zeal endeavoured to destroy the tombs of the Walees. Had the Wahhabees succeeded Mohammedanism would have taken a new departure, but they were conquered by Mehemet Ali in 1812 and deprived of Mecca and Medina.



PART OF THE HOUSE OF THE SHEYKH SADAT.

pulling them down and devastating them because they conduce to obscure the grand Monotheistic idea.

In the Karafeh beyond a doubt the all-comprehending Allah has far less honour done him than the pious dead interred there. Members of every sect may find here the resting-places of the most revered leaders of the ritual they observe. Here a mausoleum covers a sarcophagus with the mortal remains of the Imam Shafe'ee,[1] the founder of the science of the rationale of canonical law and the highly revered originator of the ritual named after him, which was the predominant one until the Turkish conquest. A perfect garland of beautiful legends has been woven round the history and person of this remarkable man by the mythological spirit of the Egyptians. Many miracles are related of his Kubbeh, of which the door, as the Cairenes believe, never opens but to a true believer and never to the reprobate in whose heart there lurks a doubt; and this miraculous peculiarity of the door which leads to the sepulchre of the pious sage is said to have unmasked many a hypocrite. A large part of the Necropolis bears the name of Shafe'ee, and here stands the mosque-tomb of the vice-regal family called the Hosh el Basha, which is visited principally by foreigners. In this stands the beautiful sarcophagus of the great general Ibrahim Pacha, father of the ex-Khedive, and there the Koran is read early and late.

Very special miraculous powers are attributed to the tomb of the famous Imam Leyth ibn Sa'd,[2] known as "the father of miracles"; the miraculous powers he exercised during his life having remained with him after death. Once upon a time—so saith the legend—one of his votaries, being in great straits, came to the kubbeh of this saint, and prayed fervently for release from his need. After he had squatted a long time, sunk in meditation and grief before the holy spot, he fell asleep, and the Imam appeared to him in a dream and said, "Be easy, pious man! when thou shalt wake, take that thou shalt find in my grave." The poor man opened his eyes, and before him sat a bird, who recited the Koran without hesitation in all the seven modes. The man took the bird, and showed it in the city, where the learned creature excited so much attention that the governor desired to possess it, and paid so high a sum for it that the man was able to pay his debts and to live free of care for the remainder of his days. But the Governor did not long rejoice in his acquisition, for the Imam appeared to him at night in a dream, and said, "Know that my soul is shut up in a cage in your house." Next morning, when the governor went to see his feathered and learned captive, it had disappeared, for the Imam had assumed the form of a bird to relieve the pious devotee in his need. I must also mention the tombs of the Sadat al-Bekreeyeh, *i.e.*, those principals of the Egyptian orders of Dervishes who descend in a direct line from the Khalif Aboo Bekr. This dignity continues to this day to enjoy the highest consideration, and the holder takes a distinguished position at many popular and religious festivals. The tombs of the Sadat al-'Alaweeyeh, *i.e.*, of the former heads of the orders derived from Alee, are also to be seen in this city of the dead. The present holder of this high office, which, however, is rarely exercised,

[1] Died at Fostât A.D. 819.

[2] Died A.D. 791.

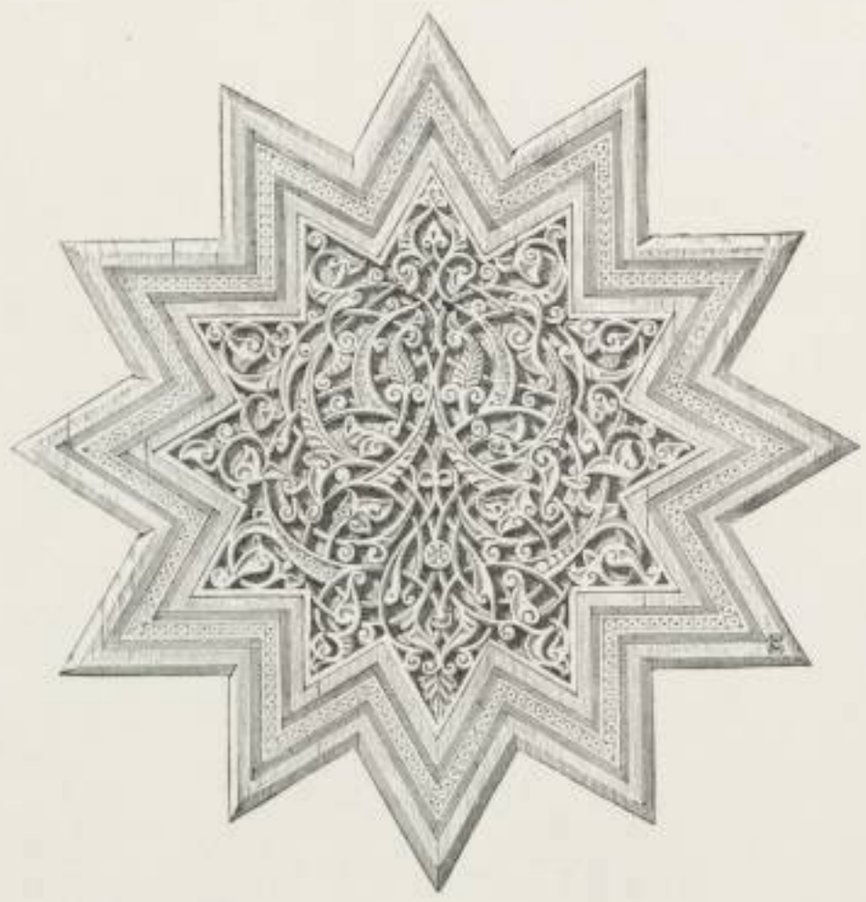
is a rich landowner of most gracious manners, who is willing to show, to such foreigners as have a sufficient introduction, his beautiful and venerable family residence—which is, perhaps, the most characteristic dwelling come down from old times in all Cairo—his choice library full of literary treasures, and the most affable kindness withal. He has even conducted many a learned European with the utmost amiability to visit the tombs of his predecessors, where there is to be seen his extremely interesting pedigree, which goes back, ostensibly, to the time of the Moslem invasion of Egypt.

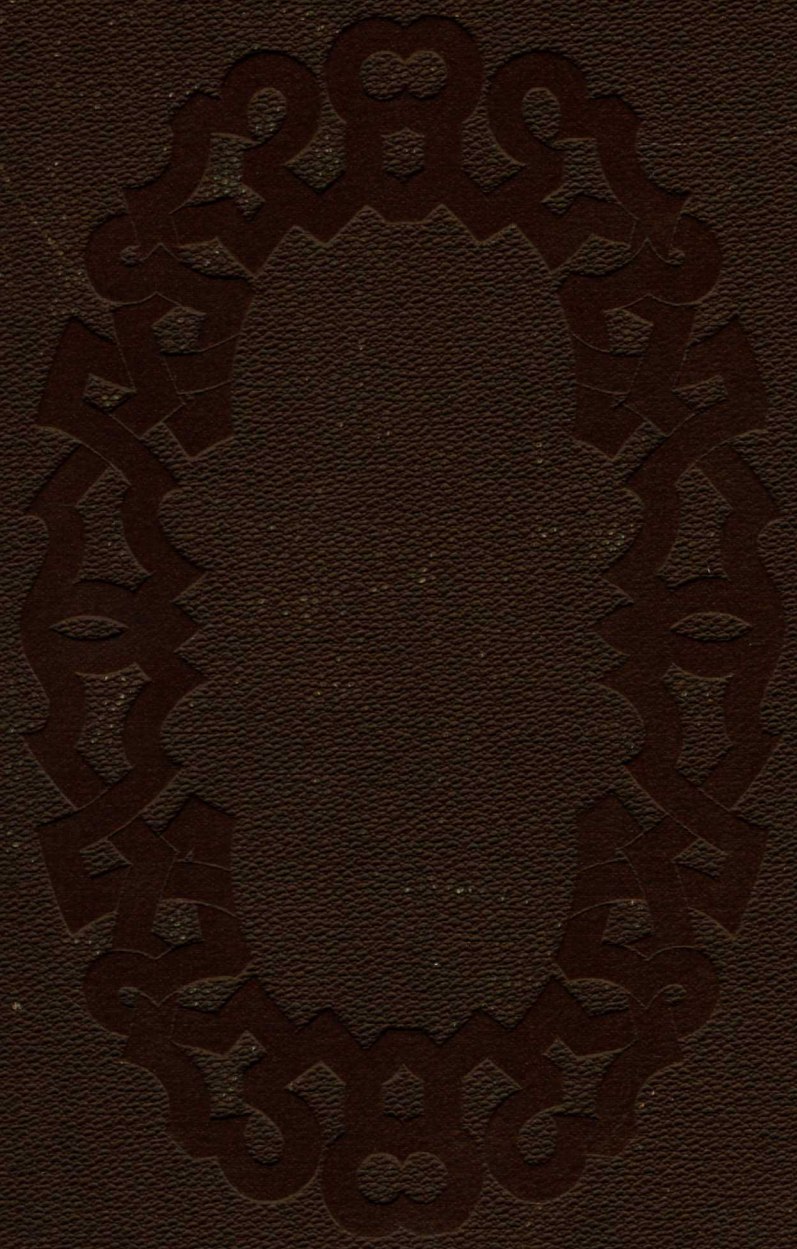
Yonder tomb, where all pause with such deep devotion and reverence, is that of the sheykh Omar ibn el-Fareed,[1] the poet of the "Wine-songs," the great hymns of mystical divine love among the Mohammedans. The poem is throughout allegorical, to be sure, and does not celebrate the material juice of the grape or its effects, but the divine afflatus and ecstacy of the Soofee who has drunk of the sweet and intoxicating spirit of God's love, and, abandoning his own identity, has become one with his celestial beloved one. By the sepulchre of Sheykh Omar verses are often recited from his poems which work up the bystanders to the highest pitch of transport, and it is often the scene of those Zikr[2] so frequently mentioned, and to which reference will again be made in a future chapter.

We have lingered long among ruins and tombs, and have given a due meed of attention to old Cairo. We will now turn to the young and flourishing capital, its residents of to-day, and the princely house that has succeeded in arresting the country in its drift towards ruin, and—with the help of foreign pilots—in guiding its course into a safer and better channel.

[1] Died A.D. 1235. Ibn Khallikan II., 338.

[2] Religious invocations accompanied by whirling and other gestures.





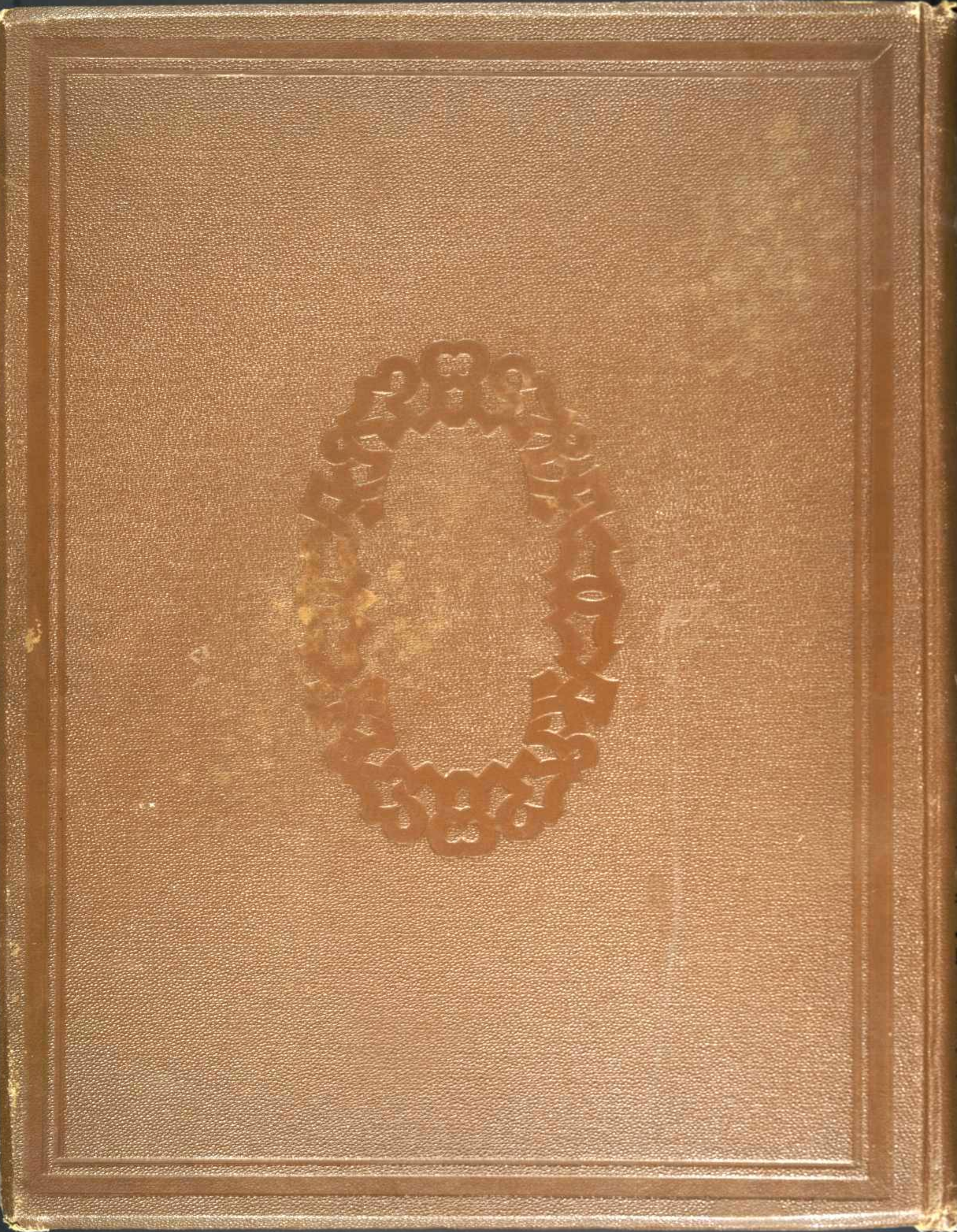
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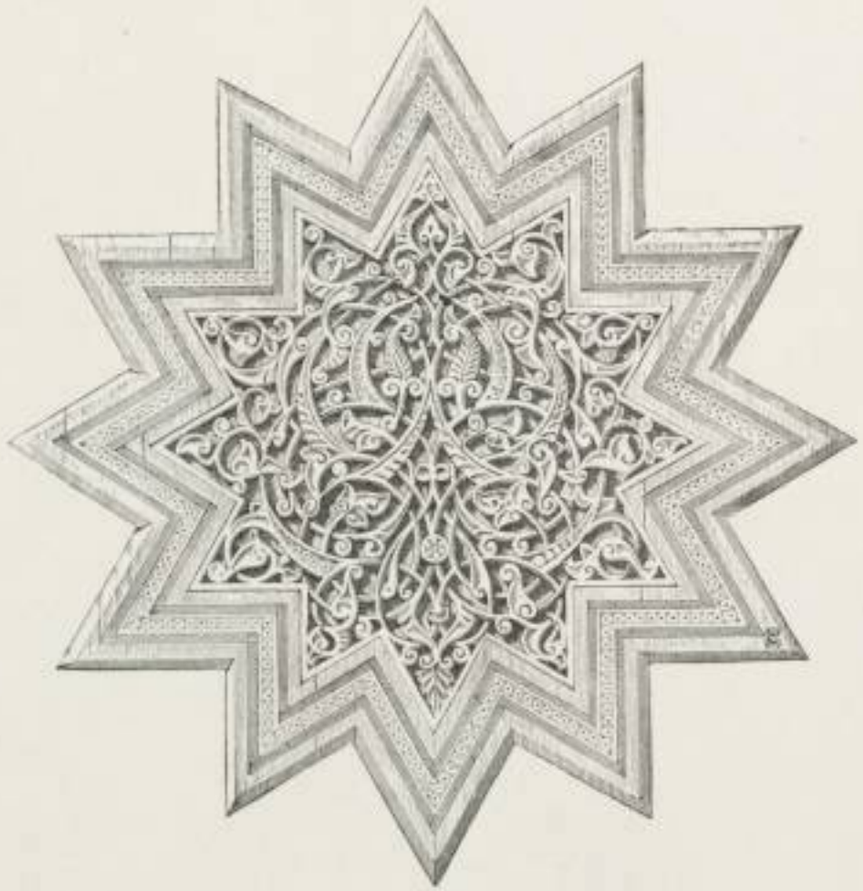
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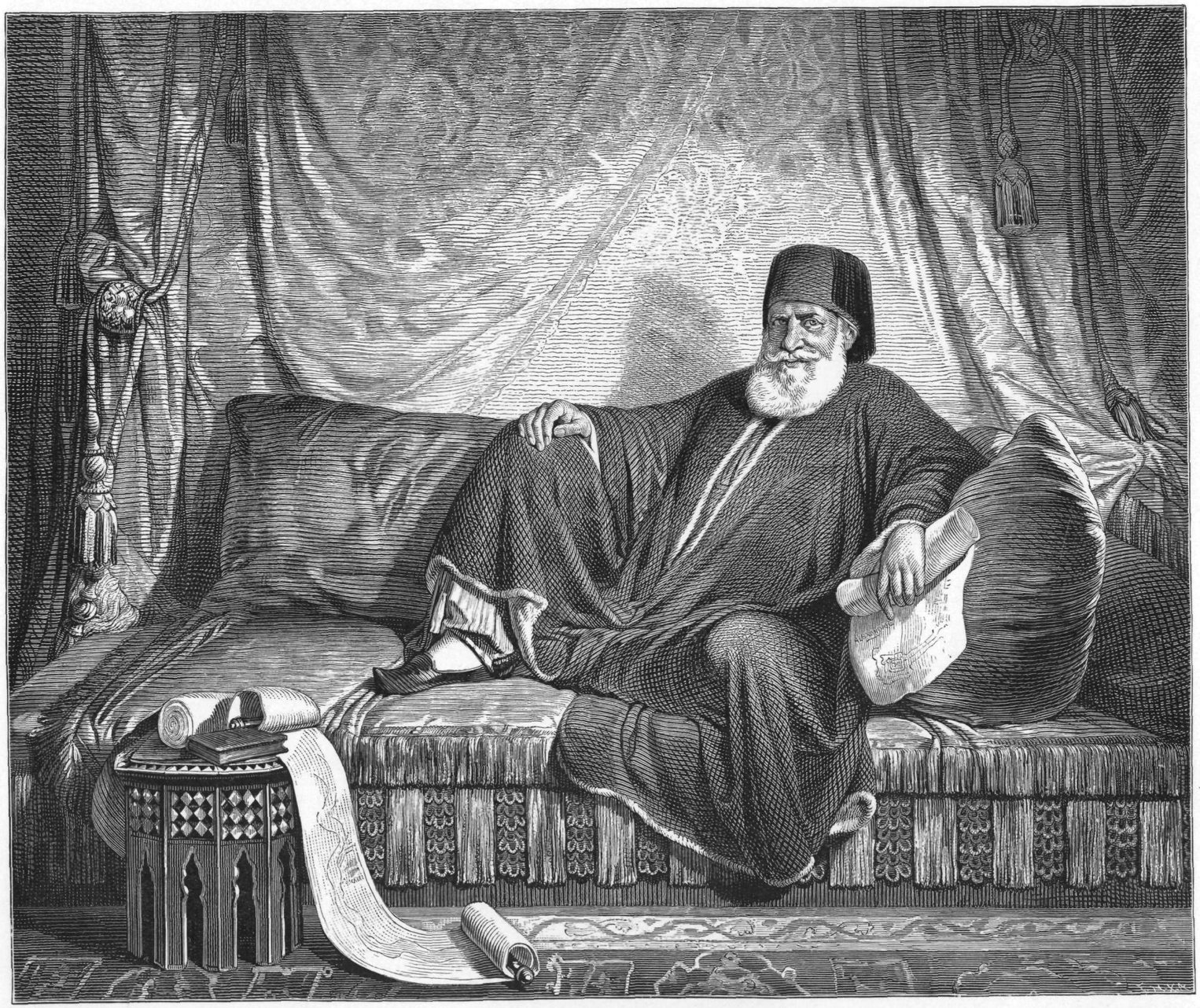
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WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

S. BIRCH, D.C.L., LL.D., F.S.A.,

Keeper of the Department of Oriental Antiquities in the British Museum; President of the Society of Biblical Archæology, etc. etc. etc.

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THE KHEDIVE TAWFEEK.

PREFACE TO VOL. II.

NOW that the second volume of this work lies finished before me, and I once more glance over its contents, I feel irresistibly impelled to address a few words of explanation to the reader, for the production of such a book is a slow process, and events crowd on each other's heels in the East with a rapidity unknown in any other part of the world ; they have, in fact, outstripped the publication of these pages. The man who for many lustres governed Egypt has yielded without a blow to the decisive interference of foreign powers ; he has descended from his throne to set his son in his place, and has been forced to quit his home and dominions as an exile. This

hapless fate has not, indeed, fallen on an innocent man, for the recklessness with which the Khedive Ismail squandered and exhausted the enormous resources of his country led him at last to ruthlessly plundering his subjects and damaging their best interests, to a contempt for pledges that ought to have been binding, to *coups d'état,* to ignoble intrigues, to favouring worthless adventurers, and, finally, to bankruptcy and disgrace. And hardly was the tree—to use a bold image—felled to earth—the much-belauded tree, whose branches had afforded shelter and shade and a harvest to so many of the denizens of the wood—than it was deserted by all those who had been wont to resort to it with thanks and praise, and those very songsters which previously had sung it the sweetest and most flattering lays were those which now wheeled round it in its fall with the loudest shrieks and bitterest reviling. The shade it had bestowed, the fruit it had borne, all was forgotten; and the verdict of its judges was so loud and stern that, at the present time even, a thoughtful spectator of the end of the Egyptian tragedy is inclined to include the fallen potentate among those princes of the East who, living in indolence, sloth, and lavish self-indulgence, while squandering with heartless cruelty the sweat of the people's brow, pursued no aim with zeal but that of ruining themselves and their nation. It is the duty of history to lighten the tints of this dark picture of a fallen man.

In these pages much has been said of all that Egypt owes to this most extravagant of her rulers; nor need I here withdraw the due meed of praise, for even in the days of his greatest splendour and good fortune the exiled Khedive was an indefatigable administrator, and of the millions he spent, a considerable fraction was applied to really productive undertakings. Without his support the Suez Canal would have remained unfinished; he constructed numerous railways, and established telegraphic communication for long distances on the shores of the Nile and the Red Sea; his additions to the network of canals cost many thousands of pounds, as did the magnificent works in the new port of Alexandria. He devoted vast sums to the disinterment and preservation of the monuments of antiquity, and he constantly endeavoured to raise the standard of public education with patient good sense, liberal assistance, and excellent judgment, which was displayed in his choice of Dor Bey as head of the council of education. He even aided the Christian communities in Egypt by building schools and churches; and many scientific societies are indebted to him for liberal pecuniary assistance, heartily bestowed.

The frontiers of Egypt were, under him, considerably extended; forced labour was—at least nominally—remitted, and actually claimed with much greater moderation; slavery was suppressed with energy and determination—all this must not be forgotten to his credit. Many of these achievements, it is true, were certainly not

performed solely for the advance of culture and the benefit of his country, but in order to attract the eyes of Europe, and more for the advantage of his own family than that of his people; still it is indisputable that he did undertake them, and—to return to the figure of speech I have already employed, and to compare him once more to a fallen tree—these deeds were its fruit, and the exiled ruler may demand of posterity that it shall weigh and allow for them before recording judgment against him.

Great expectations have been formed of the Khedive Tawfeek, his eldest son—as of so many young heirs to a throne—and there seems to be some foundation for them, for all we learn of his private life from trustworthy witnesses, to whom the Khedive Tawfeek is well known, gives us a favourable impression of his character.

I here give the reader a short account of him, chiefly founded on information received from Pastor Transvetter, for many years the estimable and energetic minister of the German Protestant community in Cairo.

No member of the family of the Khedive Ismail has ever been less a subject of report and gossip than the heir-apparent to the throne, Tawfeek, for until within a short time he led a quiet and unobtrusive life, never appeared in public, and consequently was not sought by the ambitious or adventurous, although the succession was secured to him by the firman I have had occasion to mention. But this document was never regarded as good for much, and its execution was looked upon as extremely doubtful. Besides this, his brothers, Hasan and Huseyn, now exiled with their father, made much more display than he did, and many thought they saw in them the real successors to the throne. Many were highly displeased because Tawfeek was never sent to Europe for his education, as the others were; but in this they were wrong, since experience has shown that young Egyptians, when transplanted to the capitals of our more cultivated countries, generally lose their happiest natural gifts, and gain nothing in exchange but the knack of chattering in a few languages, a thin varnish of superficial cultivation, a taste for the dissipation and extravagance of our great cities, and indifference to religious matters. Tawfeek has been preserved from this moral poisoning; and, nevertheless, he has acquired in Egypt, from competent tutors, a really estimable store of knowledge in every department. He is a cultivated man, even in the European sense of the words, and at the same time a good Moslem. In spite of his strongly-marked Mohammedan tone of mind, he has remained singularly free from rigid fanaticism, as is proved by the circumstance that he has assumed the honorary presidency of the free schools—gratuitous, and for all denominations[1]—now existing in Cairo, and founded, for the most part,

[1] Ecoles libres, gratuites, et universelles.

by a Franciscan sisterhood. In this respect he has distinguished himself favourably from his brethren by his moderation. Perfectly content with a charming country estate, he always refused to have any splendid palace built for him, in spite of his father's reiterated desire, and was so disinclined for the society of the harem—the fertile cause of ruin to many an Oriental dynasty—that up to the present time he remains content with one wife, a woman of remarkable education for an Eastern lady, who is even equal to the duties of superintending the education of her children; and his domestic life is said to be a happy one. It follows from all this that far fewer adventurers have crowded round this reserved and domestic prince than round the former more splendid and extravagant nobles and rulers of Egypt. This speaks volumes in his favour; not less so the other fact, that he was the first of his family to put his property at the disposal of the commission for the discharge of his country's obligations, when it was necessary to find means to cover both the floating and consolidated debt. Those who know him praise the honest and frank nature which he is said to have shown also in the late change of ministry. We must hope that he will justify all this favourable augury, and that he may be so happy as to overcome all the enormous difficulties and hindrances which he will meet with on every side.

These are the last supplementary words which I desire to add to this book; and now that it lies complete before me, and I contemplate the work of my pen, I feel as though I had honestly accomplished my share of all I could venture to promise, in the publisher's name and my own, in the Preface to the First Volume. The work—though carried through at so much cost, with so much pains, and, at the same time, with so sincere a love for its subject—cannot but have defects and deficiencies; still it may, on the whole, be said that it has been successfully accomplished, since it has won the suffrages of such admirable judges of all relating to ancient Egypt as the great Lepsius, Dr. Maspéro of Paris, and Monsieur E. Naville of Geneva, and of the learned Von Kremer with reference to the modern portion.

The friendly reception accorded to it in Germany, and far beyond the frontier, is amply proved by the fact that two editions have already been called for, and that it is found worthy of translation into French, English, Italian, and Spanish.

I close my task with feelings of gratitude; and I must not omit to avail myself of this opportunity of expressing my heartfelt thanks to the admirable artists who have placed their best services at our disposal, to draw what was old and invent what was new; to the publisher, who has made great pecuniary sacrifices, and whose leading thought it has been to make this work worthy of its pretensions, and to carry the artistic portion of it to the highest pitch of perfection possible;

and, finally, to those gentlemen to whom I owe the material assistance of contributions and information. To Dr. Goldziher I owe a valuable notice of the mosque-university of El-Azhar; to Dr. Spitta of Hildesheim—known in Cairo as Spitta Bey—librarian to the Khedive, an admirable essay included in the chapter on the life of the people in Cairo; to Dr. Klunzinger, author of an interesting work on Upper Egypt, some important information on the Arabian Desert, which he knows better than any one. Dr. Hommel of Munich has afforded me valuable aid in establishing an orthography for Arabic names in German; and I owe also particular acknowledgments to Professor Gnauth of Nuremberg, whose artistic knowledge and instinct has been of inestimable advantage in "delineating" the country that I have "described."[2]

With these grateful acknowledgments I close the Preface to the Second and last Volume of my work on Egypt.

GEORG EBERS.

August, 1879.

[1] "Upper Egypt: its People and Products." Blackie & Co.

[2] To these names the translator must add that of Dr. Edward Meyer, to whom she is indebted for a painstaking revisal of the orthography of Arabic names and words in English.

For the guidance of the reader, it may be said that the vowels are sounded as follows:—

A as in ant; ee as in seen; ey as in skein; i as in sin; oo as in boot; u as in put; y as in yet. G is always hard.

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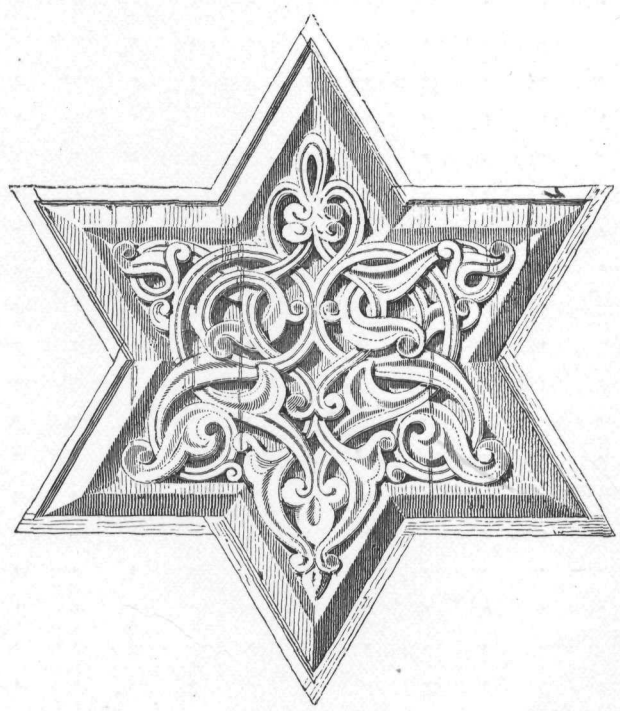
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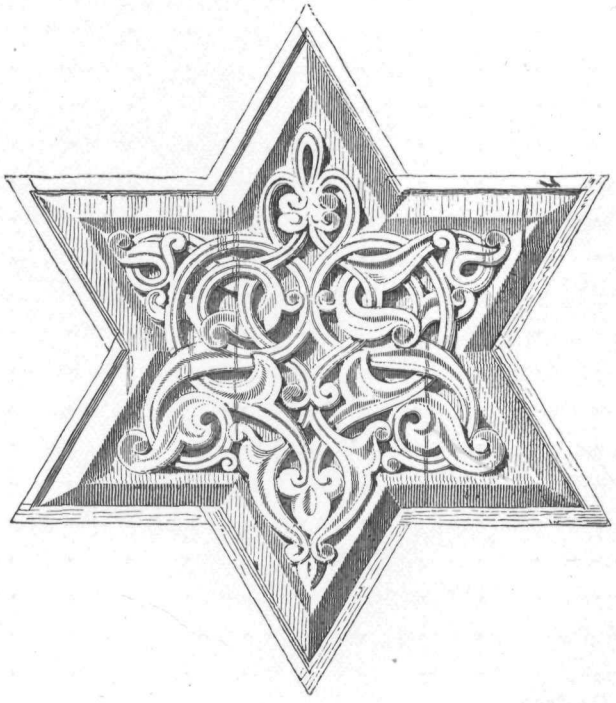
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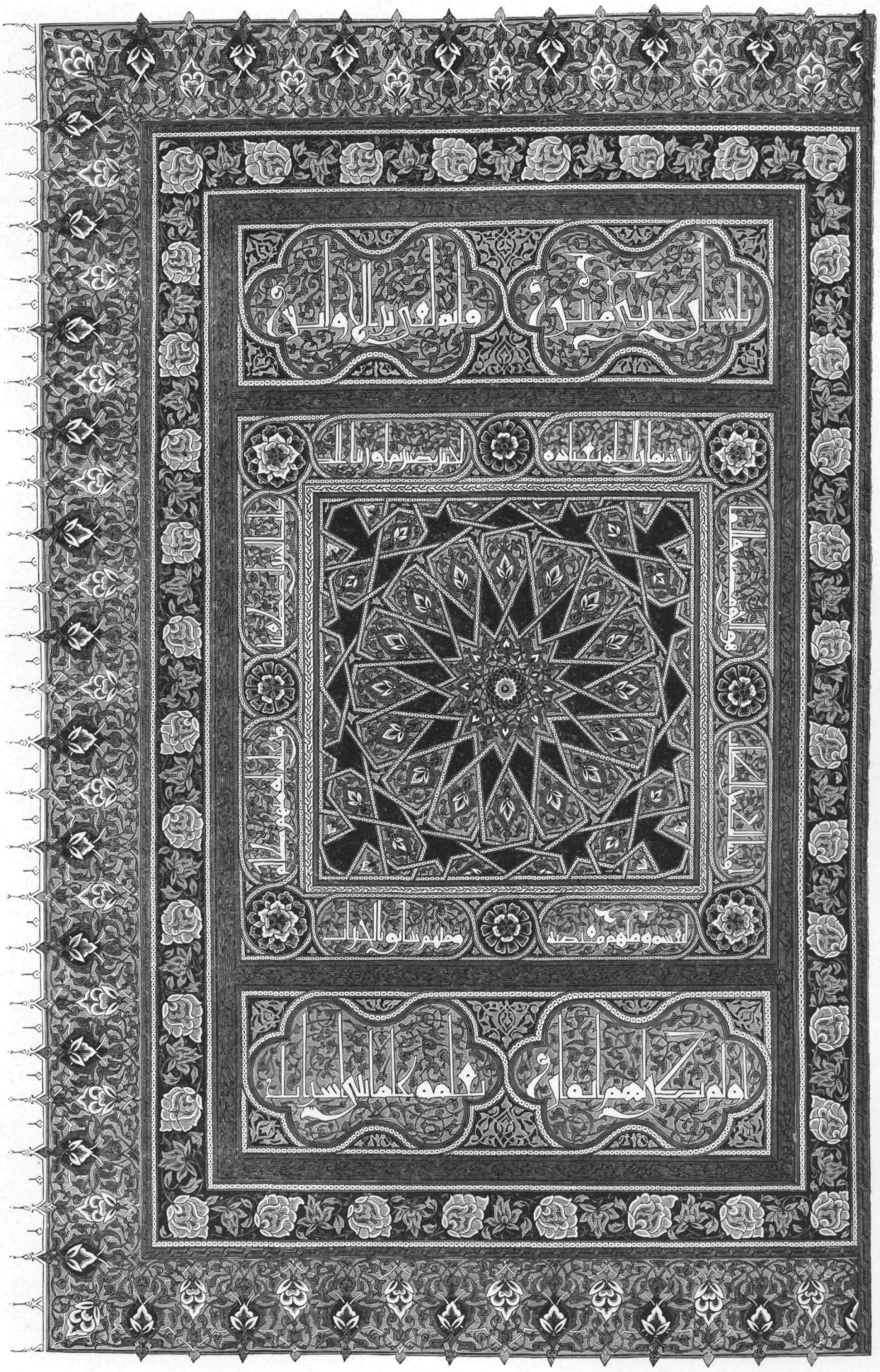
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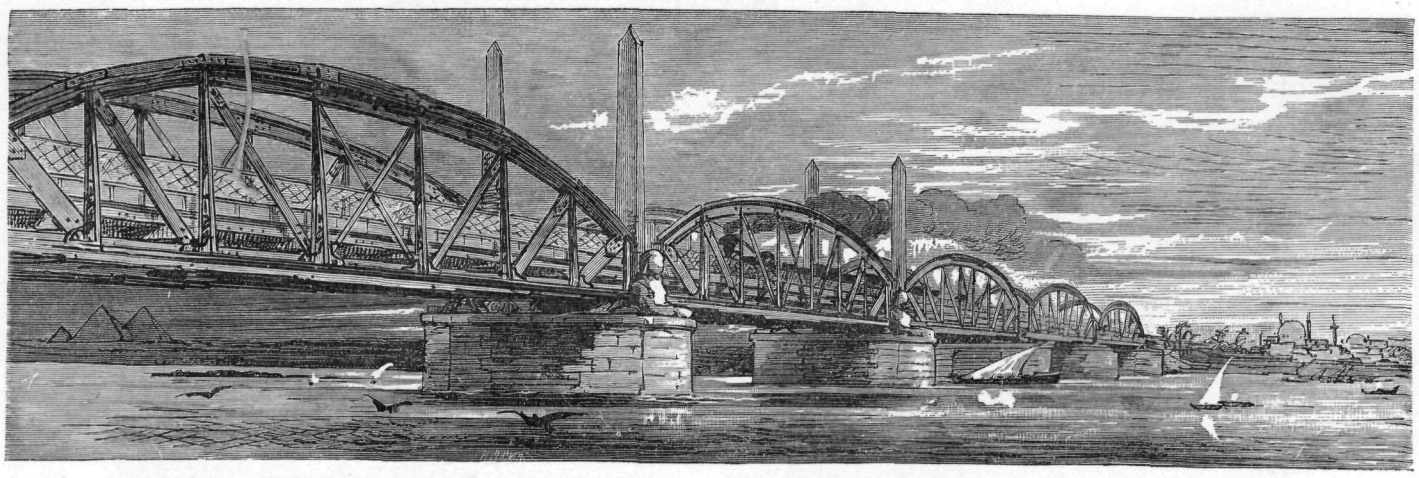


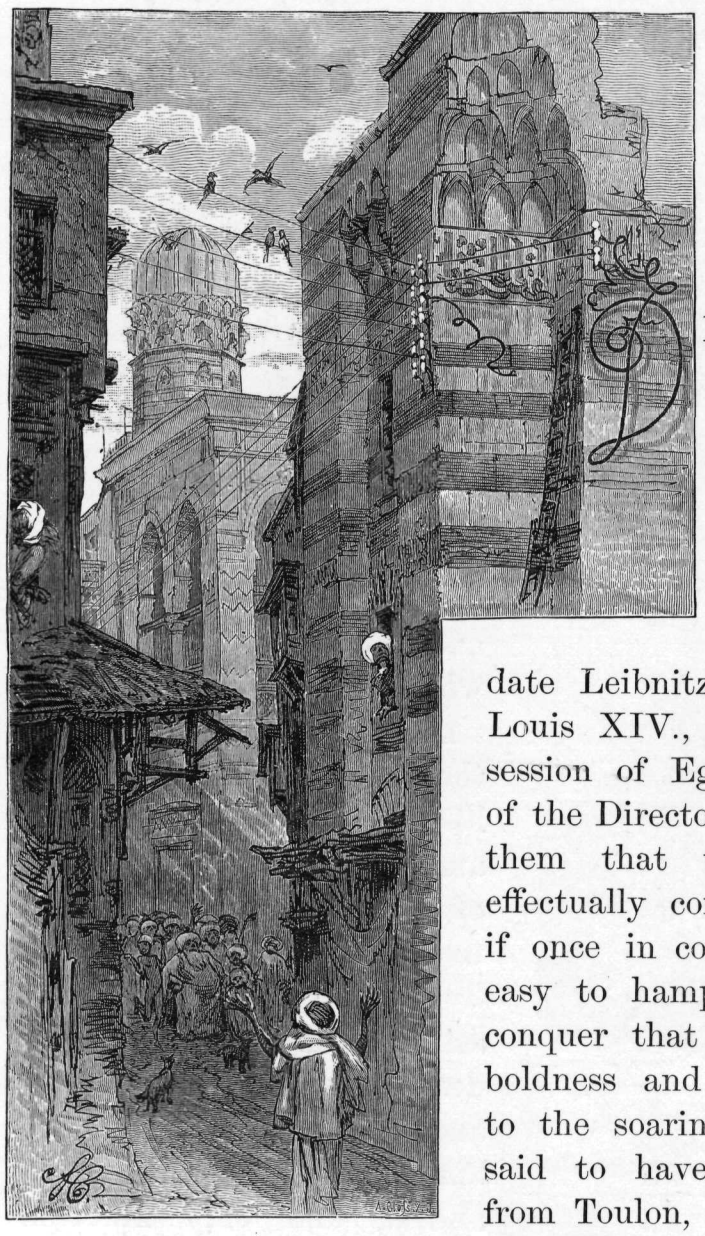




ORNAMENT FROM A KORAN OF THE TIME OF SCHA'ABAN.

(*From a MS. in the Vice-regal Library at Cairo.*)





THE REGENERATION OF EGYPT.

EJECTION and loss of freedom could not avail to quell the most warlike of peoples, and when the French army, under Buonaparte, made its adventurous attempt on Egypt, the love of military glory prompted them to forget their bondage and to turn their thoughts to fresh deeds of arms. Long before this date Leibnitz, in a very ample memorial addressed to Louis XIV., had enlarged on the idea of taking possession of Egypt, and Buonaparte obtained the consent of the Directoire for this project by convincingly showing them that the power of England would be most effectually combated on African soil, and that France, if once in command of the Nile Valley, would find it easy to hamper the British trade with India, and to conquer that peninsula. And how dazzling must the boldness and novelty of this enterprise have appeared to the soaring ambition of the young general, who is said to have declared, before the French fleet sailed from Toulon, in May, 1798, that a great name was only to be won in the East. Was Europe too narrow for his glory, and was he thinking of the Great Alexander, whose deeds are as memorable as his own from East to West? It is certain that he was following the example of the Macedonian king when he organised a body of more than a hundred artists

and savants to accompany his invading army to Egypt. This band of students—admirably selected representatives of almost every branch of science—earned for their nation the right to boast of the Egyptian invasion as a great and productive enterprise, solely through their own indefatigable and devoted energy, which was crowned by the fullest success. It was they who once more brought to light the cradle of human culture, after long centuries of oblivion, and by their great work, well-known by the name of "Description de l'Égypte," they taught us to retrace the history of the human race, and opened out new paths of research and new roads to the intercourse of nations.



A MAMELUKE IN FULL ARMOUR.

The Republican fleet sailed from Toulon, but its destination was a profound and well-kept secret. On the 2nd of July it reached Alexandria, and only nineteen days later the famous battle of the Pyramids had changed the destinies of Egypt. We have seen how deplorable was the condition of the country at that time, drained by the greed of the Turkish Pacha and the Mameluke Beys; its population, which at the present day has again

doubled, was reduced to two and a half millions of souls. Nevertheless the French found they had no light task before them, for the Governors at that time—Ibraheem and Murad Bey—more particularly the latter, at the head of a force greatly outnumbering the French, fought with a chivalrous and heroic valour which won them the sympathy of many of the European nations. But the stormy attacks of the swift and splendid Mameluke cavalry were of no avail against the strategic genius of the Corsican and the stolid strength of the French battalions. The Republican regiments decided the fate of Egypt (as the Fatimide army of Djauhar



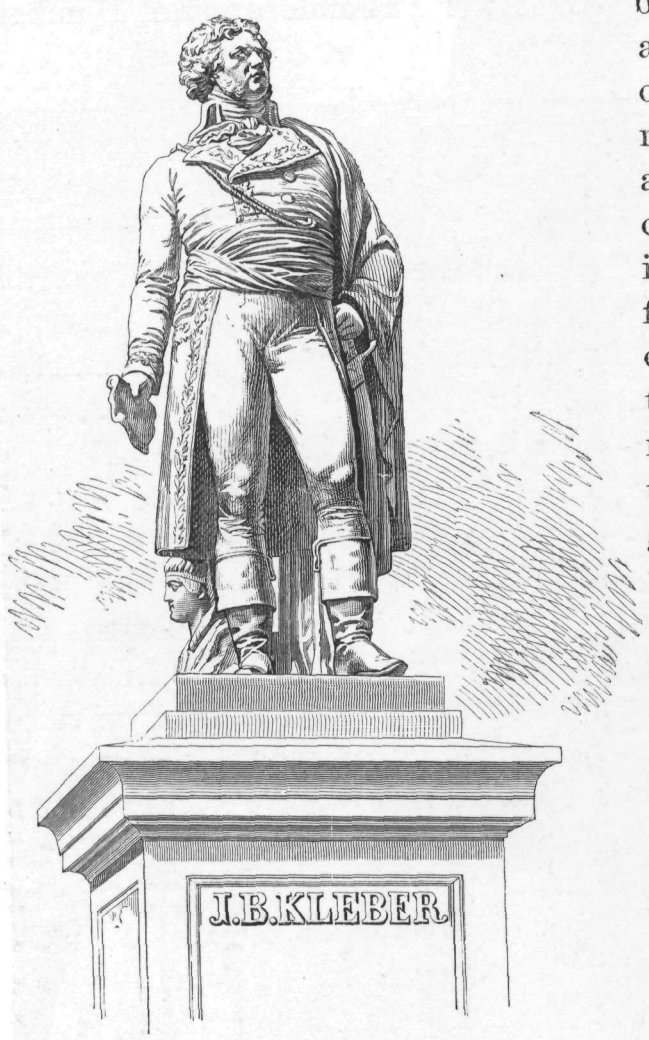
NEAR GIZEH, BETWEEN THE NILE AND THE PYRAMIDS.

had done so long before) not far from Gizeh, between the Nile and the Pyramids —those Pyramids within sight of which it is said the general addressed his troops in these burning words of encouragement—"Songez que du haut de ces monuments quarante siècles vous contemplent." (Remember that from the height of these monuments forty centuries are looking down upon you.)

The result of the battle of the Pyramids was that Cairo and the command of the Nile valley fell into the hands of the French, who for three years maintained their position there, in spite of the total destruction of their fleet in the Bay of Aboukeer, by Nelson's squadron, on the 1st of August, 1798. After Napoleon's return to France,[1] the command was given to General Kleber—a brave and talented

[1] 22nd August, 1799.

Alsatian, the finest officer of the whole French army; and on the 20th of March, 1800, that memorable battle was fought at Matareeyeh, near the ruins of Heliopolis, in which 10,000 French put to flight a Turkish army of more than six times the number. In one of the streets of Cairo the dagger of a young fanatic from Aleppo pierced the heroic heart of Kleber, and a few months later the English forced his incapable successor, Menou, to capitulate, first in Cairo and then in Alexandria, September, 1801.[1] France was obliged to resign all political pretensions in Egypt; but her influence remained powerful there, and when we see European culture gaining on the upper classes of society in Egypt far more rapidly than in any other Oriental country, and even weaning the populace from many old customs, we must attribute this, in the first instance, to the French, whose influence was felt partly through the various measures introduced by Napoleon, and partly, too, through the amiable manners characteristic of their nation, and by which they won the hearts of the Viceroys. Above all, they succeeded in gaining the favour of that remarkable man who guided the vessel of Egypt's fortunes into a new channel, and who founded the family of rulers who to this day govern Egypt. I mean Mohammed (or Mehemet) Ali, the most highly lauded and most terribly vilified of all the princes of Egypt.

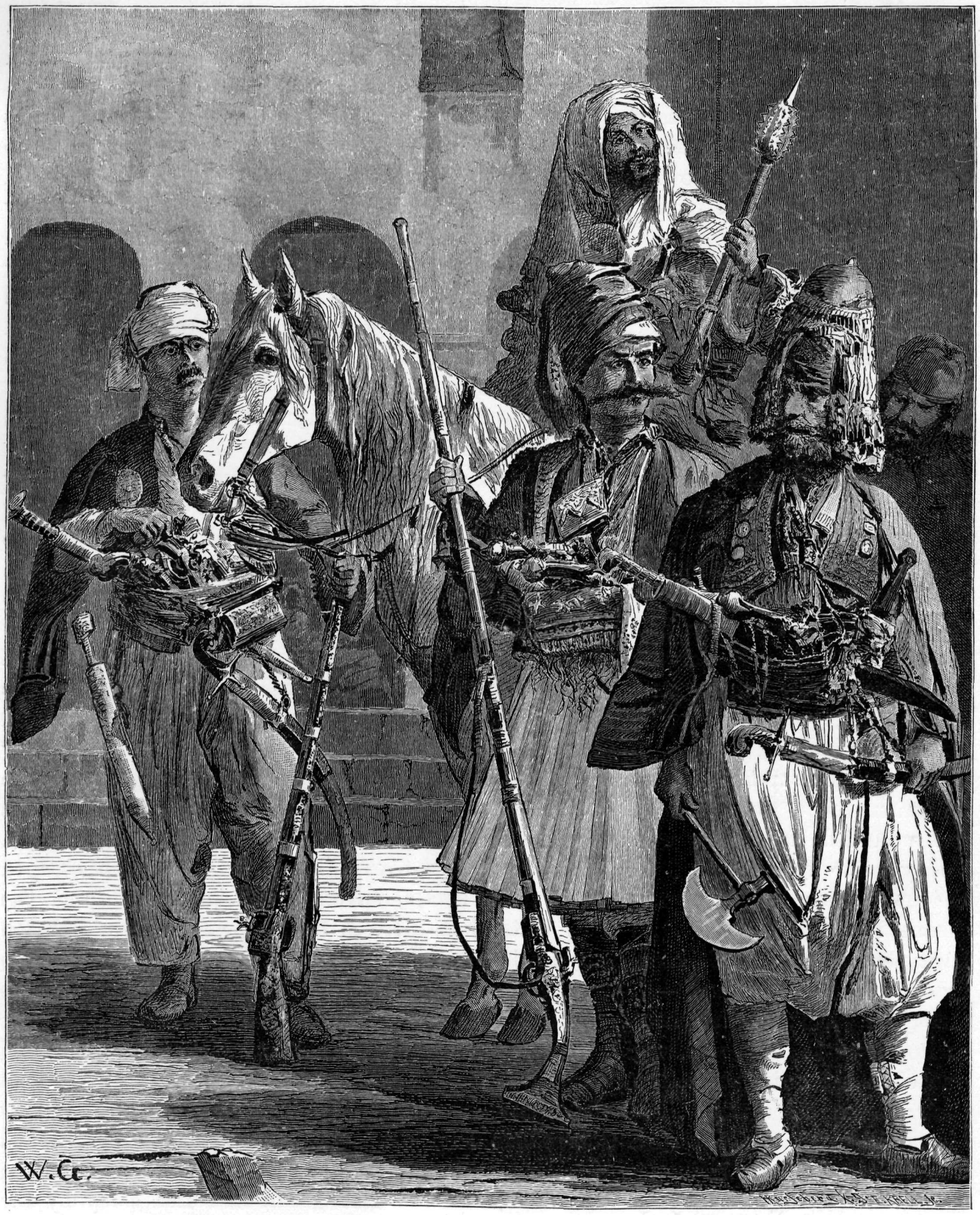


STATUE OF GENERAL KLEBER AT STRASBURG.

This exceptional man was born at Kavala,[2] a small town in Macedonia, in 1769, in a home which, though poor, was by no means base, as has often been asserted. His uncle took charge of the gifted boy, who was early left an orphan. After his uncle's death he was cared for by the deputy-governor of his native town. He never had the advantage of any proper schooling, but in the divan of his foster-father his practical talent for affairs found ample opportunity for development. The circumstance that Mohammed Ali, in order to increase his income, applied the fortune brought him by his first wife to speculating in tobacco—the most valuable produce of his native town—has led many of his biographers to say that he was at one time a "tobacconist." In the year 1799 he went to Egypt to fight against the French, with the contingent furnished by his parental friend, and commanded by that friend's son, then in his twenty-ninth year. It was in battle that he first met those who became his future friends; and even his enemies acknowledged that his bravery and prudence had well earned him his early promotion to the rank of Bin-Bashey, or Major.

[1] By the Convention of El-Arish.

[2] Salonica.



ALBANIAN MERCENARIES.

Being well recommended to the new Governor sent to Egypt by the Porte, Khosrew Pacha—whose most dangerous opponent he ere long became—and being favoured also by the admiral of the Turkish fleet, his keen eye soon detected his master's weakness, and the untenable political position held by the Beys then governing the valley of the Nile. He first obtained such an ascendency over the Turkish mercenaries disbanded by the avaricious Khosrew, as greatly encouraged his ambitious designs; and he then succeeded in forcing his master to appoint him to the chief command of the whole body of police in the country. In this influential position he could serve every party; to-day the officials of the Porte and to-morrow the Mameluke Beys, who, after the departure of the French, returned to their old rapacious tyranny. He neglected not the smallest circumstance that could render him indispensable to either party, till at length he succeeded in grasping the government of Lower Egypt, in shaking off Khosrew and every other rival, and in having himself proclaimed Pacha by the Cairenes,[1] now driven to extremity by the oppressions of the Mamelukes and of the unpaid Turkish mercenaries. He then entrenched himself in the citadel, and obtained his appointment from the Porte, first as Governor and subsequently as hereditary Viceroy.

He put an end to the resistance of the Mameluke Beys—whom he had frequently beaten, and whose arbitrary rapacity kept the prosperity and progress of the country in perpetual danger—by a stroke of despotic power which was in truth one of the most horrible of which history has preserved the record. On the 1st of March, 1811, Mohammed Ali invited all the Mameluke Beys (480 in number) to a banquet in the citadel of Cairo, and the whole knightly company arrived on their handsome and richly caparisoned horses, in gorgeous dresses, and all the splendour of arms. Hardly had they entered the narrow street, shut in by high walls, which leads up to the gate of the citadel, called el-Azab, than a cannon, fired from the old walls, gave the signal for Mohammed Ali's Albanian soldiers to begin the massacre. Suddenly, from every window and loop-hole, well-aimed shots flashed and rattled from the guns of the Albanians, who were well entrenched behind the walls. Hundreds of Mamelukes and wounded horses lay wallowing in blood on the paved way of the little street. Volley after volley was fired; death reaped a fearful harvest; those who escaped the murderous bullets sprang from their horses, snatching their sabres from the sheath and their pistols from their belts—but there is no foe to face them but the hard perpendicular walls, constantly dealing out a new dole of death. In unutterable confusion, horses and men—living, dying, and dead—gather, roll, and tumble into one mass, one heap; at first shouting and screaming; then silent, convulsed; and at last, as it grows in size, still, rigid, and stark. In half an hour Mohammed Ali had quenched the swift pulse, the haughty vigour, of 480 lives, as he might have wiped their names off a slate. One—only one—survived, Ameen Bey, who was saved by his noble horse, which took a tremendous leap over the breastwork of the citadel. The Cairenes firmly believe in this leap, and show the spot where it took place.[2]

When the great tragedy was ended, and the last groan had died away by the

[1] 1806.

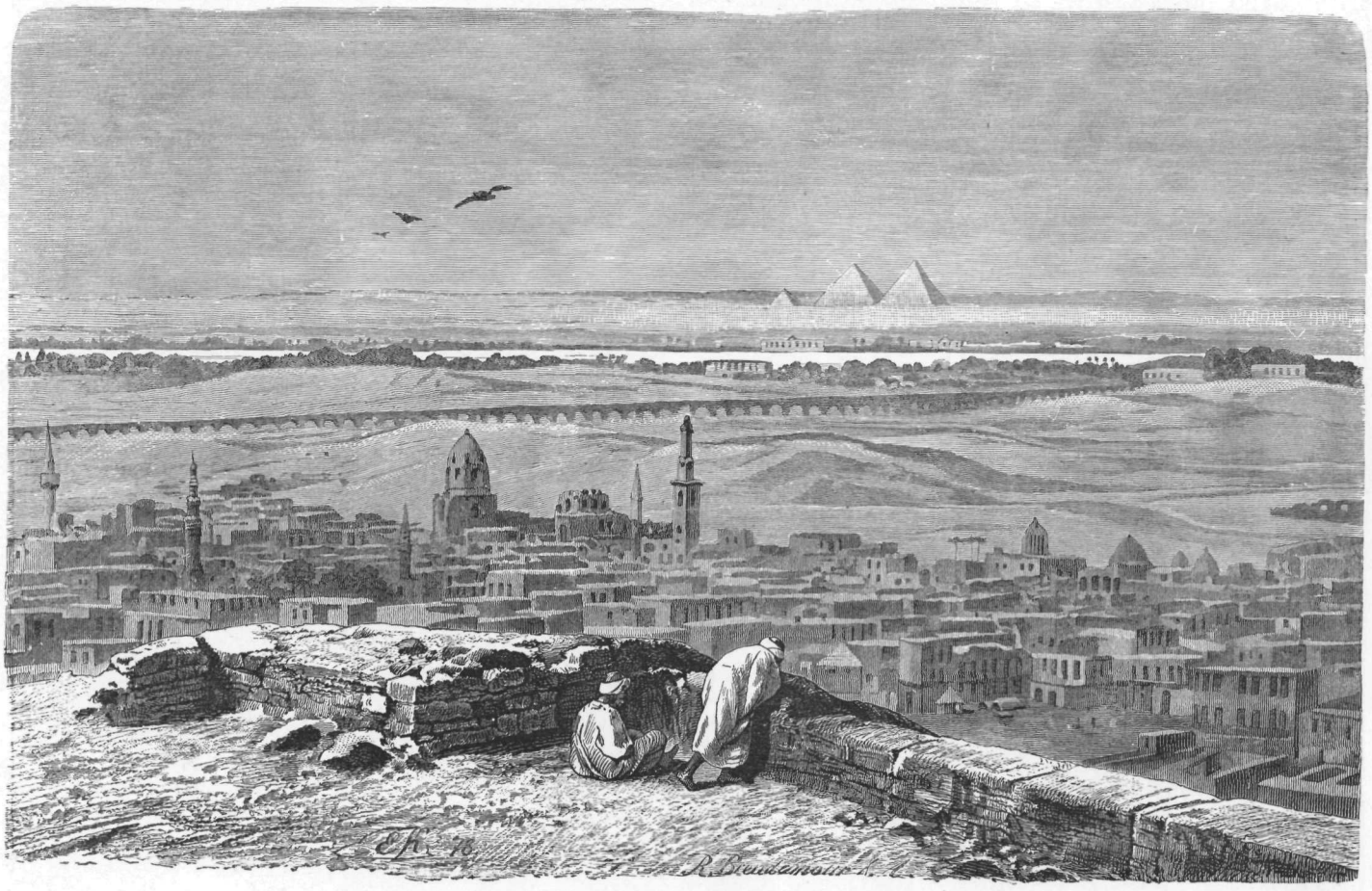
[2] There is a graphic account by M. Ch. Didier ("Les Nuits du Caire, 1860"). According to this account Ameen Bey did not enter the citadel, but fled with his suite to Baçatyn, between Mokattam and the Nile, and thence to Syria.



THE MAMELUKE'S LEAP.

Bab-el-Azab, Mohammed Ali's Italian physician offered him his congratulations; but the Pasha did not answer, he only asked for drink, and drank a deep draught.

The end he had prepared for the Mamelukes was indeed a climax of horror; but it is impossible to deny that if he had left them in power, Egypt would have been a prey to miseries without end. The deed, as I have told it, is history and not legend, a story of our own time and not of the dark ages; but he who instigated it was no bloodthirsty ruffian—only a keen politician, not inaccessible to many kindly emotions, but pursuing his end ruthlessly; a man who,



SCENE OF THE MAMELUKE'S LEAP.

when he had a great aim in view, paused at no step, no means, however horrible.

The after-piece to this tragedy was almost more shocking; for, after the massacre in the citadel, the rest of the Mamelukes in the provinces, above six hundred in all, were put to death by Mohammed Ali's orders, and the governors sent their heads to the capital as a sort of "receipt in full."

The Porte, which now began to regard the unlimited power of its reigning vassal in Egypt as more and more dangerous, commissioned Mohammed Ali to conduct an expedition against the Wehhabites—a sect founded by one Abd-el-Wehhab, in Central Arabia, and which still exists. It endeavours to maintain, with puritanical strictness, the original purity of Mohammedan monotheism, especially combating the worship of saints. At that time it had grown to such importance,

particularly in Arabia, that its members had succeeded even in possessing themselves of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, and in driving out the orthodox believers. Mohammed Ali's son, Tufoon, and his adopted son, Ibrahim Pacha—one of the greatest military commanders of this century—brought this war to a successful issue.[1]

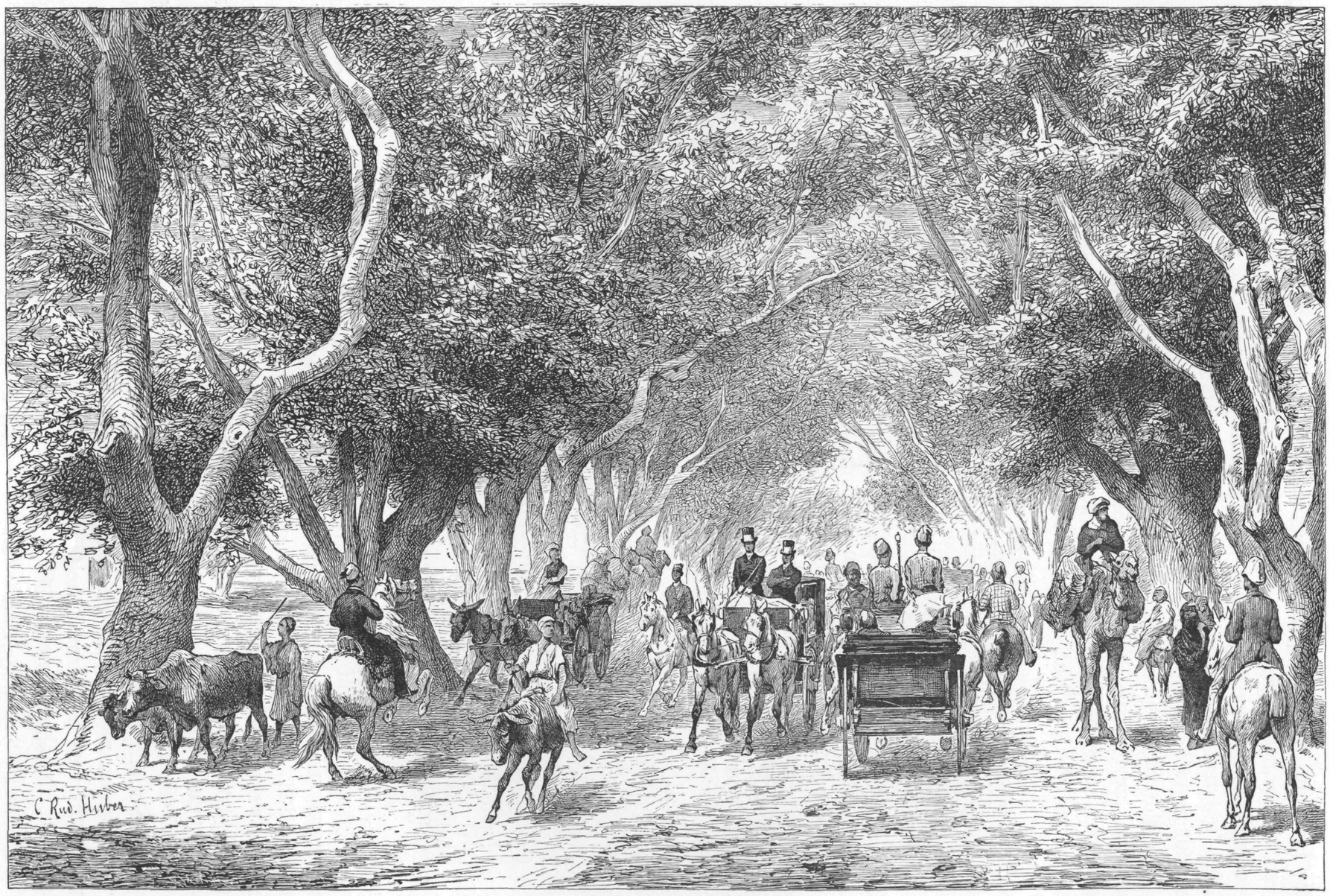
In the battles subsequently fought by Ibrahim, his soldiers were no longer Albanians but native Egyptians, recruited from among the Fellaheen; for his father had succeeded in ridding himself of the overbearing mercenaries. Many of them perished in the expedition against Nubia and the nations of the Soudan, and with them one of the sons of the Viceroy; but the survivors, on their return home, found a new and powerful host against which they were helpless. It was with fellah-soldiers that Ibrahim Pacha went, in 1824, to Greece, to support the Sultan against the Greeks, then fighting for their independence, and reduced the Morea to subjection; but in 1828 he was forced, by the interference of the European powers to abandon it. Four years later his father seized the opportune moment, when the Turks had suffered much from a fatal war with Russia, to assert his independence, and shake off the supremacy of the Porte. An excuse for war was readily found, and his son would have conquered for him, not only the greater part of western Asia, but the very throne of the Sultan, after the decisive battle of Nisibi, in 1839 (in which the German General Moltke bore a part), if the European powers, and more particularly England, had not once more interfered. Mohammed Ali was obliged to be satisfied with the "Grand Firman" of 1841, which proclaimed him hereditary ruler of Egypt, and granted him many and extensive privileges. This treaty, it is true, also contained many vexatious conditions, most of which were mitigated under the Khedive Ismail.



GARDENER'S BOY.

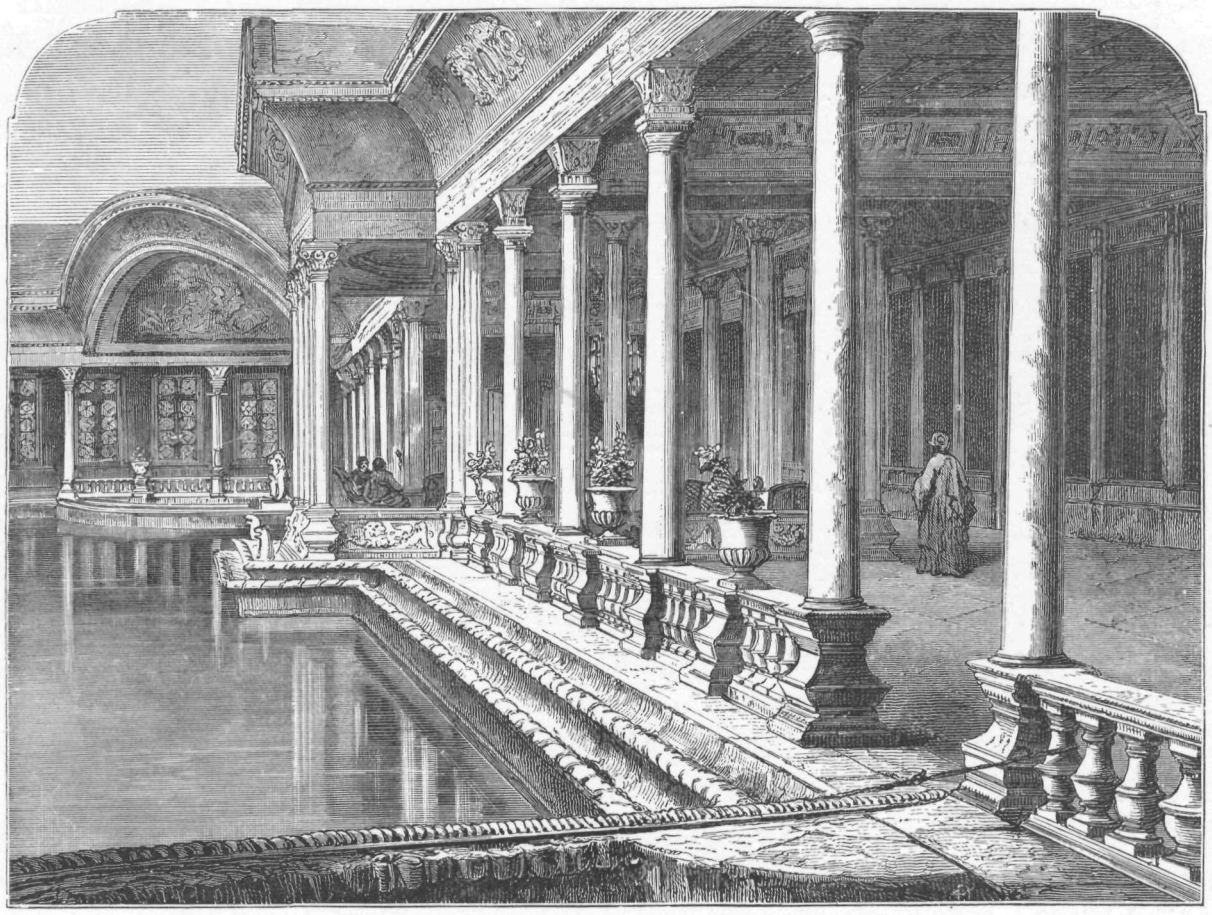
In 1848 Mahommed Ali, then in extreme old age, handed over the government to his son Ibrahim, and he died in August, 1849, at his Castle of Shoobra, which his son, Haleem Pacha, inherited from him. At the present day the gardens of this summer palace are the favourite drive of the Cairenes and of the foreigners staying in the city, and it is both amusing and astonishing, before sundown, during the winter months, and under the broad shade of magnificent trees, to see the elegant European "world" meeting the African. The hired open carriages and private equipages that crowd the famous Shoobra Avenue would seem wholly European were it not for the runner, or Sais, in front, as we have already seen in Cairo. The

[1] It began 1812, and lasted six years.



THE AVENUE AT SHOOBRA.

closed carriages are worthy of notice for the sake of their occupants, who generally are the lightly-veiled beauties of the harems of the wealthy. Eunuchs often clear the road for these vehicles, eunuchs sit by the coachman and look fiercely at the European youth who, on foot or on horseback, or even on the humble but sturdy donkey, endeavour to catch a glance from beneath the long lashes of the fair ones under their charge. At the side of the avenue Arab men and women sell oranges and other refreshments; gardeners' lads, with a bouquet stuck in their turbans, offer flowers for sale to the passer-by; and often there is to be seen some peasant



PAVILION IN THE GARDEN OF THE PALACE AT SHOOBRA.

or pilgrim, an Oriental, but a stranger to Cairo, staring, open-mouthed, at the strange throng.

The Palace of Shoobra and its gardens were newly laid out for Haleem Pacha; and though the arcades and kiosks which surround a large basin of water have a very pleasing effect, the eye of the true connoisseur is not thoroughly satisfied in any respect. Within the palace we found nothing worthy of remark. Even the picture of Mohammed Ali, on the wall of one of the saloons, is of very moderate merit, and certainly far less successful as a likeness than the portrait of the great Viceroy preserved to us in the description by Prince Pückler-Muskau, who was in constant intercourse with Mohammed Ali. "His Highness," says the author of "Briefe eines Verstorbenen,"[1] "received me in a saloon on the ground

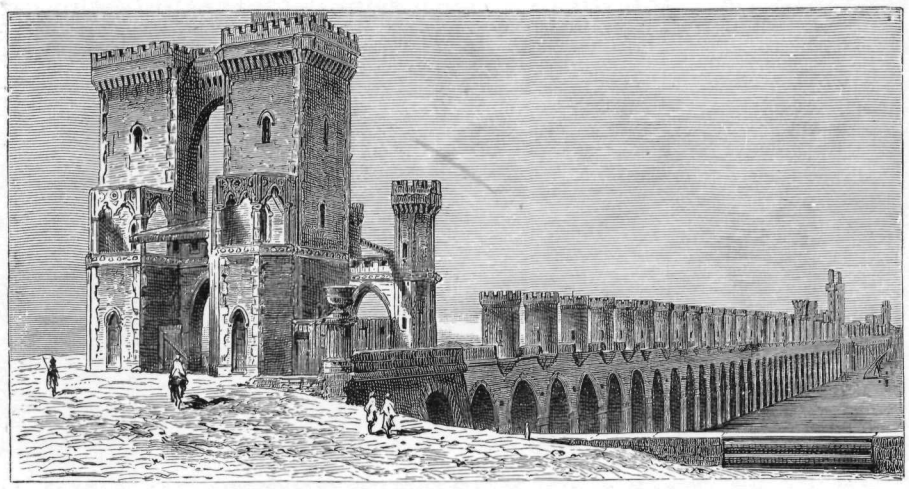
[1] "Letters by a Dead Man."

floor of the palace, which was full of a reverential throng of court and state officials. When I had made my way through them, I perceived the Viceroy standing apart, on the daïs in front of his divan; only Artim Bey, his dragoman, was by his side. My surprise was extreme, for all the busts I had seen in Alexandria, and a few portraits said to be like him, had made me expect to see a stern or even a hard-looking man, in magnificent Oriental costume, and with features—as I noticed in the busts—strongly recalling the portraits of Cromwell. Instead of this I found a kindly-looking, little old man, whose well-proportioned person had no adornment beyond a scrupulous, almost coquettish, freshness and neatness. He was dressed plainly in a brown furred coat, his fine white beard flowed down on the white fur trimming, and seemed to mingle with it; on his head he wore a simple red tarboosh, without any turban or jewels; no rings were on his fingers, nor did he hold in his hands—which were so fine and delicate that a lady might have been proud of them—a costly rosary, as is often done in the East. His features were expressive of calm dignity and benevolent good-humour, and although his keen and brilliant eyes seemed to see through me, the affability of his smile and the courtesy of his demeanour were irresistibly attractive, and inspired not the least alarm. It is not to be denied, however, that notwithstanding Mohammed Ali's invariably humane demeanour, and his generally mild and gentle glance, which make him look like one of the most good-natured of Christian kings, that glance, sometimes—and particularly when he thinks he is unobserved—assumes a peculiar expression of bitter mistrust, in which the somewhat uncanny Turkish nature, of which he undoubtedly has a considerable share, is very conspicuous. Much may be read in that look of what constitutes, no doubt, the dark side of his character; but I cannot attribute any particular blame to him on that account, for there is a dark and a bright side to every great man, as well as to other mortals."

So far Pückler-Muskau, who at all times shows a disposition, in his general judgment of Mohammed Ali, to throw the light of a certain glamour on the very long shadows cast by the mighty figure of his hero. No one, of course, can refuse to allow that the great Viceroy had the highest military and statesmanlike gifts, restless industry, unfailing energy, and an unwearied determination to win the highest position for himself and for his country; but the means adopted by the talented Regent often outraged all moderation.

Whenever—as was the case with him—an Oriental nature, full of ambitious imaginings, and not warned by any teaching to restrain its upward flights, or to dread too close an approach to the sun, has the means at command for successfully accomplishing all it has planned, then danger lurks at every step. Mohammed Ali often had to succumb; but when he fell it was not because his leap was too short, but always because it was too long; his arrow never fell short of the mark, but it flew beyond it again and again. Many a time it was his impatience that was his ruin. He wanted the harvest to follow hard on the sowing; he set the reapers to work before the ears were ripe. No doubt his first object was to enrich himself and his family, but it was not his only one; he aimed also at raising the commercial and industrial activity of his country, and he himself became landowner, merchant, and manufacturer on the most extensive scale; but by monopolising all the industrial

and mercantile energy of his subjects, he undermined their prosperity instead of raising it, and crippled trade and exchange instead of promoting them. At the beginning of his rule he met with efficient support, particularly from the French; their knowledge and skill brought him consideration, their modes of dealing brought him credit, and he gratefully gave them the preference over all other nations. He would willingly have introduced the people he governed to that culture and civilisation of which the French are the leaders; but, instead of first laying the foundations, and then raising the structure, roofing it in, and decorating it, he proceeded on the contrary plan; for he did not begin his work in the national schools, but founded educational institutes for the higher classes on the French pattern, and sent young fellaheen to Paris, there to "learn" science, and to become engineers, physicians, diplomatists, &c. That many of these men, sons of peasants, showed astonishing capacities cannot be denied; but their rapidly-acquired knowledge, with an



THE DAM OF THE NILE, CALLED THE "BARRAGE."

insufficient grounding of elementary teaching, could but ill stand the new and difficult circumstances under which it was to be applied. Many of the best pupils of the Paris "Egyptian Mission," as it was called, lost all confidence when they returned to their own home, and were given up as hopeless, because offices and posts were entrusted to them which were of a totally different nature to those special branches in which they had been educated. But in spite of numerous failures in this particular department, Mohammed Ali did not give it up, and in the military schools at any rate he could boast of success. He was most fortunate in his selection of engineers for his buildings by land and water, among whom De Cerisy and Linant de Bellefonds deserve special mention. What the former achieved for the harbour of Alexandria, and the latter for the network of canals throughout the country, and especially in the Fayoum, can never be forgotten. If Linant's plans had been adopted for that huge combination of bridge, dam, and sluice known as the "Barrage" of the Nile, instead of Mougel Bey's, this, the most costly of Mohammed Ali's water-works, might perhaps have been completed, and have served its purpose better than is actually the case.[1] This structure, erected to the north of Cairo, where

[1] In 1847.

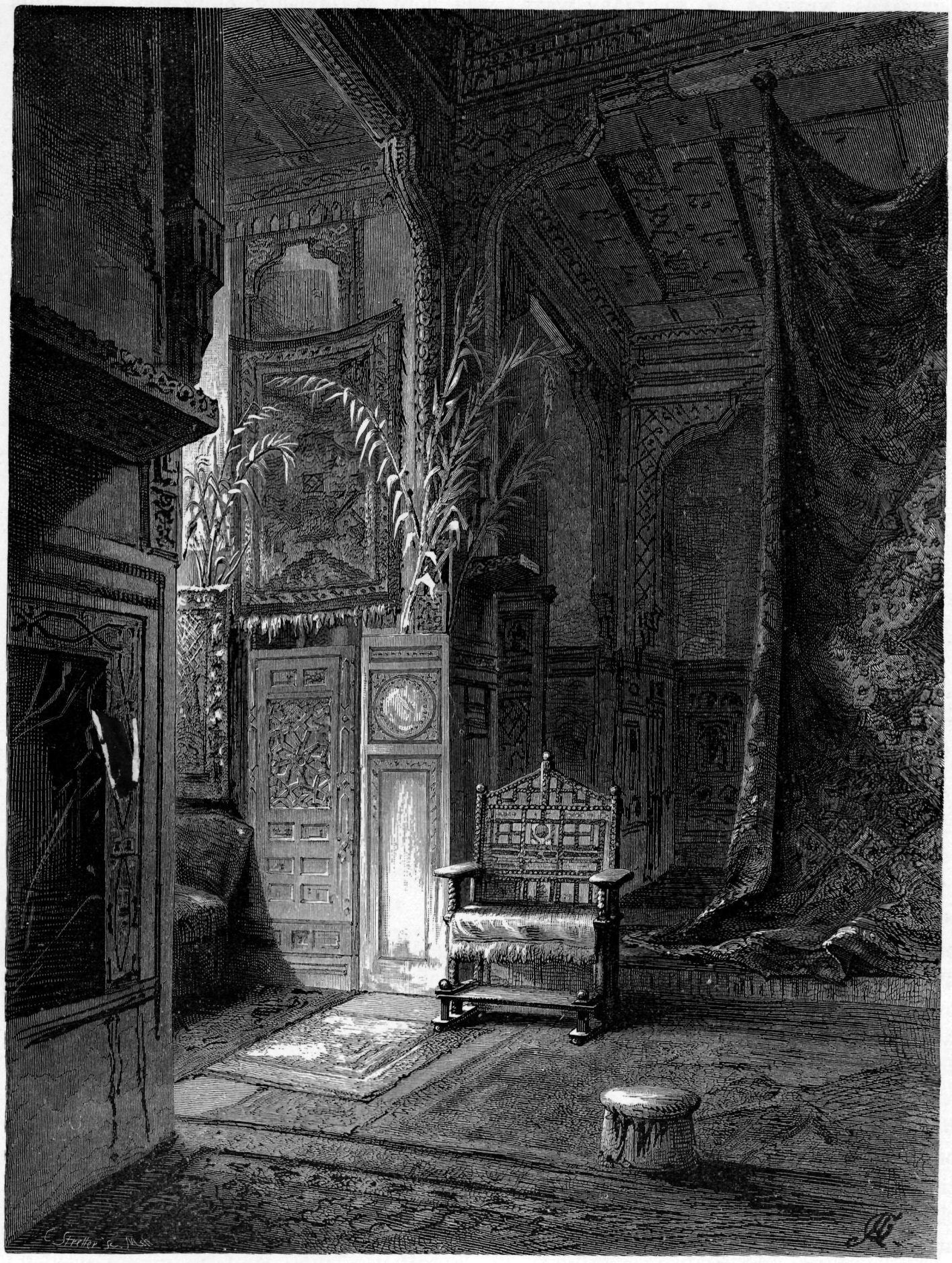
the Nile divides, has a fourfold object:—so to regulate the amount of water in the river that, so far as the effects of the dam extend, irrigating by machinery should be unnecessary; to keep up the water, so that the shallow branches of the Nile in the Delta should be navigable in the dry season; to serve as a bridge across the river; and to afford a *point d'appui* against any army advancing on Cairo from the north, by means of the fortresses which were to be connected with the structure.



COURT OF THE MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED ALI IN THE CITADEL.

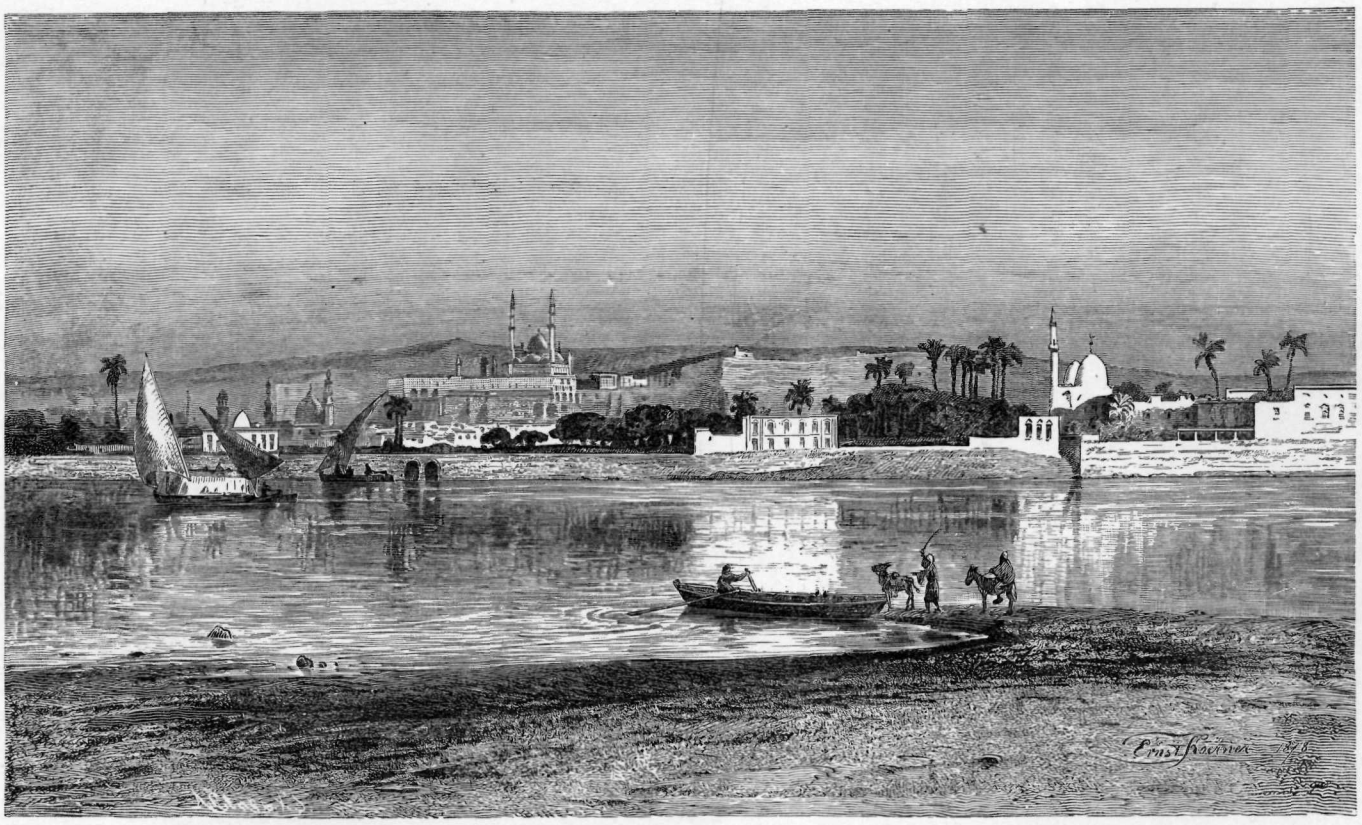
Unfortunately, the whole thing was ill-devised from the first. It remains unfinished; and though it serves, indeed, as a bridge, instead of serving any other useful purpose, it impedes the navigation. I have already described the Mahmoudeeyeh Canal, and the enormous advantages which Alexandria derives from it at the present day.

The greatest and most celebrated monument erected in Cairo by Mohammed Ali is the mosque in the citadel known by his name, whose two tall and over-slender minarets are conspicuous from a great distance. No expense was spared in building this magnificent mosque, in which we find the tomb of the founder, surrounded by an elegant railing. The beautiful yellow alabaster, which the ancient



CHAMBER IN THE MUSAFFIR KHANA IN WHICH THE EX-KHEDIVE ISMAIL WAS BORN.

Egyptians wrought in so many ways, was here so lavishly employed that this building has acquired the name of the Alabaster Mosque. The pale marble polish of this stone gleams everywhere—in the court enclosed by vaulted arcades, in the fountain rising in its midst, and in the finely-proportioned body of the mosque, planned after the pattern of Hagia Sofia (the mosque of St. Sophia). Here the walls are lined with panels of alabaster, and in the middle four noble pillars support a dome that springs boldly above them. Unfortunately this building remains in many respects unfinished, and though, as a whole, it has an imposing effect, its details do not wholly satisfy the utmost requirements of the educated connoisseur



THE CITADEL OF CAIRO, FROM THE NILE.

or artist. Standing in front of the sarcophagus of the great man, which is placed, and with justice, on the highest spot of the soil of Cairo, I could not but recall his own words, which need very little qualification :—"Only my grandchildren can reap what I have sown. Where such fathomless confusion exists as did here—such a total disorganisation of all the healthy conditions of the polity—where a people lives so wholly neglected, ignorant, and unfit for all wholesome labour, civilisation must be slow in growth. You know that Egypt was once the foremost of the nations of the earth, whose light shone upon the world; now Europe fills that place. In time, perhaps, that sun may dawn here again; everything in the world shifts and changes." With these words, spoken by the great man himself—great alike in good and evil—we take our leave of him, only observing that his fame might have resounded farther, and have been more glorious, if he had exerted his strong will and his genius for statecraft, in the first place, for the benefit of his country, and

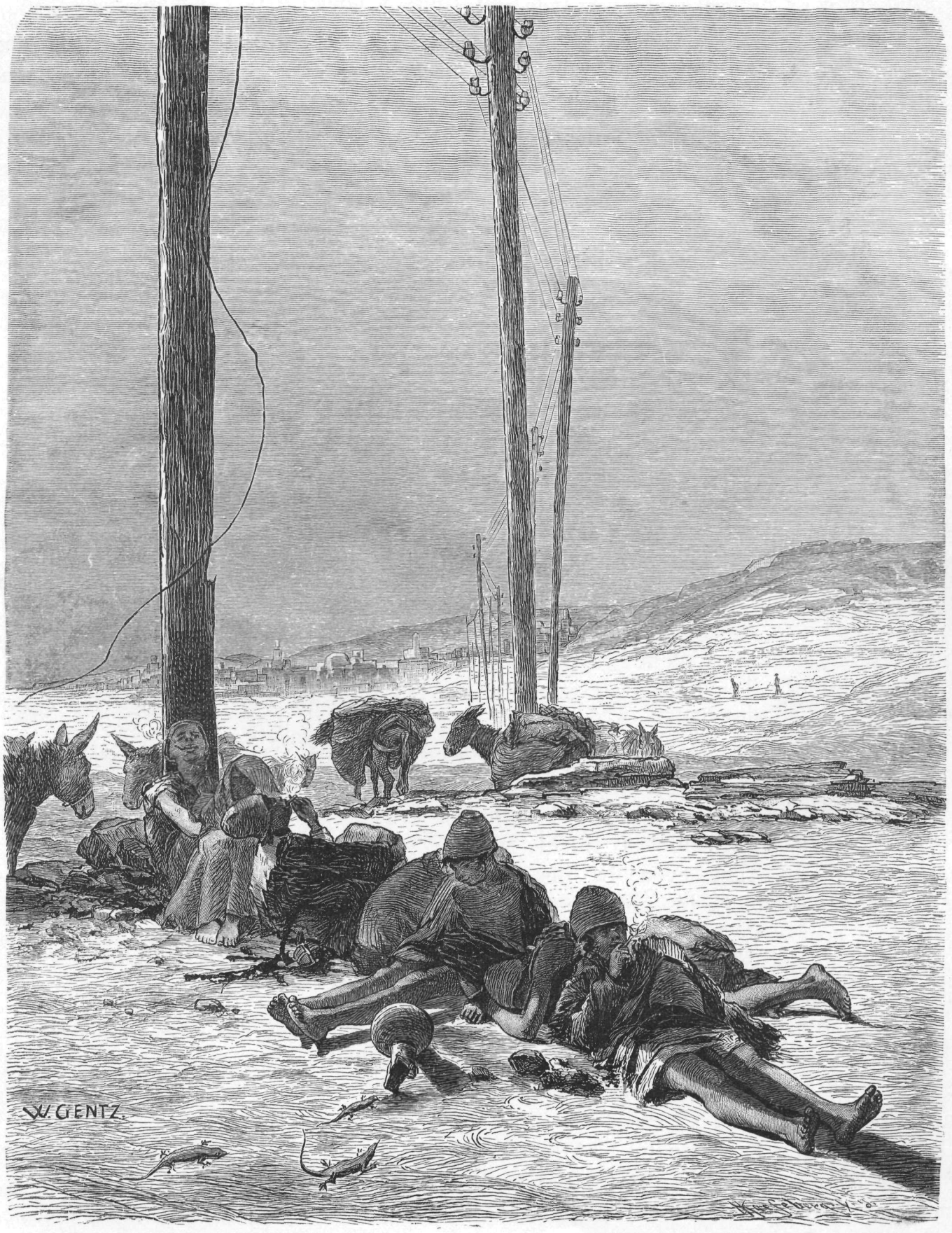
had not, as in fact he always did, staked everything for the aggrandisement of himself and his family.

Of his successors one only wholly neglected to foster the seed his great forefather had sown. This was Abbas Pacha. This inferior man—a narrow fanatic—was succeeded by Said Pacha, whose tastes all tended to European culture, and whose character, deeds, and tomb, I have already discussed in speaking of Alexandria. After Said's death, in 1863, Mohammed Ali's grandson, the son of the great commander Ibrahim, came to the throne—the Khedive Ismail, whose son now rules over Egypt. He was born at Cairo, in 1830, in the Musaffir Khana, which, during the winter of 1874, was the residence of the German artists Makart, Lenbach, Huber, Gnauth, and L. C. Müller. It must be left to posterity to pass a final judgment on one so lately dead; it only remains for me to speak of the great works which have been carried out in Egypt under his government. Even those who had not the advantage of knowing him personally can easily see from them alone that, thanks to his European education, he strove to obtain for the country he governed the advantages and benefits of that Western culture which he fully appreciated. Often, and justly, has he been blamed for his total lack of the economic sense; still, it ought not to be forgotten that the enormous sums he spent were applied to productive purposes. But he cannot be wholly exonerated from the worst reproach that attaches to his grandfather; namely, that even in his noblest undertakings—and their number was not small—he seems to have had less regard to the benefit of his subjects than to the aggrandisement of his name and of his family.



THE EGYPTIAN BOYS' SUGAR-STICK.

The most universally beneficial public works of Ismail are the numerous railways which intersect the Delta, and which he laid down in Upper Egypt and the Fayoum. Telegraph wires follow all the roads where the steam-horse toils, and pass along the desert shore of the Red Sea and the shore of the Nile, as far as Khartoum. The traveller in Middle and Upper Egypt will detect, among the fields of juicy canes to the right and left, numerous sugar factories, with their tall, smoking chimneys. It was Ismail who built most of them, on the most approved European models, and, while working for his own profit, it is true, made sugar one of the staple products and exports of the country. The Indian cane is now a thoroughly Egyptian product, and thousands of fellaheen are employed in the harvest and refineries. In the fresh state it is a favourite sweetmeat with the women and



TELEGRAPH WIRES IN THE DESERT.

children, and it is a droll sight when two boys are sucking the sweet juice from the same cane. For size and sweetness this giant lollypop would suffice one of our confectioners for a whole shopful of small wares. The Khedive was, beyond a doubt, the greatest sugar-boiler and merchant in the world, and he did not neglect the indispensable means for watering the fields that produce the precious cane.

But the canals and sluices constructed by Ismail occur in great numbers in spots devoted to other produce; they are placed in well-chosen situations, and admirably constructed. The great canal navigation and irrigation—all supplied with drinkable water—which connects the Nile with the Red Sea, could never have been completed without his co-operation; it has restored a large district of desert, now called Wady Tumilat, to tilth and fertility. It was formerly a part of the Biblical Goshen. When the workmen, under Lesseps, were employed in cutting through the isthmus, which parted rather than united Asia and Africa, this watercourse saved them from perishing, and it still affords an abundant supply of fresh water to the inhabitants of Suez, who formerly were obliged to buy bad and dear water from a great distance. The canal, fed by the waters of two seas, is completed, and steam vessels of every nation now find their way through it from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, or from the ports of Southern Asia to those of Europe. A similar canal was opened, or at any rate projected, so long ago as in the time of Seti I.[1]—the most splendid period of ancient Egyptian history—and again under Pharaoh Necho, whose captains sailed round the Cape of Good Hope. Necho, who belonged to the twenty-sixth dynasty, a race friendly to the Greeks, is said to have commanded that the work should be stopped, because the priests predicted that it would only benefit foreigners.[2] The present times seem to be wondrously like the old ones. The Egyptians are still Egyptians; but while in the seventh century before Christ the foreigners benefited were Phœnicians and Greeks, in the nineteenth after Christ they are English and French. Under the Persians, the Ptolemies, and the Romans, the old canal was at times navigable; and even under the earlier Khalifs it seems to have been possible to reach the Red Sea from the Nile, at least we are told that the old water-ways were re-opened under the rule of Amroo, in order to send Egyptian produce as quickly as possible to Arabia. It is said that one part of the city canal of Cairo, known as the Khalig, was once part of this ancient navigable water-way.



M. DE LESSEPS.

[1] Second monarch of the XIXth dynasty; reigned about B.C. 1400. From the appearance of fortresses and the great wall of Egypt, it is supposed that an old canal existed as early as the Vth dynasty; according to some chronologists B.C. 4000.

[2] B.C. 611. It is supposed the old canal of Seti I., or Sethos, had been silted up by sand.

It was reserved to our century, with its enormous technical resources, to solve the problem of joining, not only the Nile, but also the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, in a way which wholly excludes any farther fear of its being closed by neglect or by the action of the elements. A Frenchman of genius and determination, and of the most attractive demeanour—Monsieur de Lesseps—during the tedium of a quarantine, read an essay by Le Père which led to his forming the resolution, so pregnant with results to the whole commercial world, to attempt to cut through the Isthmus of Suez.[1] All the world knows that he succeeded; but the enormous difficulties with which he had to contend are not so well known, nor how liberally Said Pacha from the first supported the labours of this remarkable man, and how intelligently and devotedly he was seconded by the Khedive. In 1868, in spite of the opposition of English statesmen, and the distrust of the whole European world of finance, both the fresh-water and the maritime canal were so far completed that steamships of moderate size could pass through the latter; and the Viceroy Ismail held a festival of inauguration, which exceeded in splendour everything in the way of hospitality and entertainment that had been seen within the last century.[2] It has been described again and again—day after day of speech-making, balls, illuminations, fireworks, and reviews, the tables never bare of food, with Nile excursions at the expense of the most generous of hosts. I saw it all, and am bound to confess that no Oriental scene ever reminded me so vividly as this of the Thousand-and-one Nights. Such a festival, swallowing up many millions, might be regarded as merely a freak of reckless extravagance, or of vainglorious pride, but perhaps the host had calculated, more calmly than many would believe, on the results of his unlimited liberality; for besides princes and grandees, he bid the representatives of the press from all parts of the globe as his guests. As long as the

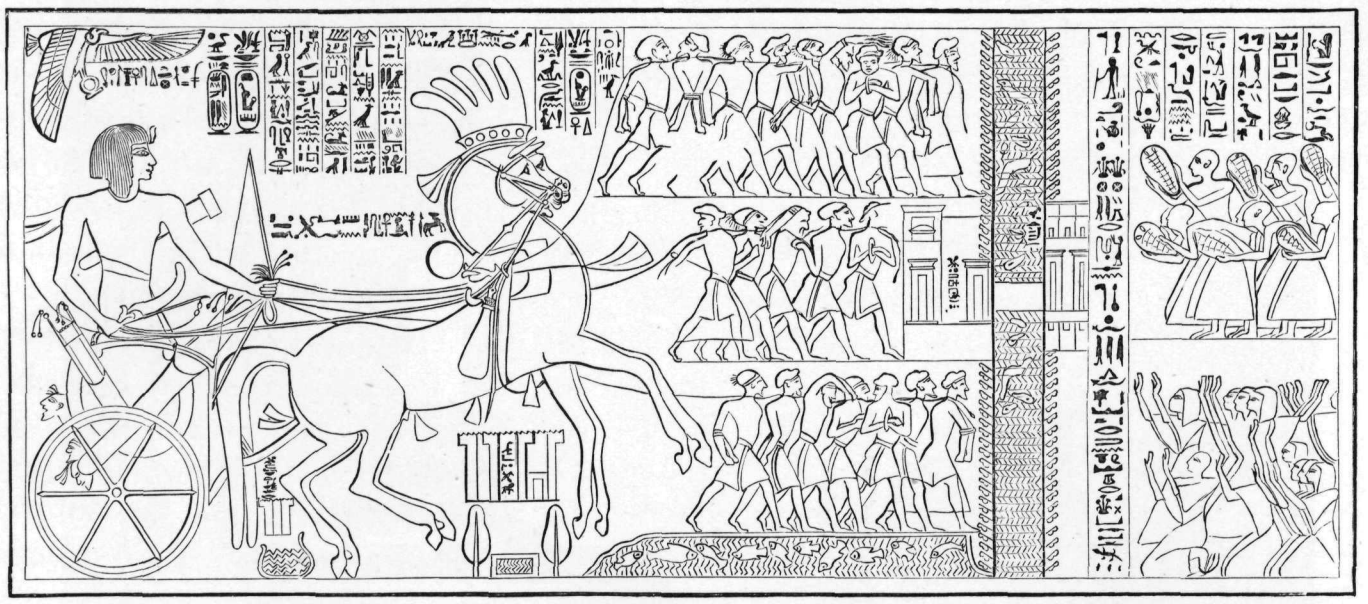


AMONG THE REEDS BY THE RIVER.

[1] Commenced in 1859.

[2] In 1869.

festivities lasted, every newspaper in the world knew all about them, and in the course of a few days, as if by magic, the attention of every man, near and



THE SUEZ CANAL OF SETI I. *(From a bas relief on the exterior north wall of the Temple of Karnak, Thebes.)*

far, great and small, was centred on the Suez Canal. At the present day a constantly increasing number of ships of every nation incessantly navigate it; and since England has acquired the lion's share in the concern, the maintenance of this great monument of the enterprise and skill of our day is absolutely secure.

The voyage down the canal offers little of interest till we reach Suez. Port Said is the harbour through which every vessel must pass which, coming from the north, needs to make her way from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. The lighthouse to guide the pilot, and the moles and quays constructed here by the *Compagnie Lesseps*, cost huge sums, and may be reckoned among the greatest works of their kind.



FARM AT ISMAILEEYEH.

The town of Port Said grows but slowly, and offers small attraction to the traveller, unless, as a sportsman, he wishes to visit that "happy hunting ground," the Lake of Menzaleh, of which I have already spoken. The canal passes in a direct line along the eastern shore of this shallow lake, which is dotted with islands, and its waters cover broad plains, where, in years long gone by, stood flourishing cities and fertile fields of corn bowing to the wind. Now dykes, brackish, reedy pools, and desert tracts of land are all that meet the eye as far as el-Kantara (or the Bridge). The caravan route, leading in ancient times from Syria into Egypt, passed near this important neutral frontier district; and the ruined towns of



THE ATAKA MOUNTAINS.

Tell es-Semoot, to the east of it, and of Beer Magdal farther to the south, occupy spots where stood the fortified watch-towers (Migdol), which were erected under the Pharaohs on the Isthmus of Suez, as a protection against the marauding hordes from Asia. In the immediate vicinity of the town some fragments have been preserved of a building erected by Seti I. to his father's honour. Rameses II., Seti's son, completed the monument to which they belonged, and which very likely had some connection with the oldest Suez canal, which Seti restored, and caused to be represented on the north outer wall of the temple of Karnak.

In this picture—which, in spite of its apparent simplicity and *naïveté*, is of the greatest significance and importance—we see him returning victorious from Syria, and received at the fortress which protected the canal, by the priests and princes of Egypt with garlands and homage. An inscription designates the canal as the "cut through."



STREET IN SUEZ.

When the vessel has got through the Balah Lake, to the south of el-Kantara, it reaches the bar of el Ghisr, the part of the canal which presented the greatest difficulty to the engineers and labourers, for up to that point they had found but small difficulty with the level ground of the isthmus, while here they had to cut through a hillock nearly fifty feet high.

On the northern shore of the blue waters of the lake of Timsah, which the ship now enters, stands the town of Ismaileeyah, which, during the making of the canal, served as head-quarters for the leader of the enterprise, as being the central point of the canal; while troops of labourers also found a home there, as well as the traders and innkeepers who had followed the train of workmen into the desert to supply the wants of such a vast number of souls, and to derive profit from their need both of refreshment and recreation. The place started into life as if by magic, and ere long the thirsty soil, watered from the fresh-water canal, was laid out in avenues and gardens. The Khedive had a castle erected for himself; and Monsieur de Lesseps's residence in the city, his farm in the country, the pretty houses of the inspectors and engineers, the railway station, the hotels and shops wore a pretty and pleasing aspect, particularly when dressed in flags during the festivities of the opening. Ismaileeyah was chosen as the centre and head-quarters on this occasion, and its appearance as a whole was full of promise. Unfortunately this promise has never been

fulfilled; and this Flower of the Desert will, it is to be feared, wither as rapidly as it blossomed.

We now steam past some ruins which are supposed to be those of the Temple of Serapis mentioned by classical authors. On our right we see the gleaming waters of the fresh-water canal, on the banks of which many ruins have been found of the Persian period;[1] we traverse the long basin of the old Bitter Lake, and leaving it behind us late in the afternoon, we do not cast another glance at the bare and dreary shore on each side, for before us to the west lies the narrow bay of Suez—which was formerly a mere fishing town, but within the last few years has grown to be a really flourishing centre of commerce. The bay opens out before us, a picture of indescribable splendour of colouring; the sun will presently set behind the steep cliffs of the mountains of Atakah, on whose heights no doubt, long ages since, Phœnician sailors, before setting forth southwards to Ophir, lighted fires and brought sacrifices to Ba'al Zephon (Zapuna), the god of the north wind. There is no spot on earth where the orb of day surrounds his death-scene with greater splendour. The Red Sea, which at noon has a greenish hue, on clear evenings—and in this latitude they are rarely cloudy—assumes a deep-blue colour, and when a light breeze curls its surface each crisp wave is touched with golden glory. It is hard to take one's eyes from the delicious colour of the sea, but we are still more spell-bound by the wonderful scene now being displayed in the west where the heights of Atakah close in on the view. "The mountain looked as if composed of a glowing flux of melted rubies, garnets, and amethysts. This was mirrored and repeated in the waves that danced and sported at its foot as they gradually retired in gentle ebb, showing more and more of the walls and quays that enclose the harbour and the entrance of the canal. The raised jetty, on which is the railroad running from the anchorage for large ships to the town, stands up above all the other walls and the banks and shoals which now, at low tide, form so many islands. Men on asses and with camels pass across it, and as the sun sinks lower their figures stand up more sharply against the glowing horizon, till at last the effect is as if black silhouettes were moving across a translucent crystal wall of violet and gold. At last down comes the night, and darkness falls on the scene." Thus I wrote in my diary some years ago, face to face then with just such a sunset.



ARAB SHOE-BLACKS.

[1] Darius (B.C. 511) re-opened the canal, and inscriptions in the Persian cuneiform have been found there, as also the signet cylinder of that monarch, now in the British Museum.

I found comfortable quarters in the great hotel at Suez. Indians in light-coloured garments, "handsome and silent" and with dark dreamy eyes, waited upon us noiselessly. On the following morning the passengers from a large vessel, after a long voyage, came noisily bustling into the court and rooms of the hotel, calling for food and drink, making the shoe-blacks clean their boots, and snatching up the papers; and still the servants moved calmly in and out without any confusion —like the wheels of a machine, which turn just as steadily in a storm as in a calm.

A walk through the city brings us first into the handsomer streets, with their European shops, counting-houses, and cafés, then past the slightly-built pleasure resorts where the sailors and labourers squander their earnings. Three-quarters of the city are European, but the fourth and poorer part belongs to the Arabs, who offer their wares for sale in the little bazaar, and hold a market for vegetables, fruit, and cakes, for charcoal and date-cakes from the peninsula of Sinai, for fowls—from turkeys down to pigeons—and in certain spots a great variety of strange-coloured fishes and sea-crabs of excellent flavour, as well as shells and pieces of the coral in which the Red Sea is especially rich. All the service in the houses and streets, and in the harbour, is done by the Mohammedan natives. In the camel-market, held at the city gates, we meet free Bedaween, representatives of most of the small tribes who thinly people the peninsula of Sinai. A dyke, on which there is a railway, joins the railway station with the mole where the big ships lay to. An enormous quantity of goods lie at the station under the free heaven or a slight shelter, and most of the travellers who get out of the trains as they arrive are pious Moslems making the pilgrimage to Mecca, who usually make the passage to Djidda by sea from Suez.

We, too, will get into a boat managed by an Arab boatman and his boy. The wind fills the ragged brown sail, and after a short voyage we find ourselves on the Sinaitic peninsula. We soon are standing in front of an oasis hedged in by Opuntia (the prickly pear), where, near a muddy spring, palms, tamarisks, and acacias, are growing, and vegetables are thriving in small plots tended by a few families of Bedaween. This green spot, with its flow of moisture in the midst of the desert sands, is called 'Oyoon Moosa,[1] or Moses' Well, and was for a long time held to be the spot where the Jews rested after their escape from the fury of Pharaoh, whose horses and chariots were drowned in their pursuit in the Red Sea. Here, too, it was said that the children of Israel sang that glorious hymn of praise which still rang from their lips many centuries after the rescue it celebrated, and which is preserved in the fifteenth chapter of Exodus, the second Book of Moses.

The Red Sea—so translated in the English Bible—or, more properly, the Reedy Sea, was, until lately, universally supposed to be the Red Sea now known by that name, and the Gulf of Suez was assumed to be the scene of the passage of the Hebrews; but quite recently Brugsch Bey has attempted to show that the Sirbonian Lake is the Red Sea of the Bible—this lies between Egypt and Syria, and is divided from the Mediterranean only by a narrow strip of land—and to prove that Pharaoh's host was overwhelmed by a high flood tide in the *Barathra* (abyss),

[1] Better known as the Ain Moosa.

or quicksands, which, as we are told by the ancients, used here to open treacherously, and proved fatal to other armies than his.[1] These views are supported with much talent and zeal, but he has not succeeded in overthrowing the old theory; and the traveller who, at the present day, crosses from one shore to the other at the top of the Gulf of Suez, may still enjoy the conviction that he is following the same route as that by which Moses led the people under his charge. Before the Lesseps Canal was cut it was possible to cross at this spot, where there are many shallows, on the back of a camel, or even on foot, from one shore to the other; but the rapidity with which the tide rises has, even in quite recent times, threatened danger to many lives—nay, even to that of Buonaparte, who, after escaping very narrowly from the sudden incursion of the waves, is said to have lamented ironically that his escape had deprived the preachers of an admirable theme for their sermons.



THE WELL OF MOSES.

I could find much to tell concerning the history of the Sinaitic peninsula and the Red Sea; but we must get back to Cairo, for a great deal remains to be seen there before we set out for Upper Egypt.

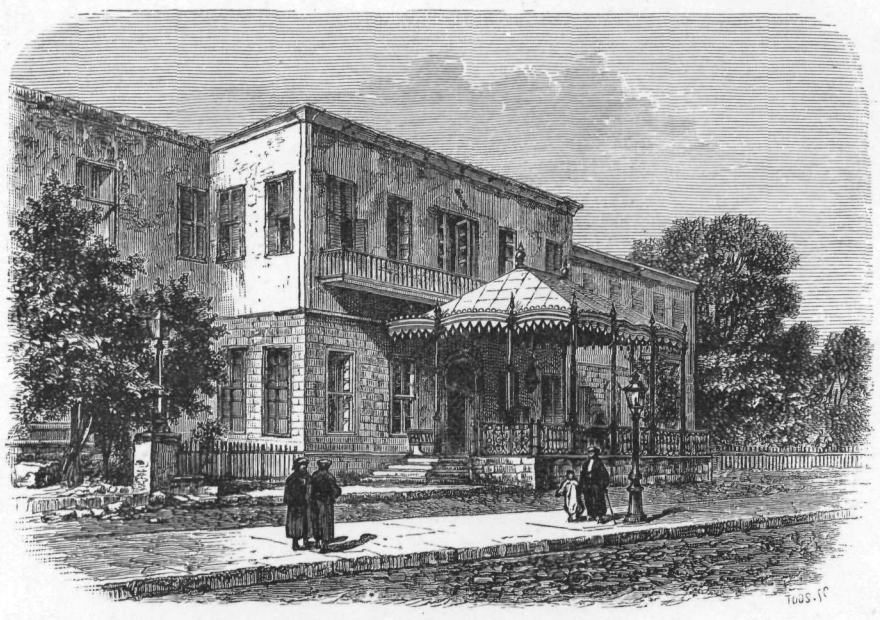
German hosts receive us at the Hôtel du Nil, which is chiefly frequented by Germans, or at Shephard's Hotel, which has a more open situation. As soon as we set foot in the street we are besieged by that pushing host of donkey-boys, of which every traveller has something to say, and which has been drawn a thousand times, but, as I think, never so vividly and faithfully as in the accompanying sketch by Huber. Two traits are quite peculiar to these *gamins* of the Egyptian cities—inexhaustible lungs, which allow of their following the most rapid rider for hours, and a perfectly marvellous ethnographical instinct. Never do they make a mistake

[1] That of Artaxerxes, about B.C. 455.



DONKEY-BOYS AND FOREIGNERS.

as to the nationality of the traveller; they address the Frenchman, German, Englishman, or Italian in the scraps of their mother-tongue which they have contrived to pick up; and it is impossible to forbear a smile when these merry fellows shout the praises of their beasts: "Beautiful donkey," "Bon asino," or "Bismarck Esel"—as the case may be. We leap into the saddle without any aid from the stirrup, and if we have hit on a good choice away we go on our grey steeds, which are as swift as they are enduring, outstripping many carriages in the broader roads, and passing through the shady streets which are much too narrow for any vehicle. Before or behind runs little Hasan, Alee, or Ahmed, encouraging his quadruped with shouts and drubbing, or thrusting, or, in the busier thoroughfares, warning the passers-by to make way. The donkey in this land is no sluggard; exceptionally fine asses command as high a price as good horses, and, in the provinces particularly, the wealthiest citizens ride on asses quite as often as on horseback. In Upper Egypt we constantly meet with donkeys with their ears slit; these are the "harameeyeh," or "thieves" that have been caught trespassing on meadows not their own, and that have been punished by slitting their long ears. A swift and easily mounted ass is, beyond a doubt, one of the pleasantest modes of locomotion, and we are well satisfied to be borne on such a steed through the newly-built quarter of Ismaileeyah, which may be regarded as the special work of the Khedive.



SHEPHARD'S HOTEL.



THE TRESPASSER PUNISHED.

It has throughout a European aspect, and sprang into life with astonishing rapidity, for the Viceroy gave the building land for nothing to every one who pledged himself to build, within a year and a half, a house worth at least £1,200. In order to plan wide thoroughfares, the example set by Baron Hausmann in Paris, was only too closely followed. Whole quarters of the city were demolished to make

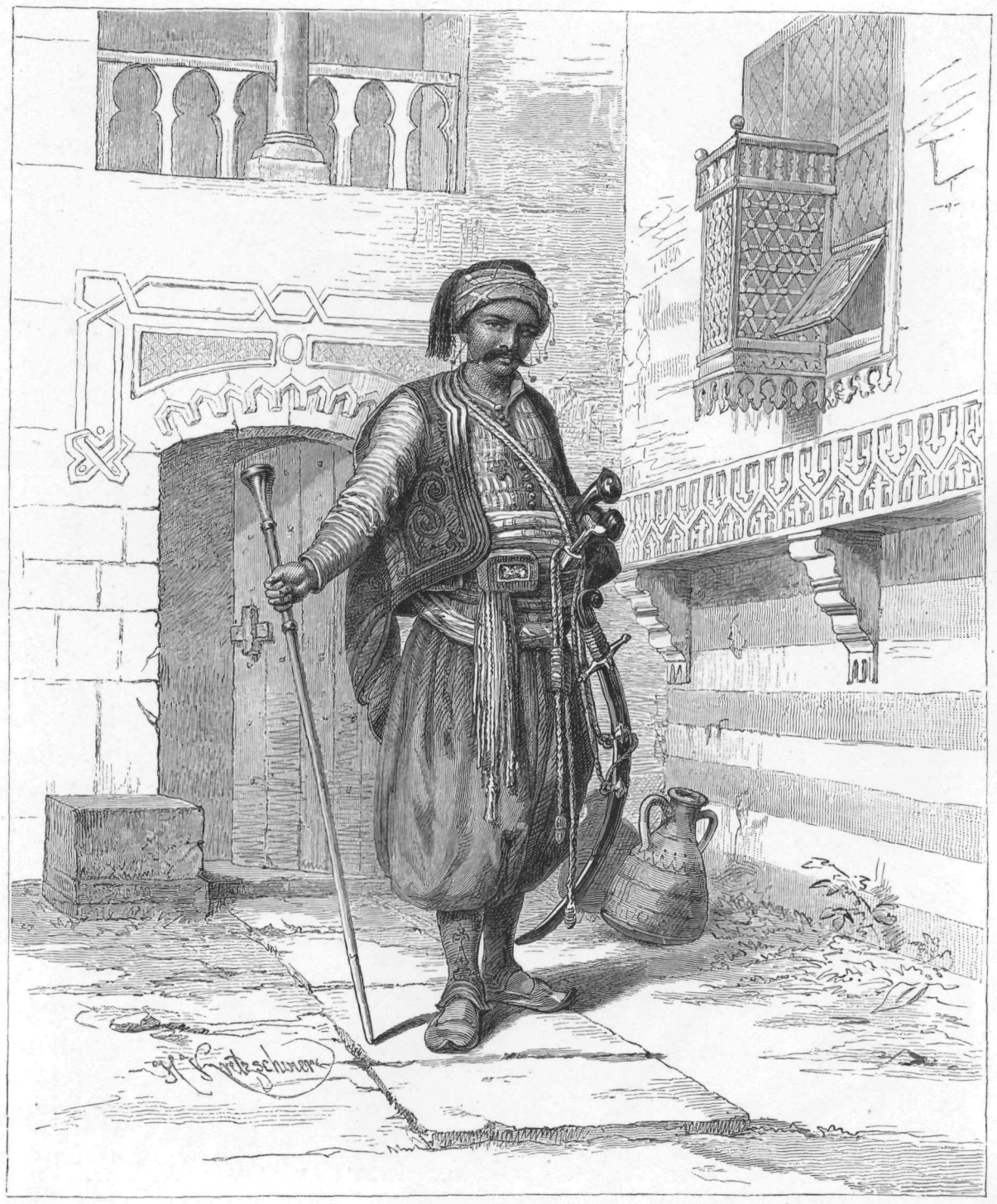
way for new ones, handsomer, in the modern European style. The lamentation of the lovers of antiquity over this impious proceeding are only too well justified; but certainly the city has gained in healthiness and pleasantness as much as it lost in



HASAN, THE DONKEY-BOY.

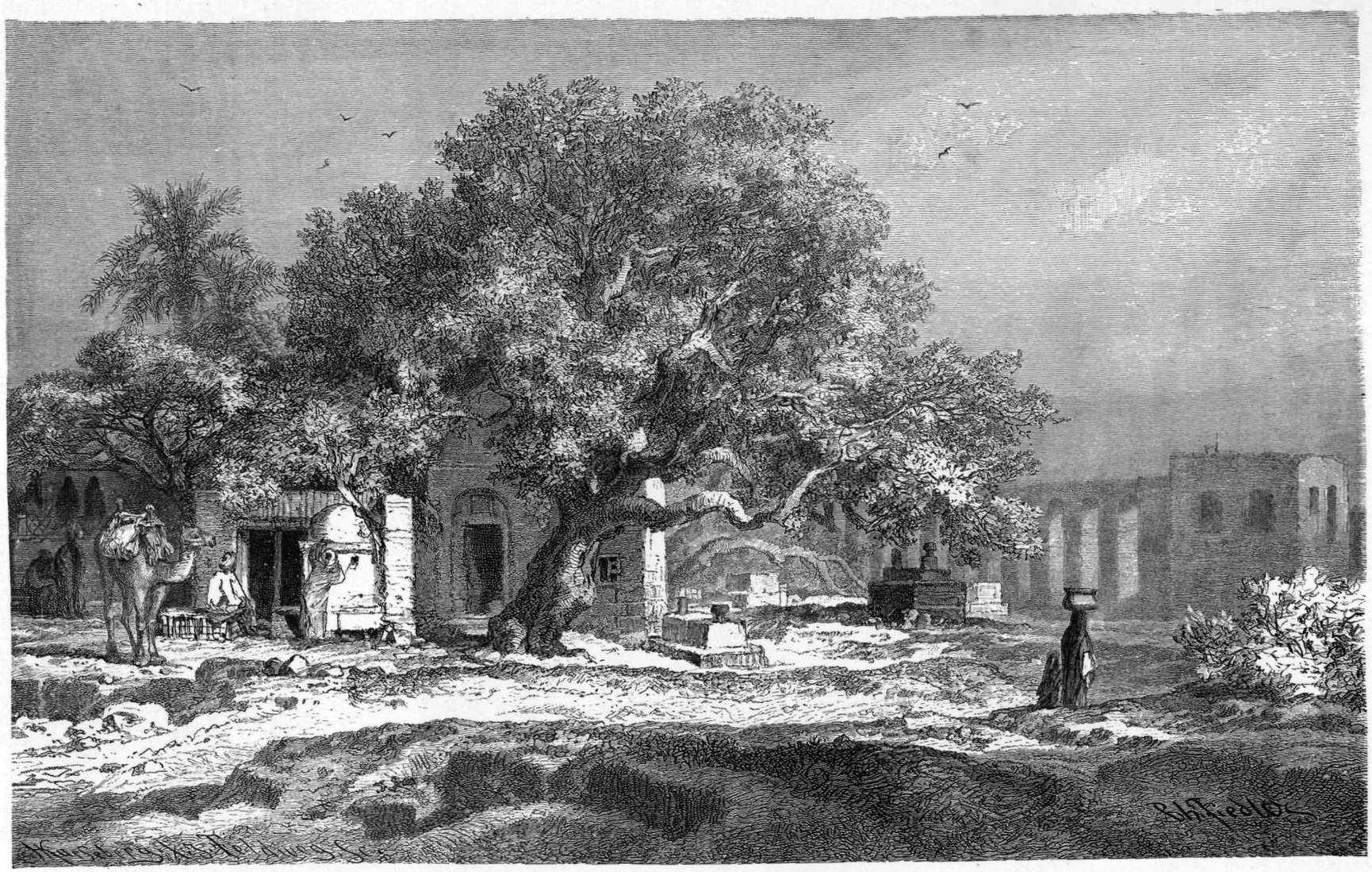
venerable and picturesque character, particularly by the construction of very good new aqueducts in the place of the old ones, which were insufficient, by the opening of new canals, and by the abundant planting of umbrageous trees. The most complete transformation was in the Ezbekeeyeh Square. Stately buildings—some really magnificent—and among them a theatre, the largest hotels, several Consulates, and the

Cairo Bourse, handsome private houses and splendid shops surround it on every side, and the public garden in the middle is one of the loveliest in the world. One that has more quickly sprung into life and perfection certainly nowhere exists.



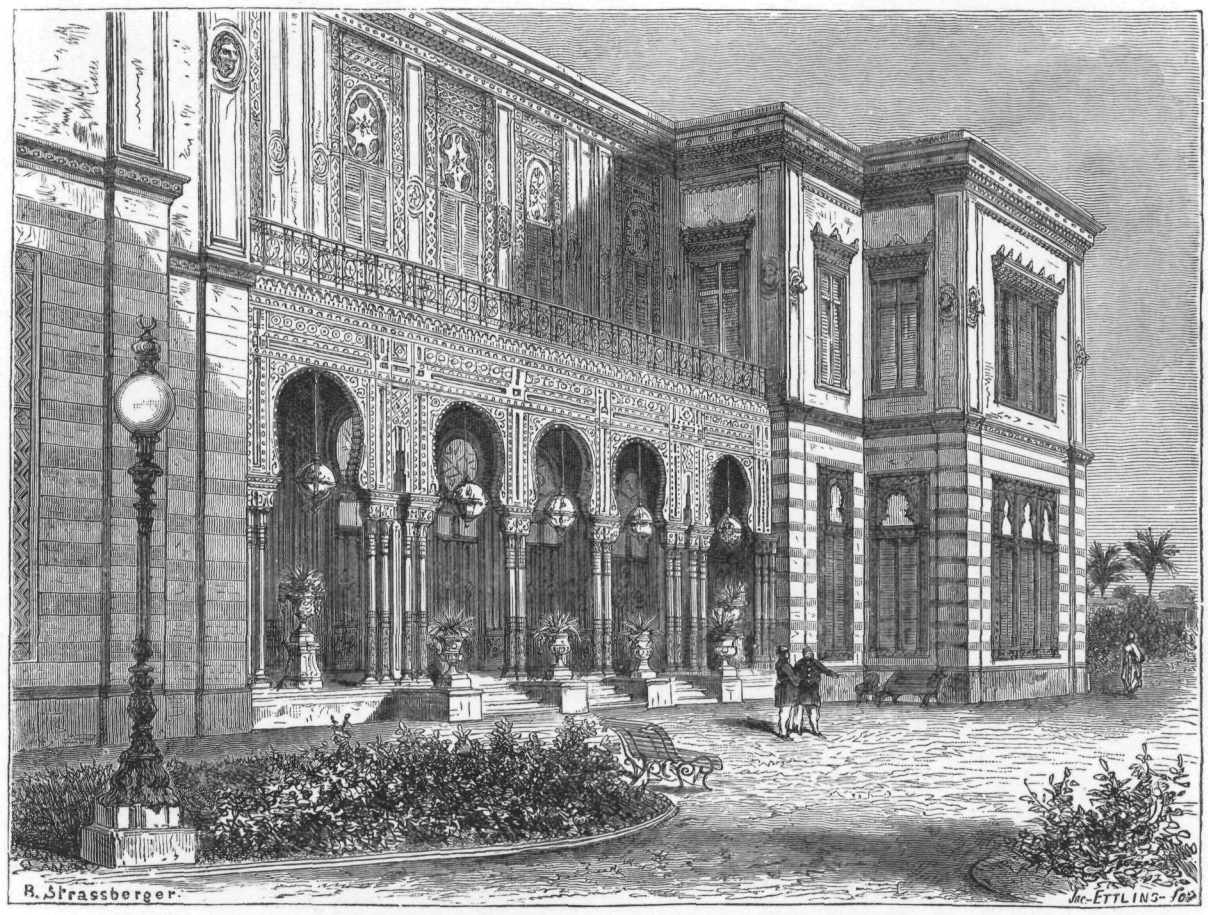
MOHAMMED SELIM, KAWASS OF THE AUSTRIAN CONSULATE.

In the quiet early morning hours the visitor may enjoy a solitary walk under the broad shade of its spreading trees; charmed with the beauty of the shrubs that border the well-kept paths, the growth of every zone; in the afternoon he mixes here with the crowd, listening to the finest compositions of European musicians performed by the Egyptian band—not forgetting to admire the vegetation that sur-



OLD AQUEDUCT.

rounds him, to look into the artificial grottoes, and to walk round the large basin in the middle of the garden; and he will find it difficult to believe the fact, when he is assured that this park, now fully grown, was not planned till 1870, by Barilet, the chief gardener of the city of Paris, now lately dead. It is unnecessary to say that such a city as Cairo now is, is lighted with gas, and no one who has seen the Ezbekeeyeh lighted up with its 2,500 jets in their coloured tulip-shaped glasses, can ever forget that wonderful scene. It is very delightful, too, in the afternoon, to observe the different visitors in this beautiful garden, representing

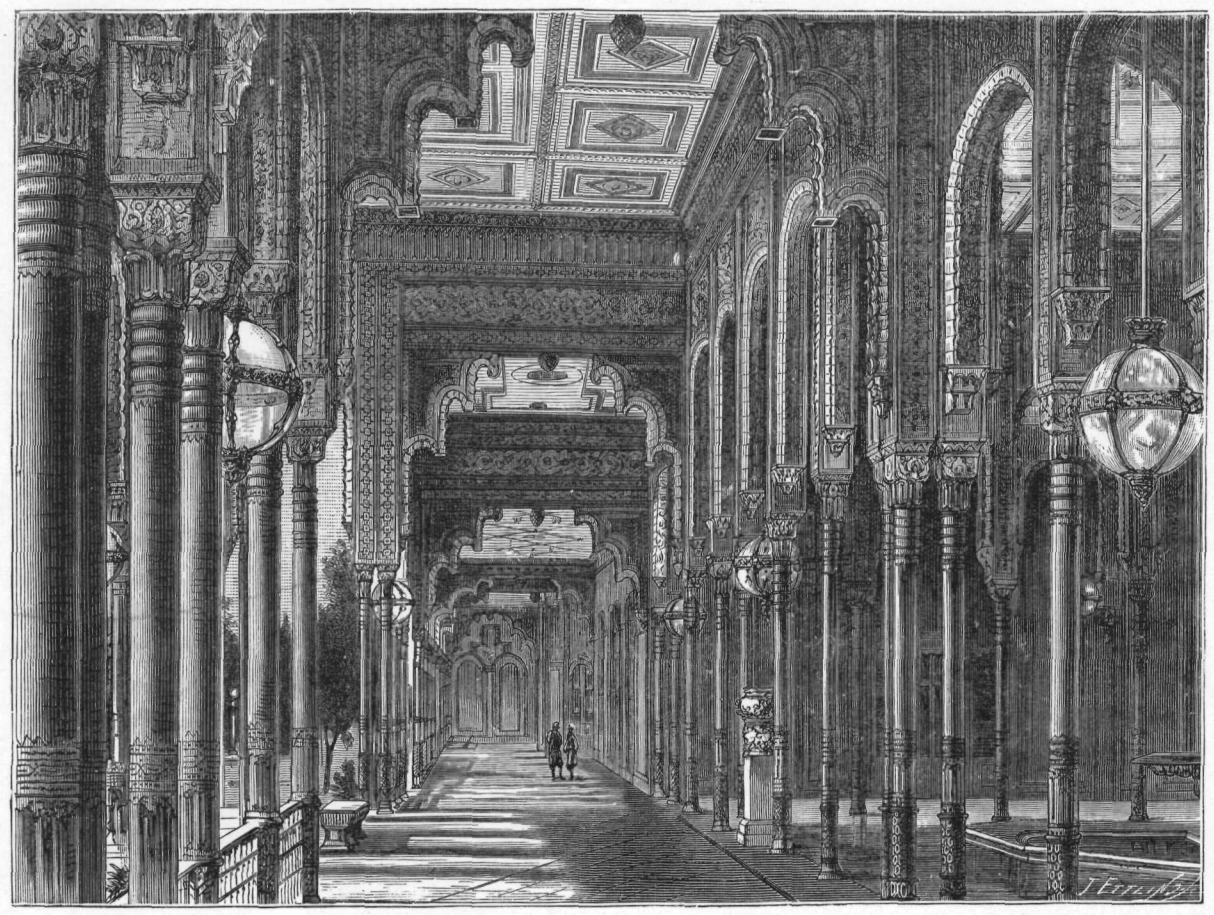


CHATEAU OF GHEZEEREH.

as they do, every class of the population of Cairo. The largest contingent is furnished by the Europeans, but there is no lack of Orientals; Levantines with their wives dressed out in the most conspicuous finery, Kopts in sober colours, the veiled women from the citizens' harems, Arab and European children with their dark attendants, Egyptian soldiers, and square-bearded, martial, and truculent-looking Kawasses, of which the finest are in the service of the different Consulates.

This garden is given up to the people; others, not less beautiful and extensive, are attached to the numerous palaces belonging to the Khedive and his family. None of these is more worthy of mention than the Chateau of Ghezeereh—*i.e.*, "the island"—being in fact situated on an island in the Nile. It was built by a German, Franz-Bey, and is a princely residence furnished with Oriental magnificence; at the opening of the Suez Canal the Viceroy's most distinguished guests lived in it, and

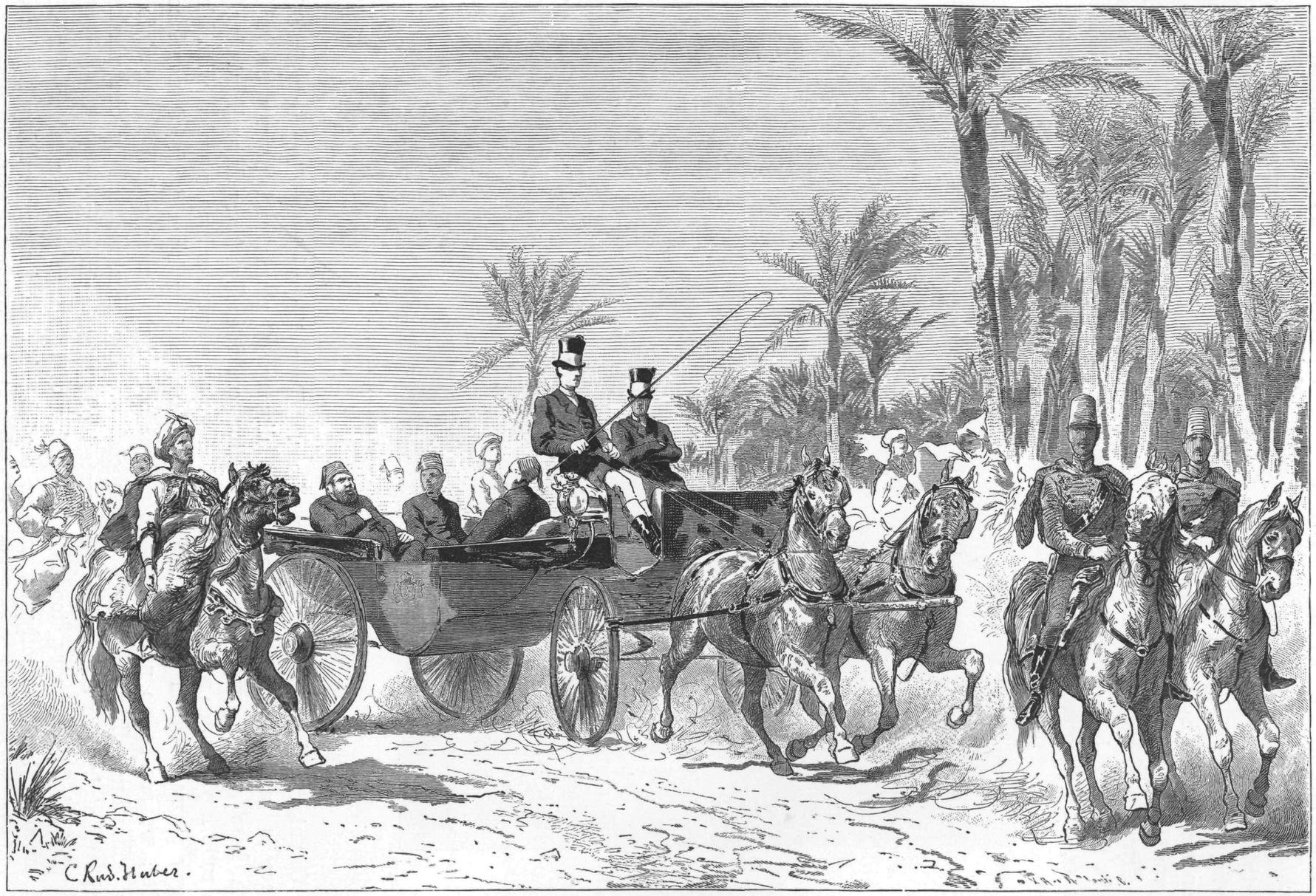
splendid balls attracted a vast number of guests. There are chimney-pieces of onyx in this palace, each of which cost a perfect fortune (about £3,000), and nothing prettier can be imagined than the room furnished with light-blue satin, which was prepared for the Empress Eugenie. The wall decorations, painted from the designs of C. von Diebitsch, are very handsome, and so are the rich Lyons stuffs from patterns by Franz-Bey; but, strange and gorgeous as everything is in this magnificent palace, all is forgotten in a moment when we see the Kiosk of Ghezeereh, for in splendour, charm, and peculiarity it leaves far behind it everything that has been produced



KIOSK IN THE CHATEAU OF GHEZEEREH.

by Oriental architecture in modern times. Even the path leading to this fairy palace is beautiful, for an incomparable display of plants and flowers border it, with here a cool grotto—where the visitor could easily fancy himself resting in the rude lap of some wild mountain—and there an elegant aviary, crowded with birds of gay plumage which delight the eye; at last, passing by a tank of translucent water, we see before us the lightest and airiest of structures, a hall in the style of the Alhambra. Lingering here in the cool evening hour, soothed by the plashing of the fountains, we can realise the sweetest of romantic dreams.

How lofty and airy, too, is the interior of this true summer palace—its halls and saloons! how perfectly its fittings accord with all its surroundings! Among the objects it contains many are of historical interest; for instance, there is a table of Roman mosaic, presented to Mohammed Ali by the Pope.



THE KHEDIVE ISMAIL'S COUNTRY DRIVE.

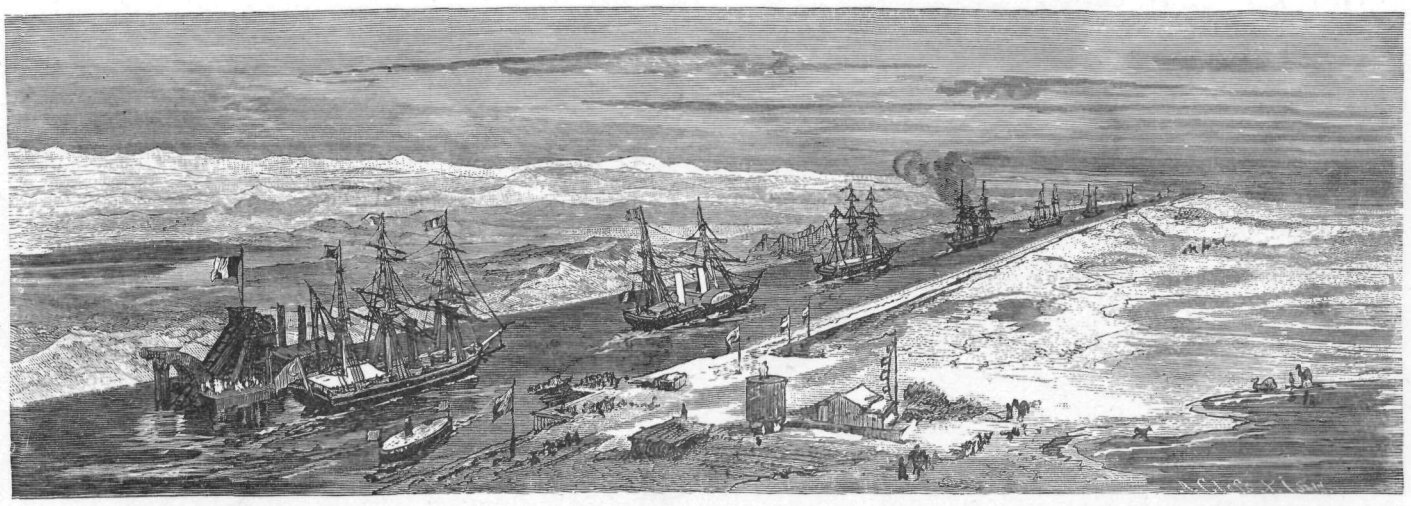
It is hard to tear oneself from this Kiosk and these gardens; but the guide presses us to retire, for the Khedive is expected in an hour. Just one more glance at the halls, a visit to the lions, giraffes, and ostriches, kept in numbers in the western part of the park, giving it the stamp of a peculiarly characteristic life, and then we find ourselves at the gate, mount our asses, and trot across the handsome suspension bridge.

We have hardly reached the principal barrack of Cairo, where also the Khedive had a splendid residence, than we see the Kawasses pushing back the people, and are ourselves thrust aside, but become the spectators of a brilliant scene. The Viceroy himself, quitting the palace where his honoured and revered mother lives in royal state, drives past in his carriage, driven by an English coachman. There is no lack of noble horses and rich harness; but where, oh! where, are the old picturesque dresses of silk and the decorative turbans? what has become of the Ameers with their splendid arms? I know too well. It was to do homage to that caricature of true culture—to "civilisation"—that they were all exchanged for laced uniforms and liveries of European art. The tarboosh, which is supplanting the turban more and more, and which is already worn by all the officials and men of mark in Constantinople, and even by the ex-Khedive, is an importation from Constantinople. Stamboul is indeed now the metropolis of the Moslem East, and all that is "Stambuleenee," *i.e.*, from Constantinople, passes for the best. Every reform, even those which relate to the most intimate and vital changes, are here begun from the outside—from the surface downwards. It must be said the efforts in one department—and that one of the most important—have lately been conducted on very sound principles; the reforms in the constitution and conduct of schools undertaken by Dor, a Swiss, are worthy of all praise, as are, too, his attempts to rescue the female population from utter ignorance, and to set the fine library of Darb-el-Gamameez on a level with those of Europe for completeness and arrangement; but what difficulties are put in his path at every innovation! first by the general public, who are passionately prejudiced in favour of their old customs and ways, and against everything European; then by the Ulema, the privileged chiefs and guardians of Moslem jurisprudence. However, even these have been forced to consent to a reformed mode of justice—which, in the first instance, applied only to the intercourse between foreigners themselves, or between them and the Egyptians—and to the introduction of a code elaborated on the foundation of the French and Italian law; while formerly, under the Mohammedans, theology and jurisprudence were almost synonymous, and the judges pronounced sentence, even in civil cases, in obedience to the rule of the Koran.

I must mention, as one of the ex-Khedive's best actions, the abolition of the slave trade, which was flourishing in Egypt only a short time since. Very few years have gone by since I myself was one of those who saw the court of an okella well supplied with the human commodity. I am only too glad to leave it to the artist to give a picture of the tragical scene, of which he was a spectator even before I myself was. At the present time this scandalous trade can only be carried on in the profoundest secrecy, and the judges are bound to restore every male or female slave to liberty who claims the right. It is true that many of these poor wretches do not avail

themselves of their rights, nor can it be denied that the lot of a slave under the influence of Mohammedanism may be regarded as comparatively an easy one. Any one who knows how completely the institution of slavery had grown to be part and parcel of Eastern life and customs will not refuse the due meed of praise to the man who seriously set to work to oppose it.

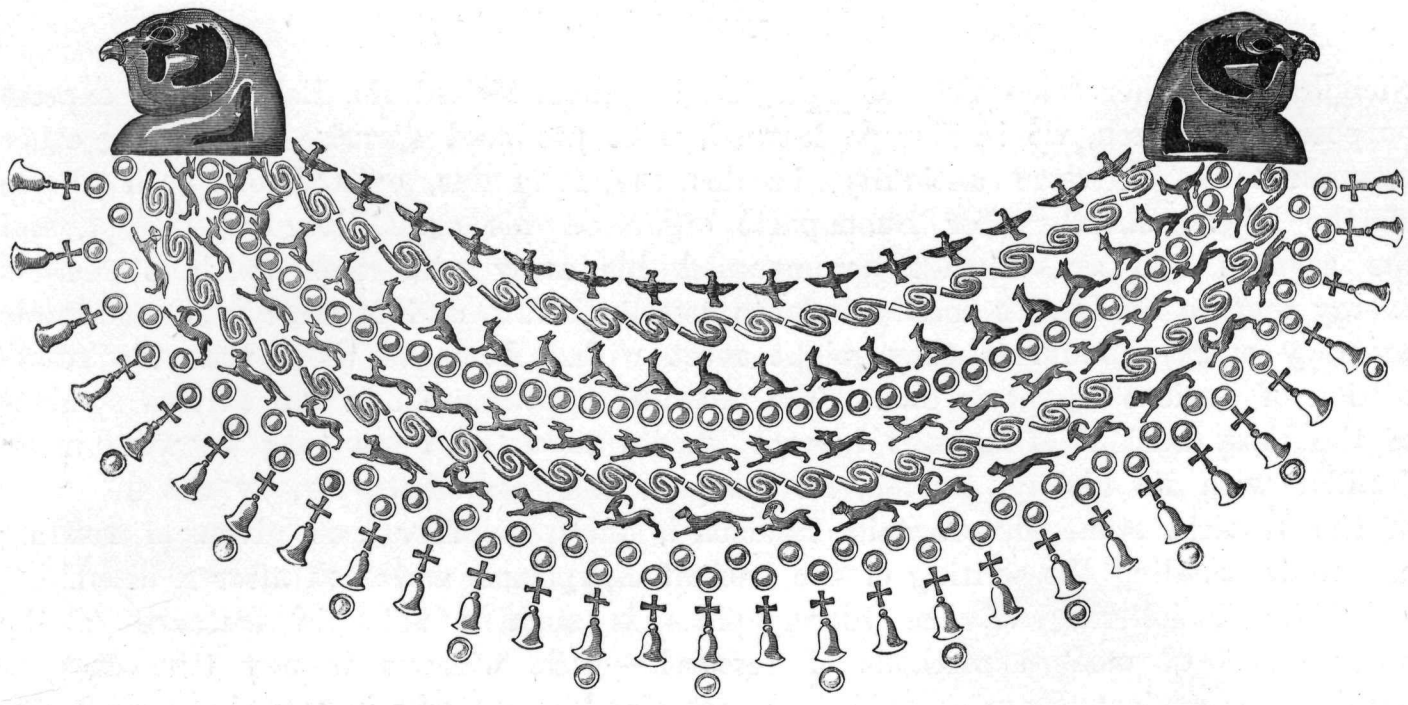
The ex-Khedive's success in carrying out his most important reforms was due principally to his restless industry and to the zeal and talent of his distinguished minister, Nubar Pacha, who also brought to a happy termination those transactions with the Porte which secured to the Khedive and his family the perpetual right of succession of the eldest son, the privileges of coining money, of raising loans, of concluding national treaties, and of maintaining an army of 30,000 men at most. This firman cost the ruler of Egypt untold millions, and laid him under a requisition to pay to the Porte an annual tribute of 133,635 purses, about £700,000; but it was not bought too dearly, for it was not till then that Mohammed Ali's plans, which had previously failed again and again in consequence of the opposition of the European Powers, were realised; and the throne of Egypt was secured to the family of the Khedive, who increased his now independent territory by the addition of important harbours in the Red Sea, by taking possession of the Somali coast—which is bathed by the Indian Ocean, and rich in almost every kind of produce—and by acquiring the kingdom of Harar and the Abyssinian provinces of Bogar and Galabat. He extended the limits of his kingdom still farther by the conquest of the Negro States near the White Nile, and of Darfoor, in the heart of Africa, till then an impenetrable region; and the extent of his frontier was not reduced even by the unfortunate issue of the last Abyssinian war. Not even the most prejudiced adversary can refuse the ex-Khedive the title of "Increaser of the Kingdom," and no one can venture to grudge him the fame he well earned by his liberal concessions and grants to those European savants who made his country their study, and by the intelligent care he bestowed on the monuments of antiquity which had so long been abandoned to neglect and ruin.



VIEW ON THE SUEZ CANAL.



SLAVE MARKET.





The Resurrection of the Antiquities of Egypt.

T the time when the Khedive Ismail came to the throne the antiquities of Egypt, which for many centuries had been utterly neglected, had already begun to attract the attention of the learned men of Europe. They had never been totally forgotten, for the Bible narrative had preserved the memory of Pharaoh and his court, and classical writers spoke of the "Wonders of the World" that stood by the shores of the Nile; both in Rome and Constantinople, on more than one conspicuous spot, stood tall obelisks brought thither from Egyptian temples, while smaller relics—sarcophagi, mummies, and fragments of papyri—were preserved and shown in the cabinets of princes and in the glass cases of public libraries. Curiosities had been brought home by pilgrims, merchants, or adventurous travellers in the East; while Christian pilgrims, even in the earliest times, had related in their itineraries all the wonders they had seen by the Nile. The Coptic tongue had been preserved by the Roman missions, and had been scientifically studied and elaborated by the gifted Jesuit Athanasius Kircher, of Fulda,[1] and other students; the old Coptic version of the Gospels was first printed at Rome, and when Pococke,

[1] A.D. 1644. An excellent account of the revival of Coptic literature is given by Ludwig Stern, "Koptische Grammatik. 8vo, Leipz.: 1880. Einleitung."

Niebuhr, and other scientific and educated travellers visited the East for the express purpose of research, we in Europe learned, with profound surprise, that many other monuments of extreme antiquity, besides the Pyramids, existed on both shores of the Nile. Shortly after Buonaparte organised his expedition into Egypt, and the savants and artists that accompanied his army undertook, with a restless energy that no hindrances could check, to measure, draw, and describe with admirable accuracy every monument they might meet with. It is to them that the resurrection of ancient Egypt is due. The outward appearance and the written symbols of the most ancient of nations became known to us, and ere long we were made familiar with its history, its life, its thoughts and sentiments, for, by the discovery of the Rosetta stone by Captain Bouchard, the possibility was given of reading and understanding the writing of the ancient Egyptians, and soon after realised.[1]

The deciphering of the hieroglyphics is such a splendid instance of the achievement of modern methods of research—while without it any true comprehension of ancient Egypt would have remained so utterly impossible—that I feel it is due to the reader to give him some short sketch of the way in which it was accomplished.[2]

The "Rosetta Stone" has on it three inscriptions, two of which are in Egyptian and the third in the Greek character and language. This last contains a sacerdotal decree or proclamation in honour of Ptolemy V. (Epiphanes I.), who reigned from 204—181 B.C., and it ends with an injunction that the said decree is to be engraved on a tablet of hard stone in three characters: the hieroglyphic, the demotic (or popular), and the Greek, and thus to be preserved in each of the great temples. Thus the inscription informs us that, side by side with the Greek, there is to be a version in hieroglyphic and another in the demotic writing of the ancient Egyptians, and both in fact are here. The hieroglyphics consist of representations of objects of every kind, and drawn from every imaginable source; the demotic of strangely-formed letters, of which it was at that time impossible to guess at the prototypes. At an earlier date, students of hieroglyphics had already observed certain groups which occurred in the inscriptions enclosed in a sort of frame (or cartouche, as it is now universally called), and even before the discovery of the Rosetta stone it had been presumed that the groups thus distinguished from the rest might be the names of kings or of gods. In the Greek text the name occurring most frequently was Ptolemaios; in the hieroglyphic version the cartouche most often repeated was this  and it was probable that this might be the sign for Ptolemaios. A misinterpretation, or the mis-statements of certain classic authors, had given rise to the erroneous assumption that the hieroglyphic character was of a purely ideographic or symbolic nature, and had no affinity with the phonetic or vocal method of modern writing and spelling.

A due study of that part of the inscription which was engraved in the demotic character proved this idea to be totally incorrect, and presently another bilingual inscription came to support the evidence afforded by the Rosetta stone; this was

[1] See foot-note, Vol. i., p. 79.

[2] The account is given in Birch's "Introduction to the Study of the Hieroglyphs." 12mo, London, 1857.

discovered on the plinth of an obelisk in the island of Philae, and in it the name of Cleopatra occurred in the Greek, which could only answer to this cartouche in the hieroglyphics  thus the lever was found for which science had been waiting to wrench open the door which for so long had remained locked on the secret of the Egyptian Sphinx. Two great men set to work at once, but independently—in England, Thomas Young,[1] a man distinguished in various branches of science, and in France, François Champollion.[2] The happiest results crowned their labours; but Champollion must with justice be regarded as the successful decipherer of hieroglyphics rather than his English rival, for what Young succeeded in detecting by mere ingenious conjecture, Champollion treated by scientific method, and at his death, in 1832, he bequeathed to us a grammar and an extensive vocabulary of the ancient Egyptian language. We cannot forbear repeating the noble eulogy spoken by no less a man than Chateaubriand in praise of this distinguished man, so early snatched from his labours: "Ses admirables travaux auront la durée des monuments qu'il nous a fait connaître."

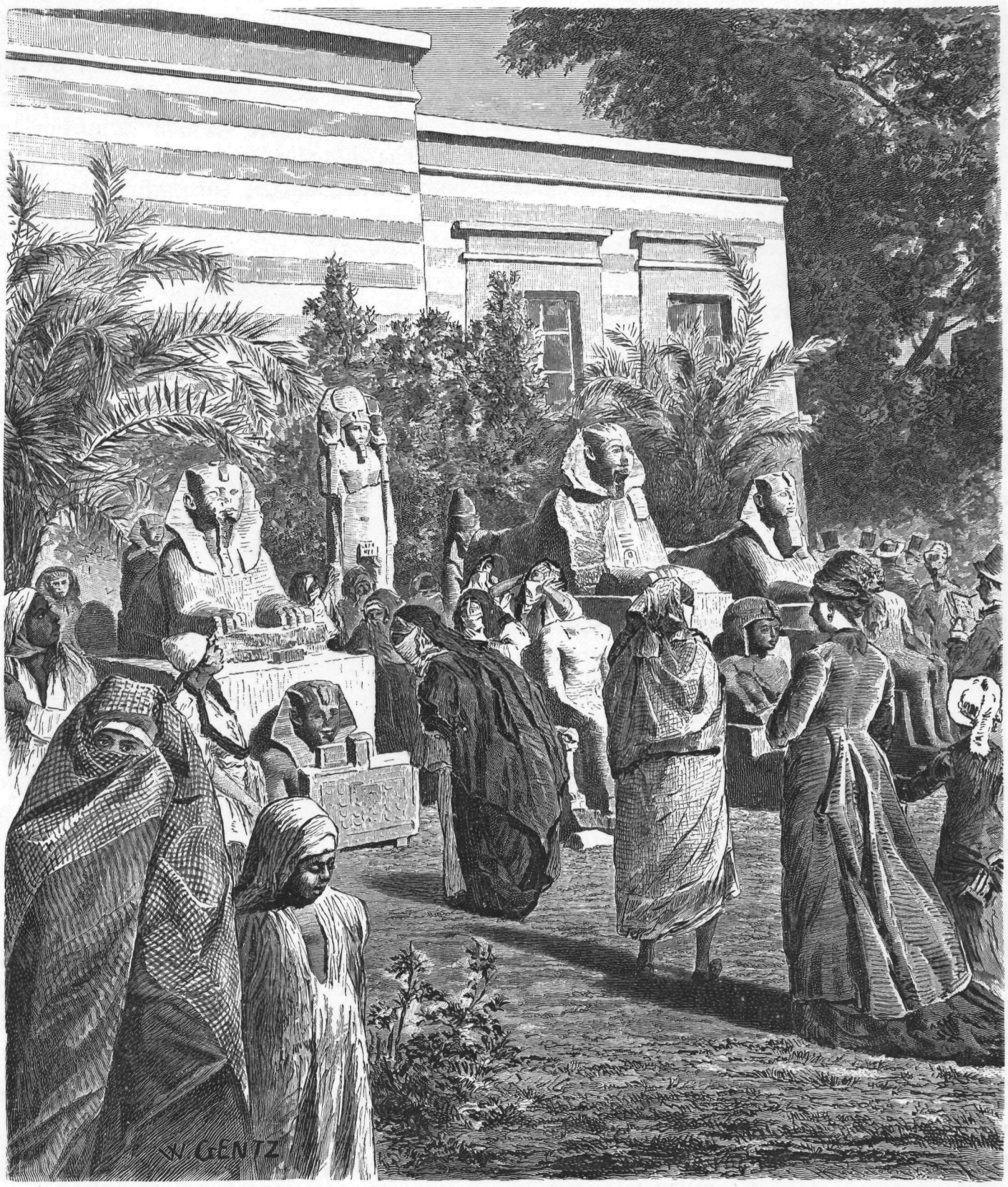


FRANÇOIS CHAMPOLLION.

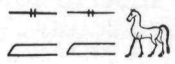
It was by the following method that he achieved his object. If the two names thus written  and  were really Ptolemaios and Cleopatra they must include several identical signs or letters; in Ptolemaios, the quadrangular figure □, being the first, must stand for *P*, and this in Cleopatra was found to occur in the right place, standing fifth in order. The third sign  in Ptolemaios must be an *o*, and the fourth  an *l*. This theory was strikingly proved, for the lion for *l* occurs second in Cleopatra, and the knotted cord for *o* in the fourth, both quite right. In this way, proceeding by comparison with other names, that of Alexander, or Alksantrs, was next discovered,  and by degrees a whole Egyptian alphabet was constructed. This, it is true, was not available for the purpose of reading the pictorial inscriptions, for it was soon seen that, besides the alphabet, hundreds of other signs were used, of which, as Champollion was the first to observe, many bore no phonetic value, but had reference to the whole signification of the groups to which they were an adjunct.

This is not the place for any further discussion of the laborious investigations

[1] A.D. 1818. [2] A.D. 1822.



COURT OF THE MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES AT BOOLAK.

which finally led to a perfect comprehension of hieroglyphic writing. The French and English students were ere long associated with German, Italian, and Scandinavian colleagues, and their united labours have led to the most brilliant results. It is known now that in hieroglyphic inscriptions, added to the words themselves—which are written with letters denoting single sounds or syllables—there are certain determinative signs, both general and special, which inform the reader to what class of ideas the separate words belong. This ideographic element, which is unknown to our modern methods of writing, was almost indispensable in ancient Egyptian, for it became concrete at an early stage of its development, and remained a poor language, full of homonymous and synonymous words. The root *ankh*, for instance, signifies to live, "to swear," "the ear," a "mirror," and a "goat," much as the German word *thor* means "a fool" and "a gate," and is at the same time the name of a Teutonic god; or as our word *box* stands for a tree, a chest, a blow, and, in certain combinations, for a gift and a seat. The reader might therefore easily fall into error, and read "*ankh nefer*" as meaning "a beautiful goat," when it meant "a beautiful life," if he were not guided by the above-mentioned determining or class signs. Frequently—and particularly in the inscriptions on stone, which could not be made as simple as a writing on papyrus—special determining signs occur; signs, that is to say, which represent the object or idea pictorially, without any written vocable being added; thus, instead of  *sem sem* = "a horse," we find the picture only  . In this case, though there can of course be no doubt as to what the sign stands for, the reader will be quite in the dark as to the name of it till he meets with it elsewhere with the phonetic sound attached.

Thus a number of ideographic signs, symbolical in their nature, have been introduced as supplementary to the system of written vocables which we find amply sufficient for the expression of our thoughts, and the usage was persisted in till the period of the Roman Emperors, by which time the Egyptians had long been familiar with the Greek character. The ancient writing was retained, particularly in the case of inscriptions applied to the decoration of tombs and temples; for the hieroglyphic character was from the earliest times treated as an ornamental character in the fullest sense of the word, and architects used the long rows of pictures forming the inscriptions, for decorating walls, partitions, architraves, pillars, and doorways, as being a style of ornament which satisfied the demands of the artist and, at the same time, the inquiring mind of the beholder. The small number of twenty-four regularly recurring signs would evidently have been quite insufficient, and have fulfilled their requirements far less completely than the abundant variety afforded by more than two thousand various symbols, which at the same time answered the purpose of making the inscriptions much more difficult to be read by the laity, and so of preserving the mysterious character of the hieroglyphic writing.

With the possibility of reading off hieroglyphic texts we obtained, at the same time, the power of understanding them, for in the Coptic tongue we find the very same language as was spoken by the Egyptian Christians in the first century of

our era, and which used to be written in the Greek character with a few additional signs, intended to facilitate the expression of certain Egyptian sounds foreign to the Hellenic tongue. Translations have been handed down to us of most of the Biblical books, and of some other works, in the Coptic language, of which the Monophysite Christians still make use in their form of worship; and this language, which is perfectly known, does not differ more from the Egyptian of the Pharaohs than Italian differs from Latin.



THE SHEYKH-EL-BELED.

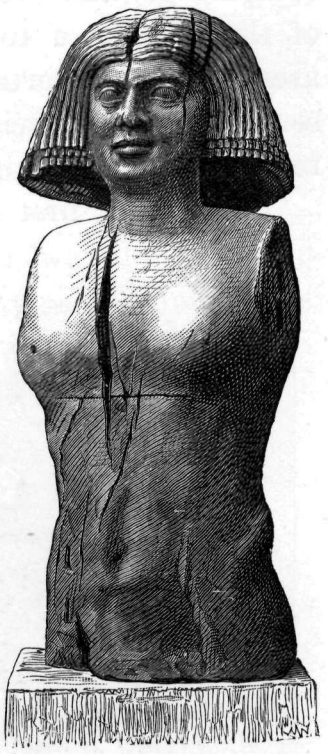
There is hardly one of all the monuments of the Nile valley which does not bear some inscription, and in that dry atmosphere they are wonderfully preserved; an immense number of closely-written papyri have also been found, and even on the vessels used by the people there were not unfrequently inscriptions; so it happens that at the present day we have a very considerable mass of ancient Egyptian literature. A building almost as large as the British Museum might be filled with copies of all the known inscriptions in portfolios, &c., and of the rolls of papyrus preserved under glass. Every kind of literature except the dramatic is known to us as having existed among the ancient Egyptians; and it is to the hieratic writings particularly—that is to say, writings in the old sacerdotal dialect, usually on papyrus, with peculiar abbreviated signs[1]—that we owe our intimate knowledge of their literature.

Within the last few years our knowledge of Egyptian art[2] has also been established on a sure foundation, having in fact undergone a complete transformation; this was owing, in the first place, to the intelligent liberality of the ex-Khedive; but, in the second place, more especially to the indefatigable zeal, learning, and genius of the man to whose discriminating care all the monuments of the Pharaonic period have been given over, and who conducted the excavations which have brought so many of the most important of them to light. In the course of our expedition to Sakkarah we have already become acquainted with the desert home of the late illustrious Mariette Pacha, and we saw there one of the most fertile fields wherein he has laboured. To him, too,

[1] Cursive or written characters.

[2] One of the latest works on the subject is Prisse d'Avennes' "Histoire de l'Art Egyptienne," fol. Paris: 1870. Texte par P. Marchandon de la Faye.

we owe that grand work, founded under the auspices of the Khedive, the Museum of Antiquities at Boolak, from its first planning to its final arrangement.

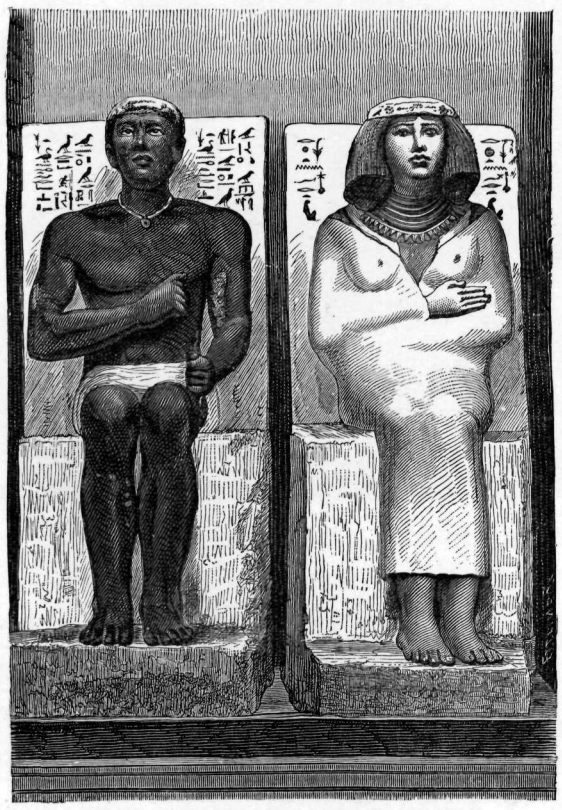


WOODEN STATUE, FROM SAKKARAH.

Of all the known collections of antiquities that at Boolak is the most important, and not one in Europe can boast of the same advantage, namely, that for every object in it the place where it was found can be pointed out.

Boolak is the harbour of Cairo, and now almost forms a part of it—Cairo itself not lying actually on the Nile bank—and it is at Boolak that we shall find the various institutions founded by Mohammed Ali—the vice-regal printing press, the iron-foundries, industrial schools, and lunatic asylum. From the Ezbekeeyeh to the Museum is a good half-hour's ride on a donkey; its garden and western wall are washed by the Nile, and so seriously threatened, indeed, by the inundations that it has been found necessary to decide on building a new Museum on the left shore of the Nile, near Ghizeh, to which, in a short time, the monuments and relics will be transferred.

We cannot linger here from room to room, from monument to monument, from cabinet to cabinet, and show the reader all the wealth of treasures they contain in detail. Mariette has made it easy to the visitor to recognise the most important pieces in the collection, for he distinguishes each by the mode of exhibiting it, and the ample catalogue he has written perfectly fulfils its object of guiding and instructing the layman.[1] Latterly many Arabs have joined the European strangers in visiting this museum, and even the veiled inhabitants of the harem; though from these, it must be owned, we may hear very strange remarks upon the "heathen work" which has no charm nor appeal for them, and which they despise much more than they admire it. The lover of art from the Western shores who, when he first treads Egyptian soil, has made up his mind that no art is worth anything but the Greek, and that Egyptian sculpture is barbaric, mannered, and only worthy to be smiled at, finds himself obliged to change his opinion as he looks at the treasures of this collection; nor is he deserving of reproach, even though he may not have done justice to the artists of Pharaonic times until he sees them

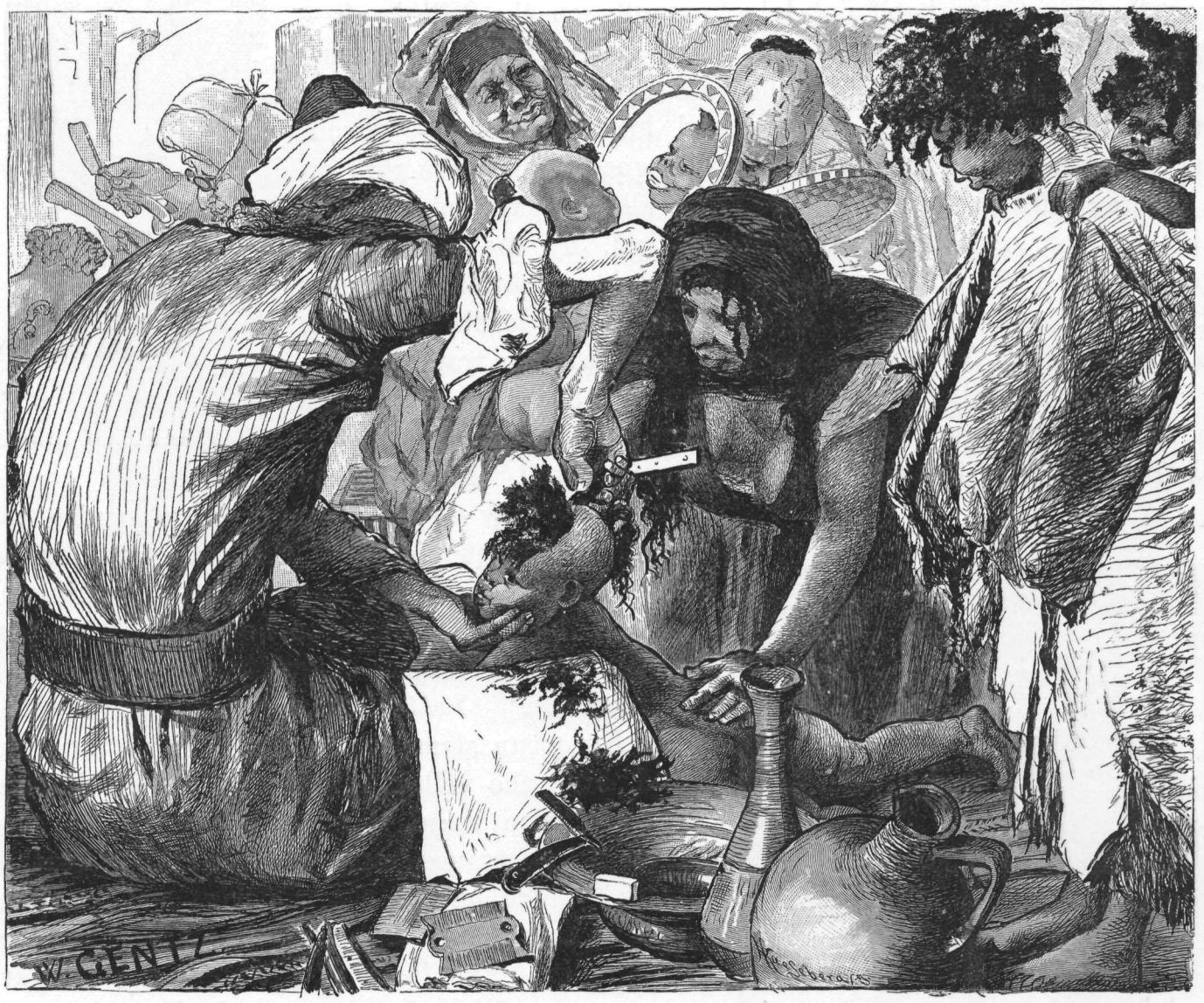


MARRIED COUPLE—RA-HOTEP AND THE LADY NEFERT, FROM MEYDOOM.

[1] There is an excellent catalogue by Mariette, "Notice des Principaux Monuments du Musée à Boulaq." 8vo. 1869. Also a photographic album of the same.

here, for no European museum can offer him such another opportunity of studying, comparing, and estimating the best specimens of the plastic art of every period of the history of the Pharaohs. In front of these long rows of statues, each definitely ascribed to a certain date, it is easy to form a perfect conception of the art of sculpture as exercised by the ancient Egyptian artists, and to distinguish the characteristics of each great epoch of artistic development.

At the first glance it would almost seem as though the plastic arts in



SHAVING SMALL BOYS IN CAIRO.

Egypt had produced the finest results at the earliest period of all, a period of which we have already seen the traces during our visit to the ruins of Memphis; and it is true that no more life-like figures than those disinterred at Sakkarah and in the Mausoleums of Ghizeh—among which are many fully 5,000 years old—have ever been found in the valley of the Nile. I have already mentioned the Scribe, which is preserved in the Louvre,[1] and the beautiful statues of Chefren found in the excavations not far from the Sphinx—one of which has been placed

[1] Vol. I., p. 131.

in this museum;[1] but both these masterpieces are even surpassed in realistic power by the very remarkable figure in sycamore wood representing a high official of mature age who, with his staff of authority in his hand, seems to look down on the people whom he was wont to command; the feet have been restored. This venerable gentleman may have been the affectionate father of a family, but he certainly was not deficient in determination when it was necessary to exercise it. This statue is called by the people, significantly enough, the Sheykh-el-Beled, or village magistrate, because Mariette's labourers, when they came upon this statue, exclaimed "Here is our magistrate!" No better testimony to the life-like vigour of the ancient master's work could be required. The torso of a wooden statue of a beautiful type, found also in the sand at Sakkarah, is worthy of equal praise; it represents a young Memphite under one of the older dynasties, and of quite equal merit is the interesting pair representing the young prince Ra-hotep and his wife Nefert.

This monument, enclosed under glass and occupying a prominent position, was found near the pyramid of Meydoom, and was executed in the reign of King Snefru, who ruled before the builder of the Great Pyramid. There is not in the whole world any older work of plastic art than this, and yet it must be admitted, even by those who find no charm in the features of the couple whom it has preserved from the common lot of oblivion, that it displays sound views of realistic art, and must be regarded as one of those portraits which we feel at once must be like the originals. Both the figures are painted, the man brown, the wife pale and sallow. The mode of dress in those early times and among the most conservative people in the world changed less often than in our day. The heavy wig which Nefert wears remained in fashion, as we see from the monuments, for more than three thousand years; and even later it was worn, but more frequently by men, who were compelled by a religious statute to shave their heads at a certain age, than by ladies. Wigs have been found on the skulls of mummies, and one of the finest is to be seen in the British Museum.[2] The custom of shaving the head seems to have been handed down by the ancient Egyptians to all the nations of the East. To this day the mothers bring their small boys to the barber, and it is most amusing to look on at the operation of shaving a baby. At the present day, the Egyptians wear a turban instead of a wig to protect the head.

We have already made acquaintance with several pictures in relief of a very early date in the course of our visit to the Necropolis of Memphis. There is no lack of such pictures in the museum of Boolak, and we remark in them, as in the statues of the same date, that the artist, uninfluenced by any ideal conceptions, has had no aim in view beyond that of giving a true and vivid picture of real life. The conditions of the method of working in relief, however, have necessitated a particular mode of treatment, and so much importance has been attached to the plain presentment of facts that in many instances beauty has been sacrificed. In

[1] Vol. I., p. 150.

[2] No. 2560. It was found in a rectangular box or basket (No. 2561), made of the kind of reeds used for writing at Thebes.

the face, which is always drawn in profile, a front view of the eye is always given so that the whole of it may be seen; the body is represented as facing the spectator so as to do full justice to both arms, while the legs of standing figures are drawn in profile, so as to show the whole of both. Even on reliefs that are crowded with figures no deviation is allowed from this mode of depicting them. As a case in point I here give the reader an illustration of a figure of a general in command, from a highly-finished carving on a piece of wood found at Sakkarah,[1] and of very early date; and also a representation of some geese beautifully cut in very slight relief on stone; they, too, are shown, as animals always are, in profile.[2] Even those sculptors who made statues were fettered in their work and method, for the most ancient statues that have come down to us show us that the artist was obliged to form every limb of the human figure, or even of animals, in accordance with certain rules which were declared to be sacred, and therefore never to be infringed. This "canon of proportion" was well known to the Greeks. Throughout the long history of Egyptian art it only twice underwent alteration.[3] Under the older dynasties it produced somewhat short and powerful forms; under the New Empire, after the expulsion of the Hyksos, the figures were taller and slighter. The French savant Charles Blanc believed he had discovered that the finger-length was the fundamental unit of these proportions for the human figure and the claw for that of the lion; hence the well-known saying "Ex ungue leonem." This application of a fixed rule of proportions can hardly be considered discreditable to the Egyptian artists when we recollect the canon of Polykleitos[4] and Albert Durer's treatise on the proportions of the human figure.[5] No doubt the strictness of the method must be regretted, for the artists bound by it were much fettered in their efforts, and it hindered them from animating their works by variety of movement and position, and from distinguishing the elastic contour of youth from the withered forms of old age. With rare exceptions these statues give us portraits of men in middle life, and the figures of women always exhibit a youthful and maidenly form. Standing and sitting figures alike always are placed in the same position, and the universal application of the artistic canon results in every one being of the same height and having a certain breadth of chest, and length of arms and legs. Those critics are perfectly in the right who accuse Egyptian sculpture of being limited and monotonous; but they must remember that in the very earliest times the Egyptians had far outstripped all the surrounding nations in their artistic development, and being proud of their achievement, their most earnest endeavour was to protect it against the barbaric influences that pressed in on them from all the nations round them. Their dread of retrogression clogged their progress, and the canon of

[1] An officer of high rank, holding many offices—scribe, priest, and superintendent of dockyards. His name was Ra-hesi.

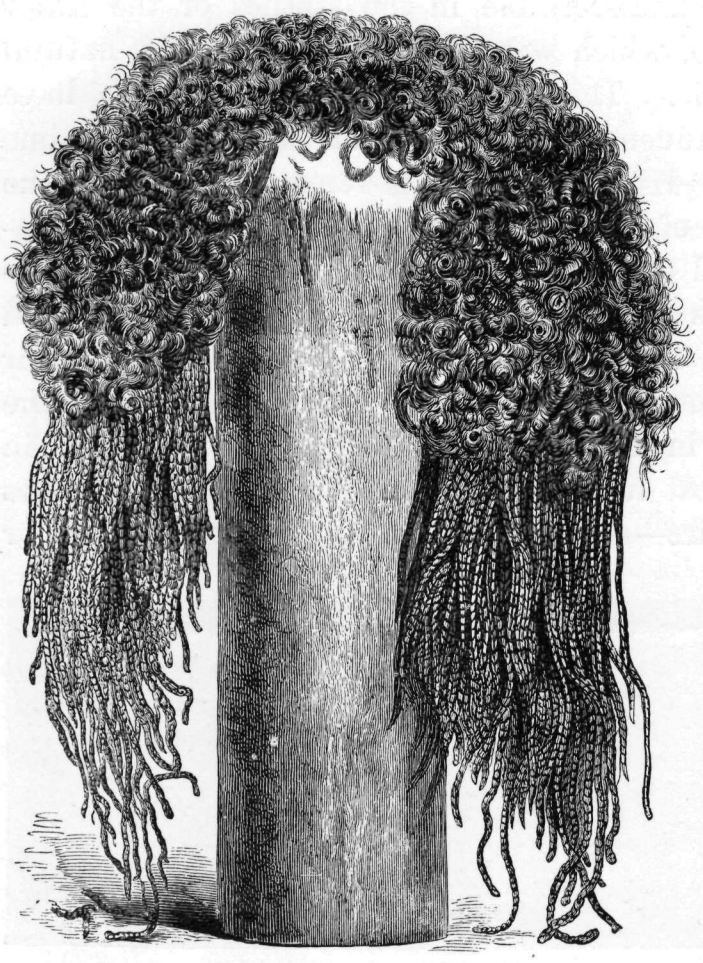
[2] These are accompanied by their numbers—1200, 1110, 1220.

[3] In the first or oldest canon, that of the age of the Pyramids, the height was reckoned from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, and the subdivision was taken at a half or a third of the foot. The second canon, which commenced about the XIIth and terminated at the XXIInd dynasty, made the height eighteen parts of the half-foot. The third canon, of the XXVIth dynasty, mentioned by Diodorus, reckoned the height at twenty-one halves of the foot.

[4] See Bonomi on the Proportion of the Human Figure according to the canon of Vitruvius, with a diagram by the sculptor Gibson. 8vo. London: 1872.

[5] "De Varietate Figurarum." fol. Nurnberg. 1534.

proportion was the chain by which they fettered themselves to the summit they had laboriously attained. Nevertheless they were far from remaining mere servile copyists of the established pattern. They constructed the anatomical proportion of man and of animals from a free and exact observation of the different limbs, reserving the right of reproducing the countenances of the men they represented with perfect freedom and with all their natural and characteristic details. To this most fortunate circumstance we owe our knowledge—nay familiarity—with the princes and kings of the Pharaonic period; for portraits of most of them, at any rate of the greatest, have been handed down to us, and allow of our comparing the outline and expression of their faces with the deeds and characteristics recorded of each. The Egyptians succeeded, too, in seizing on the physical and even on the physiognomical aspect—nay even on the details of dress—of those foreign nations with whom they came into contact, and they reproduced all their peculiarities in the most characteristic manner. A recent French historian has attributed the long stagnation of Egyptian sculpture as to style to the inefficiency of their tools; and yet we cannot but frankly admire the skill with which they worked and polished the hardest stones—such as granite, grauwacke, diorite, basalt, and other mineral products—which our sculptors find very difficult to work. Pictures that have come down from Pharaonic times, show us the sculptors in full activity. The figures which are least pleasing to our taste are those monstrous images of gods with human bodies and animal heads, with head ornaments and symbols, which were intended less to affect the sense of beauty than to excite the religious feelings of the devout, to whom the hidden meaning of the sensible image was familiar, even under the disguise of the most grotesque figures. The Museum of Boolak is filled to overflowing with images of gods of every kind and of every size; in metal, base and noble, in wood and terra-cotta, and among them some are truly beautiful works of art; some bronzes inlaid with gold are wonderfully finely cast and sharply chiselled, but they, and indeed most of the best-finished figures of gods, are of the New Empire.[1]



OLD EGYPTIAN LADY'S WIG, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

All the monuments surviving from the period before the incursion of the

[1] Some old bronze figures have been discovered, and fine ones of the XIXth dynasty, about 1300 B.C.; but the greater number are later, especially of the XXVIth dynasty, B.C. 700.

Hyksos are distinguished by a grand simplicity; this also applies to the style of the hieroglyphic inscriptions preserved on them, and a genuine fidelity to nature is common to them all. In the portrait figures of that date, with their strongly-marked individuality, no trace is perceptible of any feeling for the ideal, while on the other hand the ideal, the outcome of mind and sentiment, is by no means undiscernible in the statues of the Later Empire, which were less realistic and less natural in style. This foreign element seems to have first influenced the Egyptian mind at the time of the Hyksos, and it is remarkable not in the works of sculpture only, but also in the fantastical decorative details of the gigantic undertakings of their architects, in their elaborated modes of speech, in the greater depth of their religious feelings, and in their theology and the belief in another world, which they wrapped in the most luxuriant imagery. We possess statues of every kind of the time of the Later Empire—standing and sitting, as tall as hills or quite minute—made of grauwacke as hard as iron as well as of soft soap-stone or of wood.

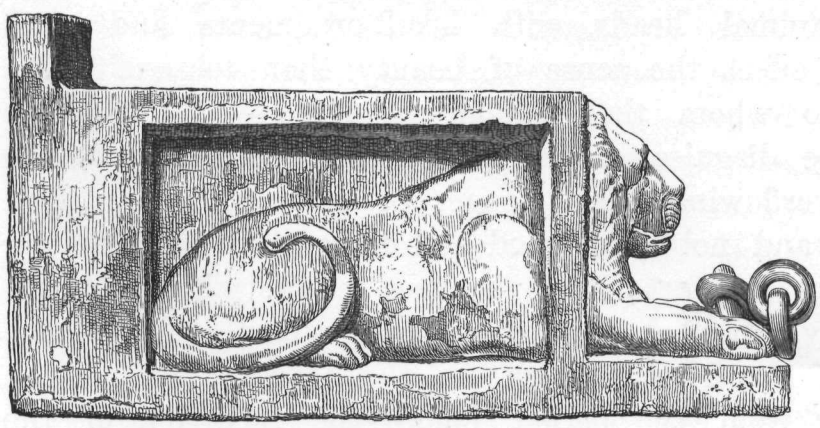


WOOD CARVING, IN RELIEF, FROM SAKKARAH.

The most colossal and best known are of very various merits, and generally are falsely estimated because they are judged of as separate and independent works, while they were in fact designed to be seen in combination with huge architectural masses. From the earliest times sculpture in Egypt was the handmaid of architecture, and even under the First Empire the pictures in relief, like the hieroglyphic inscriptions, had a purely decorative purpose. All the colossal statues bore certain architectonic relations to the great public buildings, and the places they filled were carefully chosen; and when we complain that their gravity and calm amount to lifelessness we forget that this stamp of monumental peace and

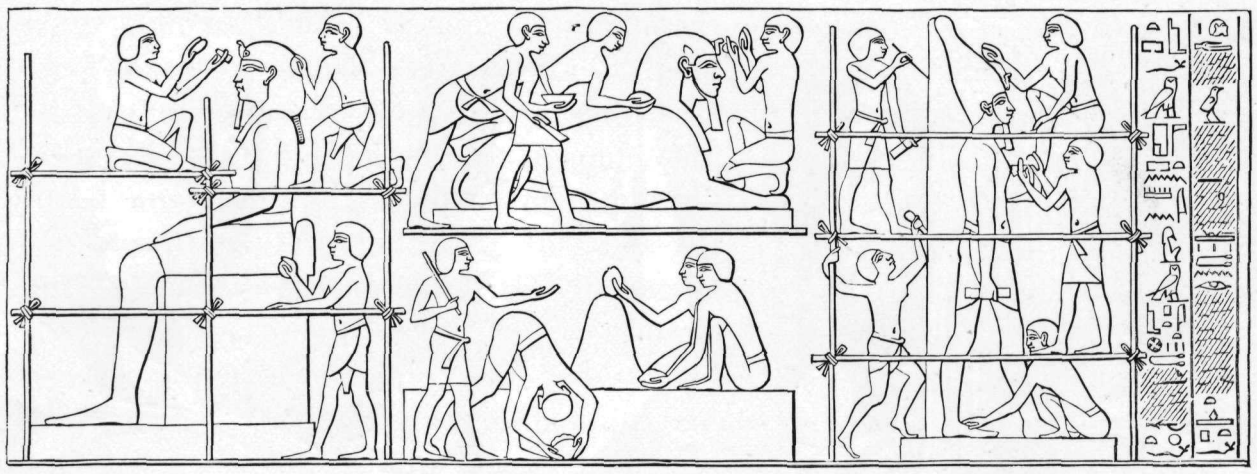


REPRESENTATION OF GEESE, ON A RELIEF, FROM SAKKARAH.



LION, IN BRONZE.

solemnity reigned over all the architectural surroundings, and was highly appropriate



OLD EGYPTIAN REPRESENTATION OF THE MAKING OF TWO STATUES AND A SPHINX.

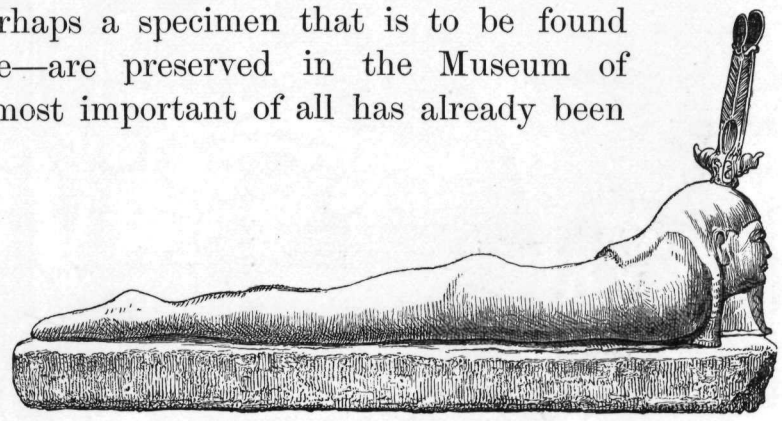
to the places they usually occupied at the gateway of the Temple, where they looked down on the crowd of worshippers. No one can really judge of the effect of the colossal statues of the Egyptians who does not conceive of them in connection with the structures with which they formed part of a grand whole.



AMON. OSIRIS.

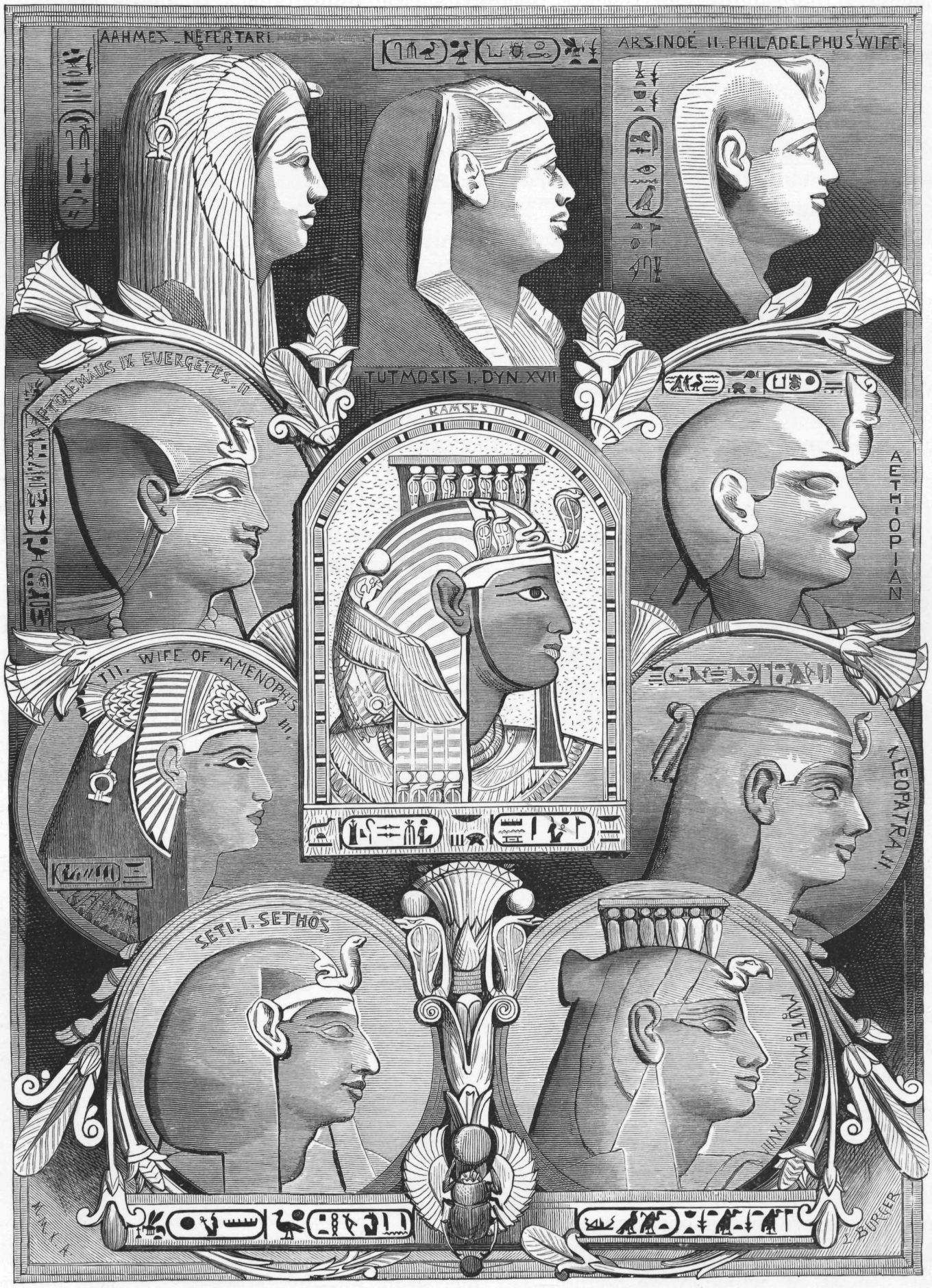
If we glance over the whole collection of Egyptian remains we shall find no difficulty in distinguishing the following periods of art:—1st, the work of the older empire; 2nd, that of the Hyksos period; 3rd, that of the Liberators, down to the XIXth Dynasty; 4th, that of the best period, under Seti I. and his immediate successors; 5th, the decadence, down to the XXVIth Dynasty; 6th, the renaissance, under the Saïte Kings; 7th, the work of the Ptolemaic period.

The only sculptures remaining from the Hyksos period—if we except a bust in the Villa Ludovici at Rome, and perhaps a specimen that is to be found in the Louvre—are preserved in the Museum of Boolak. The most important of all has already been mentioned in speaking of Tanis, the capital of the foreign sovereigns.[1] The Viceregal Museum is, however, very rich in works of the period immediately following the expulsion of the Hyksos. In the first place, in the Salle des Bijoux, or Jewel-room, we find a great number of valuable specimens of goldsmiths' work, most of which were found—213 pieces in all—by Mariette on the mummy



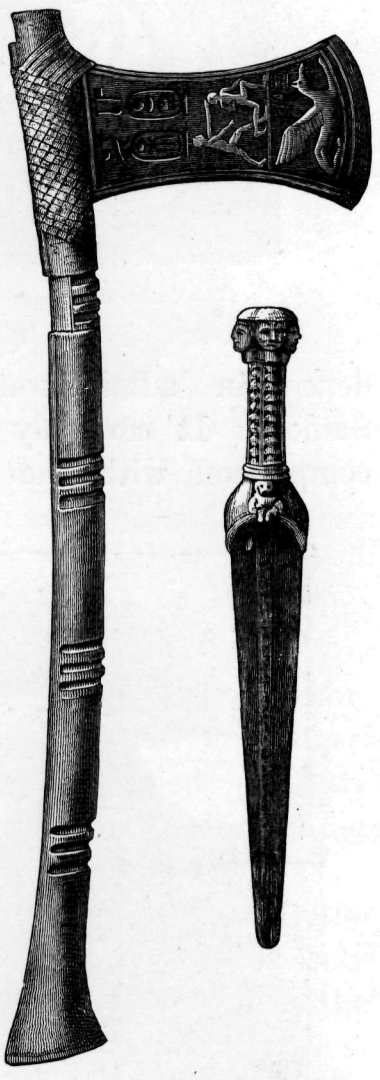
COMPOSITE FIGURE OF THE LATER EMPIRE.

[1] Vol. I., p. 112.



PORTRAITS FROM LIKENESSES OF THE TIME OF THE PHARAOHS.

of Queen Aah-hotep, the wife of Pharaoh Aahmes, one of the conquerors of the Hyksos.[1] These objects command the admiration even of our modern jewellers. There is a gold bracelet, richly set with coloured stones; a necklace, 90 centimètres (or nearly a yard) long, of the finest workmanship, and hanging to it a most beautiful scarabæus, a masterpiece of gold filagree with blue enamel; here, again, an ornament exhibits an uncommon design of golden flies; there lie a dagger and an axe of ceremony, of admirable style and execution, the cedar-wood handle of the axe is covered with gold plating, a favourite device in the decorative arts of the ancients. For mere costliness we must observe a massive golden boat on wheels, with twelve silver oarsmen. Was all this unheard-of magnificence of liberated Egypt gained from the Semitic peoples of Western Asia, whom she had now for the first time vanquished?



WAR AXE AND DAGGER OF THE QUEEN AAH-HOTEP.

The liberators of their country came from Upper Egypt, and the god under whose auspices they had marched upon the Hyksos was Amen of Thebes; hence, at this time, we see him preferred above Ptah and Ra, the old gods of Lower Egypt, and merging into one with the latter. The XVIIIth Dynasty worshipped him above all other gods; and the hymn addressed to him by Thothmes III.,[2] and graven on a tablet of stone preserved at Boolak, far exceeds in poetic inspiration every composition of the elder empire. At Thebes we shall find a great number of works of this king and of his immediate successors, all distinguished by their simple and yet dignified grandeur. There, and at Abydos, we shall meet with the finest productions of the highest period of Egyptian sculpture under Seti I.[3] Most of the European museums contain some examples of the numerous statues executed by the orders of this King and of his successor, Rameses II. (Sesostris).[4] I have already given the ideally-treated portrait of the youthful Rameses, which is now at Turin,[5] and I have here accurately reproduced the bust of Menephthah I., his son,[6] preserved at Boolak; it is interesting to compare the gentle spiritualised countenance with the frank realistic treatment of that of the Prince Ra-hotep.

The decay of the plastic arts had already begun under the XXth Dynasty, although very good work was still executed under the wealthy and luxurious Rameses III.,[7] and the head of Taharka[8] the Ethiopian, brought from Thebes, is well worthy of admiration; the same must be said of the alabaster statue of Queen

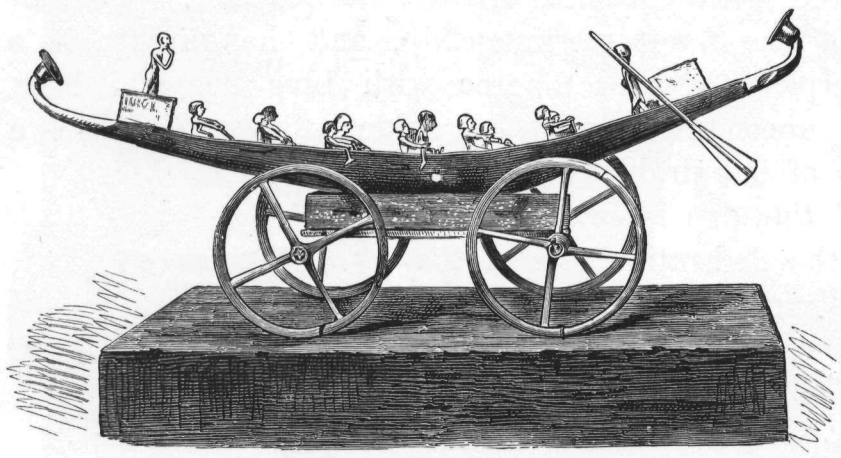
[1] Published in colours by M. Desjardins in Daly's "Revue d'Architecture." 1860: pp. 98—111. And again by E. Kiddle, "Facsimiles of Egyptian Relics in the Tomb of Queen Aah-hotep." London: 1863.

[2] An interpretation is given in the "Records of the Past," II., p. 29. Thothmes lived about B.C. 1500.

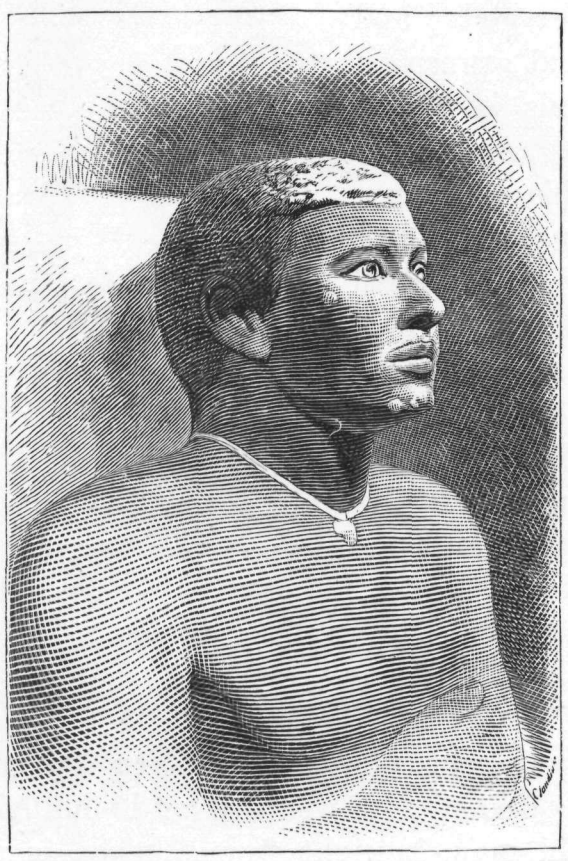
[3] About B.C. 1430. [4] B.C. 1380. [5] Vol. I., p. 100.

[6] B.C. 1320. [7] B.C. 1260. [8] B.C. 690.

Ameniritis found at Karnak (XXVth Dynasty), for notwithstanding the ill-proportioned figure, the head and various details show excellent workmanship. A *renaissance* of no mean character revived Egyptian sculpture under the sovereigns of the XXVIth Dynasty. These were the Kings of Saite origin, and many of them have remained famous—Psametik, or Psammetichus, the First,[1] from the narrative of Herodotus; Necho[2] for his fleet, which is said to have doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and for his defeat at Carchemish, spoken of in the Bible (2 Chron. xxxv. 20); Amasis for his prudence in administration, and for his friendship with Polykrates, the Tyrant of Samos.[3] It certainly cannot be denied that the work of this period bears no comparison with the best productions of the time of Seti I., either for truth to



GOLD BOAT WITH SILVER ROWERS.



RA-HOTEP.



MENEPTAH.

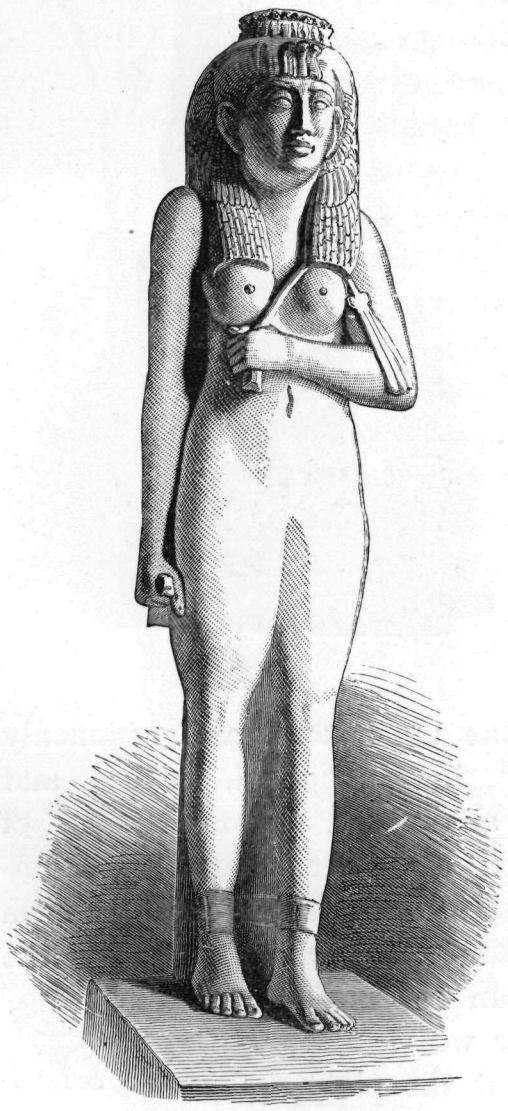
nature or for grand simplicity; but, on the other hand, it displays a grace and tenderness of modelling never attained at the earlier periods. At no time did the hieroglyphic character bear the stamp of a finer style than under

[1] B.C. 664. [2] B.C. 610. [3] B.C. 528.

the Saite Kings, whether graven in the hardest stone or traced on papyrus, and the art of polishing stone was never brought to such perfection. The sarcophagi of basalt and grauwacke prepared for the mummies of certain great personages at the time of the XXVIth Dynasty are covered with intaglios—both inscriptions and pictures—which are quite marvellous; and Mariette has done well in assigning a place of honour in this collection to the beautiful group discovered by him in the tomb of the noble official Psametik, at Sakkarah. Isis and Osiris stand to the right and left of Hathor, represented as a cow; she bends her head, which is crowned with the disc and double plume, in mild protection over the dead figure of Psametik. The form and head of the heifer, and the faces of the divine brother and sister, are among the very finest productions of the sculptor's art.



HEAD OF TAHARKA THE ETHIOPIAN.

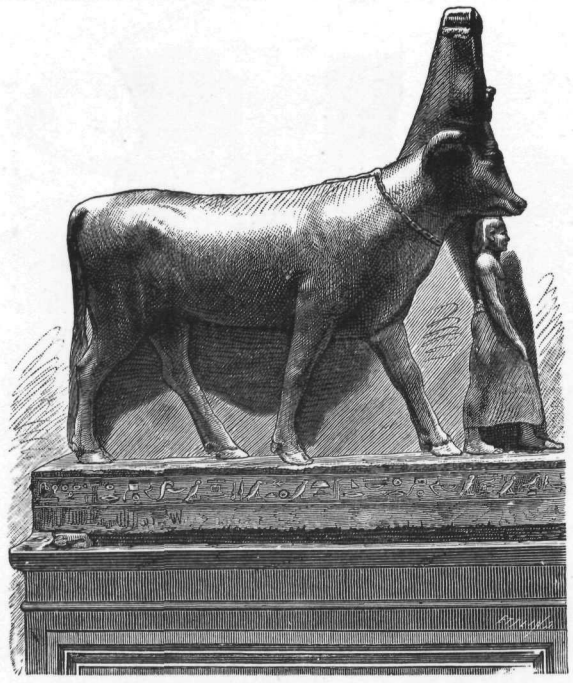


THE QUEEN AMENIRITIS.

Under the son of Amasis Egypt was incorporated by Cambyses with the Persian kingdom;[1] but its peculiar style of art remained perfectly unaffected by that of the Asiatic Empire, under which it remained a satrapy for two hundred years. All the monuments of this period found in the Nile valley and the Oases are wholly and purely Egyptian, and as long as the nation clung to the religion of its fathers it successfully resisted the powerful influence even of Greek art, which, after the conquest of the Nile Valley by the great Macedonian, found a home favourable to it in the new capital, Alexandria. When we visit the temples of the Ptolemaic period we shall see that thenceforward Egyptian art did borrow something from the Greek. The two most important monuments of that date preserved in the Museum of Boolak are two tablets covered with inscriptions, one of which commemorates the bounties bestowed by Ptolemy I. or Soter,[2] when Satrap, on the Temple of Buto before he mounted the throne, the second being a trilingual decree promulgated at Kanopus in honour of Ptolemy Euergetes I.[3] This tablet, commonly

[1] B.C. 527. [2] "Records of the Past," II., p. 29. [3] "Records," VIII., p. 81.

called "the Decree of Kanopus," is a record of quite inestimable value, for like the Rosetta Stone, it contains a sacerdotal proclamation in Egyptian hieroglyphic and demotic writing with a translation in Greek;[1] it is larger and fuller than the Rosetta Stone, and is, besides, quite uninjured. It was found, in 1866, by Lepsius among the ruins of Tanis, and was at once a test and a proof of the accuracy of the method pursued by Champollion and his disciples, for every Egyptologist did, in fact, translate the decree exactly as had originally been done by the Greek interpreter.



HATHOR AS A COW.

The Boolak Museum is comparatively poor in relics of the Greek style of the Ptolemaic and Roman periods, for it was against these especially that the fury of the Christian Iconoclasts was directed with virulent zeal, and the finest of them were stolen away to Rome and Constantinople. But it abounds in those inscribed tablets, rounded at the upper end, and commonly known as stelæ,[2] in sarcophagi, coffins, and mummy-cases, in altars and in small relics of every period which have been found in mummies and tombs and among the sand and rubbish of ruined cities, and which are more often the work of the artisan than of the artist. The curious visitor will here find a vast collection of all that the piety and affection of the survivors were wont to deposit in the grave of the deceased. Elegantly decorated cabinets and glass cases are filled with vessels of all kinds, ornaments and articles for the toilet. There are head-rests, to



ISIS.

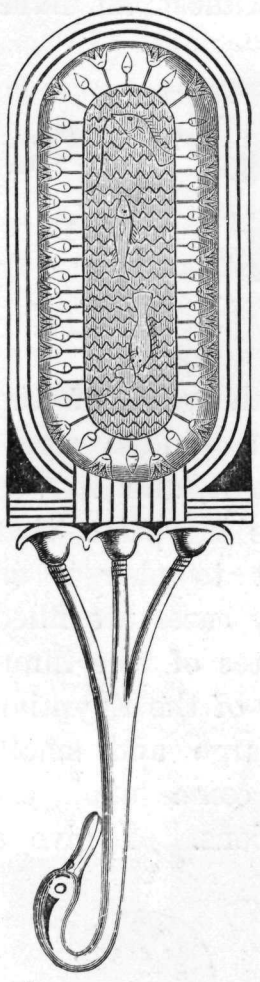


OSIRIS.

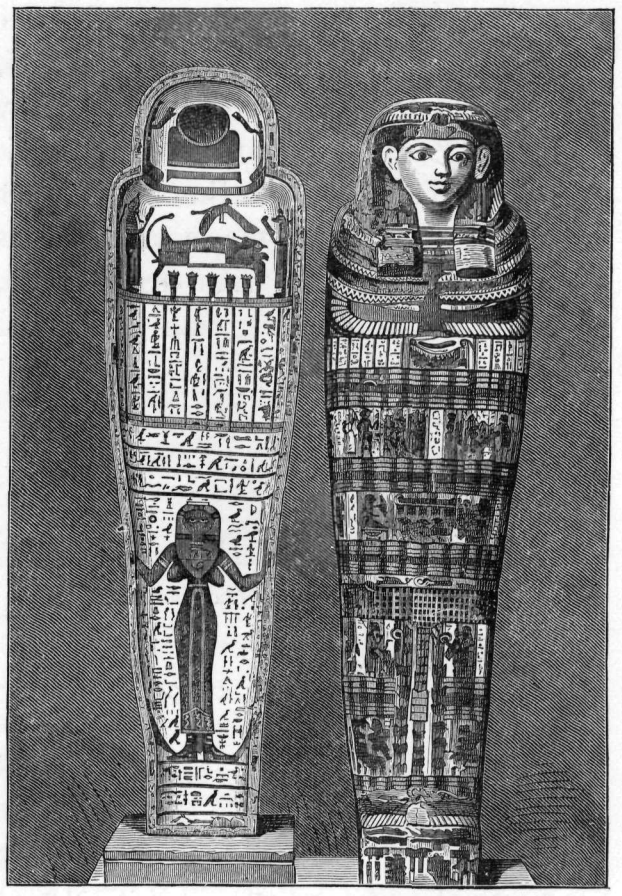
[1] B.C. 238.

[2] Tombstones, called *hutu*.

which a symbolical meaning was attributed, and such as are still used in Nubia; the vases known as Kanopic, in which the entrails of the dead were preserved,[1] with lids formed of the heads of jackals, dog-faced or cynocephalous apes, hawks, and men; scarabæi of every conceivable substance, which were laid in great numbers on the bodies of the dead in the place of the heart, while small ones were attached to the limbs; because the Scarabæus was regarded as the symbol of the reproductive forces of Nature, and had the power attributed to it of filling those who seemed to be dead with a new vital potentiality; the little figures, too, known as Shebti,[2] which were set up against the walls of the tombs, and often placed in considerable numbers in the sarcophagus itself, enclosed in little caskets. These mummy-shaped figures do not occur before the New Empire.[3] Most of them are of glazed clay,[4] and carry in their hands a plough and a pick, and on their back a sack. The inscription which they bear, almost without exception, informs us that their duty was to till the ground for the dead in the fields of the blest.



TOILET VASE.



MUMMY CASE.

The amulets preserved here, most of which were found

[1] Four in number made the set; they were dedicated, and in form of the genii of the dead Amset, Hapi, Tuantmutef, and Kabhsenuf.

[2] Or sepulchral figures: their name meant "respondent." They were inscribed with the 6th and sometimes 5th chapter of the Ritual, and supposed to do the work of the dead in Hades.

[3] Mariette has recently attributed some to an earlier period. "Catalogue des Monuments d'Abydos." 1880: p. 45.

[4] Of an enamelled fayence, or so-called porcelain.

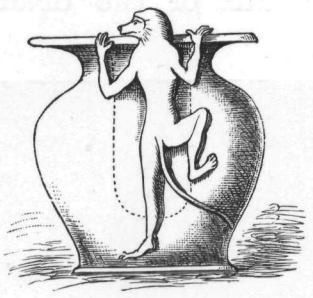


TOILET VASE.

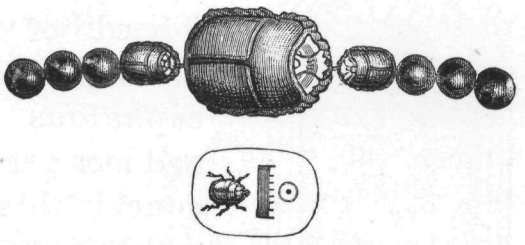


KANOPUS (SEPULCHRAL) VASE, WITH HUMAN HEAD.

on mummies, and the commonest of which is the Uta Eye 𓂀 (or Symbolic Eye), we shall find again in abundance at Thebes. Almost all have some reference to the future life, and are intended to protect the deceased from the perils he may expect to meet with on the way to the hall of judgment in the nether world. Some beautifully-made draughtsmen and boards with drawers were found in some of the tombs. This game is spoken of in the Egyptian myth which treats of the creation of the world; a hidden significance was attributed to it, and it was one of the hopes of the Egyptian that he might be permitted to play it in the Elysian fields. Many cases are filled with statues and statuettes of the innumerable strange divinities of the Egyptian Pantheon; there are a few mummies, and numbers of figures, large and small, with sacred animals, among which we come upon the strangest and most monstrous combinations. I give a figure of the mummy of an ibis, which was sacred to the ibis-headed god Thoth. This god, the Hermes Trismegistos of the Greeks, was at first worshipped as the Moon God, and—because the phases of the Moon served as the basis of the first methods of reckoning—time, measure, and number, and then all that was subservient to their law, finally even science, the art of writing, and all the outcome of human intelligence, were attributed to his dominion. He was the scribe of the gods, and held the palette and reed, and it was he who at the judgment of the dead drew up the protocol. He, in conjunction with Safekh, the goddess of history, composed the record of the deeds of princes, and was the guardian of libraries and of scribes. Many objects in use by the hierogrammatists have been preserved, particularly palettes with red and black colours, the red (the rubric) being used for the beginning of sentences.



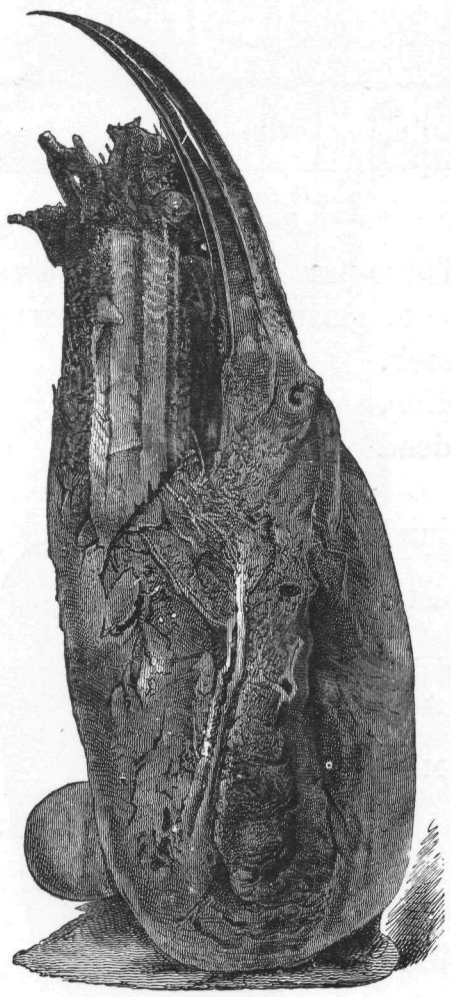
OINTMENT VASE, WITH MONKEY.



NECKLACE, WITH SCARABÆUS (TITLE OF THOTHMES III.)



BOX AND BOARD FOR DRAUGHTS.

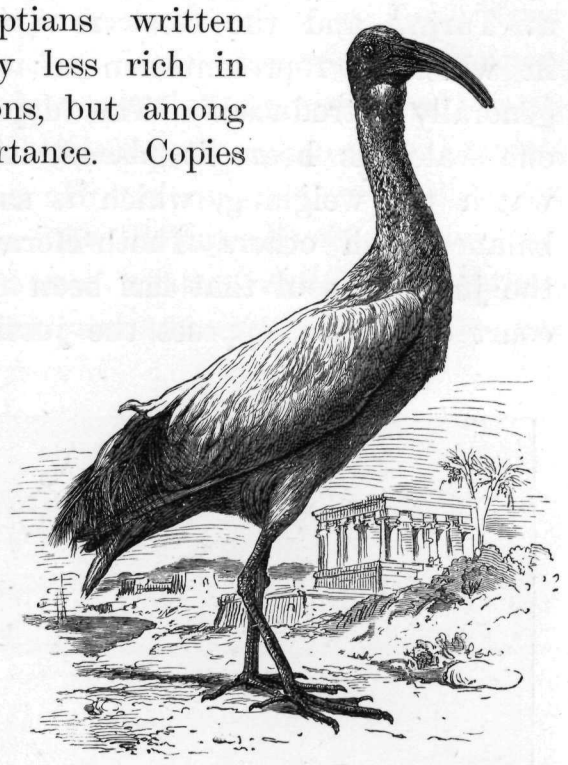


MUMMIED IBIS.

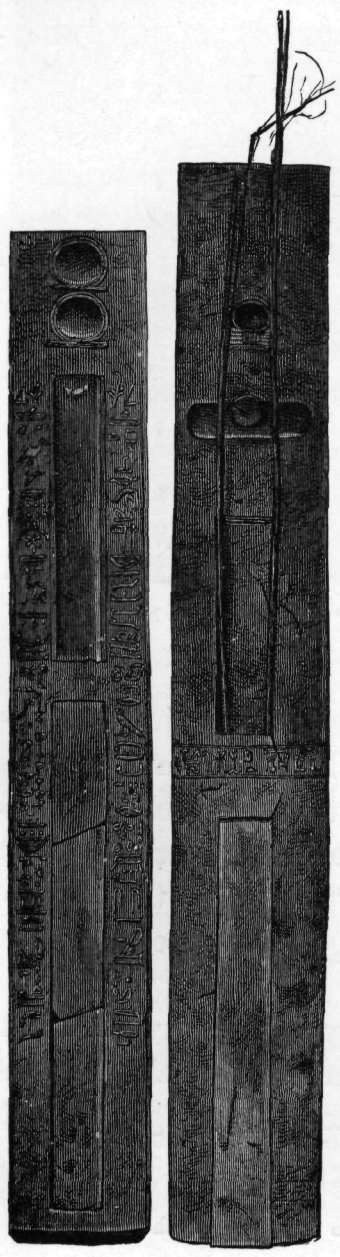


SHEBTI, OR SEPULCHRAL FIGURE.

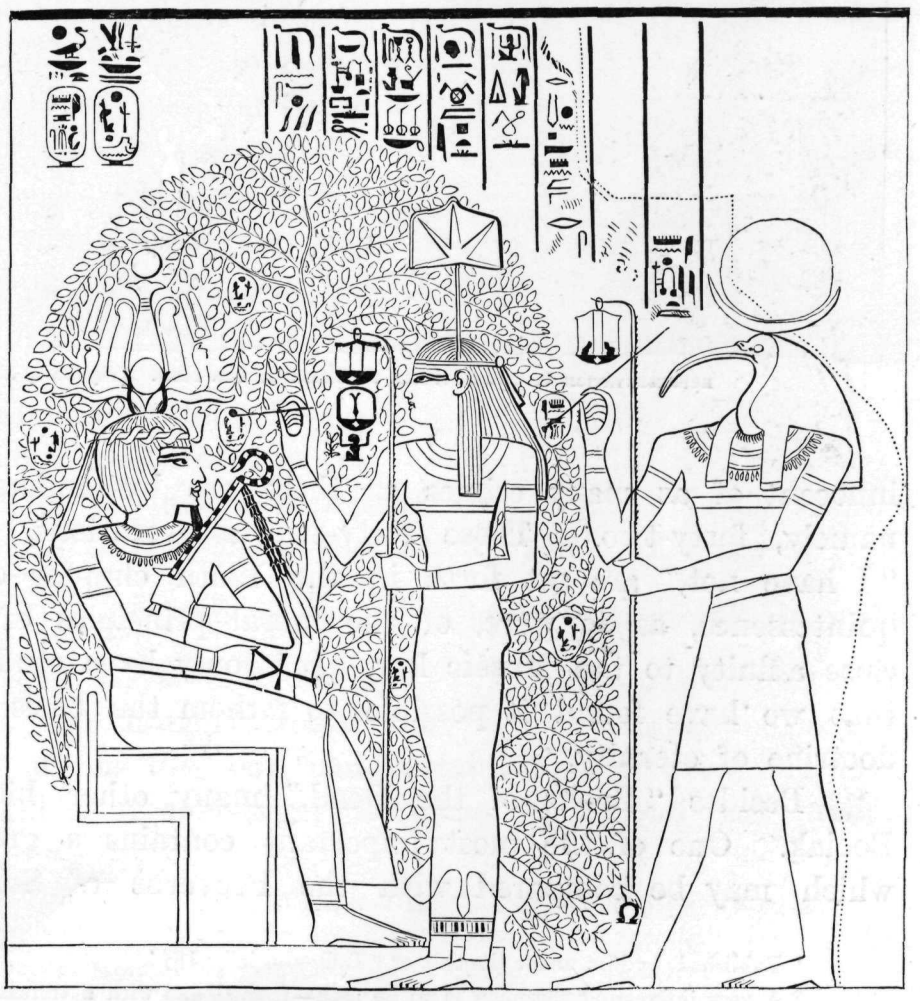
Fortunate circumstances have led to our being happily possessed of a vast mass of manuscript works of the ancient Egyptians written on papyrus. The museum of Boolak is actually less rich in these venerable rolls than many European collections, but among them there are several of great value and importance. Copies of the chief work of the Egyptian religion, well known as "The Book of the Dead," are particularly abundant here; they have commonly been found on mummies, among the wrappers and bandages in coffins; chapters of this work occur too on the walls of tombs and the sides of sarcophagi and on small articles of the furniture of the dead. I will only mention here that this book, of which the extant copies exhibit various arrangements—written sometimes at full length and sometimes abridged, and in very various order—has been rightly called a traveller's guide for the departed soul in its wanderings in the nether world. The most perfect copy extant,



IBIS.

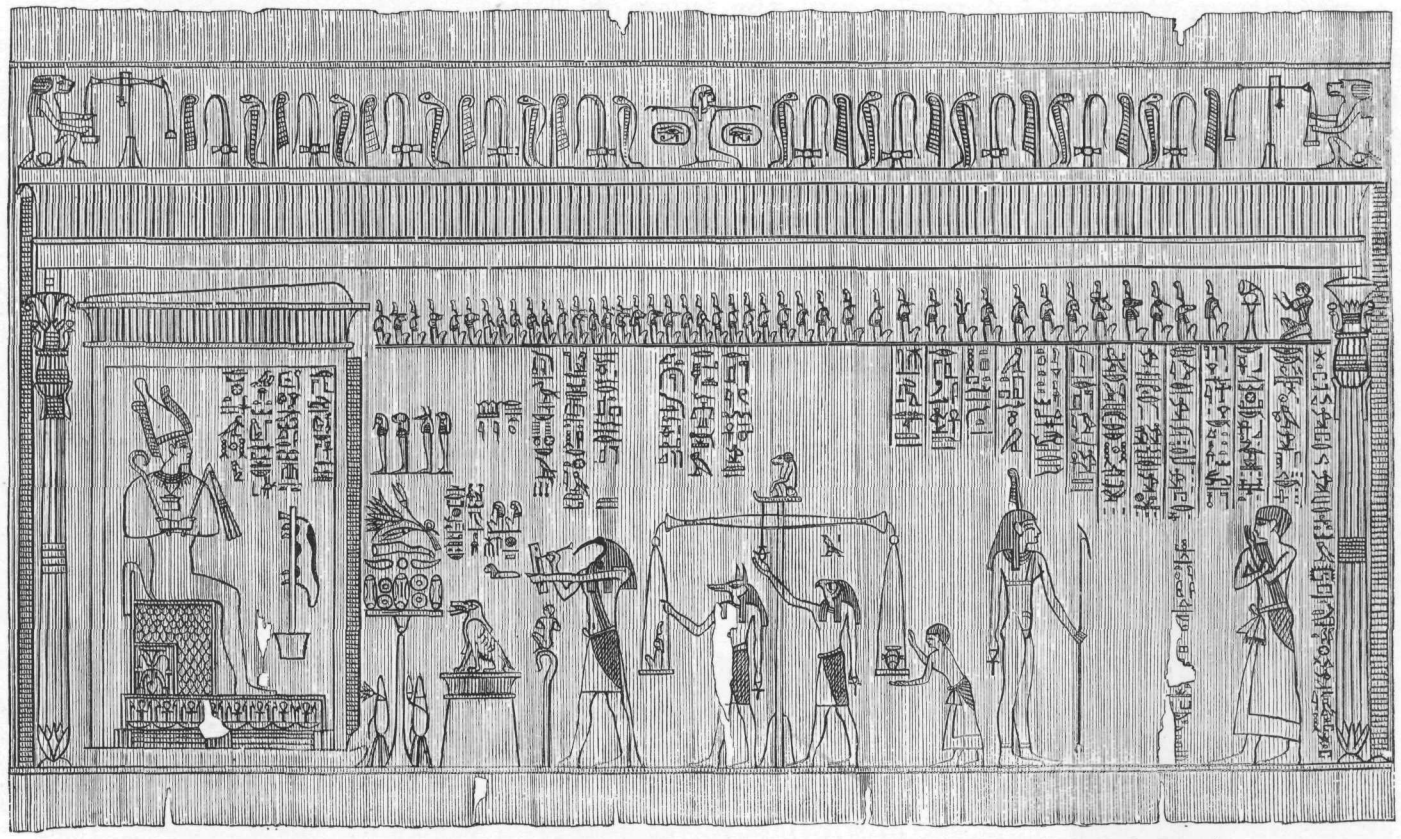


PALETTES.



THOTH AND SAFEKH (GODDESS OF HISTORY) WRITING THE NAME OF RAMESES II. ON THE FRUIT OF THE PERSEA. (*Relief from the Rameseum at Thebes.*)

by which Lepsius was enabled to number and arrange the separate chapters, is at Turin,[1] and the most remarkable and interesting chapter of it is the 125th, in which a representation of the judgment of the dead in the nether world is generally introduced.[2] The departed soul stands by the side of a balance; in one scale his heart is placed, in the other a figure of Truth. Anubis and Horus watch the weighing, which is satisfactory when the heart and the statue of Truth balance each other. Thoth-Hermes declares the result, and restores the heart to the justified soul that has been found true. Osiris, as president of the subterranean court of justice, opposes the justification of the dead man, who must declare himself



REPRESENTATION OF THE EGYPTIAN JUDGMENT OF THE DEAD. (*Vignette of the 125th chapter of the Turin Ritual.*)

innocent of as many crimes as there are bystanders[3] assisting at the judgment—namely, forty-two. These forty-two asseverations, each of them beginning with "I have not," are set forth in the 125th chapter of the text, and afford us the quintessence, as it were, of the moral principles of the Egyptians, which show a close affinity to the Mosaic law. It is only by a study of the "Book of the Dead" that we have found it possible to fathom the basis of the Egyptian theology and doctrine of eternity.

Besides "Books of the Dead," many other hieratic papyri are preserved at Boolak. One of the most important contains a great number of moral precepts, which may be compared with the Proverbs of Solomon; the knowledge of life,

[1] Published by him under the title of "Todtenbuch." 1844.

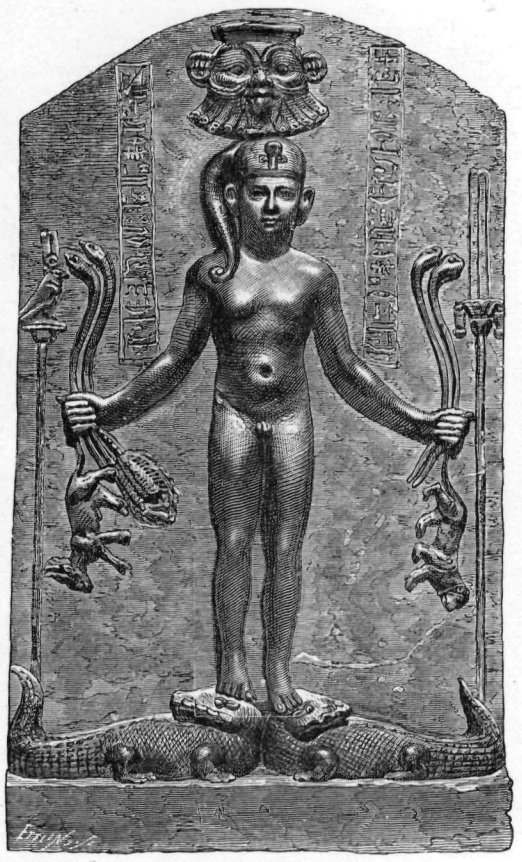
[2] A very interesting specimen is to be seen—framed, and with a translation below (into French)—at the Louvre.

[3] Deities and demons, the Assessors.

dignified morality, and purity are deserving of all praise.[1] Another manuscript, of older date, contains a beautiful and elevated hymn to Amen;[2] while a much later demotic papyrus relates a romantic tale, known as the "Story of Setnau."[3] Others contain accounts; some, magical formulæ. These last were of frequent use, particularly in later times, and were often inscribed in the sacred colours on amulets or stone tablets; the stelæ known as representing Horus on the crocodiles are full of them; a well-preserved specimen exists in the Boolak Museum, and the power was ascribed to them of protecting the owner against evil and injurious influences.[4] Amulets against the "evil eye" are common, and horoscopy has bequeathed to us whole calendars, in which every day of the year is marked as lucky, unlucky, or fatal, for certain undertakings, and as favourable or unfavourable to the destinies of the human race.[5] Many of these monstrous births of superstition have outlived the religion of the ancient Egyptians, and it may be pointed out as a strange phenomenon, admitting, however, of proof, that while the adherents of the different confessions dwelling by the Nile were always staunch in their opposition to the religious doctrines of other creeds, they were only too ready to adopt foreign superstitions.[6] I can here only make a passing reference to this subject; but will refer the reader to Lane's classic work and Klunzinger's admirable book,[7] in which the last chapter is devoted to its discussion. The modern, like the ancient Egyptians, wear pious sentences illuminated in colours as charms against sickness and disease, they conjure up spirits, use various love-philtres and charms, and guard themselves by magic against sword and bullet. To this day the people relate that their great commander Ibrahim Pacha, the father of the Khedive Ismail, went through the bloodiest battles unharmed because he possessed a powerful talisman. Lane is credulous enough to tell us wonderful things of the divination by ink; a piece of paper is used with numbers on it,

4	9	2
3	5	7
8	1	6

into this is poured a large blot of ink, in which a boy, by the aid of magic, sees all sorts of things which his master causes to appear on the black surface. At Lane's request that the boy might be able to see Admiral Lord Nelson, of whom the boy had certainly never even heard, he looked into the ink and said, "A messenger is come back, and has brought



HORUS ON THE CROCODILES.

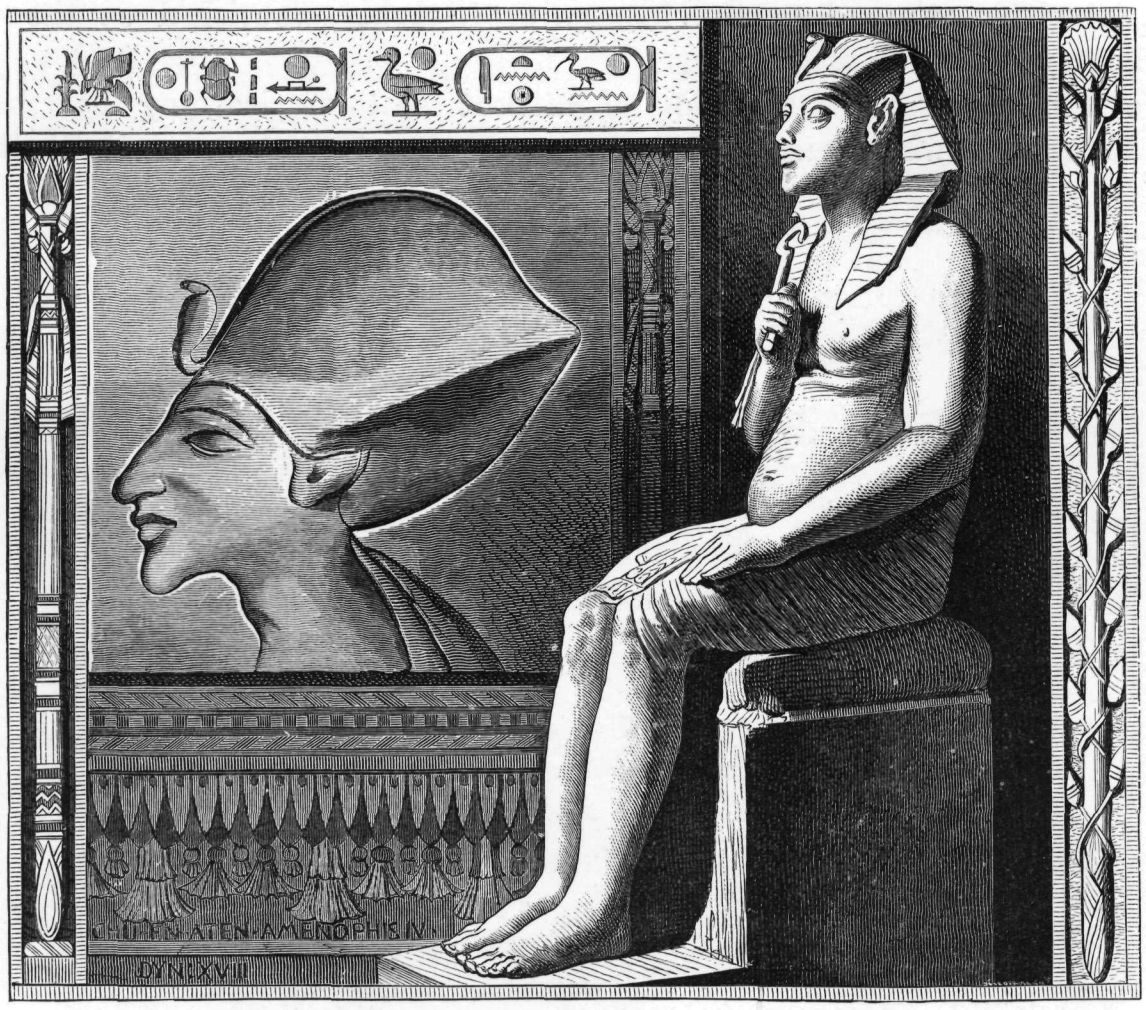
[1] Published by Chabas, "L'Égyptologie." 1875.
[2] Translated in "Records of the Past," II., p. 127.
[3] "Records of the Past," IV., p. 131.
[4] "Zeitschrift fur Aegyptische Sprache." 1868; p. 99.
[5] The papyrus of this nature in the British Museum has been published by Chabas, "Le Calendrier Sallier."
[6] The "Dies Ægyptiacæ; or, Egyptian Days of the Mediæval Calendar."
[7] "Upper Egypt, its People and Products." Translated by Dr. Schweinfürth. Blackie and Co.



CHIROMANCY.

a man in a black European coat, and the man has lost his left arm." Then, after considering for a few seconds, he added, "No, he has not lost his left arm, only laid it across his breast." "This amendment," adds Lane, "makes his description more striking than it had been at first, for Lord Nelson was in the habit of wearing the empty sleeve fastened up to the breast of his coat; but it was the right arm he had lost."

This and many other wonders worked by the magic mirror[1] are difficult to



PORTRAIT STATUE AND RELIEF OF THE FANATICAL KING AMENOPHIS IV.

explain, and certainly testify to the skill of the men who practise the art. But, indeed, there is no lack both of men and women skilled in raising the veil of futurity, a subject of curiosity not peculiar to the Oriental mind. Chiromancy, or palmistry, is a favourite method, and is frequently practised on the impression made by the hand in soft dough.

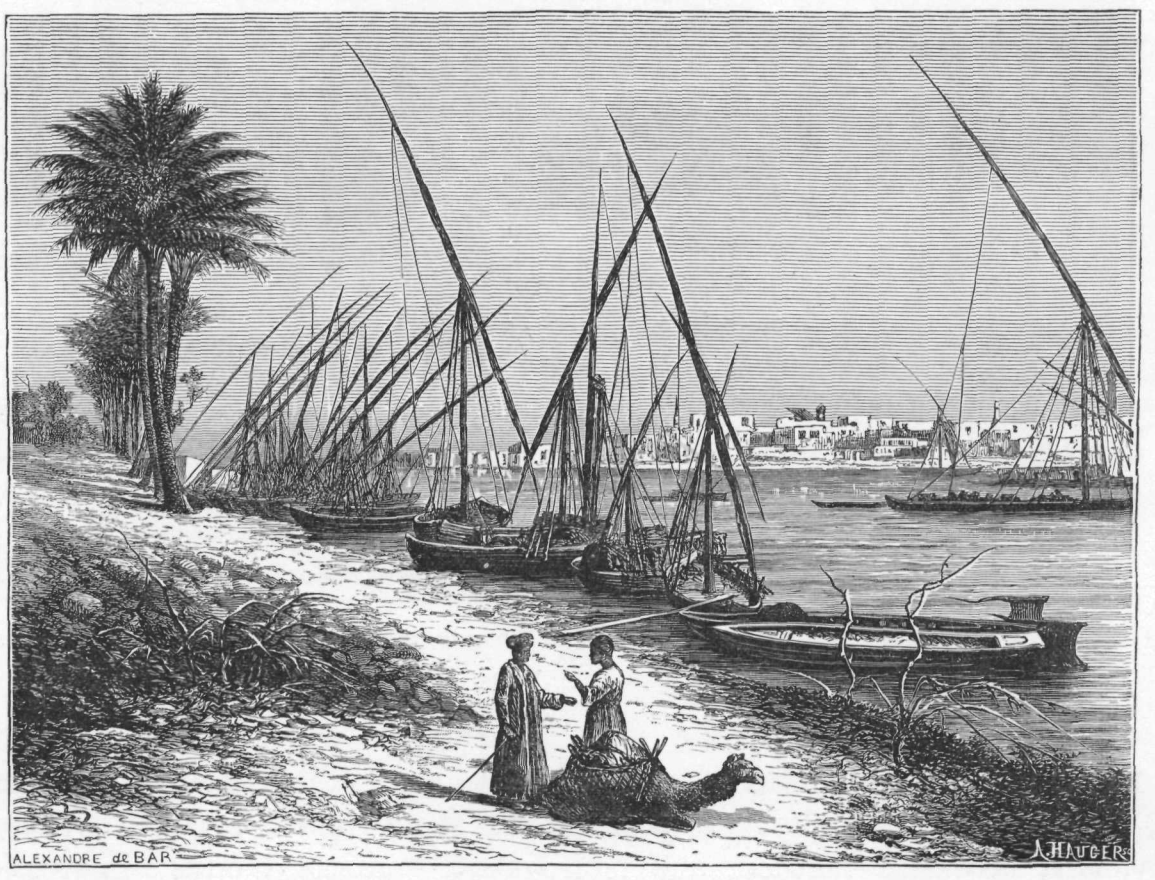
Magical preparations of all sorts are frequently used as remedies in illness, and in even serious cases the patient is made to swallow pieces of paper inscribed with texts from the Koran, and to try various similar absurd means, before a physician is applied to. Lane enumerates a variety of such remedies. The ancient Egyptians,

[1] The mirror was used at least as early as the Romans by Didius Julian, A.D. 193. In a magic Greek Papyrus published by C. W. Goodwin (1852) the divination was by a boy, a saucer, and a pit—or in a pit.

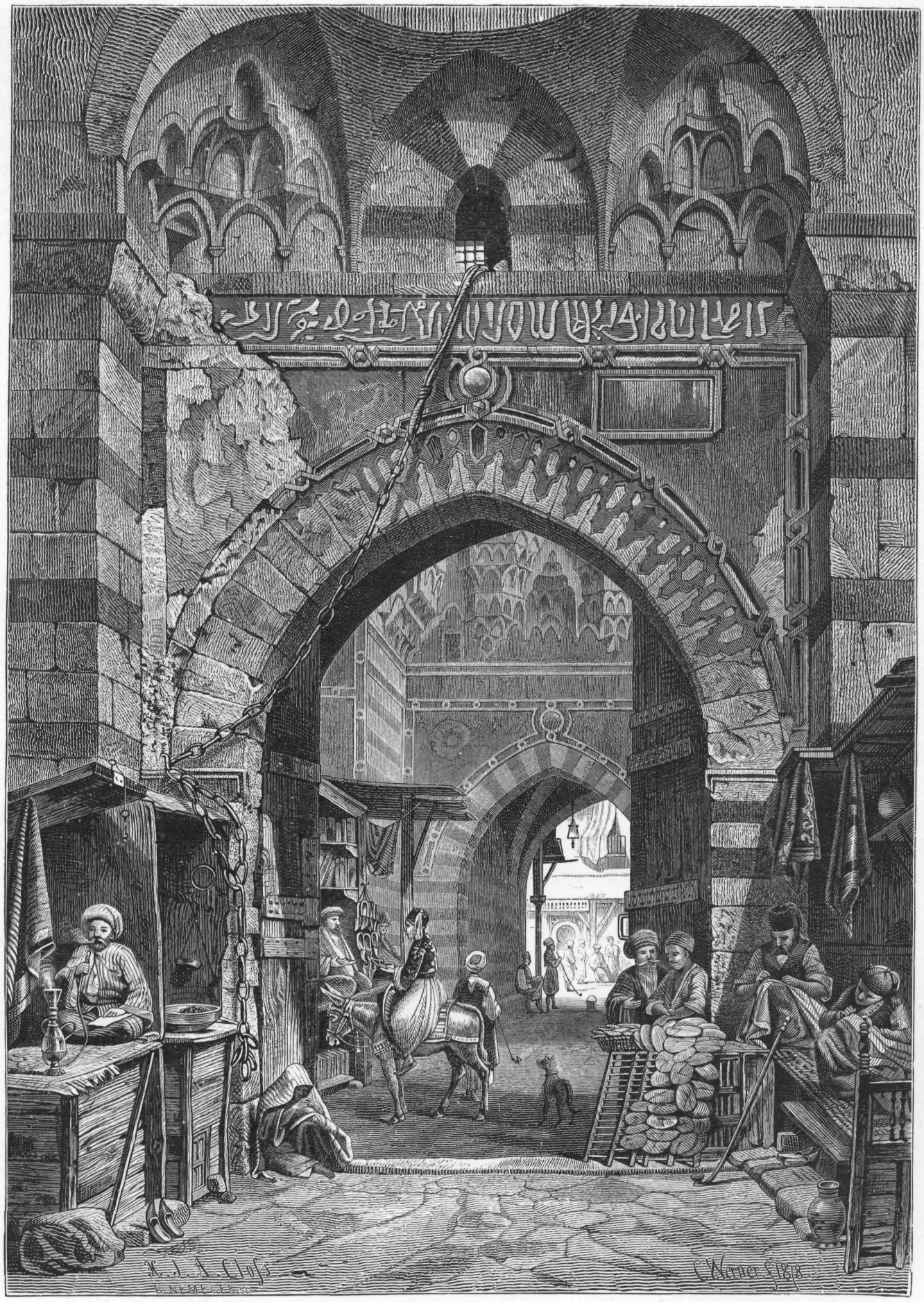
though medical science was zealously studied by them, also thought that the efficacy of the treatment was enhanced by magic formulæ. In the Ebers Papyrus, an important and very ancient manual of Egyptian medicine, the prescriptions for various medicaments are accompanied by the forms of exorcism to be used at the same time, and yet many portions of this work give evidence of the advanced knowledge of its authors.

Even their alchemy and their astrology have not been wholly forgotten by their descendants; both were eagerly practised at the period when Cairo, with its famous university attached to the mosque of El-Azhar, flourished as the centre of all the learning of the East.

We will now see what this magnificent seat of learning has become in modern times, and what fruits of knowledge at present ripen under its shelter.



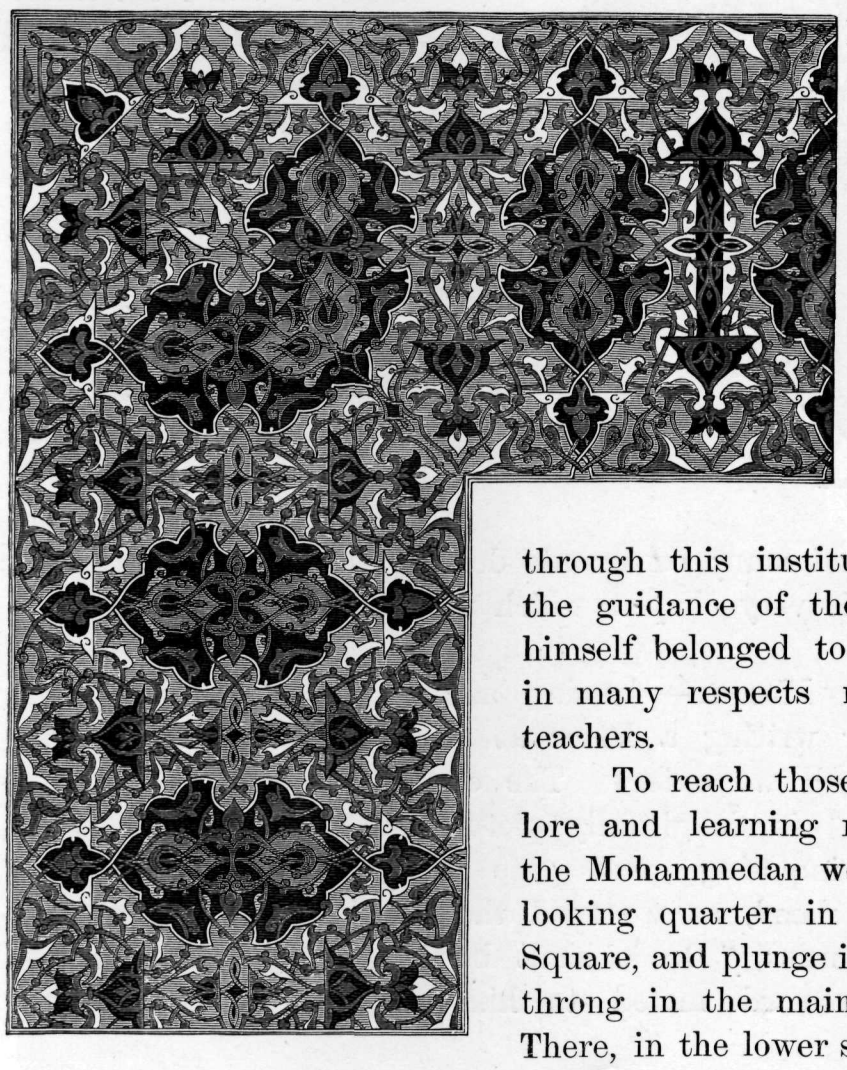
BANKS OF THE NILE.



ENTRANCE TO THE KHAN EL-KHALIL.



THE MOSQUE AND UNIVERSITY OF EL-AZHAR.



IN a former section I have spoken of the founding of the Mosque and University of El-Azhar by Djawhar, general under Mo'izz, and have said that this famous foundation was the source and centre of all the scientific life of the East. So it has remained from the time of the first of the Fatimides to the present day, and it is with pleasure that I now undertake to conduct the reader through this institution, unique in its kind, under the guidance of the illustrious Ignaz Goldziher, who himself belonged to this college as a disciple, though in many respects no doubt far the superior of his teachers.

To reach those famous halls from which Moslem lore and learning radiate to the uttermost ends of the Mohammedan world we must now quit the western-looking quarter in the vicinity of the Ezbekeeyeh Square, and plunge into the half-Oriental, half-European throng in the main street of Cairo, called Muskee. There, in the lower storeys, European shops, with gaily-dressed windows, are arrayed one after another. Seldom can we glance up at the balcony of an upper storey or down in the swarming and bustling side streets, for the vehicles, riders, and pedestrians that throng around us absorb our whole attention. Just now, however, we have not time to study and

describe this wonderful and struggling crowd. But on the way to our destination we presently turn down a street to the right, riding between two rows of booths, *dukkans*, where two articles very dissimilar in nature are exposed for sale: books and slippers. What can be the circumstances which bring together these very different wares—not here only, but in Syrian shops too—in the same propinquity? "Books," says the wise man "are usually bound in red leather, and slippers are made of the same red leather; ergo, books and slippers are found in the same shop, and the bookseller and slipper dealer are one."

Gladly would we step into the stall of our friend Hasan or of his neighbour the merchant from Mecca, and bargain with him, over a cup of coffee and the smoke of a nargileh, for a fine Boolak edition or for one of those antique manuscripts, not rare in Cairo, of which the finest examples—decorated with exquisite ornament—have come down from the time of the Mameluke Sultans and are preserved in the vice-regal library. But to-day we do not seek to buy books, but to visit the retreat which for centuries has enshrined the learning and cherished the intelligence to which most of these works owe their origin; and many ornaments derived from venerable manuscripts of the Koran will grace this very chapter which is devoted to the subject of Arabic learning,



PUBLIC LETTER-WRITERS.

We have now reached the Mosque—glancing as we passed at the public scribe who sits at a street corner writing a letter at the dictation of an artisan. By which of the six gateways shall we enter? The eastern, known as Bab-esh-Shurbeh or the "Gate of Pottage" is delightfully picturesque, but we will prefer the "Gate of the Barber," the imposing great gate of the institute; and we cross its threshold in a sobered mood, as we read the inscription which appeals to the visitor in the following words: "Deeds shall be judged by their motives, and every man shall have his reward meted to him according to the motives of his heart."

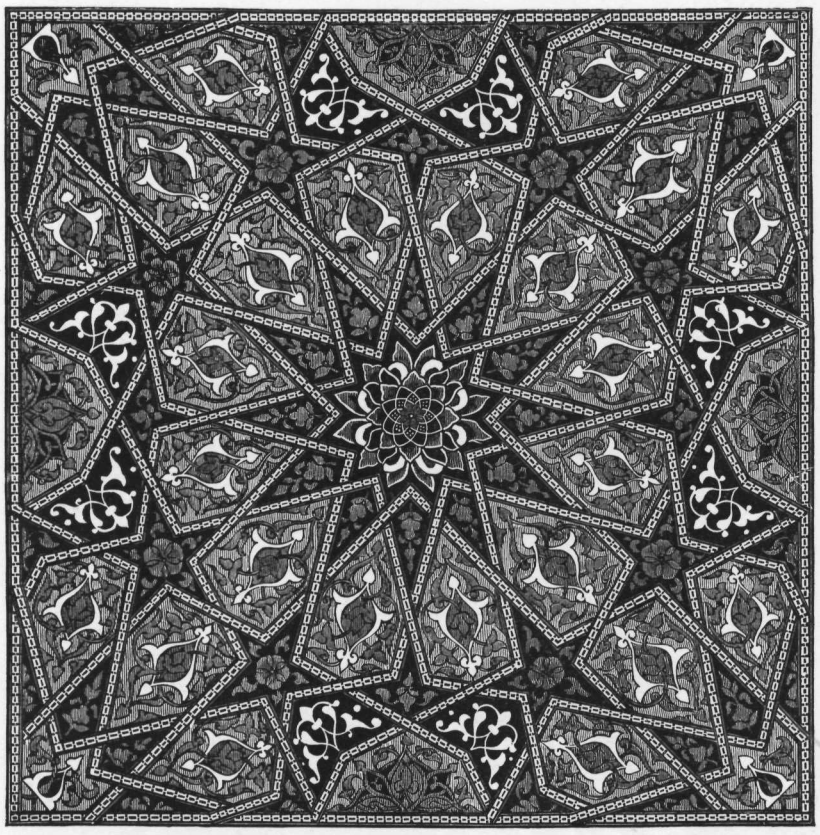
After taking off our shoes and exchanging them for a pair of straw slippers, the gatekeeper shows us through an alley, where we see the barbers shaving their customers' heads, into the vast and beautiful fore-court of the Mosque, panelled with marble. Here, by the side of the basins or cisterns which serve for the



"GATE OF POTTAGE" AT THE MOSQUE OF EL-AZHAR.

prescribed ablutions of the faithful before prayer, sit half-grown boys behind their large leaden tablets, incessantly swaying their bodies with a pendulum see-saw while they learn the rudiments of Mohammedan lore. The students proper we shall not see till we are within the Mosque itself.

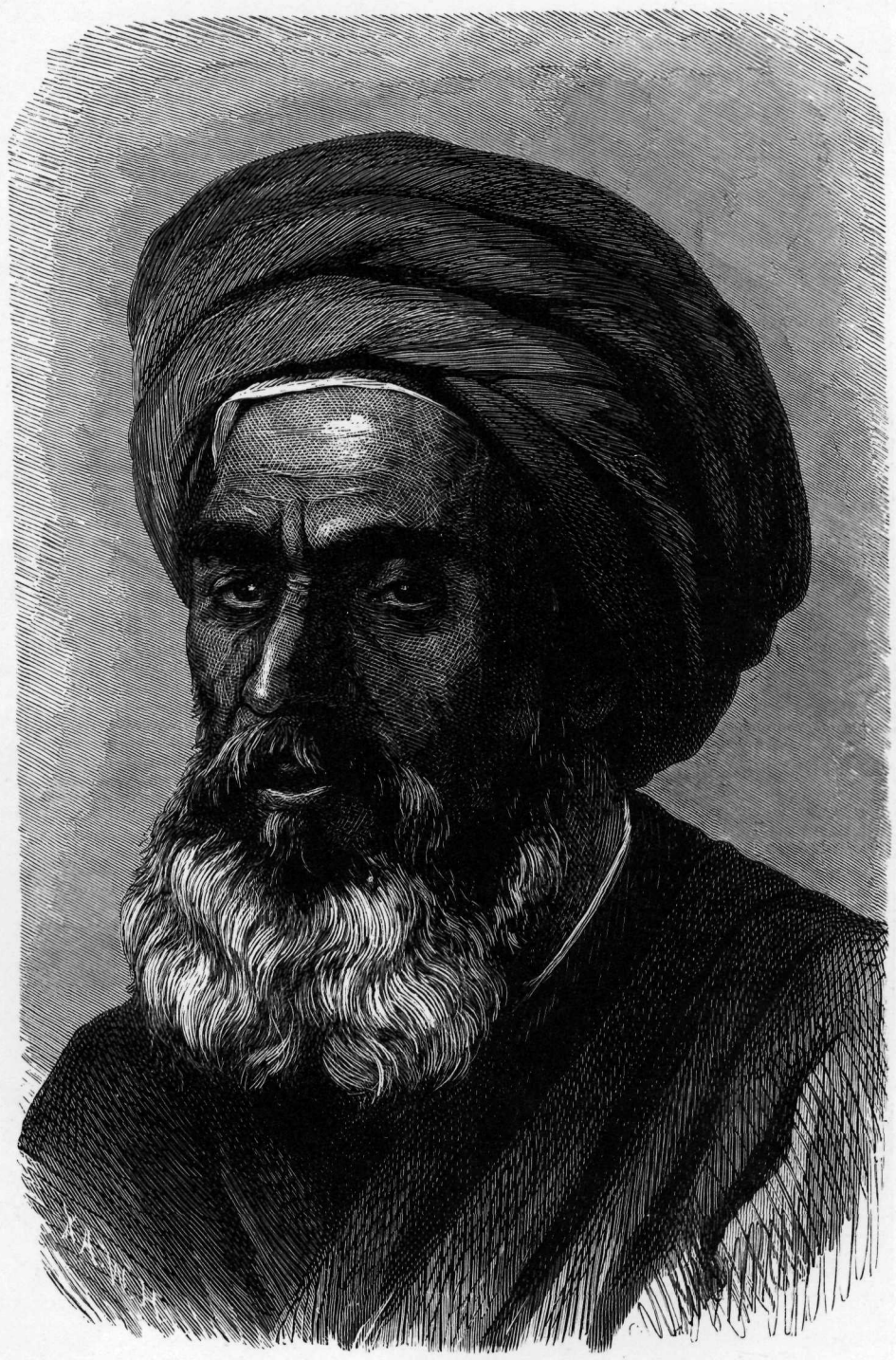
We are surrounded by a quite peculiar phase of life. We are in a vast hall, of which the roof is supported on three hundred and eighty pillars; from the ceiling hang no less than twelve hundred lamps; and on the floor, which is covered with mats, an innumerable crowd of youths and men squat in groups. The boys sit in semicircles round a sheykh, their teacher, who leans against a pillar. Their eyes are fixed on his as he explains to them some one of the many texts and commentaries on the books of the canon law of Islam. This he does in the sing-song tone characteristic of Oriental teaching, of which we may hear a very similar instance among the Talmudic Jews in Europe. If we pause for a further inspection of this great hall, we perceive, besides the desks and the pulpits such as we have seen in other mosques, two much lower platforms, on one of which a venerable old man is deep in the explanation of a book of law. The number of his audience is evidently greater than that of the young disciples of his colleague. This is the revered Sheykh Ashmoonee, renowned for his learning and ascetic life, and one of the chief ornaments of the institution. A profound grammatical treatise, printed at Boolak, and of which he is the author, is evidence of his learning, and his celibacy is proof of his temperate life; and while his colleagues deliver their lectures sitting on a mat, and are recognisable as professors solely by their position close to a pillar ("take the seat by the pillar" is here the equivalent for "filling a professor's chair") the privileges of a raised seat is ungrudgingly accorded to him, for his superiority is acknowledged by all.



ORNAMENT FROM THE TITLE-PAGE OF AN OLD MANUSCRIPT OF THE KORAN, IN THE LIBRARY OF THE VICEROY AT CAIRO.

The other platform is at this moment unoccupied—it is reserved for the oldest sheykh in the mosque, the venerable as-Sakkah, whose infirmities and advanced age prevent him from taking his place by a pillar. The populace attribute to him an age of more than a hundred years—in fact, he is about ninety. He now usually holds his classes at his own residence, but in former years not only was he distinguished "by the pillar" but famous as a Friday preacher, for the subtlety

and eloquence of his discourses. He is regarded as the most learned Mohammedan in Egypt, and would beyond a doubt—so says the world of Cairo, which is ever ready to discuss the concerns of the mosques—long since have attained the dignity of Chief Muftee, or director of the mosques, if he had not in his youth exercised the calling of a corpse-washer. Other reasons, connected with his form of faith, have, however, stood in the way of his promotion. The only detail that is of any important interest to us is the fact that the contempt and aversion felt by the ancient Egyptians for all who were occupied in the dressing and opening of the dead have been preserved undiminished among their modern successors.



A LEARNED CAIRENE.

Many fine and expressive heads, and not a few grey-bearded old stagers are to be remarked among the sheykhs and their thousands of disciples. Notably worthy of remembrance is the blind Sheykh Ahmed es-Sanhooree ; the youngest generation of students have gathered round him, and the text he is expounding is read by one of his scholars. The blind pedagogue listens attentively, and is gifted with so accurate a memory that at the smallest slip or error he raises his staff—which even while sitting he never lays aside—with a threatening gesture.

Not to-day only, but for many another, will we linger here, going from pillar to pillar and listening to the professors, and we shall soon observe that not one of them treats of any independent branch of science in a separate and connected series of lectures. This method of instruction which, among us, has found elaborate



LECTURE IN THE UNIVERSITY MOSQUE OF EL-AZHAR.

development, is foreign to the Orientals, and even the most learned among them, now that the creative and constructive spirit has gradually become extinct, are content merely to interpret certain texts, or to comment on commentators, or even upon the commentators on commentators. They derive their pabulum from the elder literature, and exercise their wits on it. The professor recites text and commentary alike in his monotonous drone; he announces the former with the words, "The writer says—may Allah bless him ——" and introduces the latter with "The commentator says ——." Now and then his discourse is interrupted by the timid question of a scholar, and at difficult passages the teacher will pause to ask "Hast thou understood?" to which usually he gets the emphatic answer "God be praised—I have understood."

Such a lecture lasts from an hour and a half to two hours; it commonly closes with the words: "So far, and may Allah give us understanding." Then the students all rise, go up to the teacher one by one, kiss his hand in leave-taking, and lay their copies of the text in their portfolios. The contents of these portfolios, "in black and white," are valued even by these youngsters, and among the notices affixed to the pillars by the permission of the superintendent, an appeal, pathetically worded, is often to be seen for the restoration of a lost portfolio to the owner. Such an appeal, copied by Dr. Goldziher, began as follows: "Oh! neighbours (mugawireen) of the noble Mosque of el-Azhar; oh! seekers after knowledge! alas for the loss suffered by a poor servant of God. I have lost a case in which there were two kuras[1] of the commentary, etc.; the finder may deliver it to the gate-keeper, as religion requires of him, and will receive a douceur (which is the literal translation of the Arabic word halâwa—a sweet) from his humble servant (meaning the advertiser) as soon as the folio is restored to my hands."

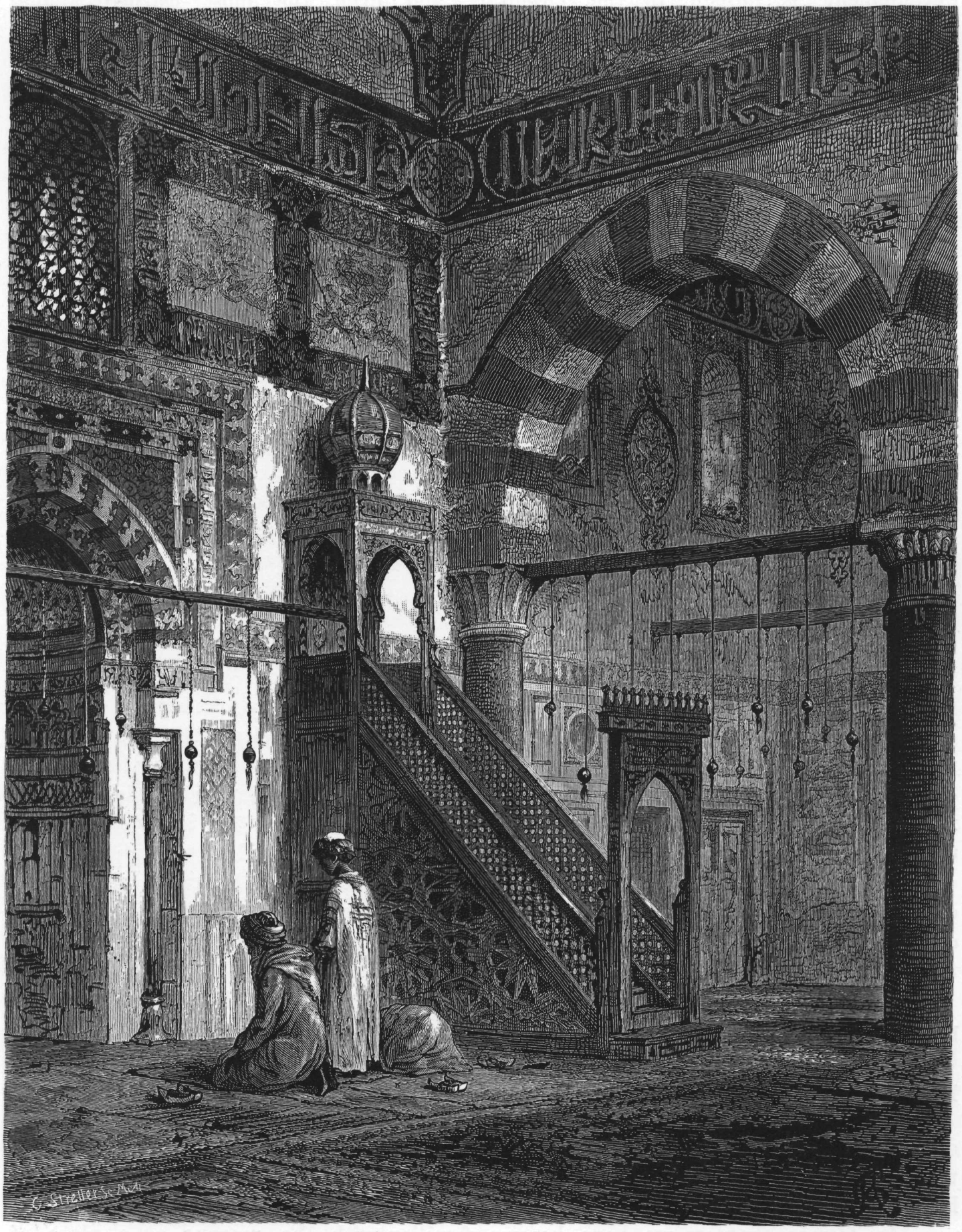
In the hours of relaxation the students walk up and down the court of the mosque in lively conversation, stand together in groups, bargain with the pedlars, or chat with the visitors who are admitted. Here a water-seller, with his clanking metal cups, supplies the needs of a student who thirsts not for knowledge only; there a young disciple is buying eatables, and out there a third is talking to a deeply-veiled woman—his mother, or some near relation. Suddenly the clear voice of the muezzin shouts the call to midday prayer (es-Suhher). All hasten to the cisterns in the fore-court to perform the prescribed ablutions, and then prostrate themselves with their faces in the direction of the kiblah.

After the mid-day rest the lectures begin again, and are not ended till evening prayer (el-Magrib). The last of the five indispensable acts of worship is performed by the students in their homes, many of which, as we shall see, are within the precincts of the mosque itself.

This description of the life in the University of el-Azhar applies only to week-days. On Fridays work is suspended; but at mid-day thousands of the faithful may be seen in the vast pillared hall, engaged in prayer led by the Imam, or listening to the preacher.

In former chapters we have become familiar with the mosque as a place of

[1] Each kuras consists of ten leaves of paper fastened together. The Arabs write with a reed pen on a piece of paper laid on the palm of the left hand. See the woodcut of the letter-writer, page 64.



THE MOSQUE OF WERDANEE.

prayer, though consecrated by no outward ceremony; we here see it in its primary and principal function as a home of learning. Certainly those who reproach Islam for not favouring learning are either ignorant of its aims or do it an injustice, for, according to the conception of the Mohammedans, learning is an essential part of the faith, and of the highest human nature. "Men," says a text of Mohammedan tradition, "are either learners or learned, and he who belongs to neither of these classes is a reptile, and good for nought." So inseparable, indeed, is knowledge from faith in the estimation of the Moslem, that in Arabic histories the period before the introduction of Islam is called the "epoch of ignorance." The learning thus intimately connected with Islam is, to be sure, for the most part mere religious science; but this is a tree with many branches, and from the profound zeal with which it is studied from the very rudiments, it may well absorb the whole of a man's lifetime. Besides, other and profane branches of study are by no means excluded; nay, are warmly recommended, and an Arabic precept says, "Learn magic, but do not practise it. A man must know everything, and remain ignorant of nothing."

The closeness of the tie which here unites learning and faith is very conspicuous in this: that the place of prayer—the mosque and the lecture hall—the university—are one and the same; and at the founding of a house of worship it is generally connected with a school. Such bequests (awkâf), to which are frequently attached certain conditions as to the nature and mode of instruction to be observed in the establishment, are by law inviolable; but princes, devoid of conscience, have nevertheless sometimes infringed them, and servile experts have attempted by specious arguments to give such encroachments a false semblance of legality. Thus it has come to pass that many of the numerous mosque-schools of Cairo have been forced to disperse. Others, as for instance, the mosque of Werdanee, in which only the beautiful interior and the minaret are in good preservation, have fallen into disuse, and the endowments appertaining to them have either passed into the hands of the State authorities, or have been granted to other similar institutions, to which the teachers and scholars were at the same time transferred.

It is to a concurrence of such circumstances and acquisitions that the high school of el-Azhar owes its almost incredible concourse of pupils. Almost the whole of the scientific life and energy which was formerly distributed among several mosques, has now centred in this. Beside it the other schools of Cairo are hardly worthy of mention; and in what other city in the world shall we find a college where the professors number three hundred, and the disciples more than ten thousand?

I have spoken of the building of it in A.D. 909; the last of the many restorations it has needed and undergone was in 1720. The theological course was opened only seventeen years after its first foundation, and it has been constantly enriched by endowments bestowed to enable the young to devote themselves to study, free from petty mundane cares. The eccentric and semi-divine Hakim[1] devoted the income of several noble estates in Egypt, Syria, and other provinces

[1] *Vide* Vol. I., p. 299.



TITLE-PAGE OF A MANUSCRIPT OF THE KORAN OF THE TIME OF THE SULTAN EL MOYAD (A.D. 1412—1421)
IN THE VICE-REGAL LIBRARY OF CAIRO.

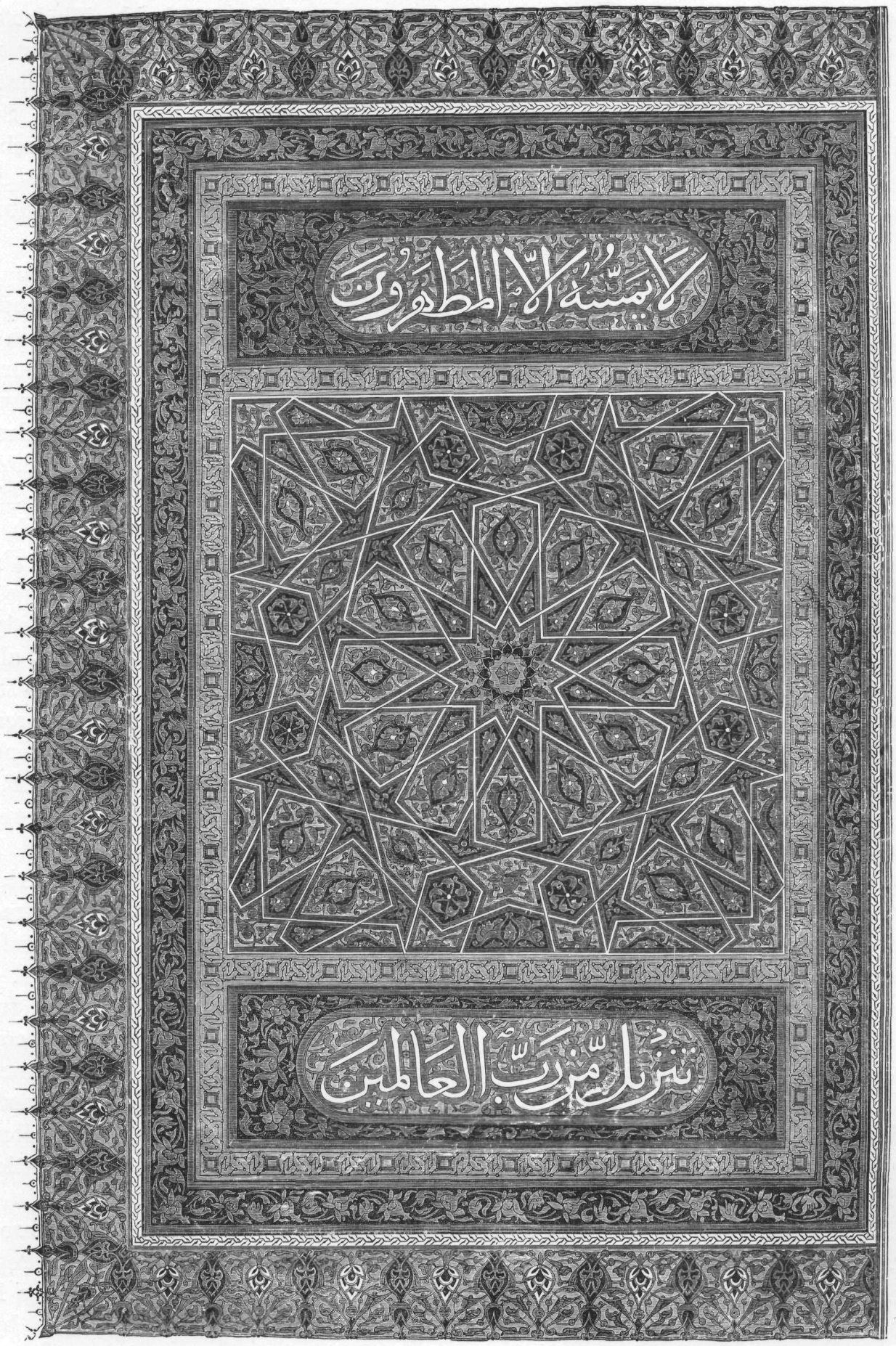
to the uses of this mosque. After the overthrow of the Fatimide Khaleefs, who had clung to the Shi'ite confession, the Sunnite believers gained the upper-hand, and, after some difficulties, attained such unconditional supremacy that they soon converted the Shi'ite school of el-Azhar into the fountain-head of Sunnite learning. And such it remains to this day, though in a liberal and comprehensive spirit such as would be impossible in any other creed, for Islam is a religion as tolerant of the shades of belief which develop within its pale as it is intolerant of all that lie outside it.

We must divest ourselves of all ideas of dogmatic orthodoxy if we would understand that in the mosque of el-Azhar four distinct sects, or rather, the adherents of four separate rituals, are all recognised as orthodox, and pray in peace side by side; and all the four systems, as represented by learned professors and devout disciples, are taught and practised under the same roof without any painful friction or discord. The orthodox Islam of the Sunnites, in fact, includes four different schools or rituals, which, far from encouraging enmity and contention, teach and expound the tradition of the Moslem faith and the law of Mohammedan righteousness with the tenderest consideration and tolerance for each other, though very often on the most diametrically opposed methods. The Hanbalees, so called from the Imam Ahmed-ibn-Hanbal, their founder, adhere to the interpretation of the Koran which personifies God in the form of man. This sect, having far fewer adherents than any of the others, is the nest of fanaticism against all that is foreign and not Mohammedan, a fanaticism which is falsely assumed to be the universal stamp of Islam; it also was the centre of those religious outbreaks to which belong the well-known raids of the Wahhabees in Upper Arabia and India.

The school of the Malikees, founded by the Malik-ibn-Anas, of Medina, bears aloft the banner of Mohammedan tradition; it was formerly strongly represented in Andalusia, and now is conspicuous at Algiers, and widely distributed in the provinces of Northern Africa and Upper Egypt. The sect most distinguished for free thought, and for its deviations from the rigid standards of original tradition, is that of the Hanafees; it was founded in Irâk, by the Imam Aboo Haneefa, and in numbers and importance is above all the other confessions; the official circles belong to it. Between the broad and the rigid schools stand the Shafe'ees, founded by the Imam Shafe'ee, whose tomb we saw in the Karafeh. Before the conquest of Egypt by Seleem, theirs was the predominant ritual, but since the incursion of the Turks, who are all of the sect of Hanafees, the chief Sheykh—the warden, or principal, so to speak, of the college of el-Azhar—is always of that confession; and the same is the case with the Muftee of the Nile provinces, whose nomination has long been in the hands of the Government of Egypt.

It is not only in dogmatic views and questions of right that these sects differ, but in their cultus and ritual as well, and yet all four have their representative Imams in this central focus of Islam. In the mosque of el-Azhar it is a thing of daily occurrence that two professors of different sects stand side by side, by the same pillar, interpreting the same chapter of the canon law according to the antagonistic conceptions of their schools.

The mosque of el-Azhar is to Moslem science what Mecca and Medina are to



TITLE-PAGE OF A MANUSCRIPT OF THE KORAN OF THE TIME OF THE SULTAN SHA'ABAN (A.D. 1366—1377) IN THE VICE-REGAL LIBRARY OF CAIRO.

its devotional practice. It is frequented by Mohammedans of every language and nationality, and there is not a province where Islam is professed, from the coast of Morocco, bathed by the Atlantic, to the islands of the Indian Archipelago, that is not represented in this mosque. Of the 7,695 disciples who studied there in the course of the year 1877 there were 1,240 Hanafees,[1] 3,192 Shafe'ees, 3,240 Malikees, and 23 Hanbalees.

As the Mosque itself evidently cannot contain so vast a mass of students, many lectures are delivered in another mosque close to that of el-Azhar. The maintenance of the teachers and pupils is supplied not only from the endowments of which I have spoken, but also from gifts and contributions from those localities whence the students at the university are most frequently sent. The last great bequest bestowed on this foundation were the possessions of the wealthy mosque and fountain-school of Abd-er-Rahman Keyjah, whose tomb is to be seen in a side-walk of the Mosque; this foundation became extinct 107 years since; later, indeed, only sixteen years ago, Rahib Pasha endowed what is known as the Rewâk-el-Hanafeeyah, in which at the present time 135 students are maintained. The same pious man provided that in addition to the 4,000 loaves daily supplied by the administrators of the endowments, 500 more should be distributed. The former governor of Upper Egypt, Aboo Sultan Pacha, also caused 200 loaves a day to be baked for the students.

It has often been asserted that Mohammed Ali confiscated the endowment-money belonging to the Mosque of el-Azhar, and applied it to his own purposes; but no accusation can be more unjust, for this great statesman did in fact put the property (Wakf is the Arabic name) of the University under the supervision of the Government, and supplied the not inconsiderable deficit out of his own coffers. And the bold reformer, whose constant effort it was to subordinate every factor in the intellectual life of the nation to the service of his leading idea of the State, did not think that he had paid too high a price when he thus purchased his influence over the Academy of el-Azhar, that stronghold of the ancient faith, a world in itself. The same conditions obtain to the present day, for the Khedive's Government administers the endowments of the Mosque, and sacrifices considerable sums in order to preserve the right of regulating, at any rate, the external concerns of the society which has it in its power to offer dangerous opposition to his projects of reform.[3]

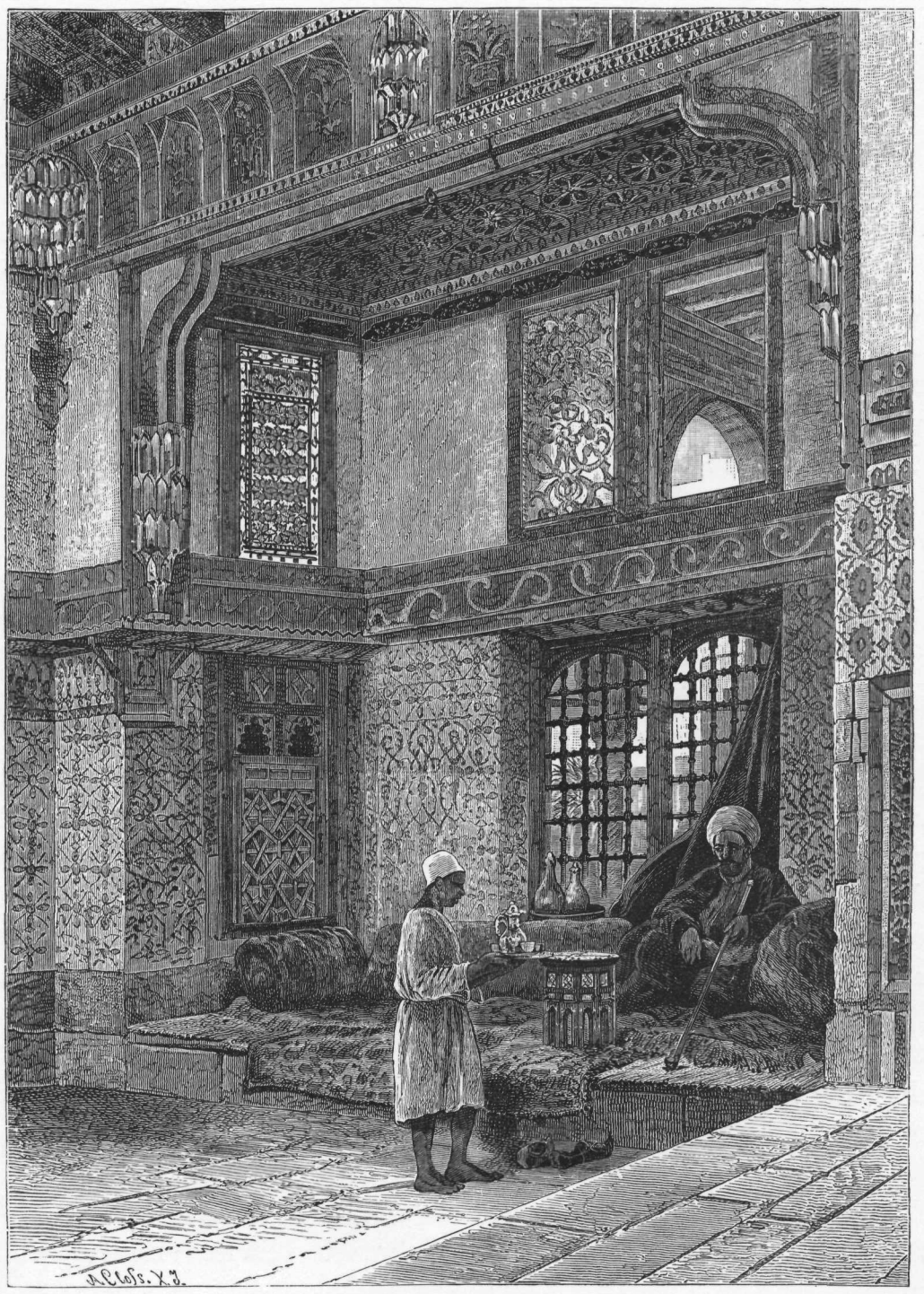
Far from plundering this venerable institution, the Viceregal Government supports it liberally; indeed, one of its greatest services is that it brought the

[1] This comparatively small number of Hanafees is to be explained by the circumstance that the district where they are most numerous is in Central Asia, far away from Cairo. The Shafe'ees of Egypt and the Malikees of North Africa can easily send their sons to Cairo. Of the 231 professors at present attached to the Mosque of el-Azhar, 49 are Hanafees, 106 Shafe'ees, 75 Malikees, and 1 Hanbalee.

[2] I am indebted for these details to Dr. Goldziher, who, on his part, obtained them by the kindness of Dor Bey the worthy reformer of Egyptian schools, and of the Baron Franz von Révay.

[3] The whole receipts of the administration of this Mosque, including the farm-rents from the estates belonging to the foundation, amounted to 27,564,614 Turkish piastres (about £2,490), the expenditure 39,083,428 Turkish piastres (about £3,520). The deficit of 11,488,814 piastres (about £1,030) was covered by the Minister of Education; the expenses of the administration are not included, 3,944,933 piastres (about £350).

course of instruction pursued in the Mosque to some sort of system, if not as to its outward forms, at least by exercising some control as to the capabilities and qualifications of the teachers and pupils. Instead of the superannuated mode of



RECESS IN THE KA'AH OF THE SHEYKH EL-MAHDEE.

obtaining admission in use among the Arabs, since 1871 a method of examination has been introduced, which cannot but be beneficial to Oriental culture, and by which the candidate has to pass a test of proficiency in the presence of one of six sheykhs belonging to the different sects. The Government reserves to itself the right of ratifying the election, and can subsequently promote the candidate from the third to the second and from that to the first grade of professorship. When a

man reaches the highest dignity, the Khedive, in true old Oriental fashion, sends him, with his firmân, or diploma, a robe of honour. The latest report of the college shows only three professors in the first rank. The superintendence of the whole course of study is a function of the Muftee of the Nile provinces, who also enjoys the rank and title of "Sheykh el-Gami" (principal of the mosques), and who may be regarded as the most highly-considered and influential member of Moslem society in Cairo. The present Muftee is the Sheykh Abbasee, a dignified and learned man, surnamed el-Mahdee—*i.e.*, "the well guided"—an interesting epithet borne by families who have been converted to the true faith; in point of fact the Muftee's father was a distinguished and learned Jew, whose apostacy occasioned the greatest excitement in the Hebrew circles of Cairo. Abbasee's predecessor—Mustafa-el-Aroosee, who is still living, a most cultivated and amiable old man—was the author of several scientific and poetical works; he lost his office in consequence of a collision with the Ulamâs on the subject of the Code Napoléon. Abbasee's office, which he has held since 1871, is one of the best paid in Egypt, giving the incumbent an annual income of 1,730 pounds Egyptian (about £1,800 sterling) besides a splendid old Arab palace to reside in. It is easy, therefore, to understand why an Egyptian, as he blesses his boy, says: "Allah grant thee to become the Sheykh el-Gami."

The salaries of the professors are much smaller, never rising beyond 500 piastres a month (about £5), but other subsidiary offices are open to them, as imams, preachers, muftees, or in the administration of the establishment; they also have their share in the distribution of bread. Nevertheless, the outward circumstances of life to a teacher of the third class in the chief college of Islam are very modest. Dr. Goldziher had ample opportunity of convincing himself in their dwelling-rooms that these laborious and truly high-souled men, though they take no formal vow of poverty, are indeed examples of the motto ascribed to the founder of Islam: "Fakree fahree"—"My poverty is my pride."

Although in the professional department of the Mosque many of the forms of modern European collegiate life have been introduced, the classification of the students reminds us of the division according to their "nations" of the students in German universities in the middle ages. The life of the alumni of the Mosque is, in the strictest sense, that of a college, divided into nationalities, in combination with a system of boarding-houses, which to us Europeans is extremely remarkable. These, known as the riwâks, or tents, are in the side-wings and out-buildings of the Mosque; in them the students have their modest quarters, divided according to their nationality; but they have become much too narrow for the immense number of students, and so the more well-to-do of them have their lodgings outside the institution in private dwellings, of which there are plenty in the immediate vicinity. There are at present forty-one riwâks and hârât (streets), that is to say, portions of the precincts not enclosed by walls. The most populous riwâk, with one thousand four hundred and two students, is the Upper Egyptian, and there among the fullest are that of el Fashneeyeh, with seven hundred and three students from the Egyptian province of Beni Suêf; and that of the students from Tebrees, numbering one hundred and sixteen. Of course the outlying districts of Islam send a smaller

number of representatives. Thus, from Bagdad there is one, from India seven, from the two Holy Cities eight, and from Darfoor six. In 1871 there were six students from Java, but they quitted the college in 1875. Several of the riwâks are classified, not according to fellow-nationality, but by community of opinions; thus there is a separate riwâk of twenty-three Hanbalees; one of the blind, of which there are two hundred and five; these for many centuries have earned a bad name for their fanaticism and wild demeanour. A particular riwâk is open to those students for whom no special riwâk affords a home in the Mosque academy, and this now has no less than eight hundred and ninety-seven inmates. The statistics of the university up to the year 1877 showed on the whole an increase in numbers.

In 1871	there were	314	professors and	9,668	students.
1873	,,	321	,,	10,216	,,
1876	,,	325	,,	11,095	,,
But in 1877	only	231	,,	7,695	,,

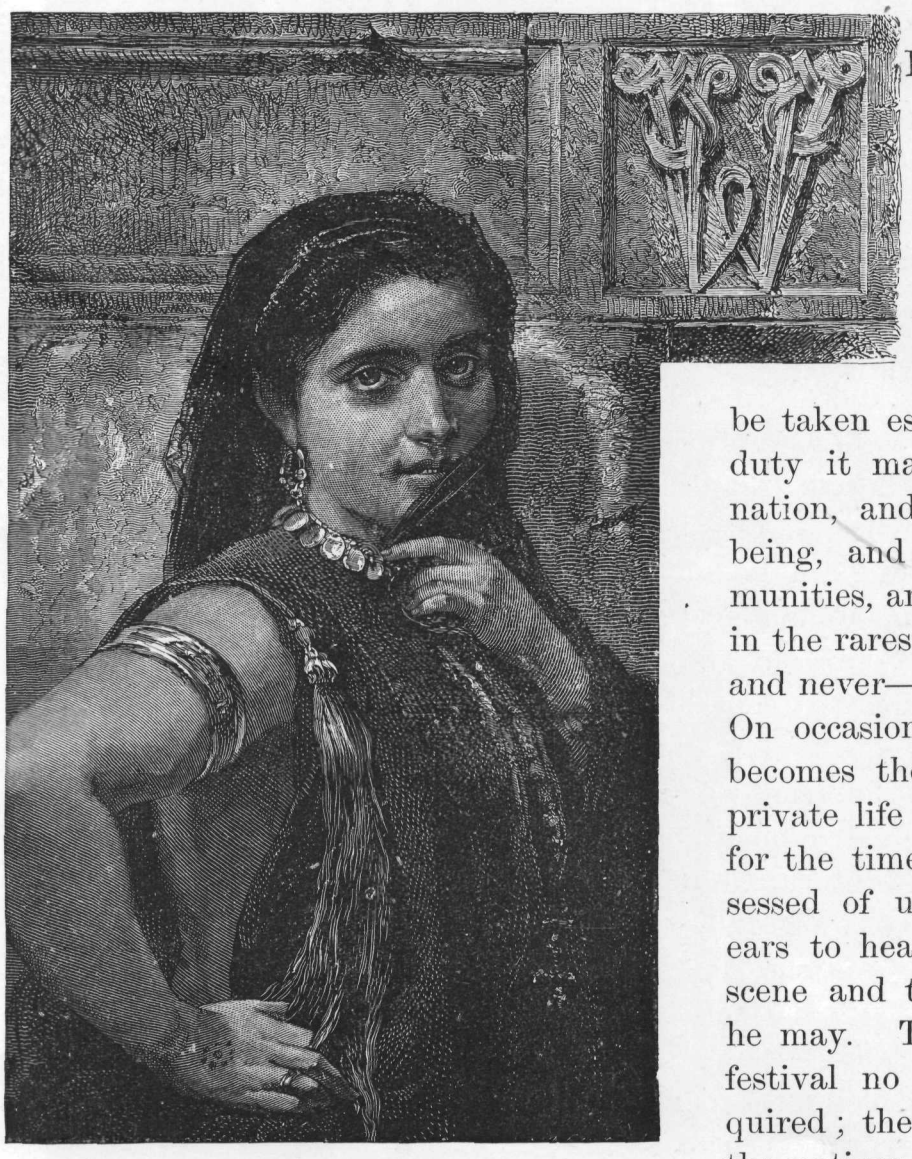
The cause of this diminution in the force of teachers (ninety-four) and the little army of learners (three thousand four hundred) was by no means due to a diminution in the interest taken by the Moslem population in religious learning, but merely to the old truth, "Inter arma silent Musae." The Russo-Turkish war appealed to all the youth of Islam, called them to arms, and rendered it impossible for the inhabitants of whole districts to send their sons to Egypt. Under the beneficent sunshine of Peace, el-Azhar—meaning "the blooming"—will once more thrive and flourish; and only superficial misapprehension, narrow prejudice, and blind bigotry, can deny its value and its right to exist.



MANDARA OF THE MUFTEE SHEYKH EL MUHDI.

CAIRO.

THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE.



AÏSHA.

WHOEVER desires to learn something of the character of a nation must take part in its diversions, and study the people at their festivals—public and private—and on occasions alike of mirth and of sorrow. This advice should be taken especially to heart by those whose duty it may be to observe the life of a nation, and to describe the manners, the being, and doing of Oriental civic communities, among which the foreigner is only in the rarest cases admitted into the house, and never—or hardly ever—into the family. On occasions of public festivity the street becomes the place of assembly, and the private life of the Eastern home is turned for the time out of doors. Every one possessed of unwearied feet, eyes to see, and ears to hear, is at liberty to assist at the scene and to take such advantage of it as he may. To obtain admission to a family festival no doubt something more is required; the habit, above all, of living with the natives, and of such confidential intercourse as can usually only be attained by sharing in their labours either as their superintendent or fellow-workman, and by acquiring an intimate knowledge both of their customs and manners, and of their

language. All these qualifications are found combined in the distinguished German *savant*, Dr. Spitta, of Hildesheim, who for many years has lived in the city of the Khaleefs as librarian to the Khedive, and has collaborated with his Arab subordinate officers in preserving and arranging the manuscripts and printed books of the library of Darb el-Gamâmeez with scientific care. He is now our guide, and under his conduct, after viewing the interior of an Arab home, we will first endeavour to obtain access to their family solemnities, and then join in the public festivities of the Cairenes.

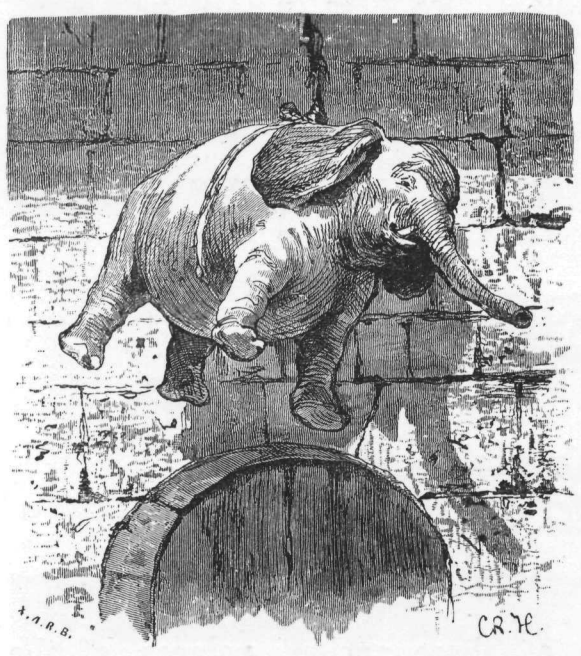
THE HOME.

WE are introduced, not into one of those ancient palaces of the Mamelukes, which have already been depicted to the reader, but into the house of a well-to-do Arab of the merchant class, and we note with some surprise the simplicity and bareness of the outside facing the street. On the lowest floor there are either no windows at all, or only narrow ones, strongly barred, and above them there are the Mashrebeeyeh balconies, which we have observed before. The narrow door is shut and bolted, or, if it is open, nothing is to be seen but a long passage with a seat for the door-keeper—an old and trustworthy servant who, even at night, keeps his post as guardian of the entrance, lying on a bed of palm-branches. Any glimpse into the interior is carefully screened, for the Arab's house is his jealously-guarded sanctuary, and however rich the interior may be its external aspect must be as simple as possible. These precautionary measures are a relic of the time of the Mamelukes, when the aim of every citizen was to avoid attracting the eye of the marauding despot, or exciting his cupidity. Wooden figures, paintings, mottoes, or stuffed animals over the doorways, are supposed to protect the inhabitants from evil influences; a whole crocodile is seen in several instances; and over one, not far from the Hôtel du Nil, a young elephant, stuffed, is to be seen.

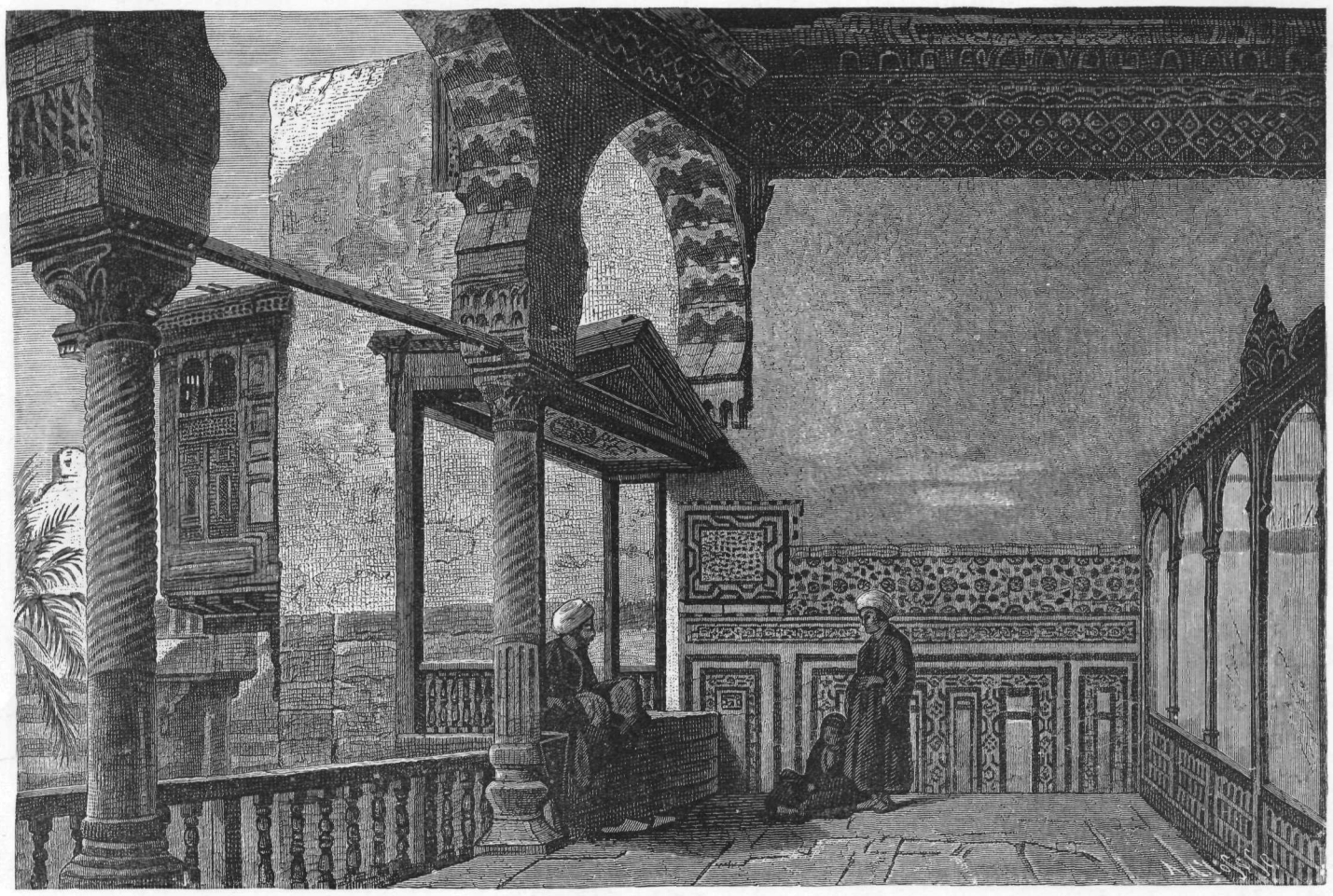


WELL OF A HOUSE.

The passage leading into the interior rarely goes straight into the court, lest any one should see into it from the street. The door-keeper, after warning the women—who fly screaming at the approach of a man—conducts us into the court, which is roofed by the blue sky, and in many houses filled with plants and surrounded by light seats and couches. A servant is lifting the bucket from the draw-well, which, however, yields a brackish water, serviceable only for cleaning purposes. Passing by him—for we desire to speak to the master of the house—we now, as it is summer-time, go up a few steps into a hall or gallery open to the north, and with pillars to support the roof. We take a seat on the divan, but are shortly invited by a young eunuch to follow him to the Mandara, the private sitting and reception room of the master. This is on the first floor—very often on the ground floor—and as we enter our guide pulls off his shoes, for it is regarded as a piece of Frankish ill-breeding to soil the clean floor of the sitting-room with the dust of the streets. We return the master's



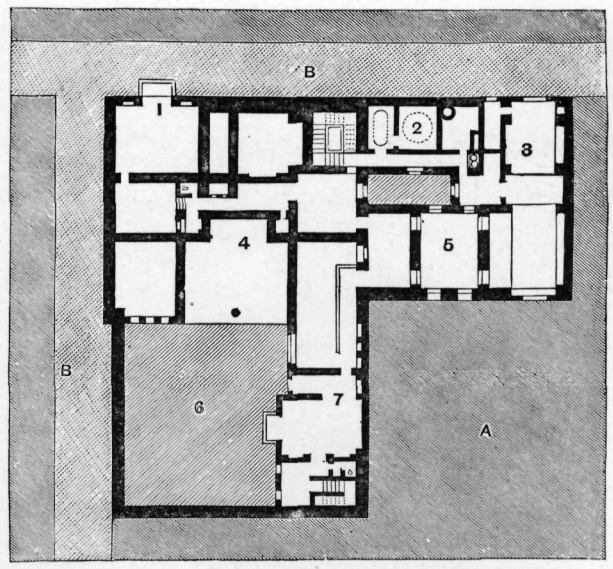
ELEPHANT OVER THE DOOR OF A HOUSE.



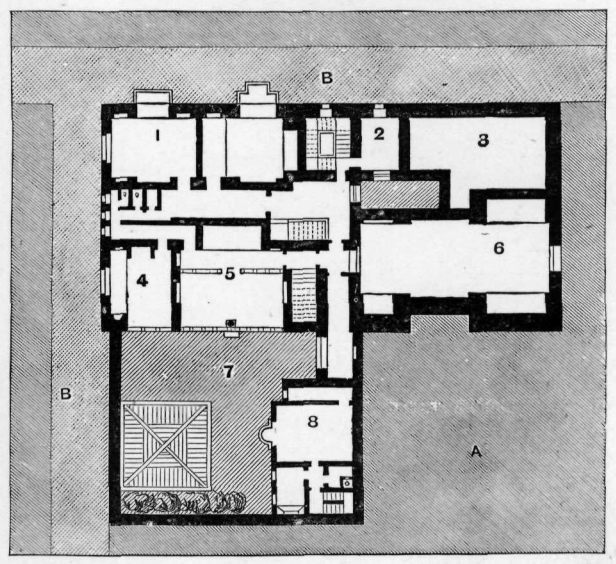
OPEN HALL IN AN OLD MAMELUKE PALACE AT CAIRO.

greeting, touching our forehead, lips, and breast —a symbolic action, signifying that in thought, word, and heart, we are his.

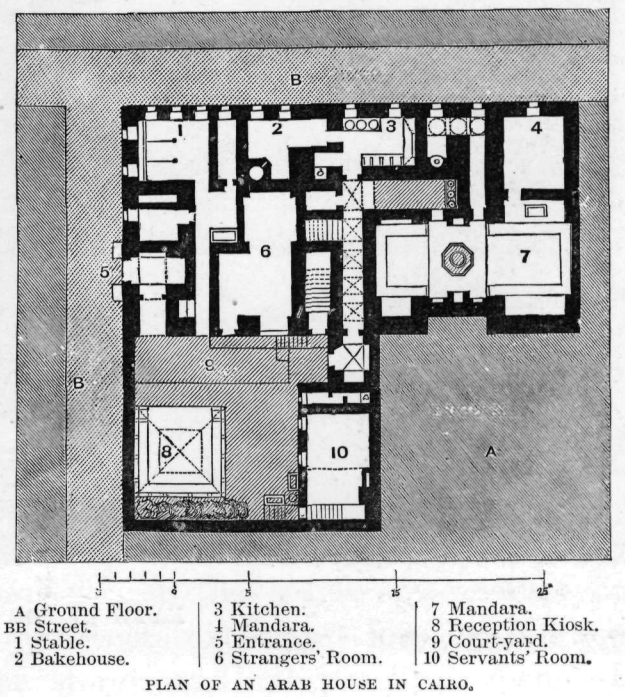
The room in which we now find ourselves is richly furnished, and admirably adapted to its purpose. It is cool and spacious, and the niches without windows in the farther wall seem constructed for conversation not to be overheard. The middle of the paved floor is hollowed to a lower level, inlaid with a mosaic of marble, and constantly moist with the spray of a gracefully-constructed fountain that cools the air. We sit at the raised end of the room, the Leewan, which is covered with carpets, and where luxurious divans invite us to rest; and while we converse with the host the eye dwells with pleasure on the richly decorated ceiling, the various patterns of the earthenware tiles which line the lower part of the walls, the elegantly-carved brackets and shelves, on which are arranged all kinds of finely-wrought vessels, and the inlaid wood-work of the doors. This room is lofty and airy, but the adjoining rooms are so much lower that there is above them an attic floor for the servants, under the roof, which is on the same level as that of the Mandara. Even the most intimate friends of the master are forbidden an entrance to the rooms of the harem. Harem, or haram, originally signified something forbidden or unattainable; and his home is to the Oriental in the truest sense of the word a sanctuary. When the European visitor hears it said that the master is in the harem, he usually conceives of something quite the reverse of the truth, for this reply simply conveys the fact that he has withdrawn into the bosom of his family, the refuge where none of the cares and worries of business can pursue him, where he can give himself up wholly to an undisturbed sense of rest and to the tranquil joys of domestic life. Any one who has lived in the East for a lengthened period learns to recognise this feeling of the sanctity of home and to understand



A Second Floor. | 2 Bath. | 5 Space over Room.
BB Street. | 3 Harem. | 6 Court-yard.
1 Rooms. | 4 Space over Mandara | 7 Strangers' Rooms.

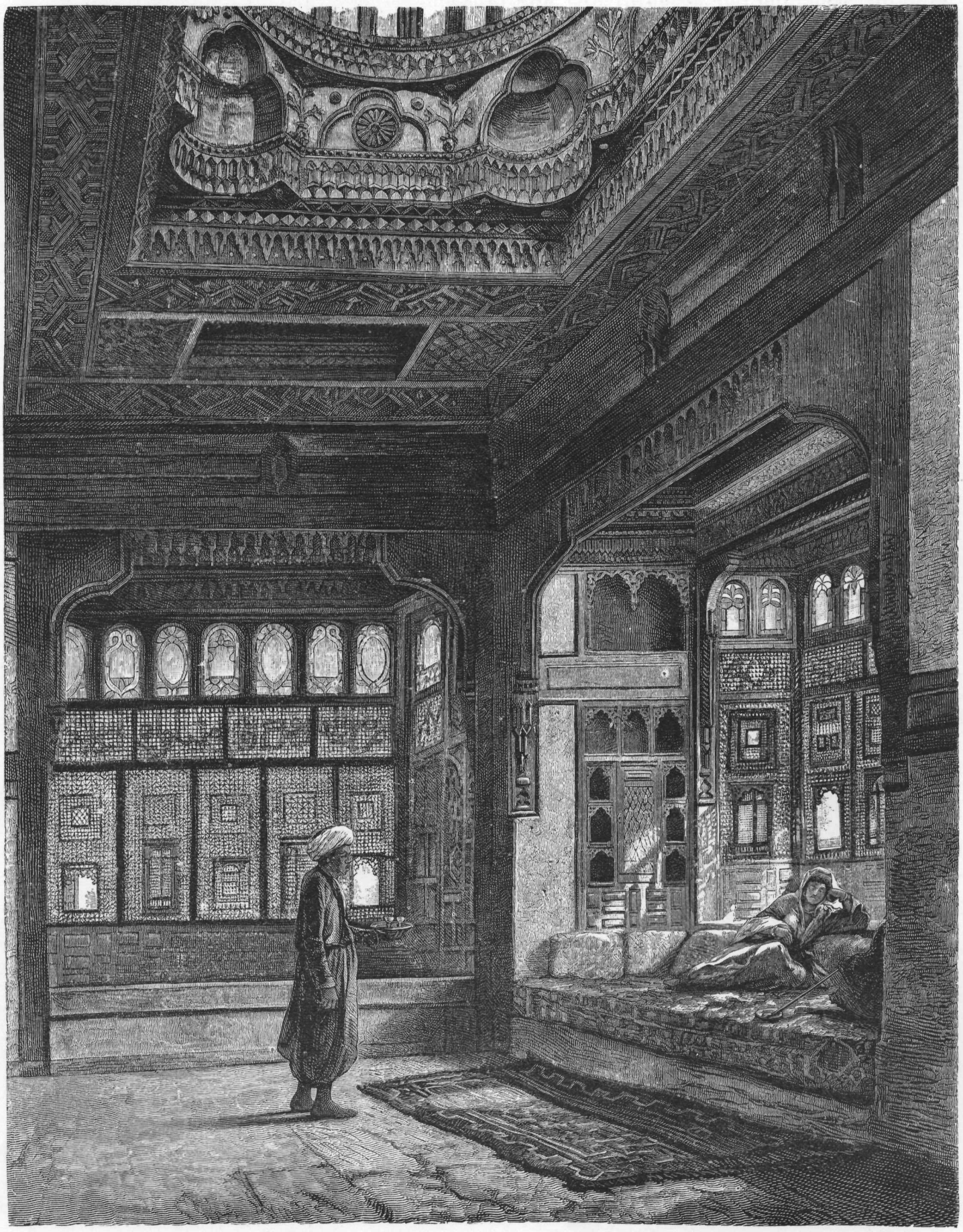


A First Floor. | 2 Linen Room. | 5 Mandara.
BB Street. | 3 Space over Rooms. | 6 Space over Mandara
1 Servants' Rooms. | 4 Men's Rooms. | 7 Court-yard.
8 Strangers' Rooms.



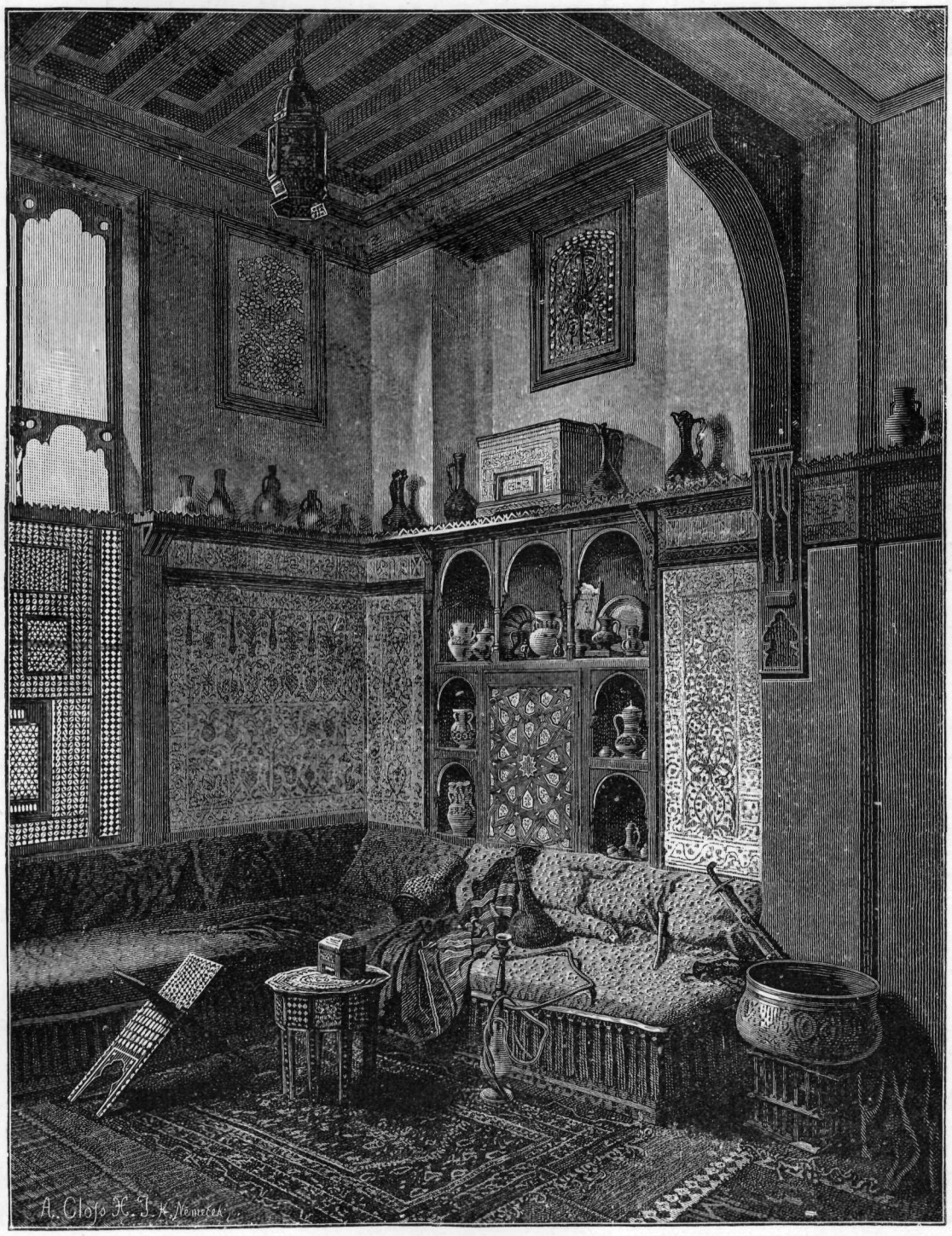
A Ground Floor. | 3 Kitchen. | 7 Mandara.
BB Street. | 4 Mandara. | 8 Reception Kiosk.
1 Stable. | 5 Entrance. | 9 Court-yard.
2 Bakehouse. | 6 Strangers' Room. | 10 Servants' Room.

PLAN OF AN ARAB HOUSE IN CAIRO.



KA'AH IN THE HAREM OF SHEYKH SADAT.

its necessity; he must have a retreat where the turmoil and stress of life cannot penetrate—and this place, where the children spring to meet their father, and where he finds the women, who never have any part in his business cares,



MR. FRANK DILLON'S STUDIO.

is the harem, whose inhabitants by no means regard themselves as prisoners, however unworthy their existence may seem to their European sisters—an existence devoted to the care of their children, to dress, to smoking their nargilehs, and to trifling amusements—and many of them have assured the ladies of our European circle who have visited them that they would not exchange lots with them. The harem is commonly situated in an upper storey, and its principal room, the

Ka'ah, is furnished like the reception-room; nay, in wealthy houses it is even more richly fitted. Above the hollow basin with the fountain rises a cupola, and if the house is in a street, pierced mashrebeeyeh allow the ladies to observe the life going on in the street without being seen. The divans are covered with fine stuffs, and costly vessels of metal and porcelain are generally displayed on the shelves against the walls. The harem is led up to by steps from the court and from the master's apartments. In addition to the print of the Ka'ah, richly decorated and fitted by a master-hand, and given in Vol. I., p. 220, I here set before the



FATHER'S DARLING.

reader that in the house of Sheykh Sadat, to which Mr. Frank Dillon obtained access. This gentleman—my excellent friend in Cairo and companion in many expeditions in Egypt—has fitted up his studio in London in a style well worthy to be called Arabian in the best sense of the word. An artistic cabinet-maker, Parvis of Turin, is engaged in Cairo itself in making furniture on models derived from the time of the Khaliffs, or elaborated by a faithful and loving study of the decorative arts of the Arabs, and these at all our international exhibitions have excited the admiration of every connoisseur; but these carefully finished objects are costly, and the Cairenes prefer to destroy the effect of the beautiful old decorations of their houses by cheap wardrobes and so forth imported from France or Germany. The costly furniture stuffs of former times have long since been utterly displaced by the fabrics of England, Austria, and Germany, and

particularly of Saxony. The back rooms of the house consist of the kitchen and offices, among which there is often a mill and a bakehouse.

We will endeavour to become acquainted with the most important events of life under the roof of a house of this class, and see how the owner procures himself a wife, how he dies in the bosom of his family, how he keeps the high festivals of his faith with his fellow Moslems, passes the month of Ramadân, and how he testifies his sympathy with the pilgrims to the holy places.

MARRIAGE.

EVERYWHERE in the East it is the custom that a young man, as soon as his beard is grown and he can earn a maintenance, should set up housekeeping. As life is on the whole simpler and less pretentious than in Europe, and it is possible to manage with a smaller income, this object is easily attained, and there are few men of twenty who are not husbands and fathers. A man capable of making a living, and who has entered on no marriage ties, runs the risk of being regarded as a ne'er-do-weel and rather "loose fish." It is evident that these customs and opinions are sound and natural. Far be it from me to laud the morality of the Mohammedans or to advocate polygamy, a custom in every respect objectionable; still, I cannot forbear speaking in the highest terms of their strong family feeling and domestic life.

Those tranquil joys which the Cairene is wont to seek and to find in his harem have been already described, and we ought not to think ill of him if he endeavours to set up a home of his own at an early age, and solicits his relatives to aid him. The choice of a suitable wife is certainly much less easy to him than to us, since all intercourse between youths and maidens is impossible; hence, the youth desirous of marrying can never be allowed to see his future bride. Under these circumstances he must have recourse to a go-between, the khatbeh, or betrother, who is celebrated in a thousand love-songs. She, as his ambassadress, visits those families who have marriageable daughters, and she never lacks an excuse for her visits, even when she is not—as most of her class are—a dealer in cosmetics or ornaments. The object of her visit is soon discovered, and then the mothers exert themselves to set their darlings in the best possible light under the keen and critical eye of the inspectress. The result of their efforts is communicated without delay to the youth about to marry and to his family, as soon as one suitable has been found; the mother, sisters, or other near female relations of the candidate for matrimony take an opportunity of convincing

themselves by ocular demonstration of the truth of the khatbeh's report, and if they come home satisfied, the khatbeh discloses the purpose of her visits—long since divined—and proposes in form on the part of the young man for the hand of the fair Aïsha, or whatever the desired damsel's name may be. Her parents give their consent after no long consideration, for they knew beforehand what the betrother wanted, and would have dismissed her earlier if her errand had been displeasing to them. The bride herself is scarcely consulted, and although she has the right of refusal, any objection on her side is of the rarest occurrence, indeed an almost inconceivable thing. And what should make the husband undesirable, whose advantageous qualifications the khatbeh now paints in glowing terms? Perhaps Aïsha may already have seen him as a boy; this, however, is only possible when he happens to be her cousin, a case of very frequent occurrence, for among the Arabs marriage with an "uncle's daughter" is regarded as particularly auspicious and honourable.



THE KHATBEH.

Among the Fellaheen and labouring classes, whose daughters also must do some handiwork, and cannot therefore lived veiled and in retirement, the husband, of course, chooses his wife according to his own views.

When the two families have come to a general agreement, the various bargains, treaties, and discussions, begin between the bridegroom and Aïsha's father or guardian; and first and foremost as to the bride's dowry. The bridegroom must secure a fixed sum to his future wife, of which he usually pays down two-thirds at once; the remainder he retains, and it is only paid in the event of divorce. The family pay the bride's dowry wholly or in part out of the money thus received; and certainly there is no idea whatever of purchasing the girl from her parents, for the wife's position as mistress of her own fortune is perfectly free and independent of her husband, and is strongly protected both by law and custom. Unfortunately, the determination of the amount of the dowry is seldom effected without much keen bargaining, but when it is at last agreed upon the chief difficulty is overcome, and the marriage contract is concluded. Although this is known by the name of "the book," it is, in fact, an oral declaration, made before a magistrate or legal authority and witnesses, by which it acquires legal validity. On a day soon after this the bridegroom goes at about midday to the home of his betrothed, accompanied by two friends; there he is received by his father-in-law, who also brings two

witnesses and a Fikêe, or reader. The party is usually increased by the presence of friends of both families, among whom, however, of course, no woman is to be seen. After reciting the Fatkhah, the first chapter of the Koran, the bridegroom announces the sum agreed upon as the bride's settlement. He and his father-in-law kneel opposite each other on a carpet in the midst of the spectators, clasp each other's right hand, and lifting up their thumbs, press them closely together; they remain in this attitude while the Fikêe, after covering the clasped hands with a napkin or handkerchief, first delivers a short discourse, consisting usually of a few verses from the Koran, and then pronounces the very short formula of betrothal. They then partake of a meal together, the witnesses on the bride's part have presents made them, and the bridegroom "gratifies" the Fikêe with a handkerchief, into one corner of which a piece of gold is knotted.



CAIRENE MAIDEN.

The marriage is now legally accomplished, and all that remains to be done is to introduce the bride to the bridegroom and marry her to him. All friends and neighbours take part in the grand festival of the "night of entrance," as it is called; we ourselves are invited guests. A longer or shorter period elapses between the solemnity of betrothal and that of marriage, depending on the amount of the dowry to be given, and among the wealthy the bride's gifts are made the occasion for displaying the greatest luxury; indeed, some Oriental princes have given dowries to their daughters which, by reason of their magnificence, have been described with the most exact detail by Arabian historians. The present Viceroy, when his daughter was married a few years since, showed himself in this respect a true Oriental. Our acquaintances do not move in quite so exalted a sphere, but are of the citizen and official middle-class, who are more modest in their pretensions; but among them the old customs are kept up in a more characteristic and primitive form than among the wealthy, who, in their craving for luxury and love of strangeness and novelty, have let the old traditions die out. The festivities for the two sexes are, of course, independent of each other; and it is quite right and fitting that at a wedding feast the women should be more highly considered than the men. We must therefore, before taking our pleasure among the company, endeavour to learn something of the proceedings within the sacred precincts of the harem.

There, pleasure and rejoicing have already taken possession since the day

before. The bride's invited friends—all ladies, of course—have solemnly escorted her to the bath; this progress, known as the "bath-procession," is, according to time-honoured custom, performed on foot, and the European carriages so much in favour with the Arabs are on this occasion discarded. Very slowly—often coming to a stand-still in the busy thoroughfares—do they wend their way: a long way, though it seems only too short to those who take part in the procession. It is headed by Arab musicians with little tambourines, flutes, and a clarionet; then follow the married women, looking like bats in their black silk wrappers. Behind them come the young girls in white veils, and close upon them follows the bride herself; she is so closely and carefully enveloped in a red cashmere shawl that it is hardly possible to discover the faintest outline of her figure even. The only ornament she wears is a brilliant gold coronet. Two of her relations walk one on each side of her with much dignity; a canopy of bright red stuff borne on four poles waves over her and behind her, and embroidered scarfs hang from it and flutter in the wind; more musicians follow in the rear. This procession halts from time to time with much complacency, to afford a treat for the ears of the inhabitants of the streets through which it passes, and it finally disappears in the bath-house, which has been hired for the occasion, and where a handkerchief fastened up over the doorway indicates that it is to be visited by women only.



ENTRANCE TO A BATH FOR WOMEN.

In the bath they abandon themselves to enjoyment, and when they have cleaned and refreshed themselves they are wrapped in white sheets, to rest from the fatigue which succeeds a Turkish bath, to sip hot coffee, smoke fragrant cigarettes, and listen to singing-women, whose songs are of love and longing, of the accomplishment of long unsatisfied dreams, and of the joys of marriage.

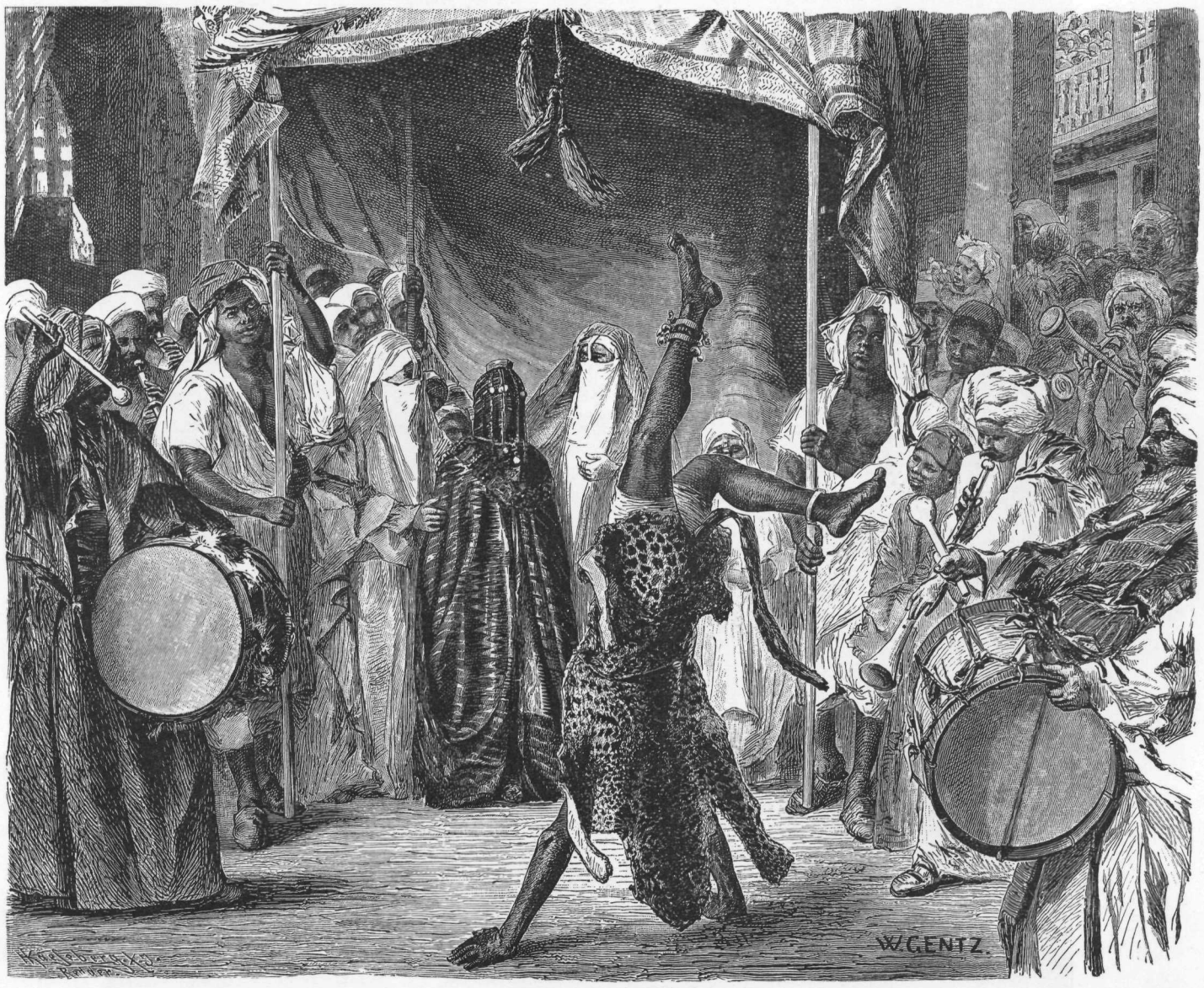
When we reach Upper Egypt we shall meet again with these performers; the best of them are very highly paid, and I shall have more to say about them in that place.

When the wedding party have dressed themselves again, they play games, in which each one eagerly takes part, and the merry laughter of the women and girls may often be heard even in the street. Several hours are thus spent in the bath-house; then the procession returns home in the same order to a banquet, where again there is no lack of music and singing. When the last dish is removed the bride takes a large piece of henna paste in her hand, and all the guests stick into it a large or small gold coin. Finally, the nails of her hands and feet are reddened with this well-known cosmetic, and she takes leave of her friends, who share the remainder of the henna among them.



PASTIME IN THE HAREM.

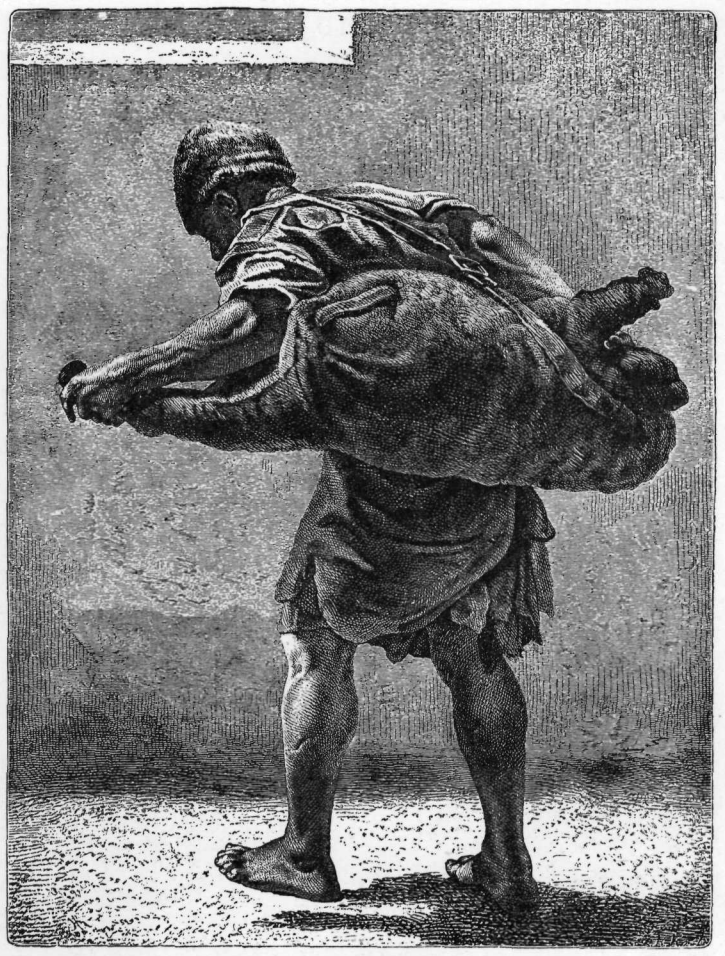
The forenoon of the following day is devoted to the arts of the toilet, which certainly absorb no less time and attention in the life of an Eastern lady than in that of a European. Towards the middle of the afternoon the carriages and camels appear, the remainder of the dowry which has not been already sent is packed on to the camels, the bride, with her nearest female relatives, gets into a carriage closely curtained with a red shawl, the rest of the company,



BRIDAL PROCESSION.

women and children, are squeezed pell-mell into other vehicles, and the procession sets out for the bridegroom's house. Musicians playing Arab melodies on European brass instruments—a hideous and ear-splitting innovation—accompany the bride. The great trumpets blare out their resounding notes, and the admiring Cairenes shout "Allah!" as it passes. In spite of carriages and brass bands—those usurping invaders—two traditional and very typical personages have not been forgotten—the two half-naked wrestlers and the man with the water-skin. At each pause in the progress of the wedding party the wrestlers exhibit for the benefit of the public, which collects often in so dense a crowd as to bar the

way to foot-passengers; they do their best in performing a mock struggle, showing off the strongly developed muscles of their arms and torso. The sakkah carries on his business in another fashion. He carries the skin filled with water and sand, and weighing some hundredweights, on his back. With this load, which he has carried from quite early in the morning, he performs a graceful sort of dance backwards and forwards, first one foot in front and then the other, standing first on the right leg and then on the left: no easy achievement with such a burden as he carries. A third characteristic personage sometimes joins the wedding procession—this is a tumbler, who can stand on his head, or more usually walks backwards and forwards with a face of tragic dignity, balancing his long pole with marvellous skill, or making it quiver and spin between his fingers.



THE WATER-CARRIER.

At last they reach the bridegroom's house, into which the ladies and the camels loaded with movables, disappear; in front of it the street is usually screened with a red and green awning, under which hang lamps and lanterns. Under this temporary roof high wooden benches are erected for the numerous guests of the masculine gender who there await the arrival of the bride; we have seated ourselves among them, avail ourselves of the offered coffee and cigars, and take a part in the conversation, which is far from flagging; such an entertainment is highly relished by the Oriental, who prefers witty and intelligent talk to every other amusement.



ARAB METAL UTENSILS.

Even in the time of the Khaliffs a "word spoken in season"—("how good it is," says Solomon) was held in due estimation. It could win pardon for the criminal, mollify an angry potentate, and protect

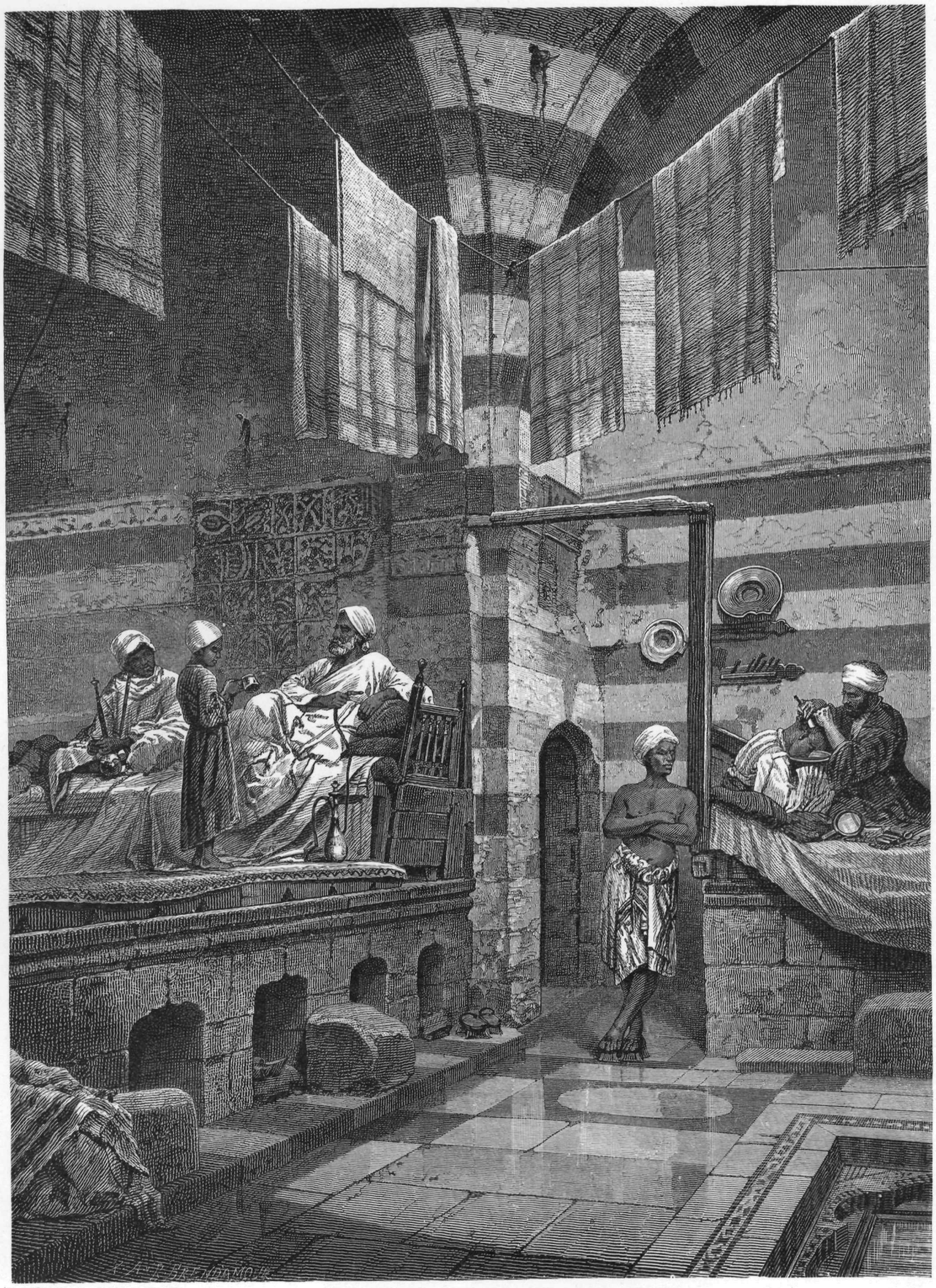
persecuted innocence. And at the present day, even in the decadence of that pre-Asiatic culture, it is very interesting and delightful to note the care which even a common man gives to his language, how skilfully conversation is carried on, with what geniality and point an anecdote is related, and the pleasure the Arabs take in conversation, tasting each word, as it were, like connoisseurs. In this respect they



AÏSHA'S YOUNGER SISTER.

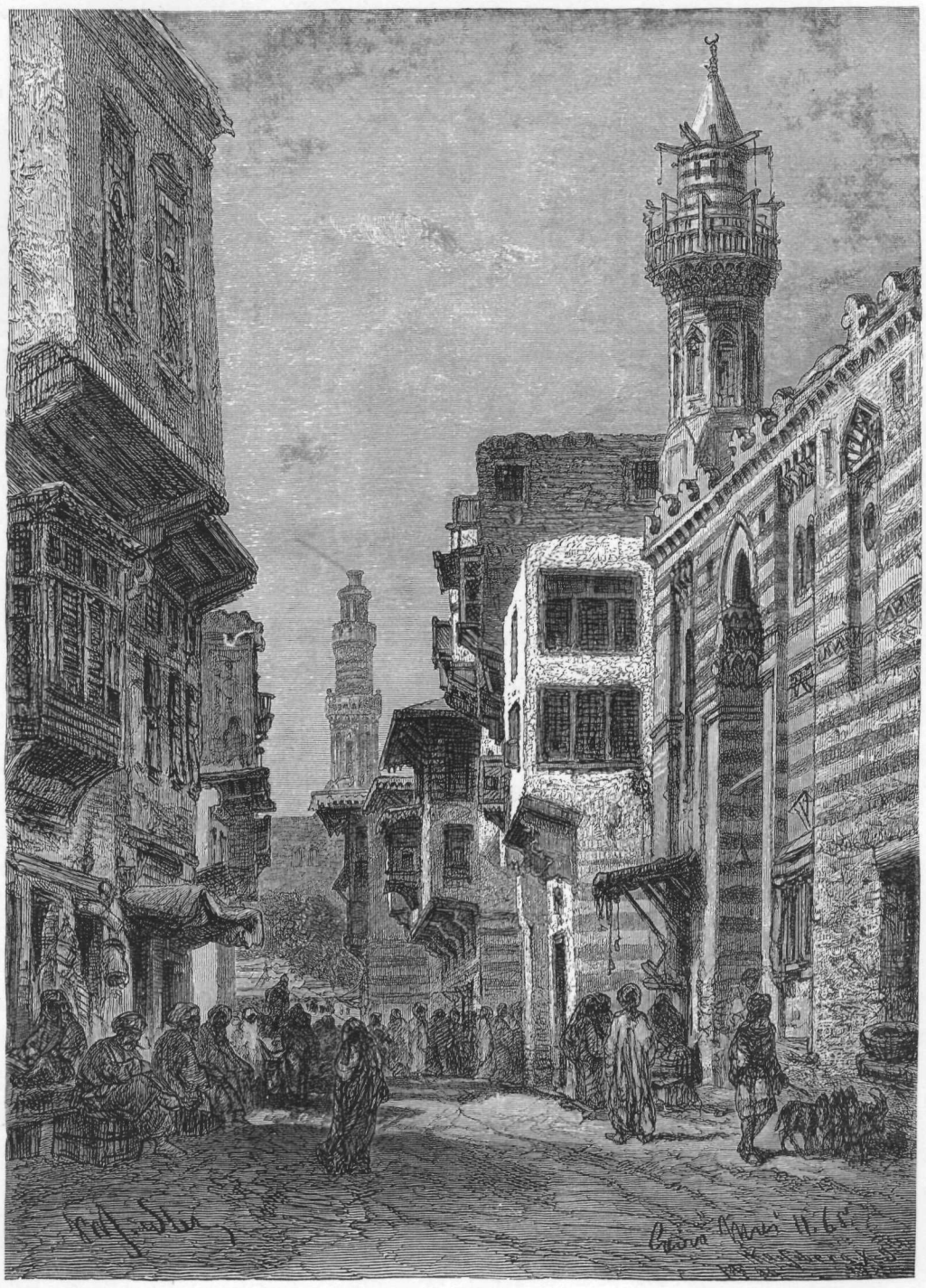
are certainly the most gifted race in the world; and among the wedding guests there are two or three venerable Sheykhs whom it is a real pleasure to listen to.

The bridegroom, who has invigorated himself during the forenoon by one of those baths so dear to the Oriental—of heated air and warm water, followed by a course of shampooing and delightful languor and rest in clean linen wrappers—now moves among his guests, dressed very simply, greeting each one, and fulfilling all the duties of an amiable host. Towards sundown a repast is served, of which all the guests partake, sitting in groups; they take their seats on the carpet round large circular tea-trays of green lacquer—or rather, tables, as they



INTERIOR OF AN EASTERN BATH.

are somewhat raised—and they help themselves with their hands from the dishes set upon it. As soon as one is done with another takes its place, so that we have to do justice to ten or twelve altogether. A little loaf is placed before



STREET IN CAIRO.

each guest, from which he breaks off a piece, and uses it as a spoon, when the dish is of a liquid nature. Sour salad serves to whet the appetite in the short intervals. Water is the only drink that relieves the severe labours of degustation; hence the excellent coffee and cigarettes with which we are subsequently refreshed are doubly enjoyable after we have thoroughly washed our hands and faces, in the Oriental fashion, with soap and water which are handed to us in vessels

of elegant form. For two hours the feasting has continued, uninterrupted by anything worthy of remark; now the noise of the Zikr mingles with the tinkle of the kanoon and sounds of song from the women's apartments; the gaudy tent-cloth is fitfully lighted up in every direction by lamps that swing gently to and fro; a fresh night breeze blows down the street, fanning our cheeks and lips. A short time before the Muezzin is heard calling to evening prayer the bridegroom disappears for a few minutes; torches and tapers are lighted, and a number of his friends make ready to accompany him to the mosque, where he must go through the prescribed prayers. In a short time he reappears in festal attire, and sets out with his companions, preceded by musicians. We stay behind with some other guests.

The procession to prayer lasts a full hour, for it is not considered decorous to hurry on the way back; on the contrary, it halts several times to listen to a singer, who celebrates the praises of the young couple.

Aïsha, since her arrival at her husband's house, has sat in perfect silence and with downcast eyes, for this is what etiquette and custom requires of her. Her friends and relations gather round her, exhorting her energetically, and representing to her that now she has left her father and mother to belong exclusively to her husband; but she must not answer a word. By degrees the female guests retire, till none remain but the nurse, or *bellaneh*, who has waited on her yesterday and to-day, and her mother and sister. These now leave her; Aïsha is left alone, trembling and blushing, with the *bellaneh*. The nurse throws a shawl over the girl's head, gives a signal, the door opens, and the bridegroom comes in. The *bellaneh* then withdraws; man and wife remain alone face to face. Now is the moment for lifting the veil that conceals the bride's face. Saying the words, "In the name of God, the compassionate, the merciful," the husband raises the shawl and greets his young wife, saying, "Blessed be this night;" she thanks him with the answer, "God bless thee." This is the first time he has seen her unveiled, and it is an anxious question whether her beauty has not been described in too glowing colours; or, instead of the Rachel he desired, Leah has not been brought to him. But Aïsha's pretty face is pleasing in the eyes of her husband; indeed, the bridegroom is usually content, and announces the fact to the anxious group of women waiting outside, who immediately set up a shrill cry of delight. In the opinion of the Semitic races this shout of the triumphant and satisfied bridegroom is one of the most delightful sounds that can be uttered by the human breast, and we learn that this idea is no growth of to-day or of yesterday, from the passage in St. John's Gospel, chapter iii., verse 29: "He that hath the bride is the bridegroom: but the friend of the bridegroom, which standeth and heareth him, rejoiceth greatly because of the bridegroom's voice."

BURIAL.

UNRELENTING death is calling our friend Sheykh Alee; he is dangerously ill. He lies on his bed of sickness with the calm resignation of the true Moslem; only the exclamation "Allah!" that breaks from him now and then, betrays that he is suffering; thus it was when we quitted him yesterday. Early this morning a common acquaintance brought the information that during the night death had released him from his sufferings. As he felt his end approaching, with his sons' help he performed his ablutions as if for prayer; his wives and children stood round him in deep grief; when he was at his latest breath they turned his face towards Mekka, and cried out incessantly, "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his Prophet. There is neither might nor power but with the almighty and exalted God. We are the Lord's: we return unto Him."

Hardly had he breathed his last, with the rites prescribed by his faith, than the women set up their lamentation—the "Walwalah,"—with hideous cries, which sound out far into the night and announce the melancholy event to all the neighbourhood. With loud cries of "Oh, my master! oh, my garment! oh, my camel!" they tear their hair and beat their breasts, while the men of the household—sons and servants—make the necessary preparations for the funeral on the morrow, with grave composure, on the contrary. Custom, it is true, requires that Eastern women should express their grief in a passionate manner, but these vehement and wholly untrained natures are also, in fact, incapable of controlling their feelings. Self-command is required only of men, but "woman's hair is long, and her wits are short," says an Eastern proverb.



LAMENTATION FOR THE DEAD (*Ancient Egyptian*).

It is with difficulty that the weeping women can be induced to leave the room of death, and then they sit down in the hall or court, cowering round a lantern and continuing their discordant wailing. Meanwhile the corpse is undressed, wrapped in sheets, and carefully covered with cloths, and then, muttering pious texts, the watchers await the morning. Then friends and acquaintances begin to stream in, the circle of wailing and shrieking women increases, while in the upper

chamber many dignified turbaned heads surround the bed of death in silent sorrow and regret. The son of the house gets many words of sincere sympathy, many a text of comfort or counsel for the coming day, of which the duties will indeed be far from light. Then two Fikêes (reciters of the Koran) make their appearance, and with them the corpse-washer, and these proceed at once to their tasks. The former, in an adjoining room, recite the sixth chapter of the Koran, beginning with the words: "Praise be to Allah, who hath created the heavens and the earth, and hath made darkness and light," and of which the twelfth verse runs thus:—"Say: to whom belongs whatever is in the heavens and the earth? Say: to God; He hath inscribed mercy on his soul. Verily He shall guide us at the last day, and there is no doubt of that." As soon as the corpse-washer has fulfilled his duty, the dead is ready for his last journey.

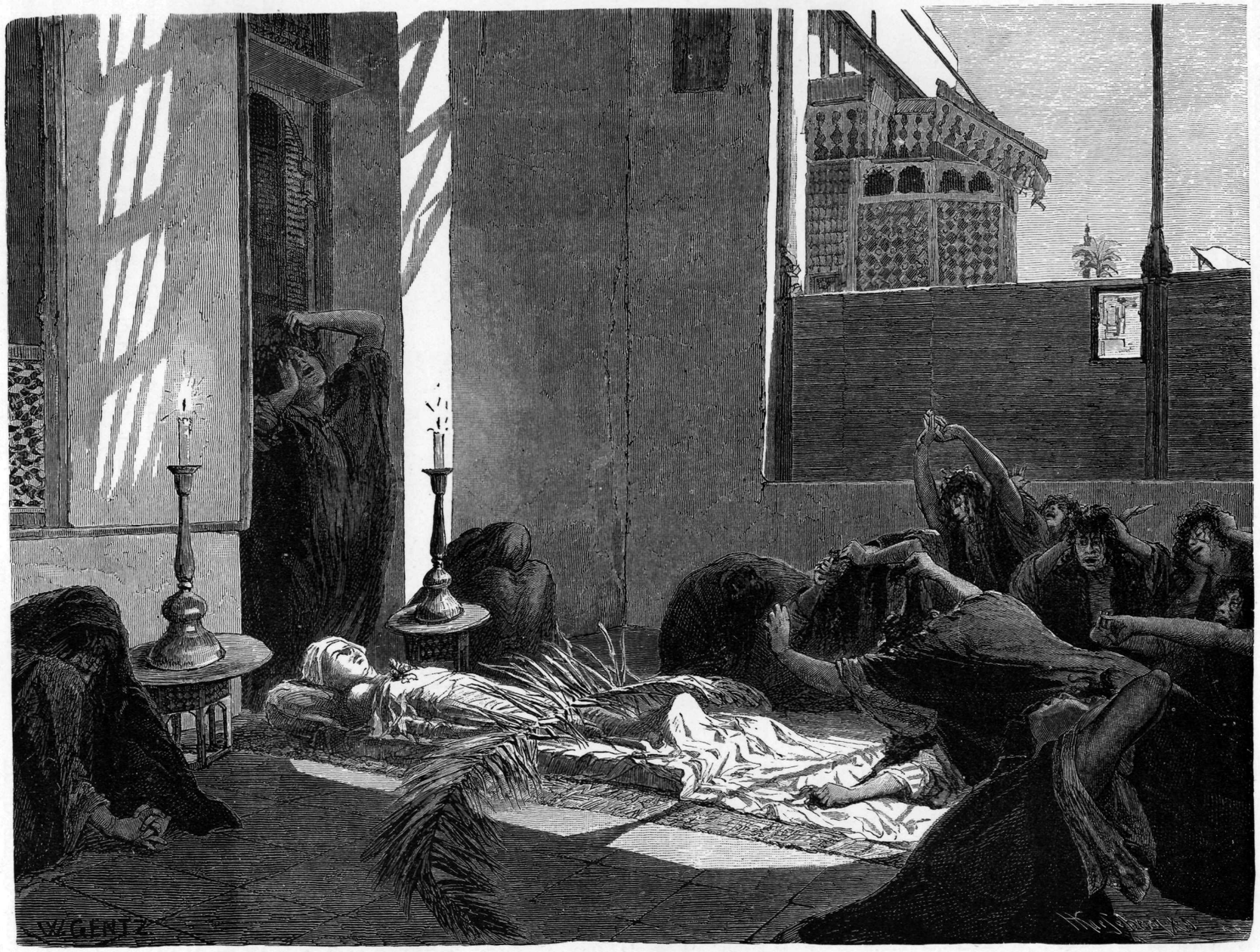


LANE IN CAIRO.

So far we have heard of the proceedings from a friend, but we may now set forth and join in paying the last honours to the dead. The narrow street, which still resounds with the cries of the women from the house of death, is filled with mourners, to whom we join ourselves. All round the customary commonplaces on death fall upon the ear: "Yea, such is the way of all men!" "Good luck to thee that it is not thou for whom we weep!" "Death is terrible!" "What is life? what is this world?" with texts from the Koran. Parables, too, are recited, or suitable verses, as:—

"Awake, O man, nor trust the world,
That keeps its faith with none;
A fragile skiff by tempests hurled,
And wrecked—and thou art gone."

Meanwhile the son of the deceased goes from one to another of his friends;



BEWAILING THE DEAD.

each one presses his hand and says a few words of sympathy. Presently, on an ass, arrives an official of the Beyt-el-mal, the office for the distribution of inheritance, and enters the house. It is no doubt the duty of every Moslem to make a will before his death, but the deceased Sheykh, like most Mohammedans, has shrunk from this act as being of evil omen; hence it is necessary that the law should undertake the administration of his property. First of all his seal—which is tantamount to his signature—is destroyed after several impressions have been taken from it in a large register, which also receives a brief summary of the state

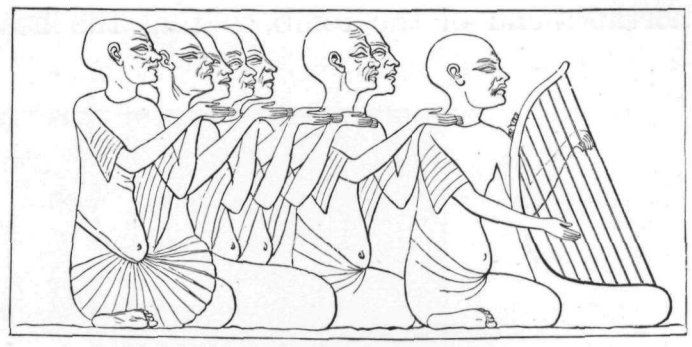


FUNERAL PROCESSION.

in which our deceased friend has left his affairs. The creditors now make their claims, for it is the custom first to satisfy those demands which are preferred while the corpse is still above ground; hence his friends in business and the dealers who supplied him hasten to inscribe their names and claims in the register, and during these proceedings the house of mourning becomes the scene of the most revolting haggling and bargaining. Presently a violent squabble breaks out among some of the creditors, which is carried on with uproarious shouts, and continued even in the street. The noise is frightful, for the wailing of the women is not yet reduced to silence, and the poor Sheykh's dwelling is more like an auction mart than the house of the dead.

At last two or three sheykhs have brought the disputants to some sort of agreement. The corpse is now laid in the bier, wrapped in cloths and covered

with a red cashmere shawl. The bier is a simple wooden box or trough, without a lid, somewhat broader before than behind, and attached to two bearing poles. The head is borne foremost. It is brought down to the house-door, and the procession soon falls into order. It is opened by boys, one of whom carries a desk of palm branches covered with a cloth, on which lies a copy of the Koran; the others chant incessantly the same text again and again: "My heart adores the Prophet and Him who bends over him to bless him" (*i.e.*, God). Then follow men who, as was the case in ancient Egypt, are frequently blind, and they continually rehearse in a monotonous way the Mohammedan confession of faith.[1] After them, in no regular order, come the male members of the family and the friends and acquaintances of the sheykh, and the street boys crowd round them. Immediately in front of the bier walk four youths with coloured silk handkerchiefs round their loins, who carry vessels full of rose-water, and censers in their hands, to sprinkle and perfume the escort of the dead. The whole motley and clamorous train does not move with the solemn slowness usual in Europe on such occasions, but goes through the streets at a round pace.



BLIND SINGERS. FROM THE REPRESENTATIONS OF AN OLD EGYPTIAN TOMB.

Its first destination is the mosque, where the funeral prayer must be said. The bier is set down in front of the kiblah or prayer-niche, and the crowd, after performing the necessary ablutions, falls into order behind the reciter of the prayer. Four times—once with a loud voice and three times softly—the cry "Allâhu akbar" is repeated ("God is great"), and then a prayer is said for the repose of the dead man's soul, ending with the usual greeting to the Prophet—"God greet and bless our Lord Mohammed, his family and his companions!"



FEMALE MOURNERS. FROM A REPRESENTATION IN THE GRAVE OF PTAHHOTEP AT THEBES

Next follows a peculiar custom—a sort of judgment of the dead, which has, however, degenerated into a mere form—as with the ancient Egyptians. The reciter turns to the assembly and asks "What is your testimony of him?" The answer is, "Our testimony is that he was one of the pious." No other answer is ever given, for it is believed that even if the deceased were ungodly, God the Most High will nevertheless judge him more favourably for the united testimony of the faithful—perhaps even have mercy upon him. The whole ceremony has occupied but a short time. The procession hurries on again through the tumult of the streets, out to the cemetery in the desert. There the grave-maker has

[1] The boys usually chant passages from the *Hashriyeh*, a poem describing the Last Judgment.

already made the grave, a low structure of bricks lying north and south, with an arched top and covered with earth. After a short prayer the body is taken out of the bier, still wrapped in its cloths, and pushed into an opening at the northern end of the tomb, so that the head lies to the south-east—*i.e.*, towards Mecca,



STREET AND MOSQUE.

and the body rests on its right side.[1] As soon as the opening is closed with sand and stones nothing remains to be done but to remind the dead how he is to comport himself towards the two angels of the tomb, a custom which is, however, condemned by many. One of the Fikêes crouches down in front of the closed opening, and says: "Oh! servant of God, son of a servant of God and of a handmaid of God! know that now two angels will come to thee to question thee.

[1] In family vaults one side is for the men, the other for the women.



DISTRIBUTION OF DATES IN A CEMETERY AT CAIRO.

When they ask thee, 'Who is thy master?' answer, 'Allah is my master!' If then they ask thee, 'Who is thy Prophet?' answer, 'Mohammed is my Prophet!'" and so forth. Those who are acquainted with the "Book of the Dead"[1] will find much of the ancient Egyptian spirit in the formula, which is to serve as a defence or talisman for the dead in the other world.

The Mohammedan believes that the human soul, immediately after death, is borne by angels appointed to that service, either into the presence of God or to hell, and there has a foretaste of the lot which awaits it, but then returns to the body and remains with it,[2] lying in the breast of the deceased under the grave-cloth. It hears all that is said to it, and so can be prepared for that which is to come. In a short time the two angels of the tomb appear to it—Munkar, or Nâkir, and Nekeer—two black forms with fearful teeth, long hair down to the ground, eyes like lightning, and voices like thunder, holding enormous iron rods in their hands. When the soul perceives them—the soul being conceived of as no larger than a bee (that of the wicked, however, being of baser matter is somewhat larger)—it creeps into the nose of the corpse, which is thereby revived, and sits up to undergo the trial now about to begin. If he passes through it successfully his grave is made wide and easy to him, a glimpse is allowed him into Paradise and its joys, and at the same moment he loses all sense of time, so that the interval till the day of judgment passes "like the winking of an eye." If he fails to answer the five questions put by the angels they beat him with their iron rods so severely that he sinks into the seventh *limbo;* but this soon ejects him, he returns to his grave, and the same torment is repeated seven times. Oriental fancy has expended itself lavishly on these scenes, and has described the vicissitudes of the soul in various narratives which are frequently perfectly contradictory.

May the earth lie lightly on Sheykh Alee! The Fikêes, the bearers, and the wailing women, are all paid at once, by his freshly-closed grave, and bread, dates, and grease, are distributed among the poor who have meanwhile collected. The procession disperses, and its members return separately to the city. We accompany the son of the deceased to his house, which continues to be the scene of lamentation and bewailment; for, during three evenings in succession, friends meet there and sit in silence side by side, listening to recitals of prayers or of the Koran, or thinking of the dead. On every succeeding Thursday, till the sun has set forty times, the female friends and neighbours assemble in the house of mourning to set up a wail for the dead; and early in the morning of every Friday the survivors go forth to the cemetery to lay palm branches or reeds on the tombstone; and they distribute bread, dates, and other food, to the poor. This is their duty for forty days; after that, even, as we already know, the grave of the dear departed remains a bourne of pilgrimage, and on such occasions his memory is perpetuated by the beautiful custom of making benevolent donations.

[1] P. 57, Lepsius, "Todtenbuch," 4to, Leipz., 1842. Taf. xlix. c. 125; again, taf. xxxv. c. 99.

[2] For a night after the burial.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE PROPHET.

WE have come to the twenty-sixth day of the month Safar, which this year is a true spring month, for it coincides with our month of March, when the sun of Egypt shines in the cloudless sky not less brightly, but with much less scorching heat than it does in the summer-time. Fine weather makes a gay festival, and we purpose to share in the enjoyment of the Cairenes during the holiday-time that is about to begin.

In the street of the "Mosque of the Daughters"[1] we meet a little cavalcade. A man with a green banner rides in front, and behind him, on a mule, comes a dignified white-bearded sheykh, followed by a number of turbaned heads—some are riding on asses, some are on foot. The street boys crowd round the little procession, shouting and screaming. What is it? What is happening? Before we have time to open our lips to inquire, behold a

COURT AND HOUSE OF THE KADI.

second troop exactly similar, and the throng grows thicker and thicker; nay, close to the mosque which gives its name to the street it is so impenetrable that we

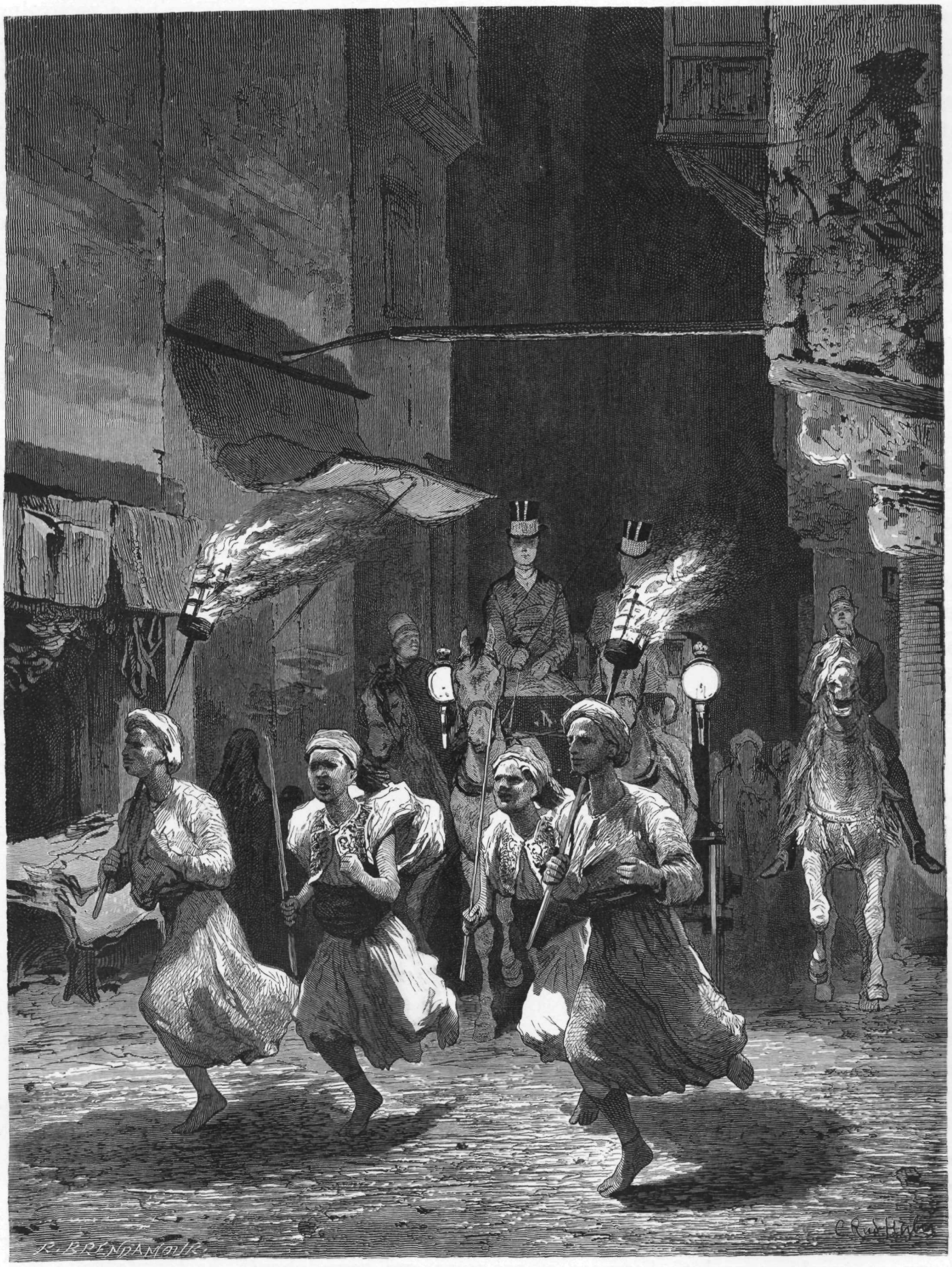
[1] Gama el-Benat, "Mosque of the Girls."

find ourselves obliged to come to a stand-still among the Moslems who are gazing devoutly at the door of the sanctuary. At last we succeed in pushing by a returning party, and in getting close to the door—opposite to it indeed—but instead of the marvellous something we expected to find there, we see nothing but a simply-dressed young man sitting on a stone seat, and who has his hand kissed by all the bystanders one after another. This is the Sheykh Mohammed, son of the deceased and famous saint Abd-el-Ganee, who, by his piety and his exemplary life as chief of the sect of the Bayyoomees, acquired great fame and influence, and whose place has recently been filled up by his younger son. Faithful to his father's habit, he is sitting before the door of this mosque, and the believing populace, eager to be blessed, crowd to kiss his hand. The excitement marked in every countenance indicates an unwonted occurrence, and, in fact, an important event is happening, a Great Maglis—or meeting—is being held in the house of the Kadi to determine the beginning and end of the festival of the birthday of the Prophet. All the guilds and sects have their share in it, and these it was whom we saw arriving in holiday dress with their sheykhs at their head to take part in the deliberations. At the door of the mosque they obtain a blessing on this important work, which is brought to an end quickly enough, for after a short discussion a protocol is drawn up and signed, and the deputations go home again.

Pleasure and rejoicing reign already; but a series of splendid holidays is about to begin, a right merry spring festival, to which God's blessing cannot be wanting since it is in honour of "the best of men—the great and elect Prophet." No other festival is carried through with so much spirit, with such elation and rejoicing as this one. Outside the city, to the right of the Boolak road, a large open space is already being surrounded with those magnificent tents, in erecting which the Easterns display the skill of a master. In the middle of the square high masts are erected, fastened together and to the ground with ropes, on which thousands of lamps are hung. In front of them are fantastically constructed scaffoldings for fireworks, which play a conspicuous part in the magnificence of the festival; in the streets stall after stall is rapidly constructed: confectioners, cooks, coffee-sellers, sherbet-mixers, buffoons, jugglers, snake-charmers, tumblers, and the owners of see-saws and roundabouts, hasten to take possession of the best places, for large profits are in prospect when the night of the



SNAKE-CHARMER.



A LADY OF RANK DRIVING OUT AFTER SUNSET.

festival has fairly set in, and jovial trains with torches wend their way through the city proclaiming the praise of the Prophet in chanted strophe and anti-strophe.

The first day of Rabee-el-awwal—the day determined by the Kadi and the elders of the city as the first of the festival—is come; or rather, let us say, the first night, for with the Mohammedans each day begins at sunset, and it is not till evening falls that labour and business are at an end, and that they abandon themselves to pleasure; indeed, the night, with its soft though cooler air, is a perfect invitation to relaxation and enjoyment.

By about eight in the evening we set out: the streets, just now so full, are deserted and still; but in the Muskee street we come upon a few groups of merry Cairenes hurrying to the scene of festivity; then—a really singular sight and not easily to be forgotten—the carriage of some princess, escorted by torch-bearers and eunuchs, flashes past like some fiery goblin train. The throng thickens at the Ezbekeeyeh gardens. Soon a dull uproar strikes the ear, we turn the corner by the New Hotel, and see a long roadway filled with men, lined with stalls, and brightly lighted up with torches and lanterns. In a few seconds we are drawn into the stream, and, shoving and pushing, strive to move on with it. A hired carriage, with a little Sais hardly more than ten years old running in front to make way, tries to part the crowd. Air! air! this is suffocation! The mob closes up again behind the carriage, the pressure is relieved, and once more we are pushing and struggling among the turbans. The gentle and amiable nature of the Egyptians is here conspicuous. In Europe such a crowd would inevitably lead to violence and accidents, while the Cairene who meets with a severe blow revenges himself merely by saying, "Can you not look where you are going, son of a dog?" to which the other replies placably, "Ma, 'alesh" ("It does not matter"), a platitude which the offended man readily adopts. However, even here it sometimes comes to active warfare. Two cocks-of-the-walk get a tight grip of each other's throat, and each swears by Allah and his Prophet to have the life of the other. The neighbours shriek, the combatants scream "Murder!" the row is terrific—when up goes a rocket in the distance, exploding into red and green stars, every eye is at once religiously bent on the glittering display, there is a unanimous "Oh!" of admiration, the quarrel is forgotten, the combatants rub their bruises, and address themselves once more, as meekly as children, to the delights of the entertainment.

On both sides of the street the booths are brilliantly lighted, and in every direction refreshments are being sold from jars or fruit baskets. Coffee is made in this red and white tent, while the customers listen to the story-teller; and from yonder marquee, which is so closely curtained, and where Karakush[1] is carrying on his too graphically natural performances, proceed sounds of song and laughter. Close beside it a baker has established himself, and draws his beautifully-browned round cakes out of his little oven under our very eyes, and, all hot as they are, they are excellent eating. However, we do not pause, for some Dervishes, with music and torches, on the way to their religious performances, attract us to follow

[1] The Egyptian Punch, already described.

them. But before reaching the tent set up for them we are detained by a pretty scene. An artist in confectionery stands behind a high pedestal supporting a round wooden tray, in the midst of which is a large circular lantern. Round this are set out in little saucers the most ravishing sago puddings, stuck full of almonds, in such dainty array that their aspect cannot fail to tempt the Arab eye and tooth. Two little boys stand exactly opposite this erection, fixing their pretty, wide eyes on the sweet objects of their desire; but, alas! with no hope of its fulfilment, for though the two have made common stock and combined their capital, two copper piastres are inadequate to soften the obdurate heart of the man behind the lantern. Still, with true Arab volubility and pertinacity, they dispute his right to demand more than two piastres for his almond puddings, and they are on the point of being dismissed with paternal obduracy when one of our party crowns their desires by extracting a copper coin from his pocket.



SAIS.

From the other side of the road comes the shrill tinkle of bells. The crowd of children—all children alike, great and small—are enjoying the delights of a round-about, of a so-called Russian swing, and of an ordinary pendulum-like see-saw. Close by, a sturdy crier, with a stentorian voice, hails us to the incomparable performance of an athlete; we push by the backs of a knot of children who are vainly endeavouring to catch a glimpse of this great treat through a hole in the curtain, and are borne on towards the plain somewhat lower down, which is, properly speaking, the scene of the festival. When we reach it, our eye is charmed by the brilliant and perfectly unique spectacle: round us is a wide circle of tents, beautifully set up and lighted by lamps without number, and from the middle of this dazzling circle, where the fireworks are let off, rockets innumerable, like blazing Jacob's ladders, seem to lead up from the festively illuminated spot to the star-spangled southern sky, and join earth to heaven. We escape from the crowd for a moment to draw a deep breath of the fresh aromatic air of the spring night, and then fall into the line again to see what is going on in the side alleys hastily run up all round the large enclosed space. To the left hand are the tents of the police, the governor, the ministers, and the viceroy, and at the opposite side are those erected for private persons and for the religious congregations. We will choose the road to the right in order to visit these; every tent we pass is full of men engaged in their devotions. They sit in large circles round a reader, who discourses on the history of the birth of the Prophet and all the signs and wonders that accompanied it; this is an ancient custom, handed down from the earliest days of Islam. Or they themselves take part in performing the religious exercise called a Zikr, which we have already seen elsewhere. This consists of a constant repetition of the name of God, of the Moslem confession of faith, or of a form of praise of Mohammed, with the accompaniment of a measured movement of the body in time to the chant, inclining it forwards or to the left or right, or round and round on its axis. The director of the whole performance, the Munshid, stands in the middle, and conducts the consentaneous utterance of the words and the motions of the body by calling out and by clapping his hands to the measure. The religious excitement is often increased by music and singers. To Europeans, the participation in these exercises seems to have something degrading in it, and not altogether without reason; but, as in other religions, a deep spiritual meaning underlies these senseless usages. The Koran prescribes to the Mohammedan a constant mention of the name of God, just as the apostle Paul exhorts Christians to "pray without ceasing." This constant "naming" is conceived of by some as a mental and spiritual exercise, while others, and by far the greater number, explain it as being the audible utterance of the name of Allah. Thus was first instituted the ordinance of the Zikr, for this Arabic word is that used in the Koran itself; but even at the present day the most conscientious and learned Mussulmans assert that the ordinance ought to be carried out only by slow long-drawn cries of Allah, and they avoid all rhythmical movement or even musical



FATHER AND SON.

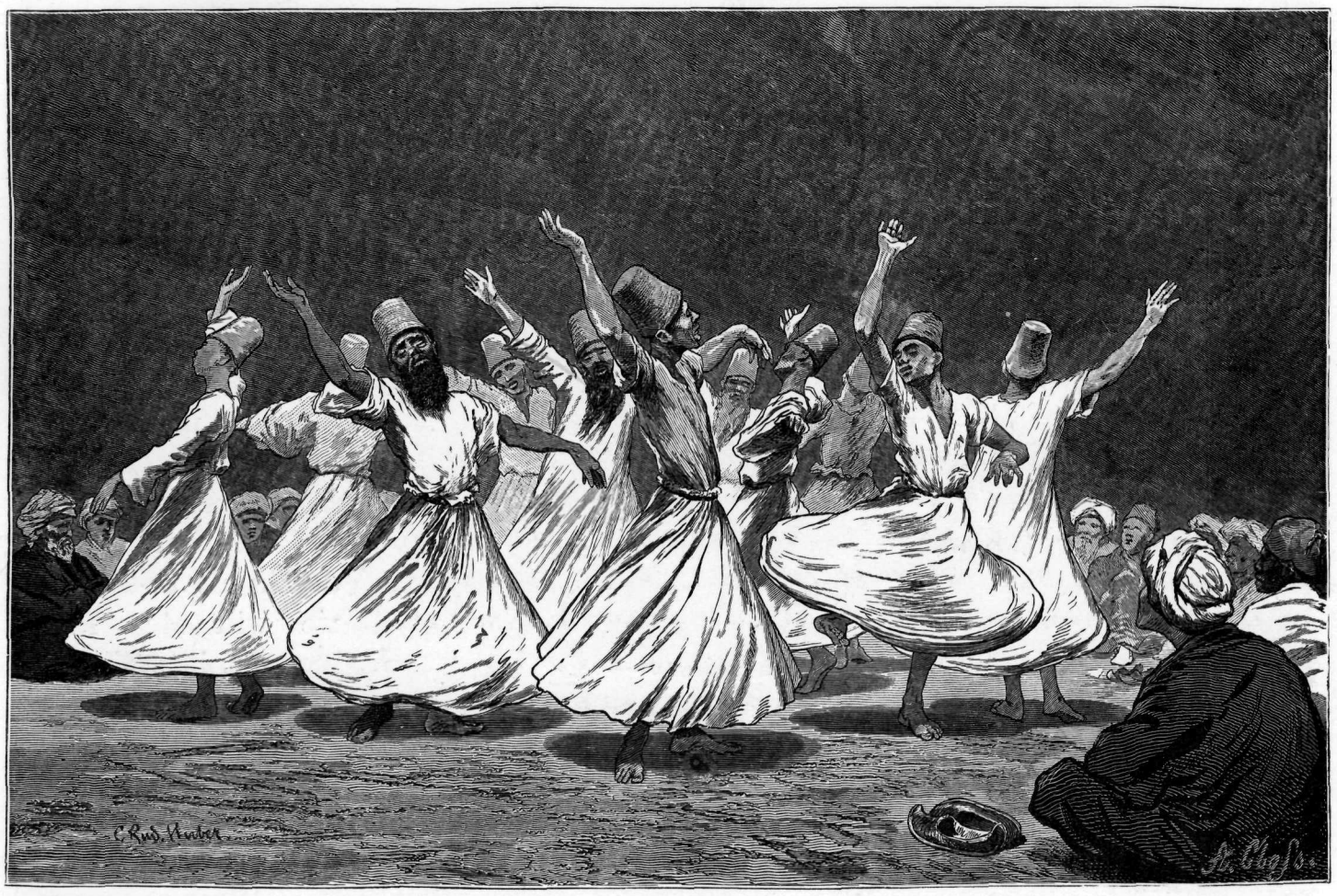
accompaniment as a pernicious innovation. It was originally said of any particularly pious man that he constantly mentioned the name of God—*i.e.*, that his thoughts were constantly occupied with the contemplation of the Most High; but with the generality of people this expression has lost its original purity of meaning. The formation of numerous religious communities and orders led to the introduction of a congregational "naming of God," and as the Orientals—as we saw when



ZIKR WITH INCLINATIONS.

visiting the college at the mosque of el-Azhar—are always addicted to swinging and rocking their bodies with a view to invigorate and incite their mental faculties, the primitive quiescent meditation gave way to more or less rapid movement. The introduction of Mohammedan mysticism, which took its rise under foreign influences, was favourable to such aberrations, for, according to its doctrines, the believer must strive to become wholly absorbed in the Divinity, to be "clothed with it as with a garment," to be bereft of all his senses, and to feel and think only, "Allah." To this end spinning and swaying the body to an immoderate extent are a very efficient auxiliary, for they stupefy the brain, producing giddiness, nervous excitation, and even convulsions; and when one of the faithful taking part in the Zikr falls

down, foaming at the mouth in violent convulsions, it is said with admiration that he is "Melboos"—that is, possessed or "clothed" with the Divinity. These religious exercises spread very rapidly among the Egyptians, who from the remotest antiquity were highly susceptible to mystical emotions, and at the present day we meet with them in every direction and at every opportunity; nay, they have come to have something of the character of popular festivities. The rhythmical movement may no doubt be pleasurable, as the youth of our own country often indulge in simultaneous shouting; but the performer soon feels that his senses are dulled,



ZIKR WITH WHIRLS.

that he is turning giddy, and his nerves quiver, that he is becoming "melboos," the joyful excitement reaches its height of perfect inebriation, and finally all the physical powers are overcome by exhaustion. This usually supervenes in about a quarter of an hour, and a fresh performer immediately takes the place of the one who has retired; indeed, the circle grows larger and larger. It frequently happens that women take a part in the exercise. Dr. Spitta saw such a circle, among which were an old woman and a blooming young girl. The old woman incited the bystanders to perform by signs and hand-clapping; the young one was absorbed in the Zikr: she swung her body up and down incessantly, and her movements increased constantly in wild and ungoverned violence. After more than half an hour—my friend stood by with his watch in his hand—she had become like a raving lunatic; her head-cloth fell off, her splendid black hair fluttered wildly

round her, her gown fell loose, and she looked like a raging fury, with her face as white as a ghost's, and eyes that glowed like coals of fire. This was too much for the older woman and the conducting dervish: they laid the poor creature flat on the ground, with merciless slappings and thumpings, to bring her round. Other revolting excesses are practised by the Dervishes after a wild Zikr; in their ecstasy they pierce their cheeks, and eat scorpions and other poisonous or disgusting creatures.

But we will now quit these melancholy aberrations, and look into a tent in which, while a party of believers are whirling in a Zikr, a singer is performing to the accompaniment of a flute; the words are verses of the mystical song of Omar Ibn-el-Fareed, which has already been mentioned.[1] Its glowing imagery is familiar, for it is sung in merry tones all about the streets; but it also bears a mystical interpretation, and is therefore quite in place at the performance of a Zikr.



DERVISH EATING SCORPIONS.

Story-tellers and reciters must not detain us to-day, but we will step for a moment into the tent of the swarthy Berbers, who have a Zikr of their own. The choral song, which they repeat incessantly while carrying on the usual spinning, runs as follows:—

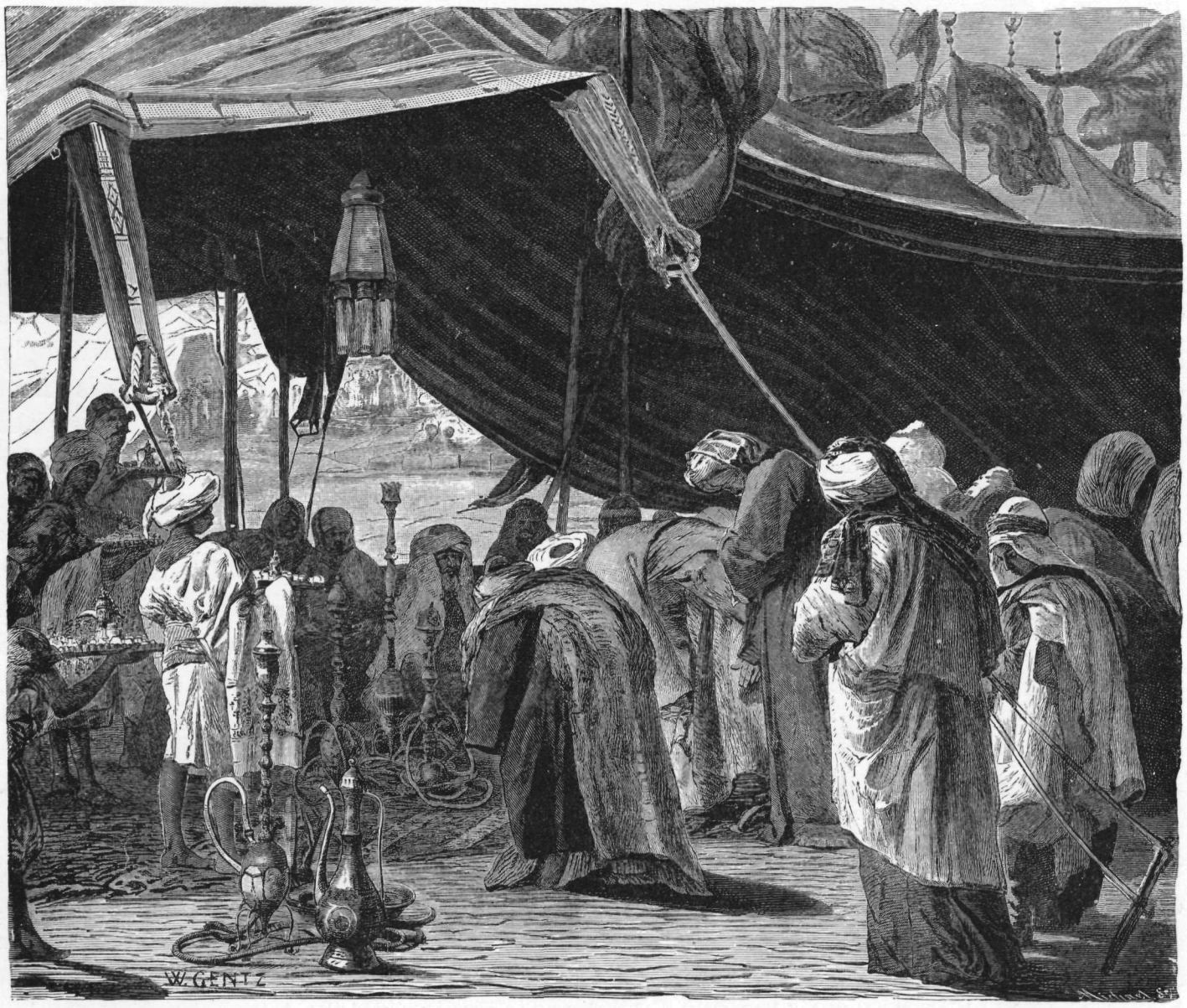


That is, "Mohammed is our Lord; Mohammed is our Lord, invested with dominion. May God incline to him and bless him."

We have now reached the tents of the Egyptian dignitaries and ministers. The first is, of course, that of the Khedive (in which, on the evening in question, the present Khedive was to be found as the representative of his father, who was too much occupied to come). The highest personages and most distinguished sheykhs there pay him their official visits, and enjoy the fireworks which incessantly illuminate the spot until far into the night; for of this entertainment the Arabs are never weary. It is long past midnight, but the stream of men flows round us undiminished, when at last, fatigued but not weary, we turn our faces homewards.

[1] Vol. I., p. 314.

The scene here described is repeated for twelve successive nights, and each time is more splendid, more crowded, and of longer duration. The dealers in the bazaars close their stalls earlier; even the ladies of the harem make their appearance on the scene in their closed carriages, escorted by eunuchs. At about midnight on the last night of the festival, an immense torch procession, got up with great magnificence, literally fills the whole of the Boolak road. The last display of



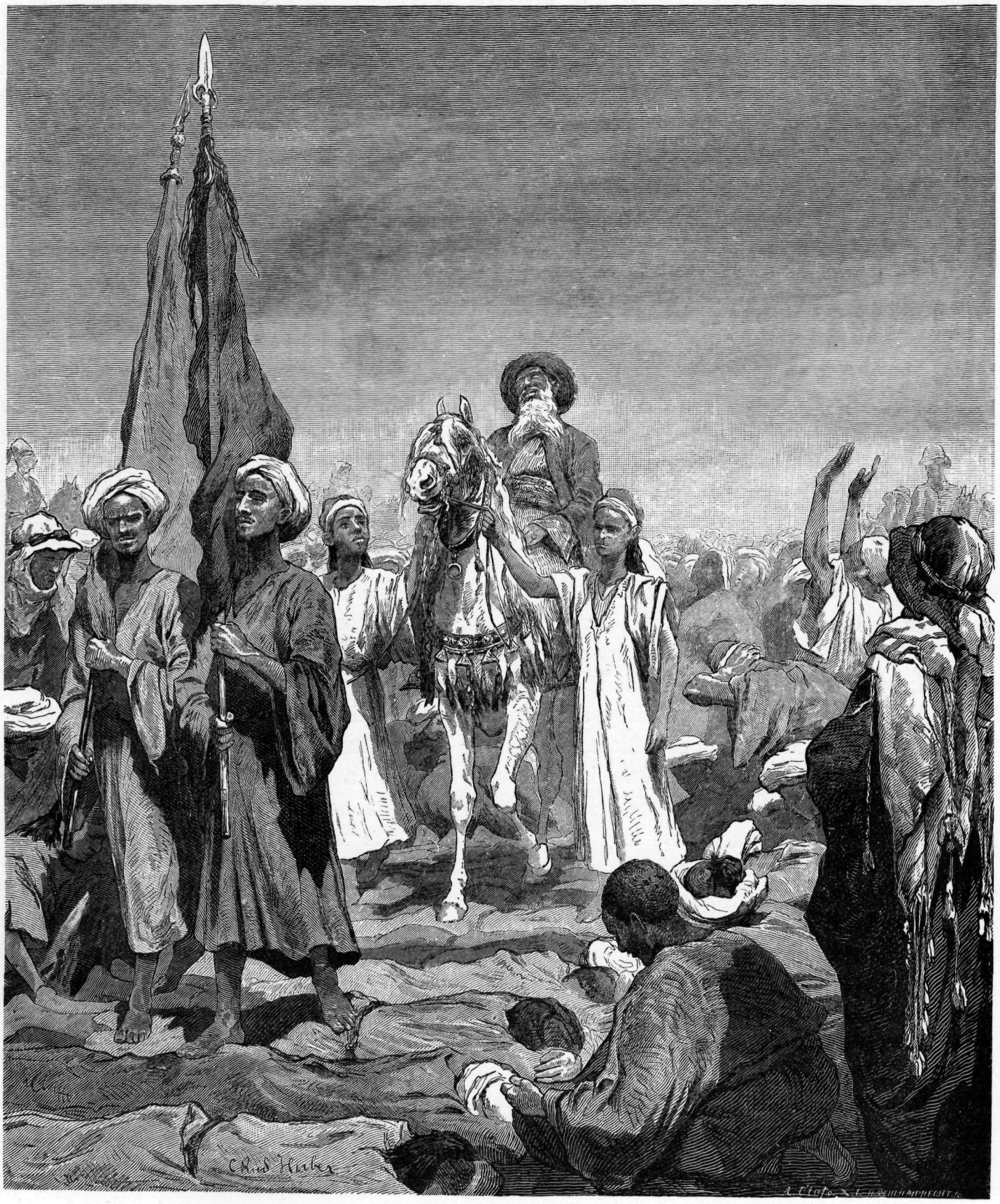
TENT OF A DIGNITARY.

fireworks is the finest of all; all Cairo is on foot, and the crowd perfectly impenetrable. The tents are filled to overflowing, and in some, which lie hidden in the background, men are smoking hasheesh to induce flattering dreams. Every one is eager to express his joy at the advent of Mohammed, and thus win his favour and secure his intercession with God; for while this whole month is fraught with good, the twelfth day is especially sanctified by Allah.

The next day brings an extraordinary finale to these festive scenes—the Dawsah or "Treading." The celebrity which this religious ceremony has acquired, even in Europe, and the numerous accounts that have been given of it by superficial

observers, render it by no means surprising that false impressions should have been disseminated as to its significance. It is supposed that there is something in it essential to Islam, and that it is an organic offshoot of that faith, while, in fact, it is only to be regarded as an excrescence from that saint-worship and superstition which have grown up among the inhabitants of Cairo only, and which are repudiated by all other "true believers"—if we except only the villagers of Berzah near Damascus, who likewise have their festal ceremony of "Treading." So singular and isolated a proceeding must have taken its rise in some local cause, and the following legend affords such an explanation. "The second sheykh of the Sa'deeyah order of Dervishes, and the immediate successor of its founder, Sa'ad, rode one day —but wherefore no man knoweth—from the citadel of Cairo to his rather distant dwelling over vessels of glass without breaking one of them." This nonsensical story must probably have had a foundation in some fact unknown to us; at least, it is difficult otherwise to see why the privilege should have been conceded to every chief of this sect to ride on horseback with impunity, not merely over glass but over living men. At any rate, the whole ceremony has no other object than the glorification of an order of Dervishes, and the superstition of the populace willingly offers a sacrifice to it, for each one who has been touched by the horse's hoof believes himself to have been distinguished by a special miracle. The Sa'deeyahs assert that—like the glass of the legend—the bodies of the men are uninjured by the "Treading." In point of fact there is ample proof that the Dawsah is never accomplished without some crushing and injury, though it is said the miracle is performed all the same both on believers and on unbelievers; but in this instance, as with regard to similar miracles in other religions, the "noes" do not count. We may, at any rate, assert to the honour of the more educated Cairenes, and particularly of the professors of the Mosque of el-Azhar, that they denounce the whole affair as contrary to the law, and as an imposture, and have made representations to the Viceroy again and again as to his permitting the Dawsah to take place. This has not, however, so far, prevented an enormous concourse—and among them many Europeans—from assembling to see the performance. When we arrive, at about ten o'clock, in the enclosure, there is already on one side a long array of equipages full of ladies from the harems, and foreigners, while on the other several tents, and among them one kept for the Government, are fast filling with spectators. We take our places in this tent, and have fully two hours to wait before the sheykh of the Sa'deeyah—who has passed the night in prayer and fasting to render himself worthy of the miracle to be accomplished in his person—has ended his mid-day prayers in the Mosque of Huseyn, and mounted his palfrey. Up to this moment the people have wandered up and down the road on each side, unchecked by the soldiers. But the nearer it gets to noon and the higher the scorching sun mounts in the sky the denser grows the throng. Now we hear the cannon fired which announces from the citadel that the sun is at the meridian, and a troop of excited men, with flags flying and trumpets sounding, hurry past; these belong to the dervish orders of Sa'deeyah and Refa'eeyah, and are joined by many volunteers. The dense crowds of lookers-on line the road, closely packed; more wild troops succeed the first, their excitement reacts on those who have

hitherto preserved their equanimity, and we are soon closely surrounded by a



THE DAWSAH, OR "TREADING."

crowd of Mussulmans, all incessantly praying or repeating verses of the Koran. By this time the Via Dolorosa is paved with men's bodies, and the Moslems in

front of us, too, prepare to fling themselves in the way. All lie with their heads towards us, and their legs the other way, resting their faces on their arms and incessantly crying "Allah! Allah! Allah!" at the same time they lie as close as possible to each other, that the horse's hoofs may not slip on their ribs and cause serious injury. The elastic forms of the Arabs, thus lying side by side, compose a narrow undulating roadway, which generally yields under the pressure of the horse's feet enough to prevent serious mischief. The bystanders fan the half unconscious victims—who gasp out their hoarse cries of Allah—with their robes, to cool them. Presiding Dervishes bustle hurriedly up and down this living roadway, inciting the crowd with fanatical outcries. The excitement rises higher and higher, and presently we feel even our own nerves begin to thrill. A pious frenzy overcomes a man standing opposite, the dull echo of many voices groaning out "Allah!" comes up from the men stretched on the ground before us, the crowd all around us is praying or muttering texts from the Koran. In front, behind, and in every direction, we see the rolling eyes and death-like faces of the victims.

Then a Dervish runs past; "Call on the name of God, O faithful!" he shouts. In the distance comes a man on horseback. For an instant he is forced to halt, for the horse on which he rides shuns treading on the bodies of men, but the beast, urged from behind and tugged by the bridle, presently conquers its repugnance, and with long strides over the backs, loins, and shoulders of the men it ambles onwards and past us. The sheykh is a venerable-looking old man, he sits on his horse weary and overstrained, but with a look of ecstasy on his handsome features. He wears a large olive-green turban decorated with a white diagonal stripe, this head-gear being proper to his sect. The horse is a large strongly-built animal, but its hoofs are not shod.

Hardly is the miracle fairly accomplished than the bystanders hasten to raise the prostrate martyrs. Pale faces, streaming with tears or twitching with nervousness, then come to light. One is severely hurt in a very pitiful way, while the dislocated right arm of another has a very hopeless aspect. A third poor wretch, limping very badly, has even less cause to glorify the miracle, and he is hastily led away among the crowd, now dispersing.

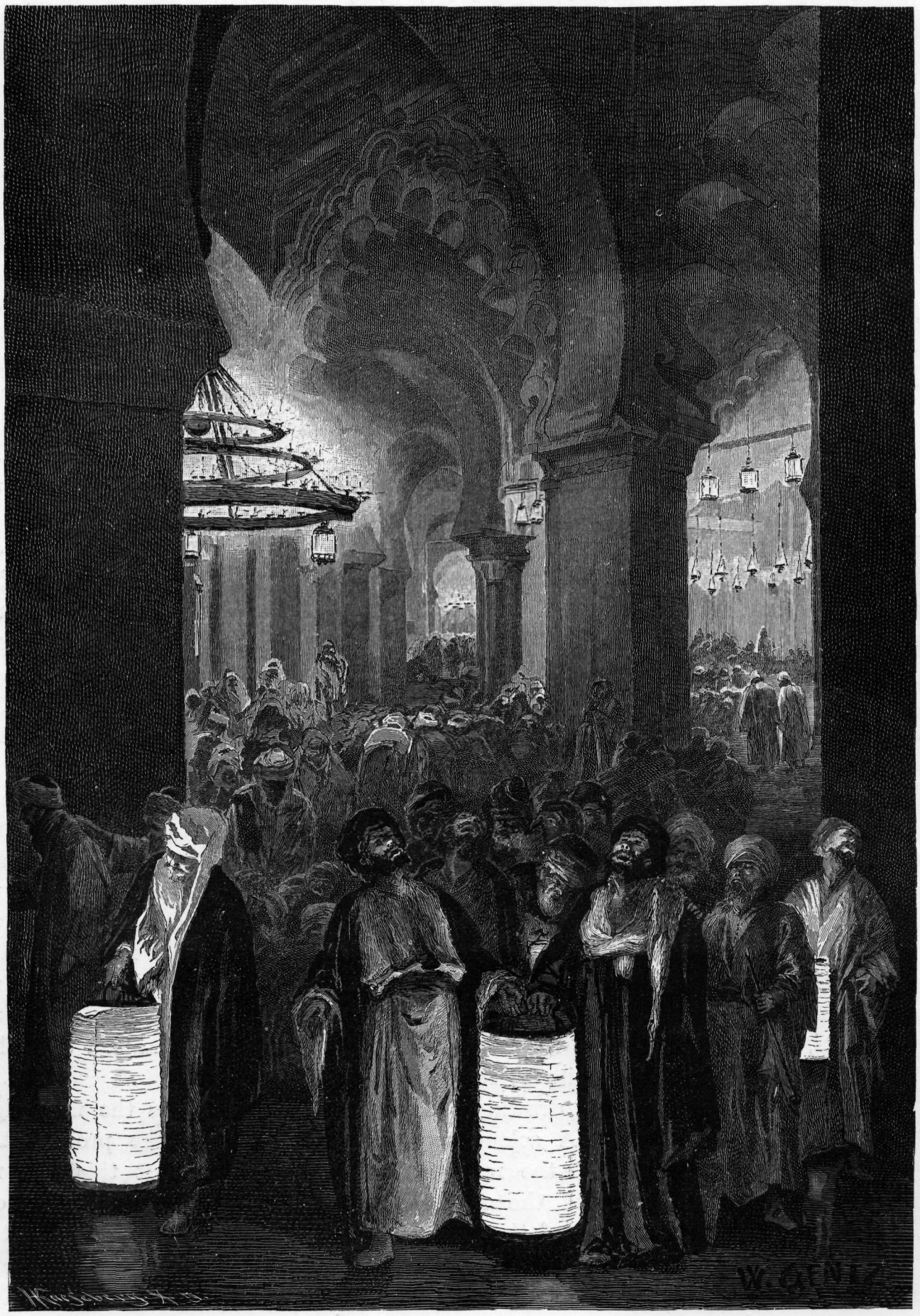
It has often been asserted that the religious and nervous excitement of which we have just been witnesses are the result of smoking hasheesh; but this certainly is only the case in very exceptional instances. The vigil of the previous nights, the perpetual reciting of the Koran, and the excitement before the slowly-advancing danger, are certainly sufficient to produce a nervous state and convulsions, particularly when we take into consideration the extraordinary predisposition of the Oriental character for religious transport—a state of mind so unintelligible to us. The East was originally the fatherland of the mysterious phenomena of "Possession," and so at the present day, under the promptings of superstition, hundreds are ready to fling themselves before the hoofs of the sheykh's horse.

RAMADÂN AND BAIRAM.

VERY few Moslems at the present day conscientiously fulfil the five Mohammedan duties,[1] called the "pillars of Islam." Only fasting and prayer are still regarded as unavoidable obligations on a pious Moslem, and even those who are, in fact, indifferent, carefully observe these two duties. A whole month is dedicated to the duty of fasting—the greatest and most sacred of the whole Mohammedan year, the month of Ramadân. Before it is ushered in, festivals of peculiar significance are kept, as, for instance, the solemn night of the middle of the preceding month, Sha'aban, in which the destiny of men is weighed and determined, and when God separates the yellow leaves from the green on the tree of humanity, while the faithful keep their vigil in prayer and trembling. A number of Moslems begin the fast in this month, and all look forward with much eagerness to the blessed month of Ramadân. For it is blessed indeed. "It is the month of my people, in which their sins are forgiven them," said the Prophet Mohammed. In this month all the canonical books of the Moslem religion were revealed: the revelation to Abraham, the Law of Moses, the Gospel of Christ, and the Koran of Mohammed. It is during the last third of this month that the "night of dignity" occurs, in which all seas become sweet, the gates of Paradise are opened, and God grants pardon to the world. Therefore, many a wanton sinner makes use of this time, and endeavours to make up for his misdeeds by an exact observance of the command to fast. Although Ramadân often falls in the middle of the hottest summers, the command forbids the tasting of any food from the rising till the setting of the sun. Not a morsel must mitigate the most gnawing hunger, and not a drop of water pass the burning lips; nay, even the beloved cigarette is forbidden, for the Arab "drinks" his tobacco smoke. Only such as are sick, travelling, or in the field of battle, are exempt from this ordinance, and then only on condition that they take the first favourable opportunity of repairing the omission.

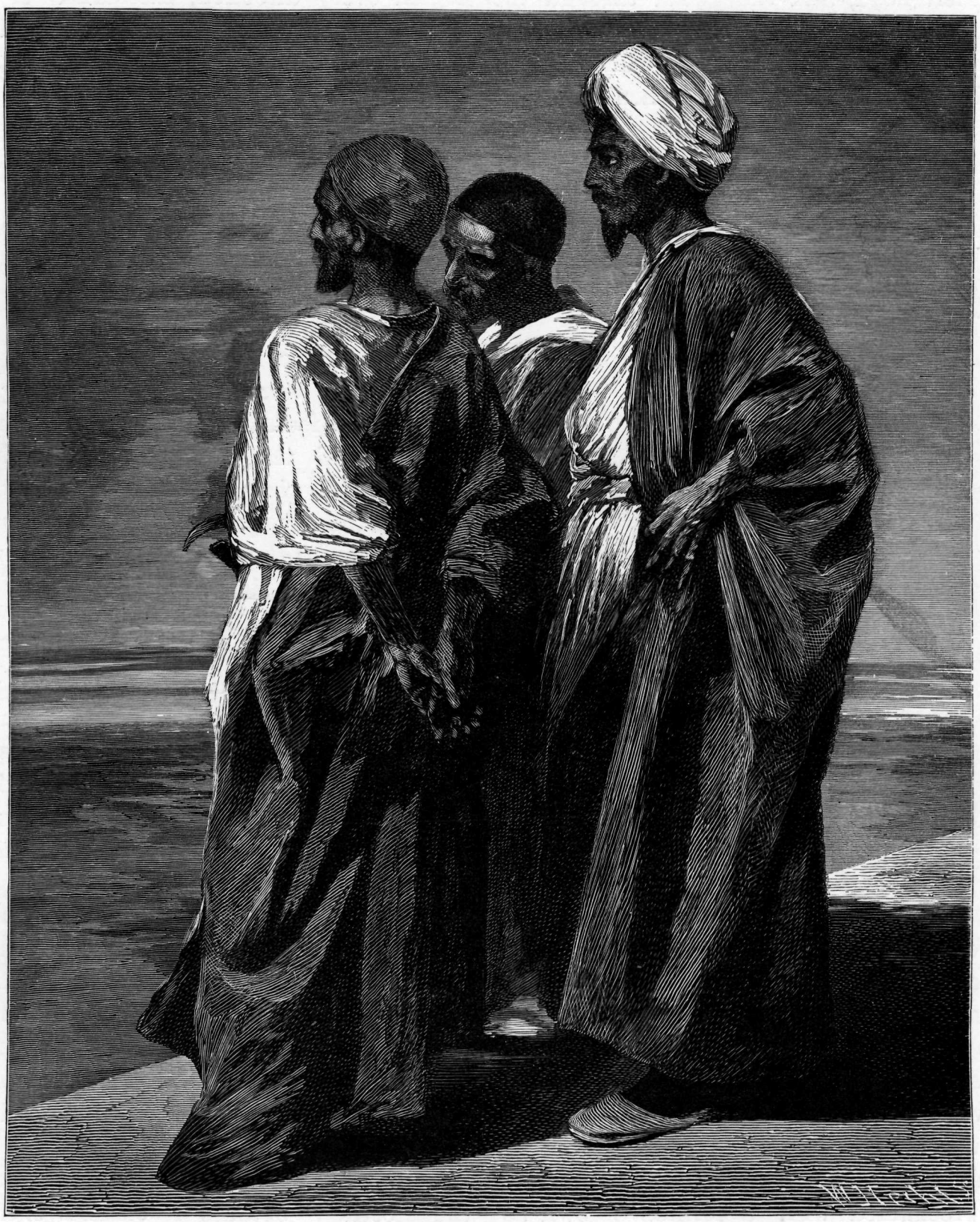
The last day of Sha'aban is drawing to a close, in a few hours the first night of Ramadân will have begun. A solemn procession will receive the proclamation from the house of the Kadi that the month of fasting is begun, but this will not be declared till the pale sickle of the new moon has been seen by at least one man, and, therefore, in the course of the afternoon people are sent out to Mokattam to watch for the first glimpse of the slender crescent in the pure clear sky over the Desert. Near the citadel, in front of the native palace of justice, Beyt-el-âdil, and in many of the streets, thousands assemble and impede the progress of the

[1] These are, war against unbelievers, pilgrimage, alms-giving, fasting, and praying.



A NIGHT OF THE RAMADÂN—THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

procession, up to the very doors of the Kadi's house, where it draws up. The chiefs of guilds, the captain of the soldiers that accompany the procession, and the Minister



THE WATCHERS.

of Police are admitted, and solemnly take their seats on the Kadi's divan to hear the decisive "Fetwa." The emissaries have seen the young moon on the horizon,

their testimony is taken down in writing, and not till then does the Kadi deliver the written declaration that the Month of Fasting has begun. Cannons are fired from the citadel, the procession divides into several portions, with bands of music at their head, and they walk through the city in every direction, incessantly crying to the passers-by: "Fast, fast, ye followers of the best of men." Now begins that peculiar restless excitation which characterises all Arabs during Ramadân, and which is easily explained when we consider that every one tries to make up for his day of fasting by the gayest festivities and abundant feasting during the night.

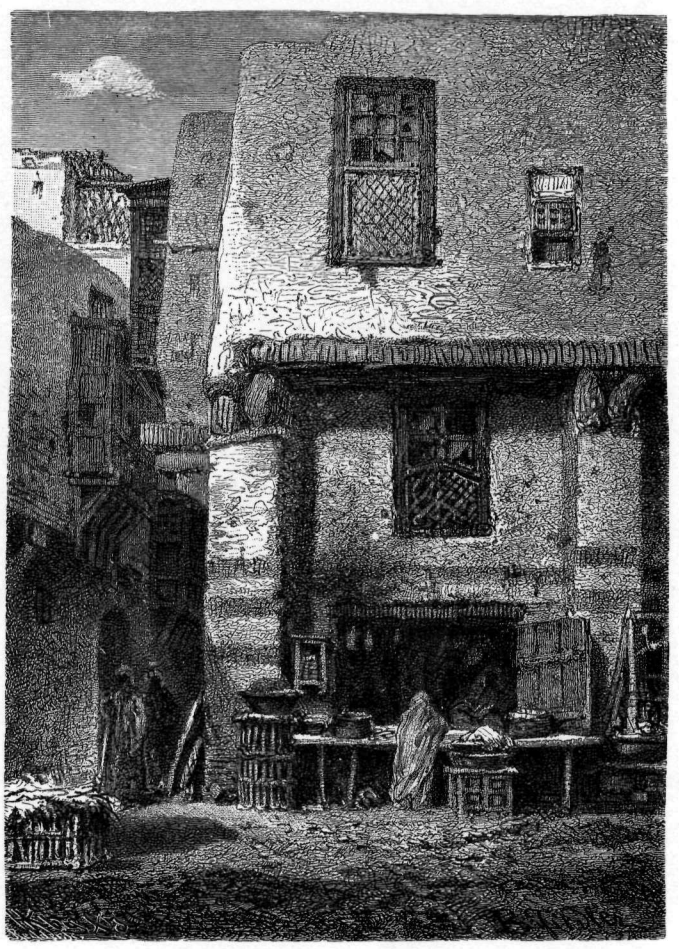


THE MESAHHAR.

The busiest streets are brilliantly illuminated; lamps visible from afar are hung from the minarets, and the lights of the mosque in the citadel shine out like stars over Cairo, lying at its foot. The cafés can hardly hold the multitude of smoking and chatting customers, and in the mosques the faithful throng round the reciter. In the houses of the rich and great tables are prepared for guests—who are not wanting; in a side room the Koran is recited, or a Zikr is performed. Every one is more cheerful and talkative than usual, and, regardless of the swiftly flying hours, no one thinks of rest or sleep. Presently a little drum rattles outside, and the gleaming of two lights shines through the open house-door. It is the Mesahhar, the messenger of the morning, who all the year round parades every quarter of the city, announcing the approach of sunrise. He comes now for another purpose; he chants in a sort of rhythmic prose the praises of the family who dwell in the house, wishing them happiness and blessings, and for himself a handsome bakhsheesh at the end of the month. Towards midnight the "Abrar" rings out from the minarets: this is a call to voluntary prayer, and is named from its first word "Abrar"—"Verily the faithful shall drink a jar of wine." Shortly after midnight the second voluntary prayer is proclaimed with a formula known as "the greeting," because it consists entirely of texts in blessing of Mohammed. After that, in most of the mosques, the lamps are extinguished and the doors closed, but the brilliantly-lighted mosque of Hoseyn remains open all night, and el-Azhar has only four of its six doors closed. The hours slip on; a fresher breath stirs the night air, the harbinger of morning;

and soon we hear from the minarets the call at dawn, which, during Ramadân, always warns the faithful a full hour before daybreak, that they may strengthen themselves with food and drink for the long day's fast. Everything that can be thought of for satisfying hunger and allaying thirst is served at this hour, for this breakfast before sunrise is the principal meal of the whole day, and is eagerly discussed.

Presently the Mesahhar reappears; this time it is to announce the coming morning. Replete and tired, every one now awaits the moment when, in the words of the Koran, a white thread can be discerned from a black one—the first gleam, that is, of daylight. The stars begin to pale, "the breath of morning" fans the tired worn-out faces, and from the neighbouring mosque the shout is heard: "Listen—the Fast is begun." What can a man do better than betake himself to bed and make up for his lost night's rest by a long spell of sleep. This, in fact, is what happens, and even if a man wakes up again before the hour of mid-day prayer, after a night spent in making merry, he is but ill-disposed for labour. The dealers sit, peevish and muddle-headed, in the almost deserted bazaars, so do the officials in their bureaux. Thirst, hunger, and a longing for tobacco, increase every hour, and with these three evil possessions comes the ill-humour which never urges the faithful to evil deeds more often than during the "blessed month of Ramadân." Slowly, much too slowly, sinks the sun, and before it has touched the horizon the shops are closed and the offices deserted; cigarettes have to be rolled and the water-jar filled. Wherever we turn we see men expectantly waiting, with unlighted cigarettes in their hands, and standing in front of the cook-shops, coffee-houses, and public fountains. Great and small watch with anxiety for the moment when Heaven will reprieve them from the severe duty of fasting. The cannon is fired at the citadel, announcing sunset, the signal of release; a groan of relief breaks from every breast, the water-jar is applied to parched lips, and half a minute later thousands of cigarettes and pipes are burning. Young and old besiege the orange-sellers, and pillage the baskets of their refreshing contents, and the keeper of the café requires a double supply of cups and of waiters. And now, with all the mirth that has been absent during the exhausting day, night is ushered in with an abundant meal to satisfy the much-tried stomach; but extreme hunger must be cautiously dealt with. As an introduction to more



AN EATING-HOUSE.

serious work a few dried fruits, nuts, dates, and the like, are eaten, then the evening prayer is performed; a full and satisfying meal follows. This consists more largely than is usual of sweetmeats and pastry, and any one who has been a guest at such a repast must retain a pleasant recollection of many dishes,



ARABIAN PANTRY.

particularly of the *kunâs* and *kataïf*, apricots dried and pressed, and other preserves of fruit, which are never wanting from the store-room of a Cairene; those who cannot prepare these delicacies at home have them brought in from the cook-shops in the street.

In the succeeding nights of Ramadân people usually go to bed by twelve o'clock; but the coffee-houses, which are crowded to overflowing, and where singers



A PROVINCIAL COFFEE-HOUSE.

and story-tellers may be listened to, remain open till morning, as well as the shops for eatables.

In this fashion pass thirty days and nights, like one long holiday. No serious work is undertaken during the whole of this time, and the satiated soul longs for the end of this much-lauded month and for the feast of Little Bairam, when the baleful spell of fasting is removed, and the world returns to its natural course. The cannon announces the close of the Ramadân at sunset on the last day; the places of worship are lighted up and full of devotees; Zikrs are performed in the Mosque of Mohammed Ali and elsewhere, and once more a high family feast is held.

The next morning is devoted to visits, as New Year's morning is with us, and these visits are often extended to the deceased who rest in the cemetery.

The great reception in the viceroy's palace in the citadel begins soon after sunrise; it is his custom to perform morning prayer at Little Bairam in a neighbouring mosque, and as soon as he returns from thence the thunder of cannon announces that he is about to receive in state the members of his family, the ministers, the Ulamas, and dignitaries of learning, and all the long list of higher officials. After these the consuls for foreign powers, foreigners of distinction, and European merchants, are received; coffee is presented in costly services, with chibouques magnificently ornamented. The audience is over by eleven, but the rolling of carriages through the streets goes on till evening, for after the Khedive, the princes, the ministers, and, above all, the viceroy's venerated mother, must be called upon.

This lady used to be represented by the grand eunuch, Khaleel Aga, who received in her name; he was one of the greatest personages in the state, and even pachas humbly kissed his hand.

In more modest circles, too, the houses are full of visitors; even in the poorest families cakes have been baked, and all the world is in holiday attire, for it is the custom to make presents of new clothes and shoes at Bairam, particularly to children and house-servants. It is most amusing to see the little ones showing each other their red and yellow slippers, and to observe the conscious pride with which the old door-keeper struts about in his new blue robe, which will rarely be taken off his back before the end of next Ramadân brings him another. Everything that we see looks clean and festive, and merry faces shine and grin under the turbans. Indeed, even the foreigner whose creed is farthest removed from that of the Moslems feels some ray of joy penetrate his soul at this festival, the Easter of Islam.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE PILGRIMAGE.

DIVERS Arabic historians tell us of a beautiful and wise woman, Schagaret-ed-durr (the pearl-tree), who, at the beginning of the rule of the Mamelukes, governed despotically as Sultana for eighty days after the death of her husband, till she was married again to the Emir Eybeg (Izz-ed-deen),[1] and, bestowing the throne on him together with her hand, withdrew herself into the retirement of the harem. To this day the Cairenes owe a grand festival to this lady, that of the Mah'mal or "the litter"; this is in honour of her having, in fact, undertaken the pilgrimage to Mecca in a magnificent litter borne between camels. At a later period the rulers of Egypt annually sent a litter with the great caravan of pilgrims to the Holy City as a mark of their royal dignity. After the conquest of the Nile valley by the Turks under Sultan Selim,[2] the continuance of this custom was expressly conceded, and it has been handed down even to the time of the present Viceroy. The Mah'mal is always accompanied by the cover or hangings, which the Viceroy, as representative of the Sultan, must send every year to the Kaabah.[3] The solemn occasion of its departure immediately precedes the festivities associated with the starting of the pilgrims, and we may, therefore, assist at them all, without much loss of time, before we set out for Upper Egypt.

The preparing of the hangings takes place in the citadel, and its transfer to the Mosque of Huseyn, where they are embroidered and lined in a consecrated spot, offers an opportunity for feasting and rejoicing, and with all the more reason because, subsequently, unless by making a journey to Mecca it will no longer be possible to see it.

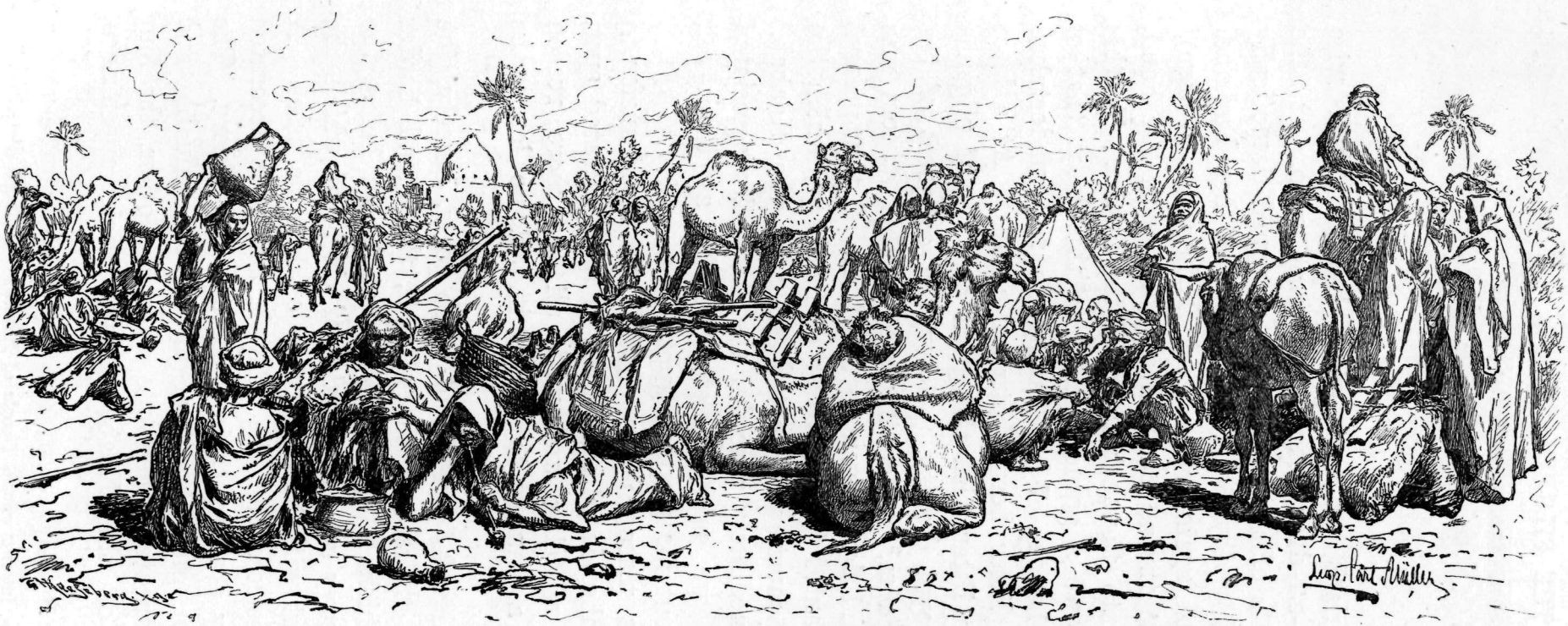
This covering for the Kaabah, the Kisweh,[4] consists of three parts, namely, the curtain or covering for the walls of the cubical sanctuary itself, the broad border which is bound round it, and the veil, which is the curtain that hangs before the door of the Kaabah. First of all the heavy rolled-up bales of cloth, of which the curtain is to be composed, are carried past without any pomp on humble asses. A coarse, thick brocade, all black, is usually selected for the Kisweh, and it is decorated with texts from the Koran surrounded by arabesques in elaborate embroidery. The gazing crowd, and particularly the women, give shouts of joy as the valuable and pious gift goes by, and their shouts are repeated when, one after the other, the four portions of the broad girdle or band of the Kaabah make their appearance,

[1] A.D. 1250.

[2] A.D. 1517.

[3] The most sacred sanctuary in the interior of the Temple of Mecca

[4] Manufactured at Constantinople.



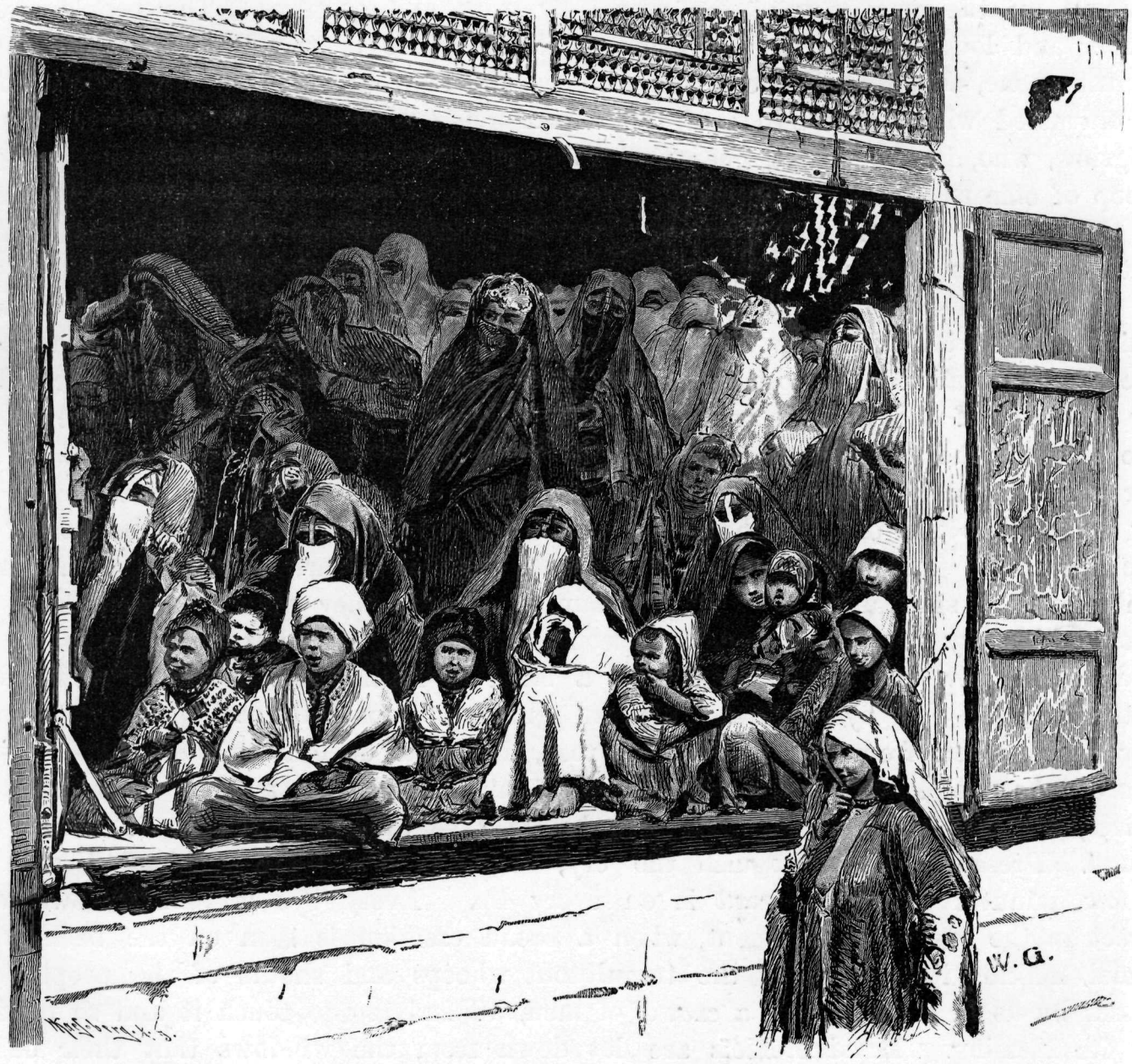
THE PILGRIMS' PLACE OF MEETING.

magnificently worked with texts in gold and ornaments in silk. These are carried by several men on a sort of scaffolding of wooden poles. Then follow, but in no particular order, the different people who have been occupied in making the Kisweh, or who still have to take charge of it, and last of all a troop of strange figures, who excite our curiosity, though still several are absent whom we shall certainly meet with at the festival of the "starting," two or three weeks hence. Meanwhile the embroidering and lining proceed zealously in the Mosque of Huseyn, and the caravans of pilgrims gradually collect and form on the open space below the citadel. By the end of the month of Shawwal all is ready for the journey; the hangings are packed as soon as they are all finished; the pilgrims have entered their names on the register kept by the leader of the pilgrimage, victuals and tents have been procured, bundles are tied up, and the calendar notifies the day of departure. On that day all Cairo is on foot the first thing in the morning. The streets leading from the citadel to the Bab-en-Nasr swarm with humanity; the shops are shut, and in every spot where the caravan will pass, heads piled behind heads crowd every window in the public fountains and mosques and in every private house. Women in great numbers mix among the inquisitive gazers, and dark eyes sparkle from every lattice-window in the Mashrabeeyeh balconies. Cheery and festive voices sound on every side, with the kindly greeting, "May you always be in health," and the simple answer, "And you too." The love of *spectacle* and the curiosity inherent in the Cairene nature is to-day heightened and sanctified by religious feeling, for the Mah'mal is held in special veneration by the



THE PILGRIMS' PLACE OF MEETING.

Moslem, although it is a symbol of regal dignity only, and has no religious significance. It has now so often made the meritorious pilgrimage to Mecca that it has assumed the character of a relic, of which the touch, or even the sight, brings a blessing. On the present occasion it brings the procession, of which it is the principal feature, to a solemn close. The procession opens with soldiers and kettle-drums, proudly perched on tall camels, and a whole herd of the hump-backed



A FAMILY AND THEIR GUESTS WAITING FOR THE MAH'MAL.

beasts follow, bearing all the necessary baggage of the pilgrims, with water-skins, tents, and the like, as well as the hangings for the Kaabah carefully embalmed and packed. One could fancy that the camels marched on this occasion with additional dignity, and that they were proudly conscious of having been decked with bells, stained orange-colour with henna, and dressed up with palm-branches, which sway pleasantly as they go forward. On one of them, covered with a red cloth, is the pilgrims' coffer, which serves to defray the common expenses of the caravan,

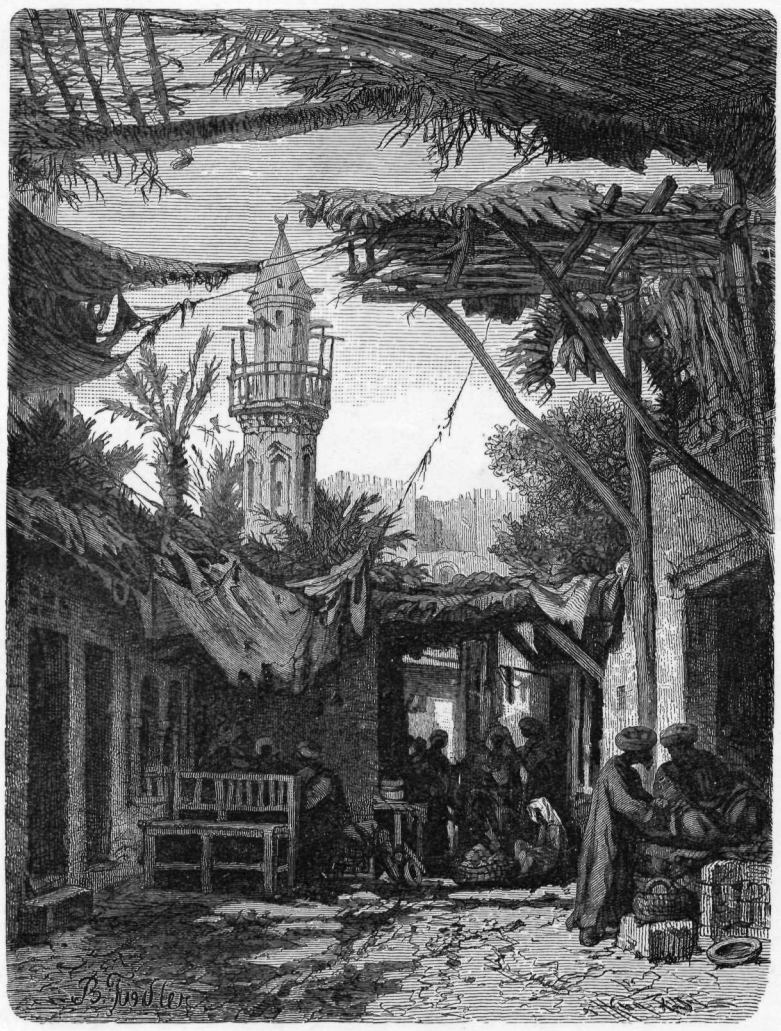
a burden borne by the Government. The procession passes by in divisions, and often many minutes elapse between one group and the next. In these pauses water-bearers and sherbet-sellers provide for our refreshment, wrestlers and fencers, clad only in short leathern breeches, perform furious sham fights for the amusement of the multitude. We too look on at the entertaining scene; but it is soon interrupted, for a troop of Dervishes, classed according to their sects, are now approaching with drums and fifes, performing their Zikr, violently excited, and stirring up the sympathy of the crowd by cries and gestures. The people shout louder and louder, for now the litter of the "Prince of the Pilgrimage" appears on the scene, swinging between two camels, one in front of the other. This official is entrusted with the conduct of the expedition. Then follows the leader of the pilgrims, who, in the desert, goes first to lead the way; behind him follows a gay troop of officers, Dervishes, citizens, and all sorts of performers for the entertainment of the people. The asses and horses are festally painted like the camels, and decked with little flags and green boughs.

Next come several regiments of cavalry and infantry, who, in their fullest uniform and with their new and brilliant weapons, have a splendid effect, as though prepared to defend the most important part of the procession; they are succeeded by the head of the police surrounded by mounted Kawasses, and behind these comes the chief of the pilgrims riding on a magnificently-caparisoned horse in front of his three scribes and the Imams of the orthodox schools; the Imams are accompanied by an endless file of Dervishes of different orders, distinguished by the colour of their turbans, and carrying standards, and by the various guilds with their emblems and standards. The long stream of men as they pass by, augmented by people of every rank and condition, seems as though it would never come to an end. Each new division is headed by a band of music, and revives the flagging enthusiasm of the bystanders. We are growing impatient, and prepare to quit our place, when from afar a swelling roar, like that of beating surf, makes itself heard. As we listen we become aware of an inextricable medley of noises and voices, which increase in strength and loudness as they approach us in billows of sound. Presently we distinguish the cry, "The Mah'mal! the Mah'mal!" and in a few minutes the same word is on every lip. Every eye is turned down the street in the greatest excitement, when a broad erection is seen on the back of a camel, making its way amid the tumultuous whoops and shouts of the people; it passes by us in the midst of a crowd of men, all striving to touch it and so benefit by its blessing. Handkerchiefs are let down from the windows that their edges may reach the litter and be sanctified by that contact. Prayers rise from lips innumerable, and the monotonous murmur, sounding like the roll of distant thunder, is broken by the high-pitched shouts of joy of the women. And all this is in honour of a mere empty litter of old-fashioned shape and make, a quadrangular shrine with a steep-roofed top hung round with coloured cloth embroidered at the sides with texts from the Koran. The religious enthusiasm all round us runs high, but even if we felt tempted to share it the sight of the two personages who next make their appearance would quell it at once. First behind the Mah'mal we see a half-naked man with his head uncovered, save by his matted hair, and slowly riding



THE RETURN OF THE PILGRIMS.

forward on a camel. This is the Camel Sheykh, who accompanies the pilgrims every year in this very unpresentable costume; and behind him, a grotesque "tail piece" closing the procession, comes the Sheykh or Father of the Cats, of whom I have spoken before, with his four-footed party.[1] We escape from the crushing throng that follows in the rear, down a silent side street, while the procession pushes on to the Bab-en-Nasr, and passes out of the city beyond that gate. After resting outside the walls for two or three days under tents, the caravan sets out, and makes its first day's journey of scarcely more than four hours as far as the first station at Birkett-el-Hagg, or the "Pilgrims' Lake," where the last stragglers can join the caravan, where the skins are re-filled with water, and the leader at last gives the definite signal for a final start eastwards, across the sandy waste of the Arabian desert. For thirty-seven days they march across the country till they reach the Holy Places, and at least three months will pass before they once more see Cairo on their return. The thoughts of those who remain behind follow their friends on their journey, and during their absence we are once vividly reminded of them and of the ceremonies in which they, at Mecca, are bearing a part, for on the tenth day of the month of pilgrimage the whole Mohammedan world celebrates its most solemn festival, the sacrificial feast, which is to remind every believer in Islam of the sacrifice of rams offered by the pilgrims at the Mountain of Arafât near Mecca. Rams innumerable must bleed on that day, for even the most impecunious collects his remaining piastres, buys a lamb for his family, slays it, and eats it on the following feast day. On this occasion the poor are provided for with true Mohammedan benevolence by public endowments, and thus it comes to pass that there is scarcely a Moslem who has not his portion of roast mutton.

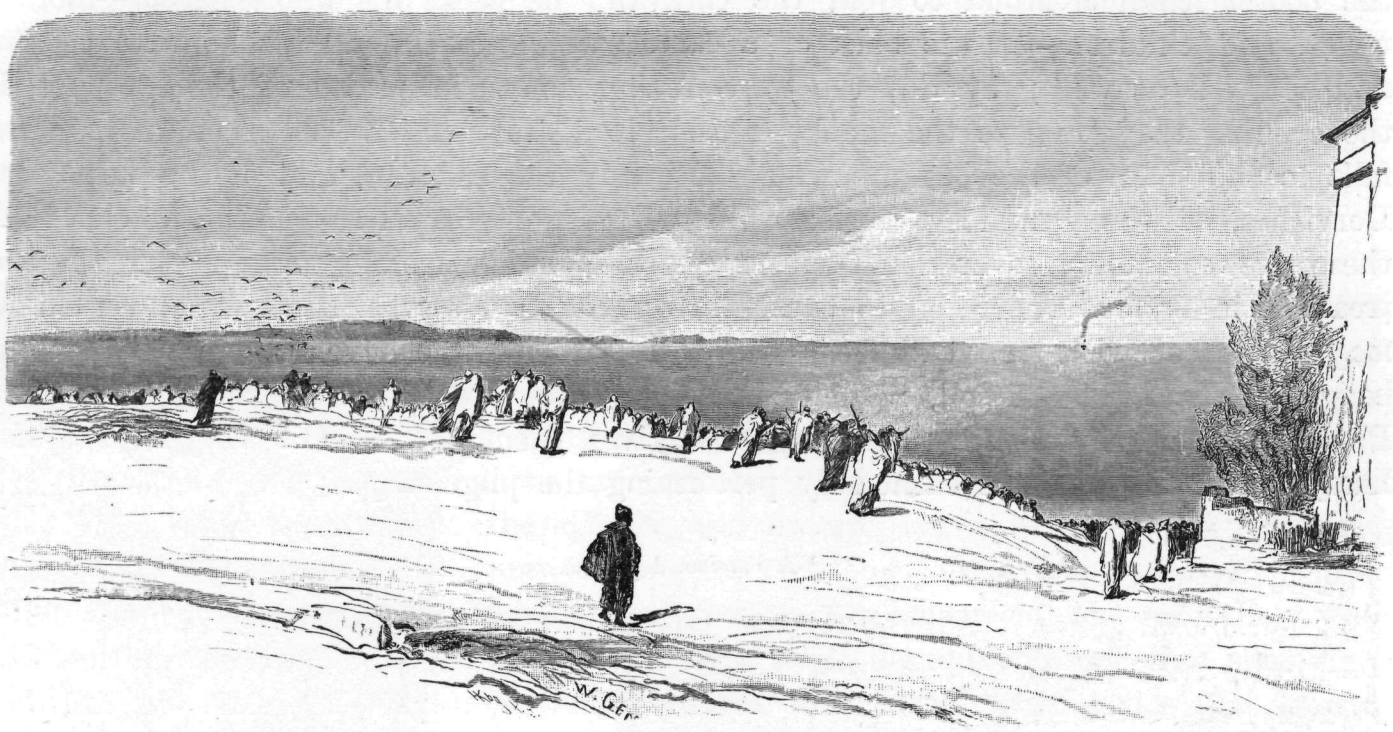


SUBURB AT THE BAB-EN-NASR.

The day of sacrifice is followed by a quieter time, but a certain excitement is kept up by the letters which reach the stay-at-home relatives of the pilgrims, and which tell of the fatigues of the journey, of the crush and cram in Mecca—

[1] See Vol. I., p. 91.

overcrowded as it is with humanity—of the splendour of the festive ceremonies, of the visit to the tomb of the Prophet in Medina, and similar matters. The longing for the return of the travellers grows every week, for those left at home know too well that every pilgrimage costs the health and life of numbers. Particularly perilous are the acts of devotion to be performed at the black stone, for the head must be bared, and the believer is accustomed always to the warmth of his turban, and there is danger too of epidemics in the poisonous air of the over-crowded city. But the anxious must be patient, for since the melancholy introduction of cholera in 1867, no home-bound pilgrim can re-enter the country without having performed



WAITING FOR THE PILGRIM SHIP NEAR SUEZ.

a long quarantine. Thus it comes to pass that the caravan with the Mah'mal seldom reaches the capital before the end of the month Safar. Many of the pilgrims who return by sea are met at Suez by their relatives, who crowd the strand—a strange coast-guard—when the pilgrims' ship is due.

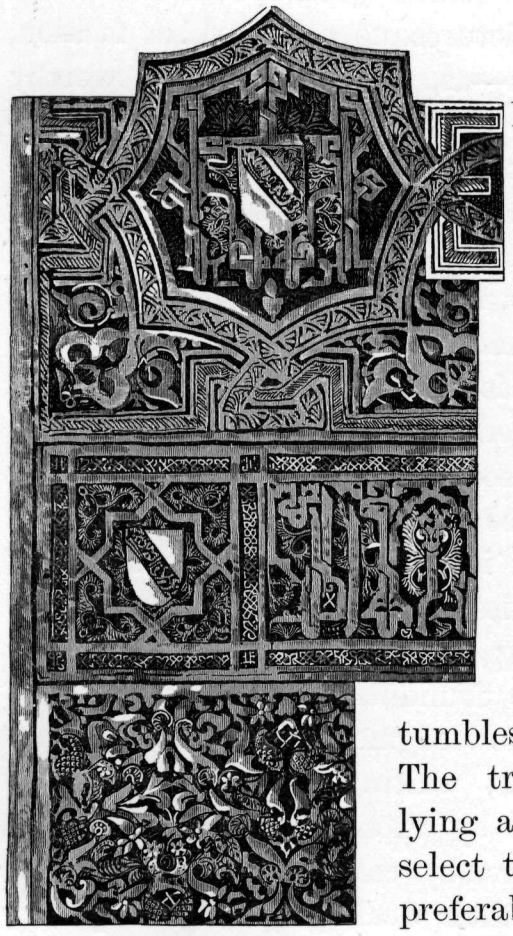
At last news comes of the great caravan, which is to leave the Pilgrims' Lake the next day; early in the morning, escorted by bands of music, great troops of men with eatables and clean new garments for their relations—whose raiment is greatly impaired by the long journey—go forth to meet the pilgrims. These meet the caravan half-way, and then there is a tumult—a hubbub—a Babel—an excitement quite unparalleled. But amid all the rejoicing of those who here meet once more to greet and welcome each other with Oriental vehemence, there are anxious questionings, heart-breaking lamentations, and loud cries of sorrow. Here a wife is seeking her husband, in vain her eye turns from camel to camel anxiously seeking the long-looked for face; no familiar features meet her gaze. There is her husband's friend, but the place next him is empty; a glance, a word reveals the terrible truth; and so it is with hundreds. Drums and trumpets drown their cries of grief,

and the procession moves on, not halting till it reaches the gate of the city. There once more the pilgrims camp out. Before the sun has set thousands pour out of the city to the tents, and then, with many tears of joy, many too are the tears of anguish. The eyes of the mourners, it is true, are slower to dry than those of the happy.

Many of the richer classes, at the present day, avail themselves of the railway and steamboat to reach Djidda, the harbour of Mecca. Only the poor now undergo the dangers and fatigues of the land journey, or the pious who fear to diminish the meritorious character of the pilgrimage if they deviate from time-honoured custom, or such as are afraid of a sea voyage. Not the rich peasant merely, but the poorer fellah is proud to join the caravan; he packs his whole harem—mother, wives, and children—on the back of a camel, which carries all his household goods and victuals as well; by day the women sing songs in praise of the Prophet, in the evening they prepare the meal for their lord and master. Then many a morsel falls to the share of the beggars who accompany the caravan, and of the wandering Dervishes, of whom numbers perform the pilgrimage year after year. Among these there are commonly several half-witted oddities, which are not merely endured and treated kindly, but venerated to a certain extent as Walees; but now and then we may also meet with an Al Hafee.[1] One thing all pilgrims have in common, whether beggars or lords of the soil, namely, that they are proud of their visit to the Holy Places, and are delighted when any one gives them the title of Hagg (in Syrian Hadjee), which they have earned by performing the pilgrimage.

[1] A barefooted pilgrim.

THE START FOR UPPER EGYPT.



ENCHANTING as Cairo is and hard as it is to part from it, the mighty ruins of a grand and remote past, arrayed on both shores of the Nile in Upper Egypt, have so powerful a spell to tempt us, that we are not unwilling to say farewell to the city of the Khalifs, and are impatient to make the necessary preparations for the long journey southwards. Three modes of progress are open to the traveller who desires to visit these monuments of the splendour of the Pharaohs, to see the broad levels that spread on each side of the Nile above the Delta, with their fertile plains and singular villages and towns, and to tread the narrow gorge with its ramparts of granite, which hems in the stream as it tears and tumbles past Syene[1] and forces its way into Egypt proper. The traveller who desires to reach the second cataract, lying at about two degrees within the tropic, must necessarily select the third means of transport—which is in every respect preferable to the two others. The "tourist" who travels merely to say that he has *been* and *seen*, and to carry home a general idea of "foreign parts" will choose the steamboat, in which in three short weeks, during which he is taken the utmost care of, he can reach Philae from Cairo. He will be conducted from one sight to another with a large party of companions, and in accordance with a prescribed programme, and will gain his end with the smallest possible outlay of time and money.

Other travellers now proceed by railway as far as Siyut[2] in Upper Egypt, and then go on, on asses or in a boat, to Thebes; quarter themselves there in the

[1] Assouan.

[2] The ancient Lycopolis.

newly-opened hotel, and avail themselves of the steamboat for the return journey. But any one who likes to be his own master, and to whom it is possible to halt and to stay where he pleases, will secure one of the Dahabeeyehs, or Nile boats, which lie for hire at anchor in the harbour of Boolak—large or small, cheap or dear, quite plain and simple, or fitted up with every comfort. Those who are ignorant of Arabic must trust to a dragoman for management and provisioning. Among these dragomans there are many capital fellows who speak several languages—English, French, and often German too—and they all know how to procure and arrange everything required by a foreigner, and especially by a Briton, to make him feel perfectly comfortable; but of the monuments these successors of the dragomans of the time of the Saïte kings know absolutely nothing beyond the names. The dragomans or Hermeneis already existed under that dynasty, which was friendly to the Greeks, and created a class or caste of interpreters who could explain these structures, with more or less aid from imagination, to the Persian, Macedonian, or Roman traveller. At the present day these guides still constitute a guild, of which the members usually dress in the picturesque old Turkish fashion, and many of whom have attained considerable wealth—as, for instance, the worthy Nubian, Ahmed Abu-Nabboot, who, in youth, served the great Lepsius, and afterwards Gustav Richter—to whom we owe the accompanying portrait—and who once accompanied me through the Sinaitic peninsula. This most worthy man, whose surname signifies "the father of the big stick"—he is said in his youth to have triumphed in a fray with several soldiers by the aid of his *nabboot*—is as faithful as stalwart, and as powerful as a Tyrolese, and still continues his labours, though he is now a rich man, "for," says he, "it is wrong to cut off the hand that feeds us." The handsome and elegant Abd-el-Medjeed; the clever and zealous Mohammed Saleh, who served me admirably well some years ago; the swarthy Alee, excellent too in his way; and many more of these worthy people, are Nubians; while Abd-el-Melik, for instance, a very clever fellow, is a Syrian and a Christian; and Omar, who is a favourite with the English, is a native-born Cairene; he served Lady Duff Gordon—the writer of the charming "Letters from Egypt"[1]—for many years with the greatest fidelity, and owed the foundation of his fortune to the gifts of that much-lamented lady and the acknowledgments of her relatives. The dragomans less in request hang about the hotels, waiting for travellers; the proved and approved ones wait till they are sent for by those strangers to whom they may have been recommended by former customers, by consuls or hotel-keepers. It is an understood thing that, like all Orientals in their dealings with Europeans, they have a keen eye to their own advantage; but they are scarcely ever guilty of any actual dishonesty, and the dread of a bad testimonial, and even of expulsion from the guild, checks their avarice and goads their zeal. The traveller who has found a clever and experienced dragoman, who has made a good agreement with him, and has succeeded from the first in making him clearly understand that he, the traveller, is the master, will be ready to admit when he quits the dahabeeyeh that he would nowhere in Europe have met with a better courier and manager

[1] An account of a residence at Thebes and elsewhere.

than his companion on his Nile voyage; for, though he can neither read nor write, and generally has been brought up in indigence, he can always conduct himself with tact and sagacity in his capacity of interpreter, even with the most distinguished of his own countrymen.

Only the very wealthy and luxurious, however, should trust him to hire the dahabeeyeh. It is far better for any one who has an acquaintance with a Cairene to ask his assistance in selecting one of the numerous barques which lie at anchor at Boolak, and to make a bargain in his own person with the Re'ees or captain at his own consulate.

We do not need a dragoman, and for a dahabeeyeh we will have none other than that of the worthy Re'ees Huseyn, who long ago conducted Wilkinson—that most accomplished student of the manners and customs of ancient Egypt—and who, a few years since, on my last expedition down the Nile, conveyed me with the utmost care and attention. Re'ees Huseyn will see to manning the boat, we will ourselves seek a cook and a servant, and return once more into the city to supply ourselves with provisions of all kinds for some months. The list of our requirements is a long one, for everything can be bought both cheaper and better in Cairo than up the Nile, and we are in no mind to starve by the way. A hired carriage conveys us back to the Ezbekeeyeh and then to the Muskee, full of shops. Our first visit will be to Cécile, *marchande de modes*, for there we shall procure the flags, without which no one would dream of starting whose bosom feels one spark of patriotism. Our dahabeeyah shall, with your permission, display a black-white-and-red flag, and a pennant of the same, though an Englishman hoists the Union Jack.

We look out of the window of the shop, which is on the first floor, down upon the surging, noisy, and ever-changing sea of humanity in the busiest street in the world, and the richest in the variety of aspect and figure of the passers-by. We just glanced at it on our way to the Mosque el-Azhar, and now, as we are about to quit it, the scene is no less novel and delightful than when we first saw it, some time since. Nay, the bustle and throng between these two rows of houses is perhaps even more attractive now than it was then; for, just as when we first set foot in a country of which the language is strange to us, we seem at first to hear only a medley of sounds, but presently distinguish certain words, and at last comprehend the beauty and sense of each phrase, so the European who has drifted into this swift torrent requires some little time to enable him to distinguish and comprehend the separate parts which compose the bewildering whole. The Muskee has been described a thousand times. The impression it makes upon the novice has been painted with incomparable vivacity, almost with extravagance, by Goltz;[1] and other writers have vividly set before the reader the long and strange procession of figures that succeed each other throughout the day, crowded into this narrow space. Goltz must be allowed to speak for himself:—"Chance"—says he, "a rather good friend of mine—put me in exactly the right way of seeing Cairo. During the first quiet morning hours I had been studying the houses in the less-frequented streets, when suddenly I found myself at the entrance

[1] Bogumil Goltz, "Ein Kleinstadter in Aegypten," Berlin, 1853. 12mo, p. 166.

of the main street which leads with endless windings from the Muskee to the Citadel, and which Napoleon is said to have driven through in a phaeton with six grey horses —but this must be reckoned with his other fabulous exploits—amid a surging and medley torrent of men and beasts; a sort of whirlpool above which the camels only could lift their exaggeratedly long necks, swaying backwards and forwards, and supporting their heads horizontally stretched out—like pilot boats on the stream. And as the massive and machine-like 'ships of the desert' cut their way through the human mosaic with its thousand voices, their blubbering, roaring, dreary groaning

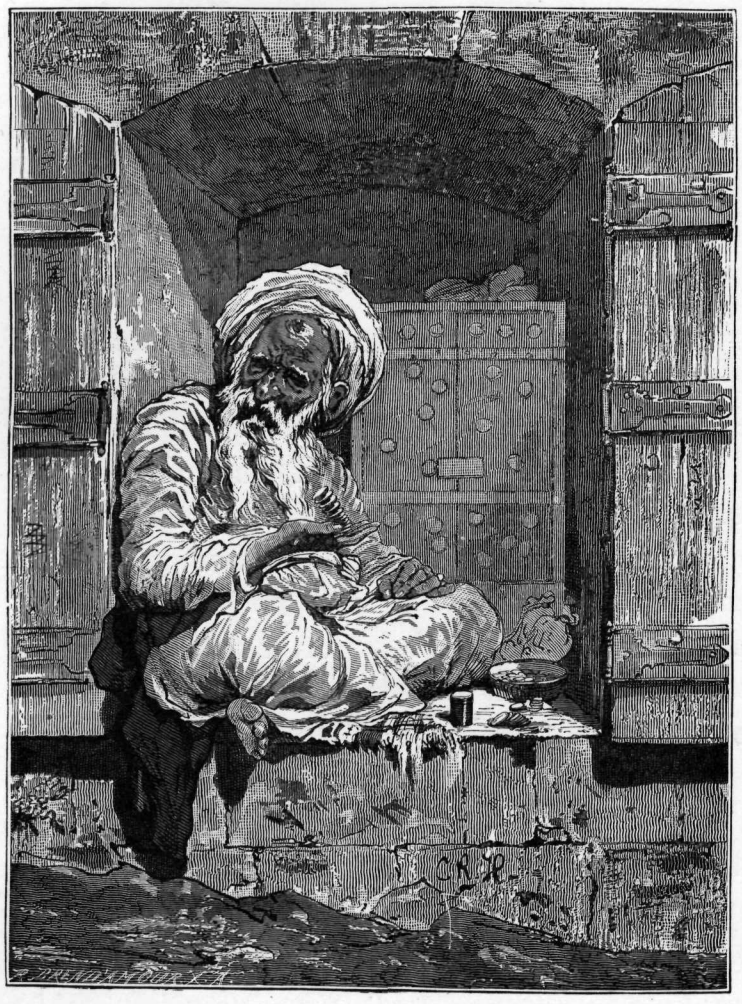


CAIRENE MILKMAN.

and sighs rose through the air, while the ear-splitting yells of the donkeys seemed to be a higher note in the same hideous diapason. In the boulevards of Paris or on London Bridge I had had a faint image of such a Babylonian chaos, and in Alexandria I had seen a kind of prologue to it—even the carnival in Rome or Venice is a mere joke in comparison. Here every one, without respect of persons, is in danger of his life, and, above all, the too inquisitive stranger; he would need eyes in front and behind, and the steady shoving power of the camel into the bargain, to get himself out of the scrape in case of accident. In the main stream of Cairo it is quite out of the question to dream of gazing heavenwards to study mashrabeeyehs and details of architecture; every one must keep his wits about him or he will be tumbled over and over by some pushing, blindly-zealous street porter, or trodden down by a

heavily-laden, heedless, blundering, trampling dromedary, loaded perhaps with stones, or coals, or even building-timber; or if by chance he is riding a donkey, suddenly from round a corner a galloping cavalcade of other donkey-riders will rush past, putting his knee-cap out of joint, or performing some other equally pleasant osteological demonstration on the living skeleton, going far beyond a joke."

The spectator who is himself a waif in this living stream is certainly quite incapable of watching its waves as it flows round him. A safe corner in a window is the right place; there the strange mosaic may be sorted into its motley elements by constant and repeated gazing all day long; the significance and value of each may be discerned, and at last we may even succeed in detecting how the living whirlpool originates, swells to its maddest height, regurgitates and subsides again to perfect stillness. We may be permitted to give a slight sketch of the scene as we may observe it from our coign of vantage on the first floor, before we finally turn our back on Cairo and the Muskee, the main artery of its vitality.

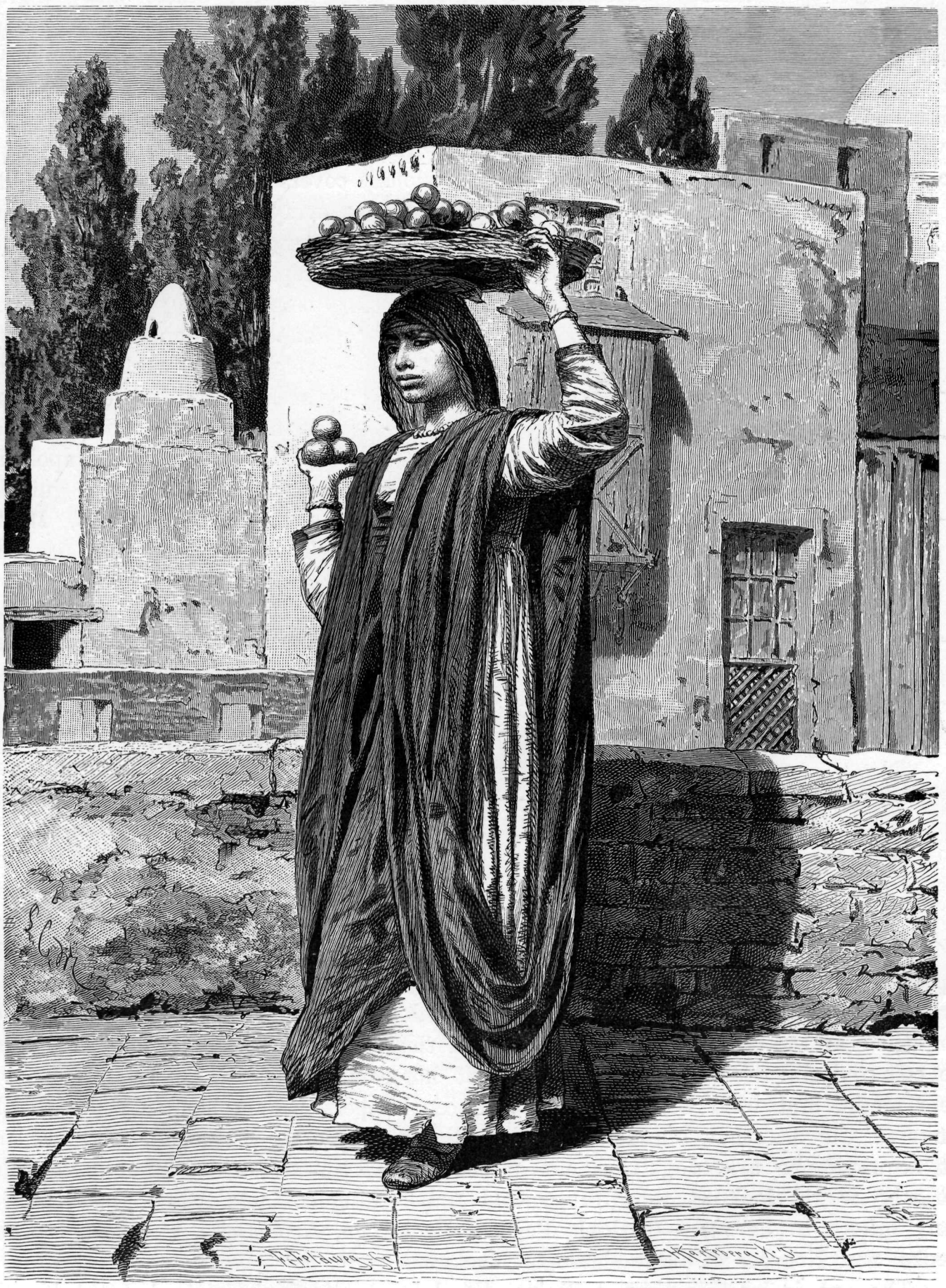


JEWISH MONEY-CHANGER.

As soon as the sun is up, Bedaween lads first appear on the scene with their goats, which they milk in the still empty street into the vessels belonging to their customers, shouting, open-mouthed, "Milk! milk!" The tea-seller, generally a Persian with bright and tempting utensils of brass, follows close on his heels. Not less betimes comes the baker with his flat circular grey-brown cakes of durrah flour. He earns a few paras from labourers and artisans, but those whose means allow of it apply to the pedlar-cook, who supplies them with boiled turnips, stewed beans, pickled cucumbers, little cutlets of meat, hard eggs, and similar delicacies, and a clove of garlic is eagerly munched as a relish to the meal. Then the shops begin to be opened, the palm-branch seats are set out in front of the cafés, and the first comers of the better-clad classes will be the Effendis, the clerks and employés of public offices, and the Coptic accountants and shopmen, betaking themselves to their bureaux and counting-houses. Youthful shoeblacks, with their wooden blocks and brushes, offer their services, and glance contemptuously at the bare feet of the water-carrier, who is likewise one of the earliest frequenters of the Muskee. As the sun rises higher and the world grows thirsty, trade flourishes for him and

for the numerous dealers who, with noisy cries, sell lemonade, fruit-syrups, grape-water, sweetened water, liquorice-water, rose-water—with infusions of tamarinds, dates, and orange-peel. Lately, iced drinks have also been sold in the Muskee during the heat of the day, prepared with artificial ice. But it is still early morning, as we may see, indeed, from the presence of the citizens' wives in their white dresses, with their dusky attendants carrying baskets; they are going to make their purchases in the market, which is not yet perfectly full, for heavily-laden peasant women are still swarming in the Muskee, in their long blue gowns. Their faces are hidden by black veils, and they carry huge baskets on their heads, with fowls, chickens, and pigeons, a turkey perhaps, or vegetables. Some of them balance on their heads high piles of cakes of dried dung, which in Egypt, where wood is scarce, is used for heating ovens. Fisher-boys follow them, with their scaly wares wriggling and fresh from the Nile. The donkey riders and hired carriages increase in numbers, soldiers and splendid equipages make their appearance; the mob grows denser every minute, the cries and shouts louder, for by this time the whole chorus of dealers and sellers are on the scene, crying every kind of produce in only too audible voices; vegetables of every kind, grapes, dates, water-melons, bunches of bananas from Upper Egypt, pomegranates and tomatoes, figs and prickly pears. Girls without veils and with bright black eyes tempt the passers-by to try their oranges; blind old men feel their way through the throng, and ragged beggars mutter pious sentences—their way of demanding alms. Children fix their longing eyes on the confectioners' stalls, where fans are incessantly plied, but grown up customers, too, buy a stick of barley-sugar—or they follow at the heels of a beast-tamer, who carries a whole family of tamed apes on his shoulder, and leads by a cord a goat which has been taught to balance itself on a bottle. A strange detail in the scene is a Nubian loaded with the produce of his native land: panther-skins, ostrich-eggs and feathers, lances, stuffed crocodiles and Nile lizards, chains of shells and painted wooden bowls. A rat-catcher dances on before him, balancing a tambourine hung round with rat-skins, in which a live rat runs and jumps about. All of these differently-dressed men and women do their best to attract the attention of the householder or the passer-by, and to that end each one adopts a different cry. The words made use of by the different vendors were noted down and collected by Lane, who has immortalised many of these street cries. For instance, that of the pistachio-seller, who invites purchasers with the saying, "The rose was a thorn-bush; the sweat of the Prophet caused it to blossom." Only those who have had much practice in the Cairene dialect can understand these cries, and indeed the ear, as well as the eye, is not at leisure to give undivided attention to one thing only at a time; in fact, it is much more difficult to disentangle the confusion of tongues and sounds in the Muskee than the confused medley of living figures that fill and animate the scene.

The crowd reaches its height at about an hour before noon; a fluctuating sea of white and coloured turbans ebbs and flows below, and just as the sea is navigated by ships and boats, the human stream is parted here and there—by a long train of camels—by a carriage rushing on with reckless haste, while runners make way for it—by riders with splendid saddle-cloths bright with velvet and gold



ORANGE-SELLER.

embroidery—by wedding processions or funeral cortéges with music and singing, shouts of joy and cries of lamentation in quick alternation. The donkey-boys, following the European riders, who try to force a way for their grey-coated steeds through the heaving crowd, and constantly repeat their cries: "Riglak!" "Shemâlak," or "Yeminak!" — "your foot!" "to the left!" "to the right!" The Jewish sarraf, or money-changer, who sits at the smallest of counters and tempts the passers-by with the chink of his coins, anxiously covers his gold with his hands; he is ready to take every kind of coin known, for as every nation, race, colour, and tongue on earth has its representatives in the Muskee, coins bearing the image and superscription of every sovereign in the world are current in Egyptian business transactions: Turkish and Egyptian piastres, francs and Napoleons, shillings, rupees, and guineas, marks and guilders, Maria-Theresa dollars and Austrian gulden, nay, even silver roubles, which in Russia itself are a rarity, here pass from hand to hand, and are recognised and taken even by small dealers.



A JEW OF CAIRO.

However, the eye lingers only for a minute on the money-changer's table, for there is still something new and amusing to be seen. Two ladies from a harem have been squeezed up against the opposite house by a squadron of cavalry, for which every one makes way. They shriek and scold, though their faces are covered with their gauze veils, and as they fling their arms about, the domino-like cloak that enwraps them flies open, revealing the coloured silk dress within; but the last horseman is passed, the road is open to them again, and with their little red morocco slippers they vehemently punish the flanks of the ass that blunders up against the legs of a European, who has not yet acquired the art of getting out of the way. Europeans are here in numbers, but who would look at their dingy and unbecoming costume when there are so many others to be seen—Turkish Pashas, Bedaween, Armenians, Persians, Indians, Greeks, and Negroes of every shade of blackness.

The sun is by this time declining, the human stream is beginning to ebb, the tumult subsides, and the shades of night fall far more rapidly than in our latitudes In the shops, the apothecary with his smart glass jars, the cook, and the cafés, light

up their gas lamps or lanterns, and the ownerless dogs sneak out of their murky hiding-places, and stay their hunger with the scraps innumerable which have collected on the dusty and unpaved street. Before midnight—unless during Ramadân—all is silent in the most bustling street in the world; all the shops are shut, and even the door-keepers, who make their beds of palm-branches in front of the houses



COBBLER.

they guard, have ceased to chatter, while the cry of the hundred Muezzins of the city of the Khaliffs rings out clear and solemn, unmixed with any other sound, through the silent night.

Early next morning we must once more repair to the Muskee; it is as yet very empty, but the old cobbler is already seated at the corner of a side street in a niche in the wall, where many a picturesque scene of low life has met our eyes; a man with food for cats has also made his appearance. We know already that at

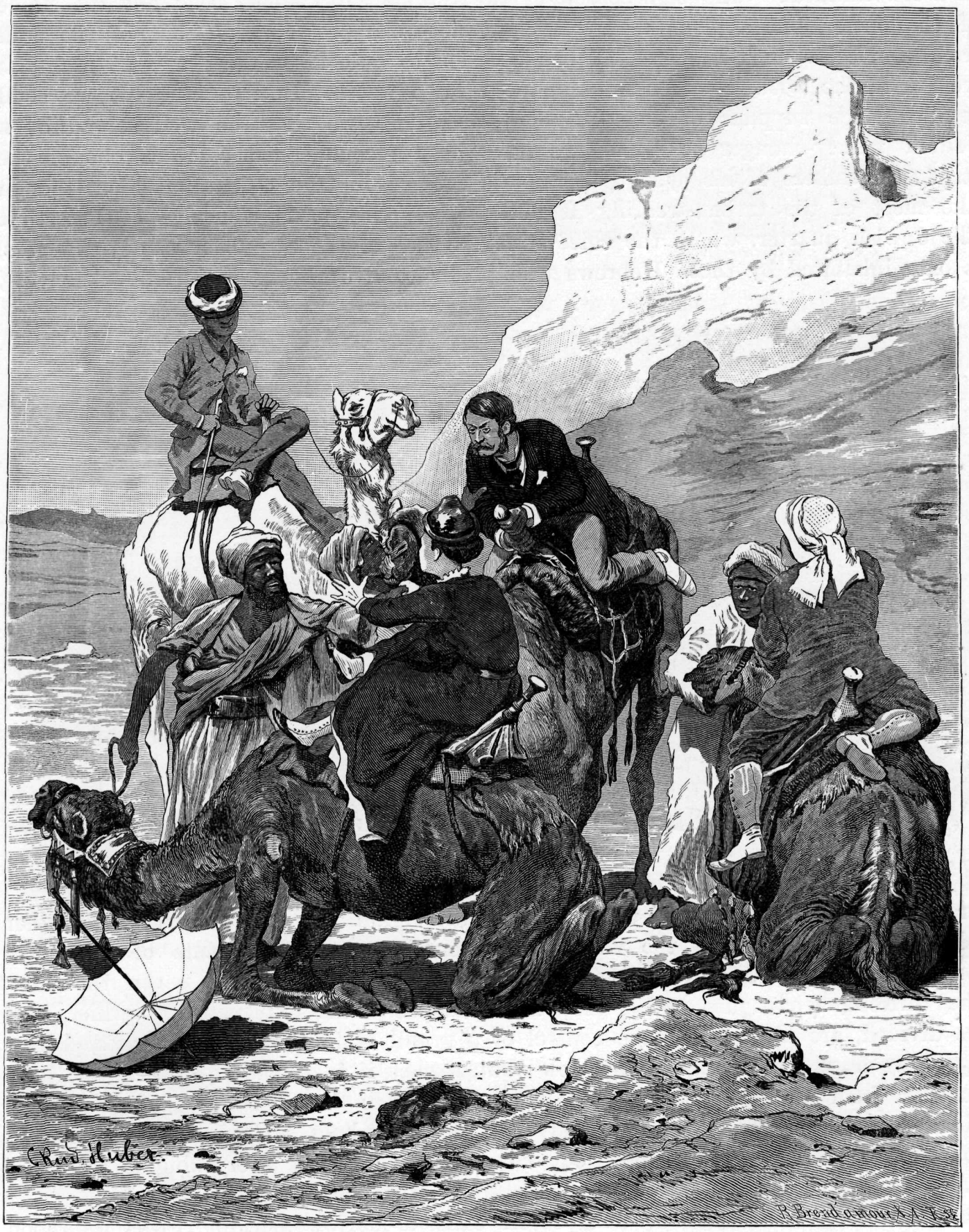
the time of the Pharaohs[1] the nimble mouser was held sacred, and to this day Egypt is the El Dorado of cats. Not so very long ago a legacy was left for feeding them; and a German nobleman, who made a pilgrimage through Eastern lands, mentions a soldier who, though close to tempting shade, allowed himself to pant and suffer under the mid-day sun, because he would not disturb a kitten that was sleeping in his lap. The extension of the Muskee beyond the city canal (Khaleeg) is known as the New Street; we follow this street till we reach the street of the coppersmiths' bazaar, Sook en-Nahhâseen, which turns out of it to the left, and where are the Moristan of Kala'oon and the Mosque of Barkook. Here we turn down, for here, in the stalls and workshops, we shall find a variety of vessels such as we need, and others we may procure in the contiguous bazaar, called "Sook" by the Cairenes, for *bazaar* is a Persian and not an Arabic word. To-day, being Wednesday, it is not crowded with purchasers, for Monday and Tuesday are the market-days; on these days the stalls are besieged with customers, and the wandering auctioneer[2] moves about among the buyers and sellers, crying wares, taking bids, and knocking down the goods to the highest bidder. The Sook being commonly covered in, is cooler and shadier, even at mid-day, than the open streets, and we will see what is to be seen there. The rows of stalls which compose a bazaar are generally placed round a khan, a large building with a wide interior space, and it is only when we know this that we can comprehend how it is that the dealer,



ITINERANT DEALER.

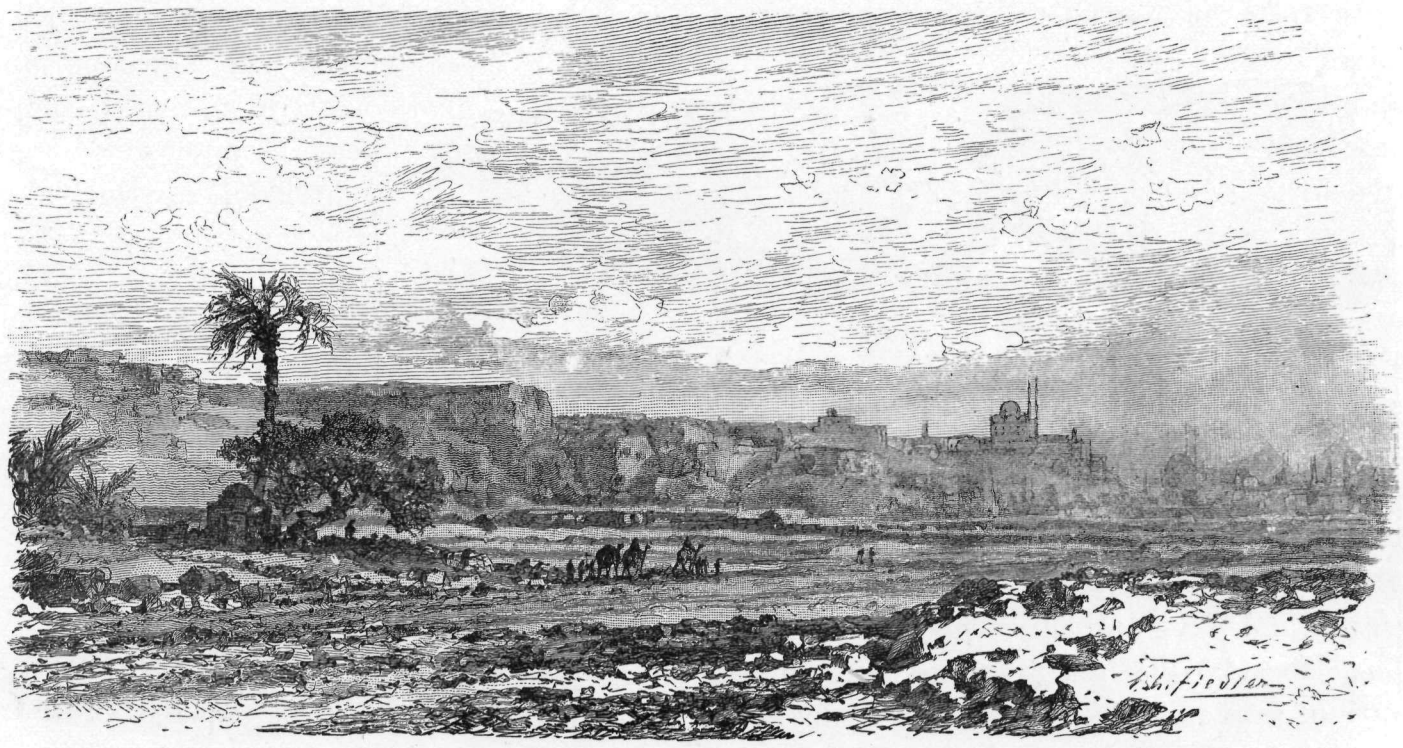
[1] Appears as a pet in the time of the XVIIIth Dynasty, B.C. 1500.

[2] Called the *dallál*. He carries his lots on his head or shoulders.



A FIRST RIDE ON A CAMEL.

sitting in such a tiny shop, can produce such a supply of goods, and fetch out more in a few minutes. The sign-boards of the dukkans (or shops) bear not the name of the owner, but a pious text. A light net-work protects the front of the stall from thieves when the merchant has occasion to quit it by day; and at night, as we know, the Sook is closed, and guarded by a watch. In Upper Egypt we shall require large supplies of copper money, and here we shall be well served by a Jewish money-changer to whom we have been recommended. He is one of the strictest members of his synagogue, and is dressed in true Oriental fashion, though like most of the turban-wearing Israelites in Egypt, he is a native of Palestine. The Jewish quarter, where the chief street is that of the sarrafs or money-changers, is only inhabited by those Hebrews who prefer to live among their fellow-believers,

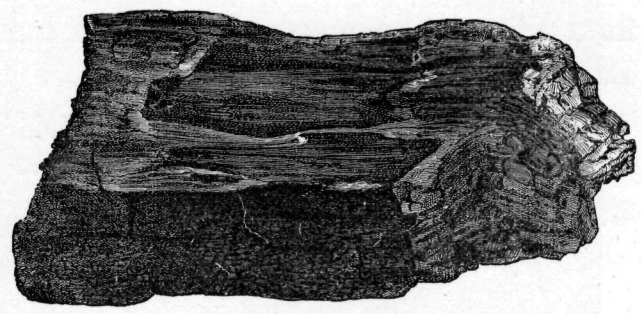


ROAD TO THE PETRIFIED FOREST.

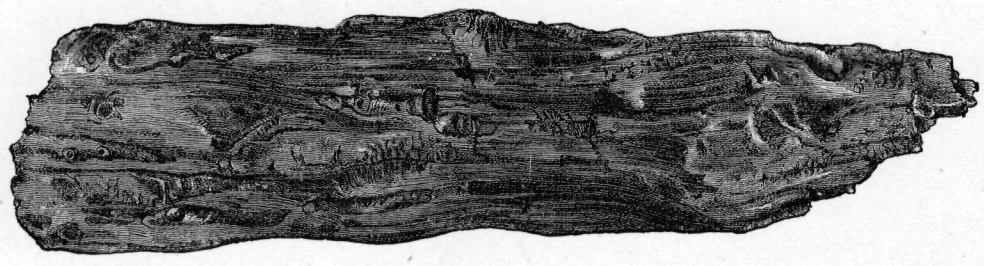
for under the Khedive Ismail they share all the rights and liberties granted to other religionists, and some of the richest and most respected merchants of Cairo are Israelites. They are said to number altogether between six and seven thousand. The thirteen synagogues which they have built, and the two sects into which they are divided, are alike under the control of a grand Rabbi. In the towns of Upper Egypt we have seldom met with a Jew; but, in fact, it is difficult to distinguish their features from those of the Arabs, their congeners in descent. Our venerable friend has served us reasonably, and will send a whole sackful of copper money down to our Nile boat; so now our cares are ended, and everything is ready for our start.

We will embark in our dahabeeyeh early to-morrow morning; this afternoon we will devote to visiting one of the wonders of Egypt, the petrified forest; to gazing once more from the height of Mokattam on the picture of Cairo in its halo of evening light, enjoying its beauty and stamping it deeply and for ever on our

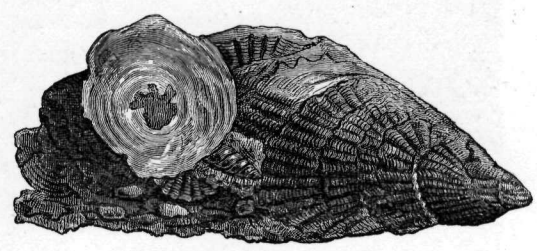
memory. To make this excursion many Europeans make their first attempt at a camel ride, thus affording an infinity of amusement to the unconcerned bystanders. For our part, brisk donkeys shall carry us through the Bab-en-Nasr, and past the tombs of the Khalifs; still it is not injudicious to mount a dromedary, for the road across the desert is so sandy that I once saw a four-horse carriage fairly stranded there. To our left we leave the red mountain (Gebel el Ahmar), which is one of the most remarkable features of Egypt; to geologists and mineralogists, indeed, quite the most remarkable, for they compare the sandstone which here rests on marl to the grès calcaire of the Paris basin; it is hard and sonorous, micaceous, siliceous, and of a reddish-brown colour, and stonemasons have quarried it for thousands of years and for every sort of purpose. Oscar Fraas asserts that the celebrated musical colossus of Memnon at Thebes and its twin—both of which we shall presently become acquainted with—were, beyond a doubt, derived from this mountain, which is now connected with the city and the mill-harbour by a railway, and which yields mill-stones in any number, and all the material for the macadamised roads in Cairo and Alexandria. The crater formed in the hard rock by the requirements of hundreds of generations is perfectly enormous, and has been compared with that of Vesuvius. It is to the ordinary visitor a far more exciting and riveting object of interest than the famous "petrified forest,"[1] which may be reached after a ride of an hour and a quarter, over bare hills and yellow sand, and past sloping cliffs, red and blackish, interspersed with nodules of gypsum and traversed by seams of chalcedony. The traveller who expects to find, as the goal of his excursion, a grand mass of large trees felled to the ground and transformed by the magic of Nature from soft wood to a hard mineral, will be sadly disillusioned, even if he does not shun a still longer ride, on to what is known as the "great petrified forest;" for though thousands and thousands of large and small fragments of silicified trunks lie around him, on or under the sand, or *in situ* in the miocene sandstone rock, there is nothing whatever imposing to be seen. Even the geologist can only compare this



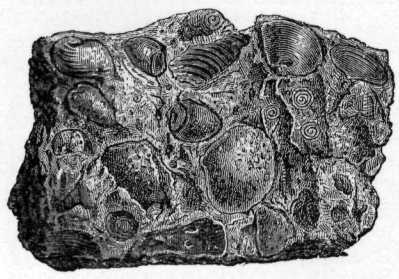
PETRIFIED WOOD.



PETRIFIED WOOD.



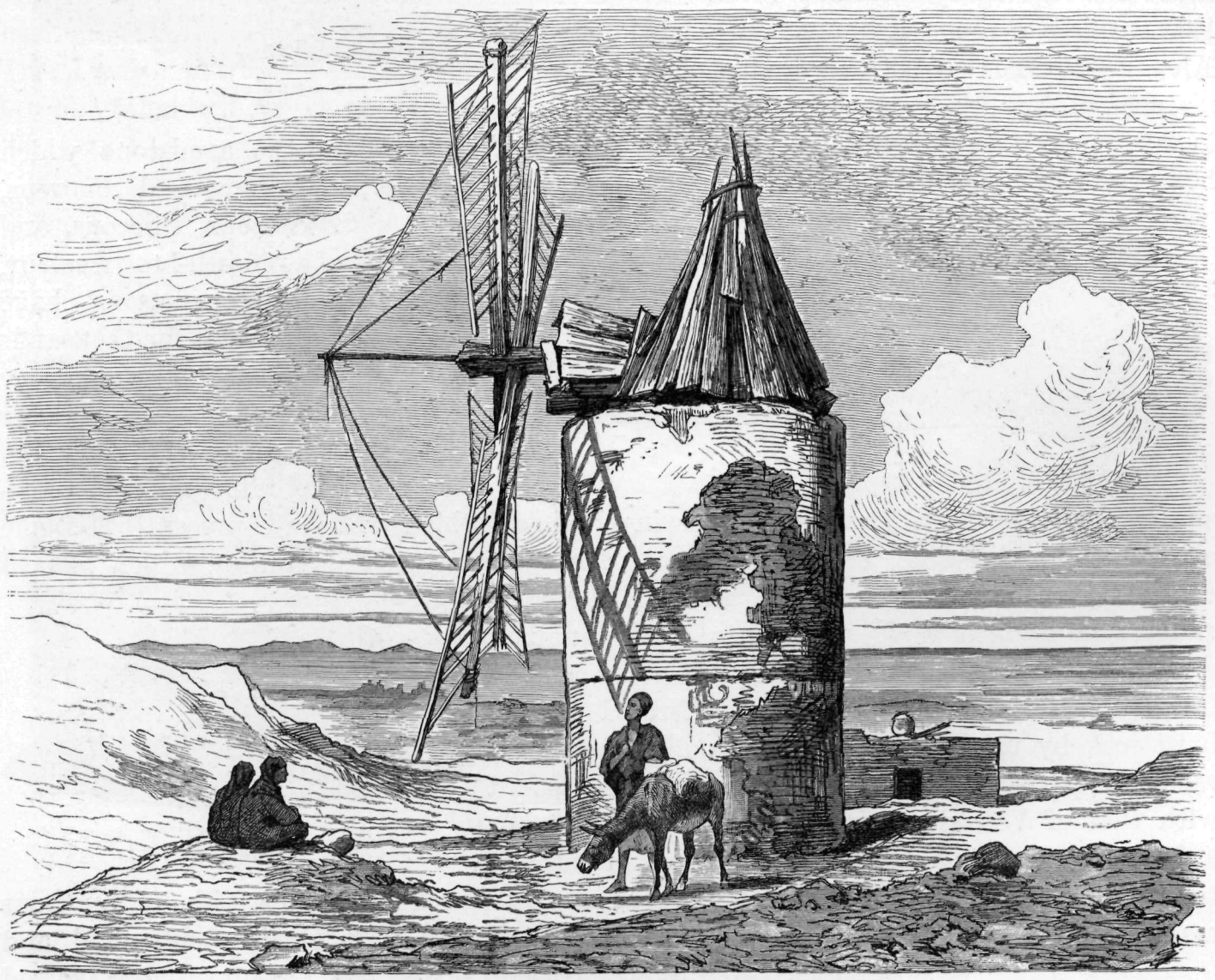
FOSSIL SHELL-FISH.



LIMESTONE, WITH SHELLS.

[1] At the bebel Kashab, where is the little petrified forest; the great one is at the Bir-el-Fahmeh, near the Wadi-et-Tih.

famous spot with one of the layers of lignite or peat in central Germany, and any one who has seen such a place knows how far it is from being picturesque. Certainly, when we learn from the botanist that these brown flakes of stone, as hard as iron, were flourishing trees many, many thousands of years ago (*Nicolia Aegyptiaca*, a species of Balsamodendron) waving greenly in the sun on wooded heights and bowing in the wind, our imagination is strangely stirred, and we confess with admiration that Nature, when she will, knows how to preserve her works—even organic forms—with



WINDMILL NEAR CAIRO.

a more successful hand than that of man; ay, even in Egypt, the land where so many structures have wonderfully survived, which in other countries would rapidly and inevitably have perished. Our return road leads over the ridge of Mokattam, and the eye of the rider still turns frequently to the soil, for it is crowded with fossil marine shells, a fact that did not escape the eyes of the venerable historian Herodotus, and the observant traveller Strabo. The heights, which are the bulwarks of Cairo to the east, belong to the system of nummulitic mountains which extends from the north-west of Africa across Egypt and India, and as far as

[1] Said by Unger to be akin to the cotton plant.



HARBOUR OF BOOLAK.

China and Japan. This nummulitic range belongs to the earliest formations of the Eocene or Tertiary period, and lies immediately above the Chalk. It is distinguished for the abundance and variety of its fossils, which are extremely well preserved, and among which marine bivalves and univalves, with crabs and sea-urchins (Spatangus and others) catch the eye even of the ignorant. The main mass is composed of myriads of nummulites, large Rhizopoda of the group Polythalamia. The largest species attain the size of a crown piece, the smaller are about as big as a lentil. On breaking open the fossilised shells we find them elegantly chambered. Many such natural sections may be seen on the Pyramids, of which the stones were principally quarried—as I have said—in the nummulitic rock of Mokattam.

Again and again we would willingly linger, and stoop to pick up a fossil of singular form, but the sun is now rapidly approaching the western range on the farther side of the Nile, and dipping down over the Pyramids, and we gaze with unmingled delight and admiration out into the distance; for if the view over Cairo from the citadel remains in our minds "a joy for ever," that from Mokattam must be remembered with rapture. Everything that meets the eye is picturesque and strange: close before us is the lonely mosque on the bare hill of Giyooshee, like the ruined castle of some magician; and farther away the citadel of the Khalifs stands proudly up, its buildings with their multiplicity of detail looking like some crystalline offshoot of the rock itself. It is to this feature, grandly crowning the landscape, that the view from the Mokattam owes its superior charm to that of the view from the citadel itself. But it is difficult to say why it is that also—not to me alone—the colour of the sky and of the desert, as seen from this bare limestone ridge, of the garden land and of the river, of the cities of the living and of the dead, the very quality of the atmosphere that floats over the scene—seem more splendid, varied, and subtle, than from the famous platform by the mosque of Mohammed Ali.

We ride home past thousands of graves, and hundreds of cupolas crowning their mausoleums. Formerly how still it was in this Necropolis, how silent and solemn! now trains clatter across it, and the whistle of engines breaks the silence of the dead. Before we can reach the city the evening star has risen in splendour, the wild dogs and jackals are barking and howling, and the sails of the mills on the heaps of ruins have a ghostly movement. Windmills are not in fact indigenous; the French were the first to teach their use to the Egyptians in the beginning of the century; but these people cling so closely to the traditions of the past, that in the provinces richest in corn neither the windmill nor the water-mill has superseded the primitive hand-mill of the peasantry.

How much, too, that has long been familiar to us from the monuments and records of antiquity do we see next morning, when we make our way down to the harbour of Boolak. Above all, the ships coming from the south, which have preserved their ancient form; even the shape of the dahabeeyehs has undergone little change since the time of the Pharaohs. They lie here in numbers, and so close together that it is difficult to understand how, when they are ready to start, they find a way out into the river. Nor is there any lack of steamboats in the inner harbour. The largest are tugs to tow heavily-laden barges up the stream; the most elegant is destined to

convey some distinguished guest of the Khedive's up to Assouan; others accommodate the sight-seeing tourists; this one carries a freight of sugar; and that one is chartered by Mariette for a journey into Upper Egypt. The Nile, though falling, still fills its bed to the very margin, and the river trade is still at its height; one loaded vessel after another comes into the harbour, and scores are only waiting for a favourable wind ere weighing anchor. The banks swarm with sailors, captains, and Cairene merchants, with fellaheen, Nubians, and Negroes, with camel-drivers and their beasts, donkey-boys, salesmen, and beggars. A number of ships' captains are crowding round a well-known merchant who has come down to meet them, having secured the right of purchasing their freights of guns, senna-leaves, ivory, and hard woods. In another spot dates are being sold by auction, the supply having exceeded the demand, as well as pottery from Sioot and Keneh. The dragoman of an English family is conducting two camels loaded with luggage towards the dahabeeyeh, and his master's family follow in a gaily-painted and very comfortable hired carriage. A Greek is embarking on a Nile boat, something like a dahabeeyeh, with a number of heavily-laden porters; in this vessel he will voyage from one city to another with his cargo of spices and drugs, the master of a floating Wakkâl. It is worth while to come down to the harbour, if only to see the negroes of every hue of duskiness; nowhere else have I ever seen so many and such various shades of black.

Even among our eight sailors some are very dark in colour. Seleem, from Dongola, is as black as ebony; the decently-garbed Saleh, who is major-domo of the establishment, and performs the offices of housemaid, valet, washerwoman, ironer, and housekeeper, and Ismaeel the cook, whom we named the "Nubian footman," are very dark brown. These both came from Wadee Halfa, near the second cataract. Our worthy captain Huseyn and his brother, the steersman or *mustamel*, are Cairenes. The ship's boy, Ghilanee, whose business it is to fill our pipes and supply "fire," *i.e.*, a red-hot coal for the same, is a jolly little fellah, whom we often laugh at and all like.

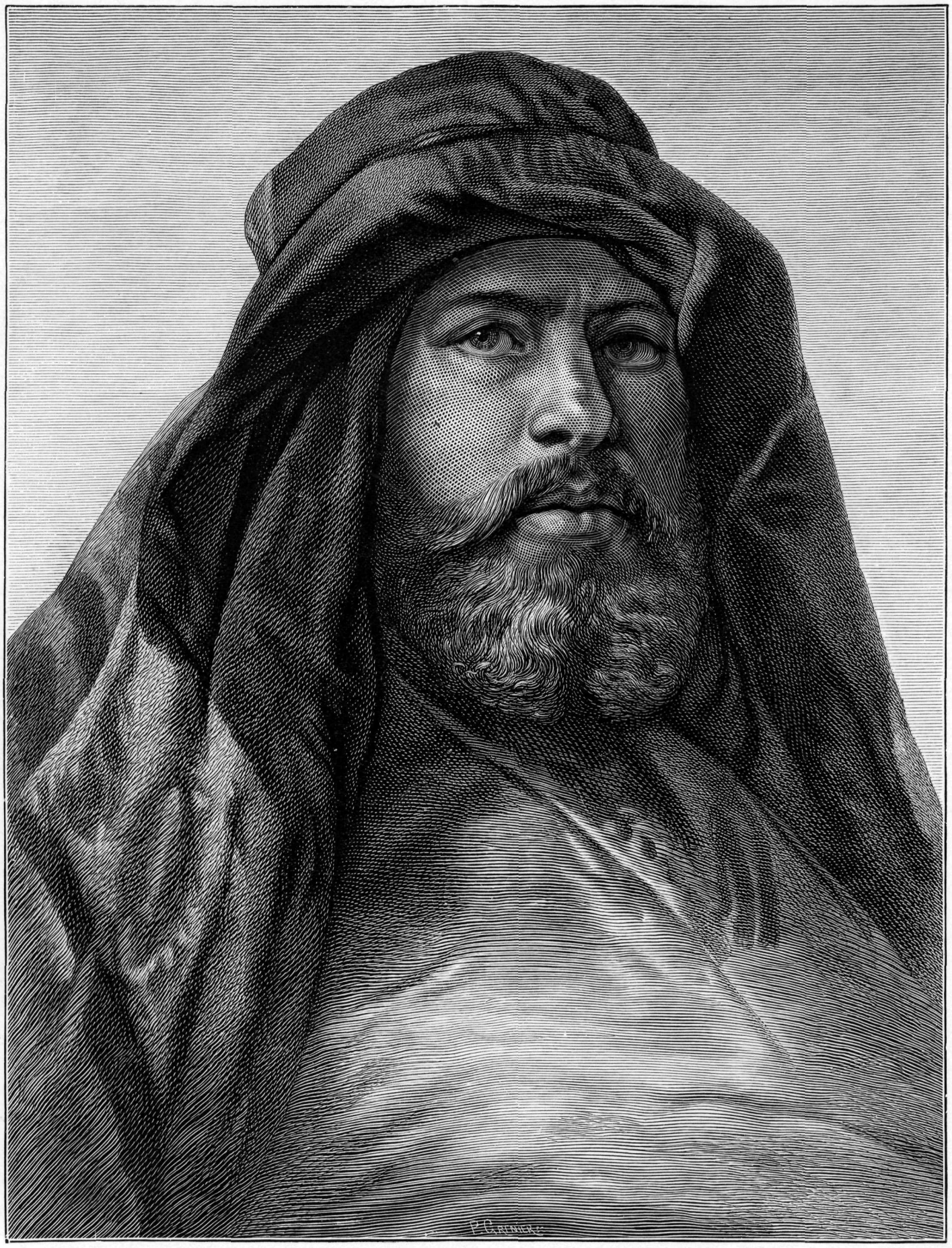
With Saleh's assistance we establish ourselves in the saloon cabin, which is furnished with two divans, a dining-table and a hanging-lamp, and make ourselves at home in the sleeping cabin which has a bath adjoining, and then we sit down to breakfast—Ismaeel's first effort, and deserving of all praise; we can look forward with satisfaction to the future achievements of the black "chef," so we go out on the fore-deck. The forepart of the vessel is occupied by the hands, who sleep here in the open air. The kitchen is placed at the extreme end of the dahabeeyeh, and behind it is the stumpy mast, with a lateen sail attached to a huge yard. The roof of the cabin is so high that it must be mounted up to by steps, and it is our favourite sitting place; here, under a linen awning for shade, there are a stuffed seat and two cane stools. From the little mizen floats our national flag, while the pennant flies at the yard. The sailors are pitching a quantity of black objects into a large green chest; this is their bread, which they will eat, either dry as it is or soaked, for fourteen days, till they can bake a fresh batch at Girgeh. Their dinner to-day consists of lentils, to-morrow they will have peas—and so on.

The captain has for some time been standing at the stem of the dahabeeyeh,

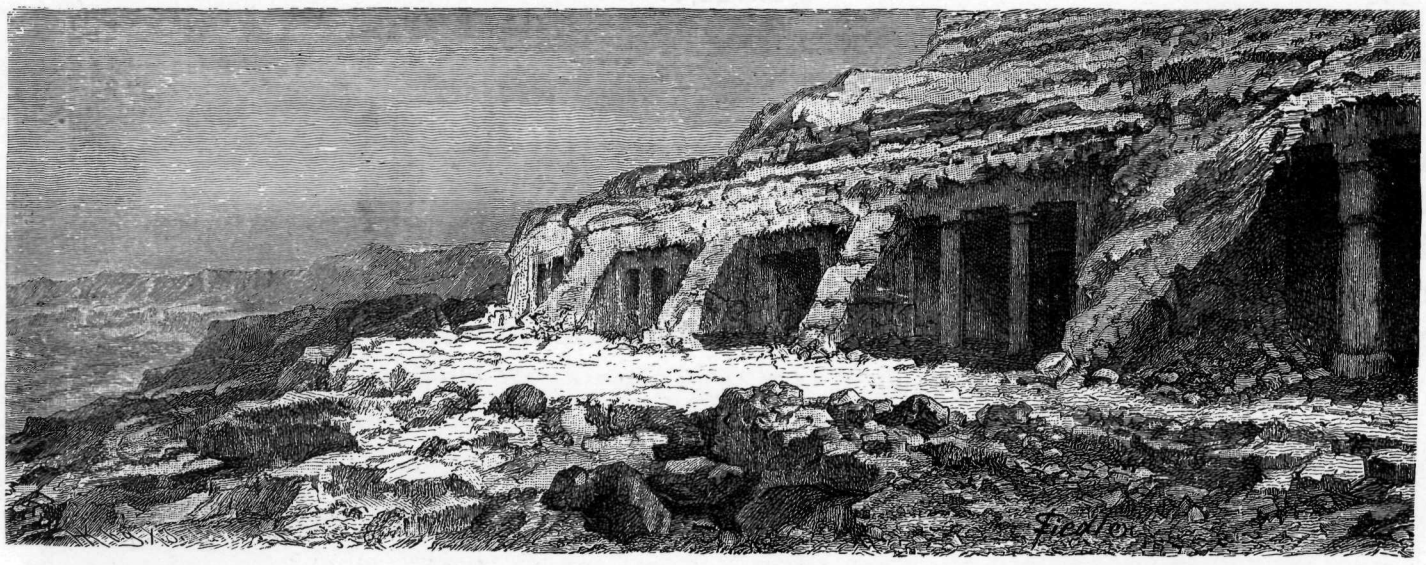
watching the wind. He gives the signal—the sail is loosened, Ghilanee climbs the yard like a cat, and is followed by another sailor; we push our way with poles and hands through the tangle and crowd of boats and ships—we reach the open stream, and a light wind swells the heavy triangular sail. Three other Nile boats follow our example; at Saleh's urgent request we fire half-a-dozen shots into the air, a *feu de joie* in which the Nile sailors take extreme delight, and soon sail past a heavy Nubian dahabeeyeh which—as Saleh opines—is laden with Abyssinian slaves for the Cairo market.



ABYSSINIAN SLAVE-GIRL.

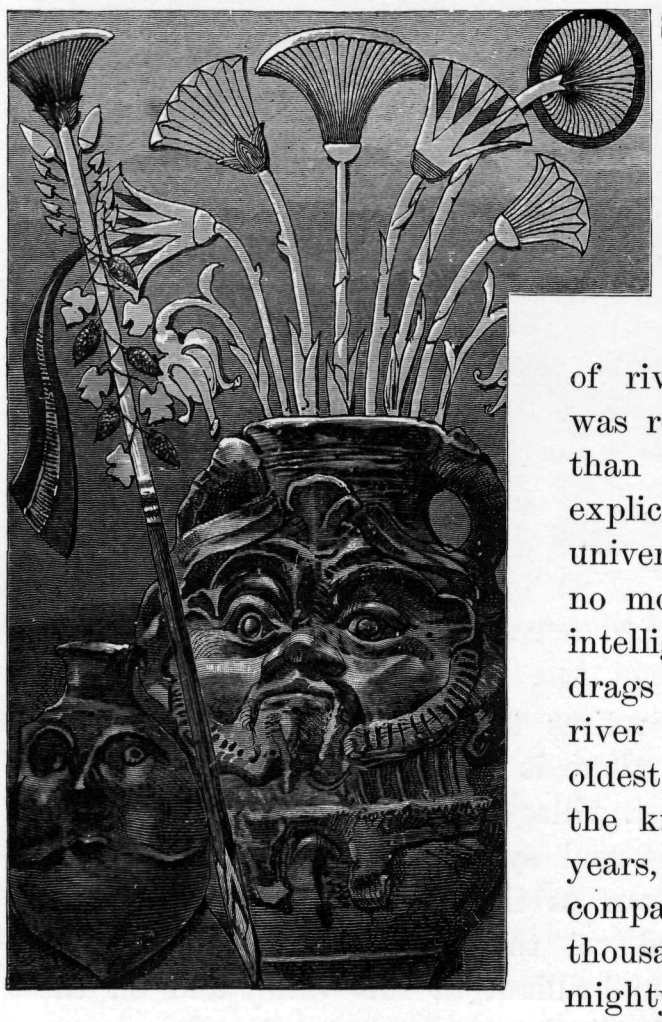


AHHMED-ABOO NABBOOT, THE DRAGOMAN.



THE TOMBS OF BENI HASAN

AND THEIR TEACHING.



OSCAR PESCHEL, the German geographer, who died too young for the interests of science, proved that those rivers which form deltas as they discharge themselves into the sea are, generally speaking, of more recent origin than those which mingle with the sea in an estuary. According to this view, the Nile would not be one of the oldest of rivers, and yet, in the very earliest ages, none was regarded as being of more venerable antiquity than the Nile. And this circumstance is easily explicable, for everything in the world or in the universe, the smallest as well as the greatest, is of no more account than a buried treasure until the intelligence of man is brought to bear upon it, and drags it from its obscurity into light. The great river Amazon—the largest, and perhaps the very oldest in the globe—having only taken its place in the knowledge of humanity within a few hundred years, seems a mere infant among streams when compared with the venerable Nile, which for six thousand years has mirrored in its waters those mighty structures which we shall sail past as we ascend it, and which is spoken of in the oldest and grandest writings of the East or West—the Bible and Homer.

Much has already been said in these pages of the rising, the falling, and the

fertilising effects of this river; the whole magical spell, however, which it exercises on every thinking man whose privilege it is to be borne southwards on its mighty flood we could not appreciate till now, when the turmoil of the metropolis is behind us, and deep silence reigns around—while we glide past verdant fields and hoary ruins, palm groves bowing in the wind, and naked sterile rocks, busy villages and towns, and vacant primeval tombs, dingy manufactory chimneys, and gaudily-painted temples. Sometimes the mountain wall comes so close to the river that the

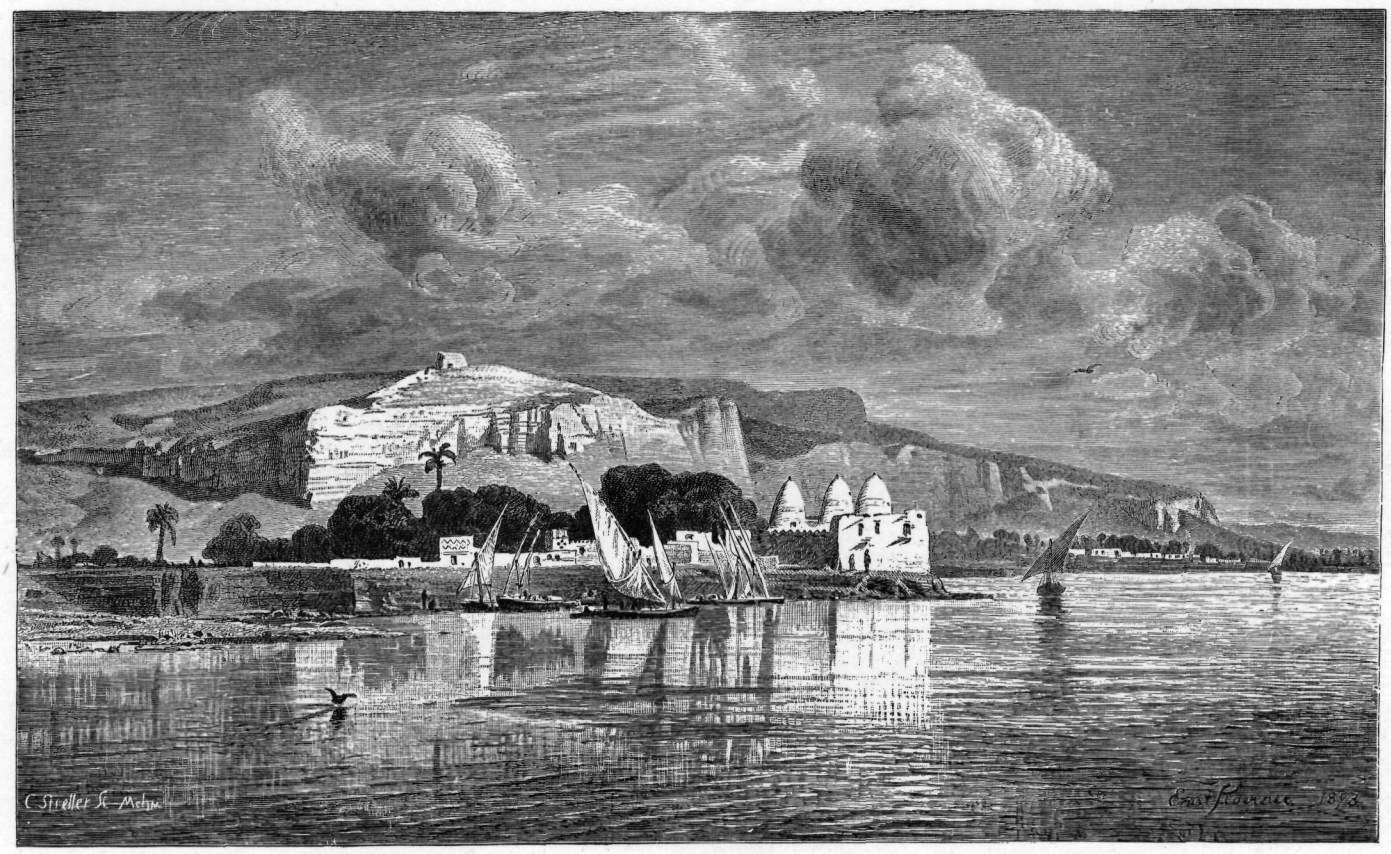


CAIRO, FROM THE LEFT BANK OF THE NILE.

rock is bathed by the stream; sometimes it retires to a distance, but never more than a few miles from the banks. Wherever there is a level of soil, be it never so small, the peasant brings it into tilth, and a village grows up there. Meadows, hamlets, rocks and islands, the groves of palm and sycamore, ships and sails, dykes and contrivances for raising the water, numerous as they are, are all so much alike that it is impossible to distinguish them, and yet the attention is never wearied, for the lights and colours are more various and brilliant in this valley and on these hills than anywhere else on earth: whether seen in the tender haze of early morning, in the golden glory of noon, in the evening hour, when the setting sun turns the over-arching sky to a purple canopy, or in the refreshing night, when Hesperus shines

like a younger moon, and the moon with a calm silvery light, like a cooler sun, while the planets and stars sparkle with astonishing brightness in the pure deep blue heaven. How various, too, are the figures and occupations of the men in the towns and villages we stop at! and our astonishment and delight are ever new at the works of the Pharaohs, of the Greeks and Romans, which tempt every lover of history to visit them and linger.

During the first hours of our voyage it is the Pyramids, above all else, that attract our attention; these we know, however, so we turn to look at the eastern shore, where lie the quarries of Tourah and El-Mâsarah; from the limestone range

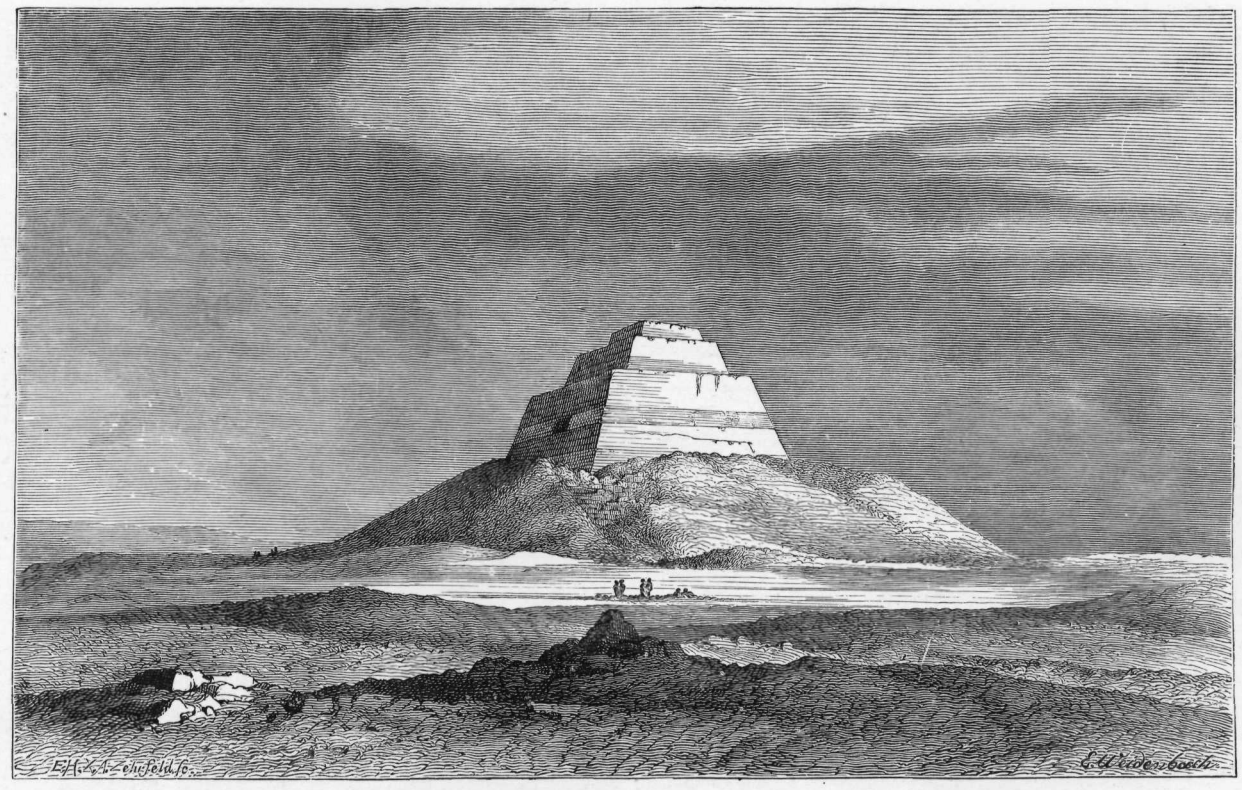


TOURAH.

beyond the blocks were brought across for building the Pyramids. In ancient times the blocks and slabs were quarried from the very heart of the rock; at the present day, however, they are hewn and blasted from the face of the cliffs. The halls and passages hewn out by the masons of Pharaoh's time are vast beyond everything. Many an inscription in these has perpetuated the name of some royal architect; and history tells us of the State criminals and prisoners of war who laboured here. The lepers who were banished to the quarries are said to have suffered and sorrowed here. Egyptian reports, intentionally distorted, tried to identify these victims with the Hebrews led by Moses into Canaan; and I have already mentioned that the ancient Egyptian name of Turrah—Ta-roueh—recalled that of Troy to the Greeks, and a myth soon arose that the prisoners of war from Ilion landing in Egypt with Menelaos had been sent to work in these quarries.

The blocks, when ready, are conveyed, even at the present day, on two-wheeled

carts, drawn by oxen, either down to the Nile, or to the railway which runs to Helwan, on the margin of the desert; here there are sulphur and vapour baths. These very ancient mineral sources, curative of skin diseases, have also been regarded by some writers as the place of banishment of the lepers previously spoken of. Many consumptive patients from Europe pass the winter in this place, which is comfortably arranged, and which is fanned by the fresh pure air of the desert; and many an invalid, given up by European doctors, here finds relief, or even a cure. Numerous small and carefully-formed instruments of flint (Celts), were discovered by the German physician, Dr. Reil, in the vicinity of the sulphur-springs, and under his guidance I myself saw and collected several.[1]



THE PYRAMID OF MEYDOOM.

The village of Bedrasheyn and the ruins of Memphis lie exactly opposite Helwan. The Pyramid of Steps at Sakkarah and the broken Pyramid of Dahshoor attract the eye, and early next morning we shall see the peculiarly-constructed Pyramid of Meydoom, built in several storeys, which is considered—and, no doubt, with reason—as the oldest of all the mausoleums of the Pharaohs. Mariette found in the immediate vicinity the mastabas of several members of the family of Senefru, who reigned before Cheops. The statues of Prince Ra-hotep and of his wife, Nefert, were found here.[2]

We frequently catch a glimpse of the railroad on the left shore of the Nile, which connects Cairo with Upper Egypt. We disembark at the village of Wasta, for there the railway into the Fayoum branches off, and the difficult excursion

[1] See Lepsius in the "Zeitschrift für Ægyptische Sprache," 4to, 1870, p. 89; and Sir John Lubbock, in the "Journal Anthropolog. Inst.," Vol. I.

[2] P. 43.

through this province will amply reward the traveller. It is a vast oasis, at the present time supporting 150,000 human creatures, originally wrung from the desert before the incursion of the Hyksôs—that is to say, at least between four and five thousand years ago. An arm of the Nile, diverted into an artificial bed, was conducted westward through a lock at El Lahoon, and ramifying and dividing, like the stem of an umbel of flowers, into a vast number of channels and ditches, bore the fertilising mud, and deposited it on the soil of the desert. This branch, which turns off at Siout, is known as Bahr Yoosuf—Joseph's Canal—because the people attribute its construction to Jacob's prudent son, the prototype of all wise governors.



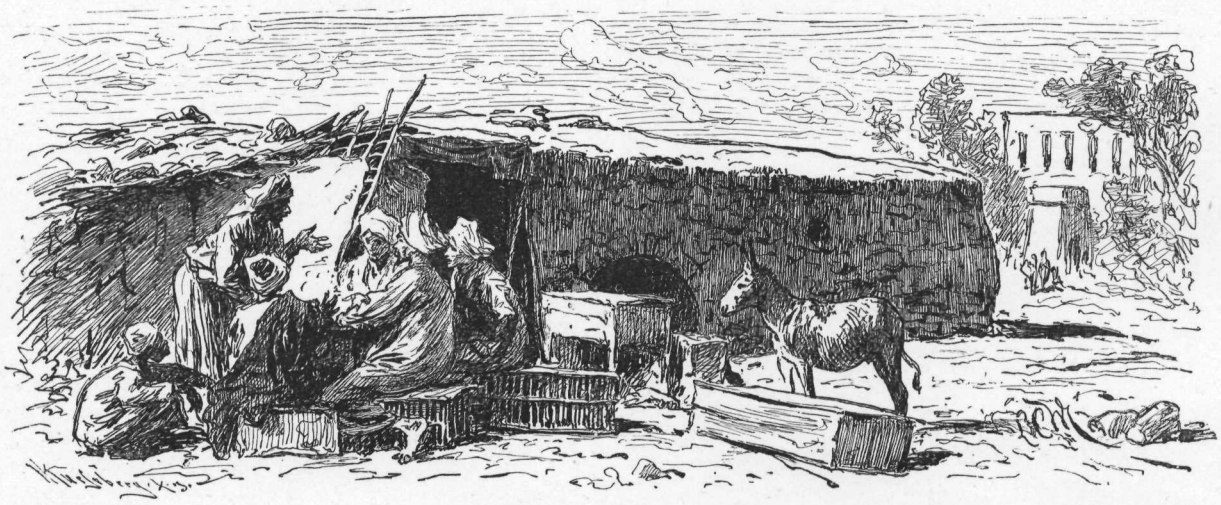
RUINS OF THE LABYRINTH AND ITS PYRAMID.

To this day it supplies moisture to the province, which is, literally, the "gift of the Nile." The land falls at three distinct levels down to the salt lake of Horus, Birket-el-Karoon, and the Sahara. The great reservoir, the famous lake Moeris,[1] which in ancient times dispensed irrigation not to the Fayoom alone, is long since dried up, and there, where formerly the pious Egyptians of Crocodilopolis (afterwards Arsinoe) fed and tended strangely-adorned crocodiles,[2] rich crops are now gathered in fields and gardens. There is no district in Egypt more fertile than this, and yet, in the geographical lists of the ancient temples it is passed over as "typhonic," no doubt on account of the worship of the crocodile that obtained there. Strabo praises the olives produced there in thriving olive-groves, and olive-trees still grow

[1] Linant Bey, "Memoire sur le Lac Moeris." Alexandria, 1843.

[2] With earrings and bracelets. Herodotus II. 69.

there in the thousand gardens, with lemons, oranges, and every sort of fruit, such as we saw in the Delta, as well as immense quantities of magnificent roses; but the essence prepared from them in earlier times was, no doubt, better than that now made there. Nevertheless, during the past year far more than half-a-million piastres' (about £10,000) worth was exported. The sugar-cane, cotton-tree, and all the nutritious products of Egypt, flourish in the fields of the Fayoom, which owes its Koptic name—meaning the lake land—to Lake Moeris; close to this lake stood the famous Labyrinth[1] and its Pyramid. Near the village of Hawara Lepsius discovered the remains of this "wonder of the world," which Herodotus declared to be incapable of description, and which, he says, had cost more labour and wealth than all the works of the Greeks put together. If we scramble up the grey-looking pyramid of bricks—once encased with slabs of polished granite—which, as Strabo informs us, stood at the end of the Labyrinth, and hence look down on the ruins at its foot, we plainly see that the ground-plan of this enormous palace, where



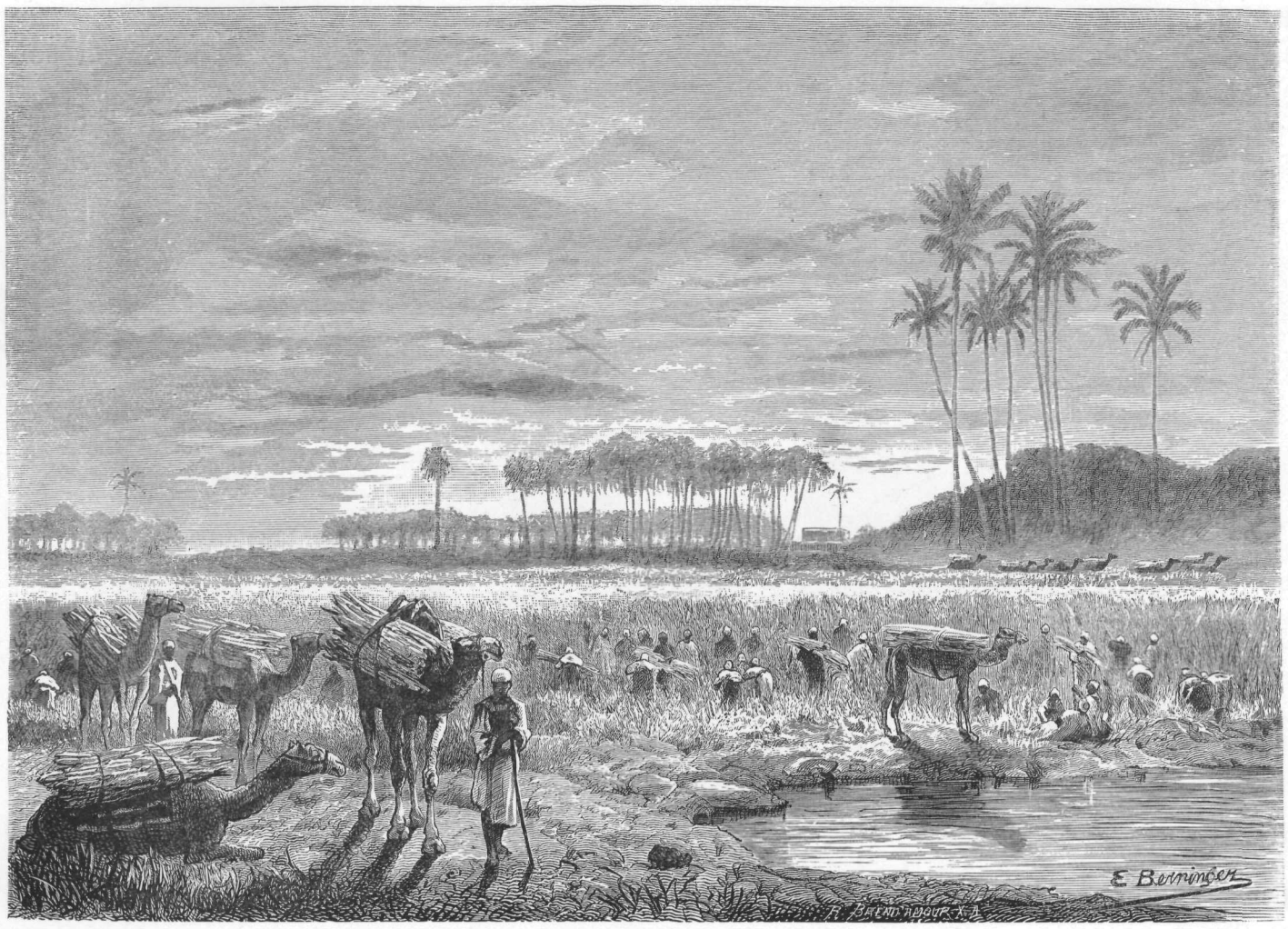
FLOUR-DEALING AT BENI SUEF.

from time to time the representatives of the Egyptian provinces assembled round their king, had the form of a horse-shoe; but nothing more can be determined, for the centre and left wings of the building are completely destroyed, and the right wing, where the sun shines down into ruined halls, is a confused mass of wretched grey bricks, made of sun-dried Nile mud; the people of Hawara will tell us that these ruins are the deserted bazaar of a town now vanished from the face of the earth. Only a few stone chambers remain, and some fragments of large pillars and columns, with an inscription which tells us that King Amenemhat III., of the XIIth Dynasty, built the Labyrinth. This king, who also erected an obelisk not far from Crocodilopolis—and of which the ruins may be seen by the village of Ebgeeg—took particular interest in measuring the height of the Nile, and in ascertaining its course, and it was he who planned that vast reservoir which we know of by its Greek name—Lake Moeris. In Egyptian the inundation is called "meri." Amenemhat, in consequence of his favourite interests, was called "King Meri," or,

[1] Built by Amenemhat III. and IV. The name of the queen Sebaknefrə, or Scemiophris, has been found amidst its ruins. This name connects it with the worship of the crocodile-headed god Sebak. *Mer* also means a "labyrinth," or winding street, in Egyptian.

King of the Inundation, and thus it was that the Hellenes, making the Egyptian word "meri" easy to their tongue, called him Moeris. Heinrich Brugsch has also recognised an origin for the word "labyrinth"—previously strangely unintelligible—in the Egyptian word *erpa-lo-hunt*—"the temple of the mouth of the lake."[1]

Before Lake Moeris and the sluices at each end of it fell into ruin, it was possible to irrigate a much wider extent of the Fayoom than now. This cannot admit of a doubt to those who have crossed the salt waters of Birket-el-Koroon and climbed the ruins of Deemeh; or, like myself, have set out from its south-



SUGAR-CANE HARVEST.

western end to visit the temple standing in the middle of the desert, and now known as Kasr Karoon. A wide space round this remarkable structure, which dates from the time of the Romans, is covered with innumerable ruins of human dwellings, tanks, and terraced vineyards, and strewn with fragments of vessels in clay and glass. But the yellow drift-sand has long since choked all germs of life, and here Set has won a great and signal victory over Osiris.

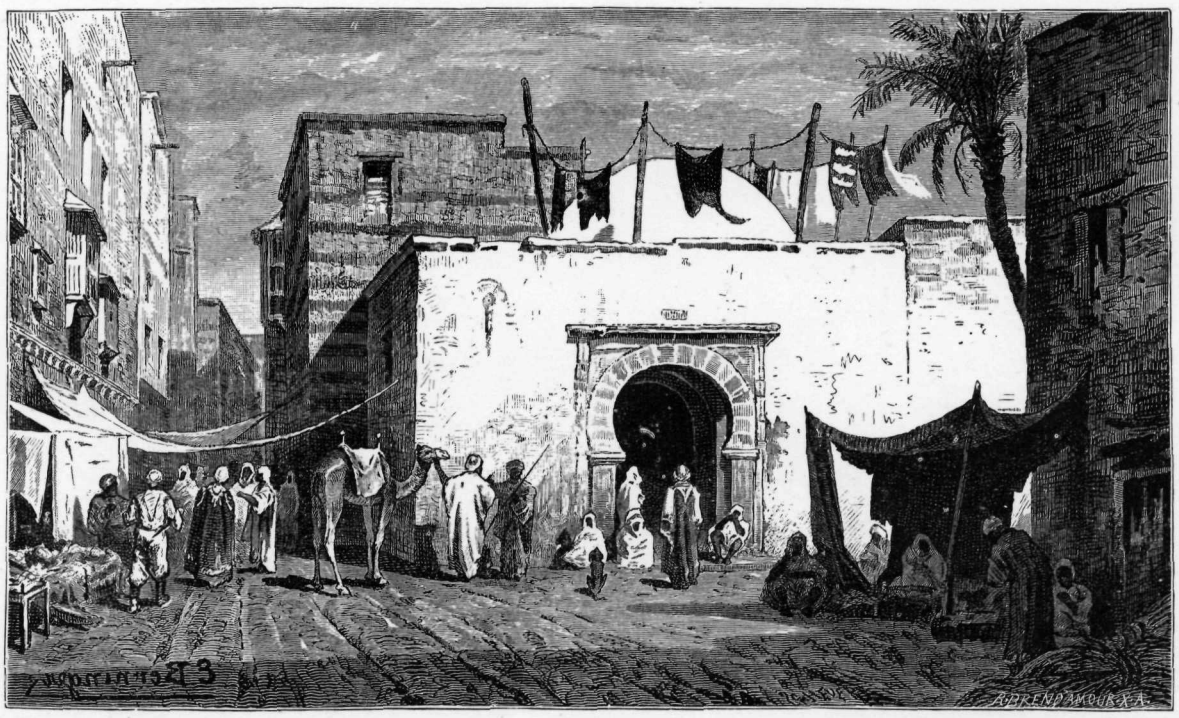
At Medeenet-el-Fayoom, the pretty capital of the province, we will give up our steeds, and exchange the roughly-constructed skiff of the fisherman from Senhoor for the railroad. Near the town many highly interesting antiquities have been found,

[1] As Erpa-lo-hun for the modern Il-lahoun.

chiefly of the Roman and early Christian periods, and very recently some valuable papyrus rolls.

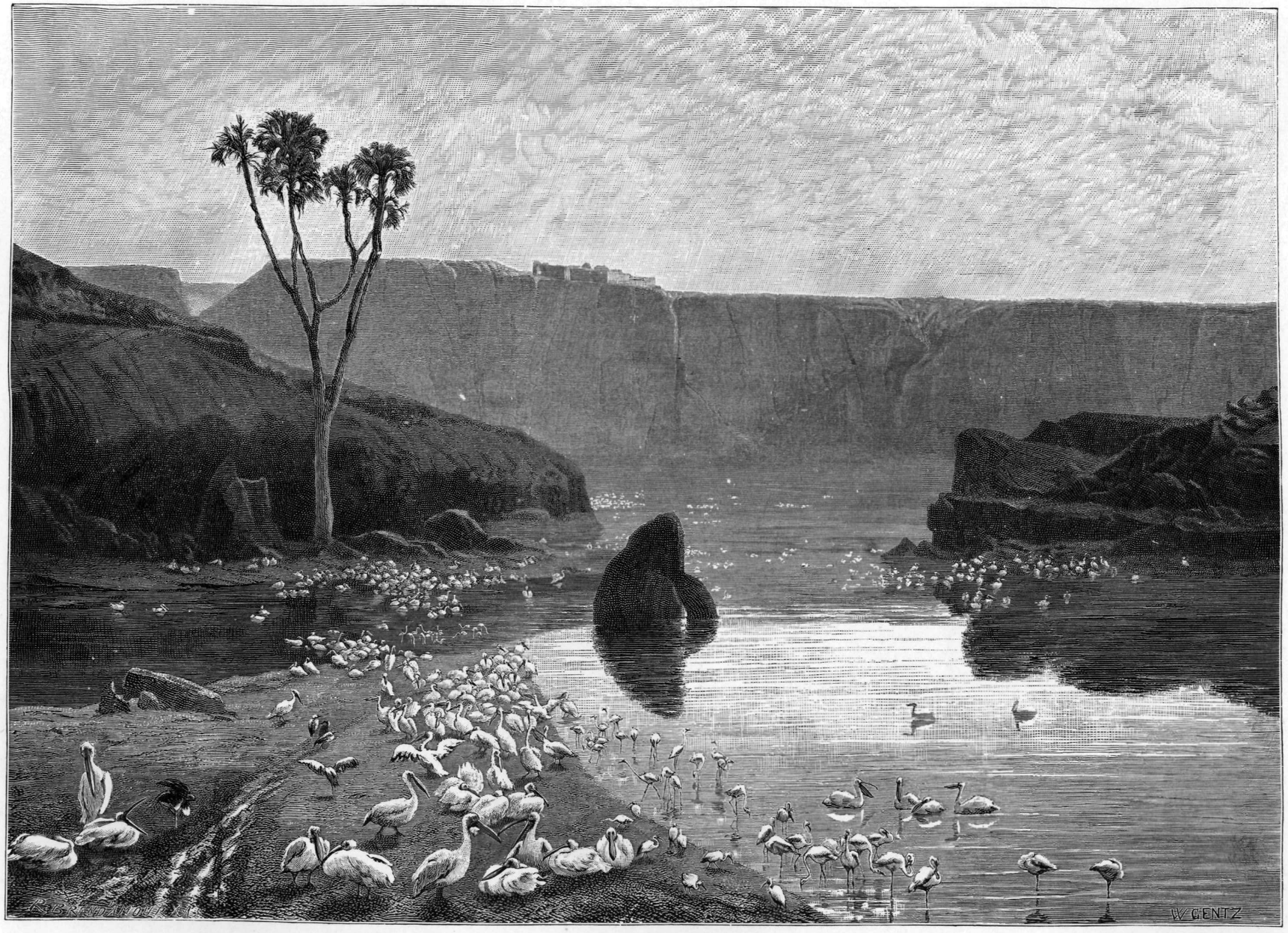
We left the dahabeeyeh at Wasta, and will now resume our Nile voyage. In the distance we see the Pyramid of El-lahoon, close by which the Bahr Yoosuf enters the oasis of Fayoum, and early next morning we find ourselves anchored under a shady bank in front of the town of Benisuef. The castle of the Khedive, towering above the little houses, does not tempt us to visit it, but we will give the captain time to land, in order to purchase some flour; the bargain is carried on close to the moorings, and conducted with as much vehemence as though it were some furious quarrel.

A fresh north wind having risen to swell the lateen sail, the dahabeeyeh cuts

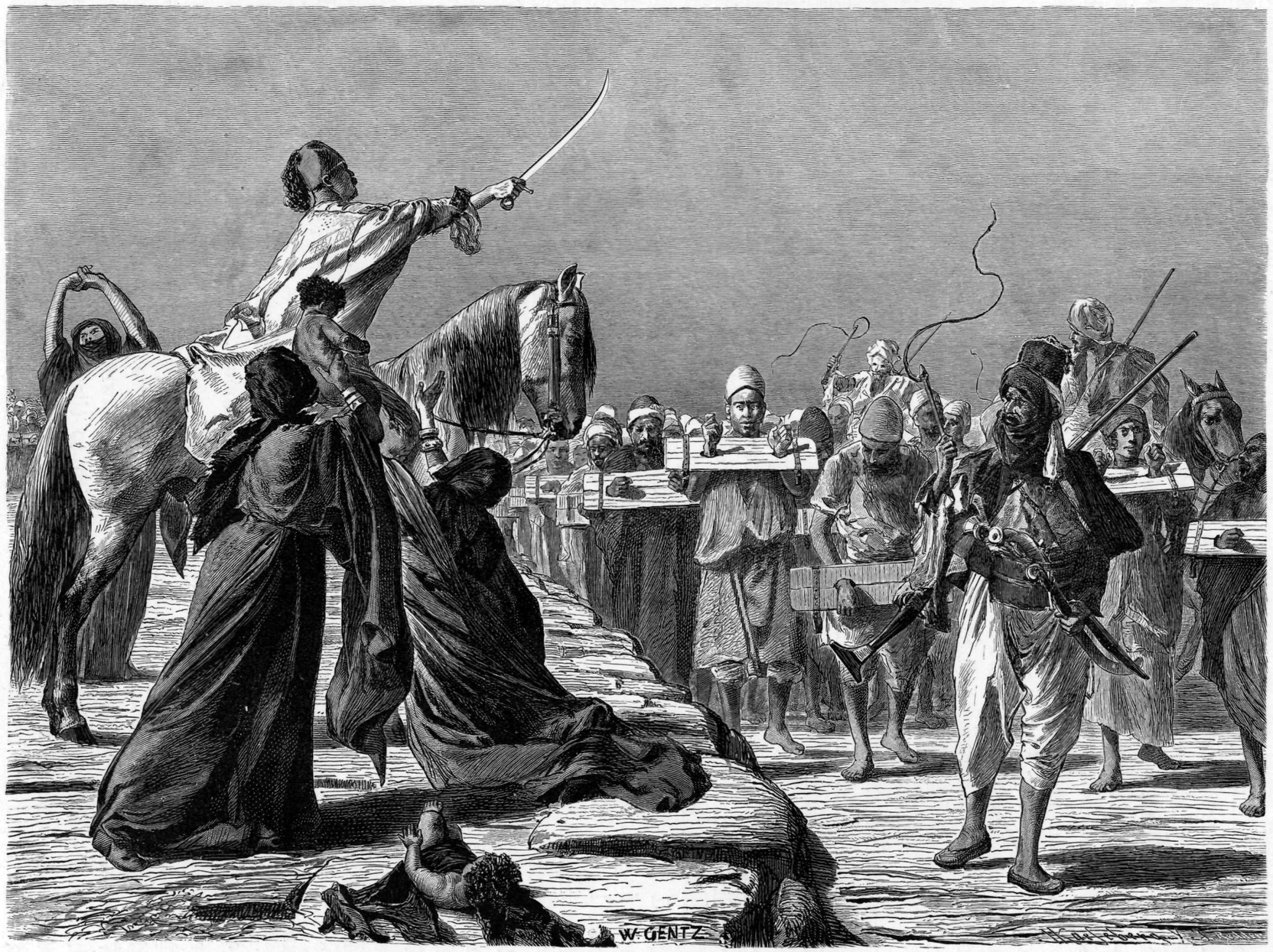


A BATH-HOUSE.

through the water against the stream as swiftly as a steamboat. In one place, where the eastern range approaches the shore, we see a monastery perched on the steep and rocky height. This is Gebel-et-Tayr, or the Bird-mountain, and, in fact, a sand-bank near the shore swarms with pelicans and other feathered folk. They flap their wings, spread them, and finally many of them rise, startled by a swimmer, who cuts through the water with powerful strokes. He soon has reached the dahabeeyeh, has clambered into the little boat at her stern, and, all naked as he is, stretches out an arm to show us a cross tattooed on it in blue. He is a Koptic monk, who demands an alms of us as fellow-Christians. He puts the piece of money we give him in his mouth, and swims back to his monastery—an old foundation, where the inhabitants do shoemaking principally. The legend tells that on a certain feast-day the Bookeer birds collect in the neighbourhood, and one after another stick their heads into a cleft in the rock, till one is caught and hangs there; then they all fly away, and come again the following year.



GEBEL EL TAYR.



RECRUITING UNDER MOHAMMED ALI.

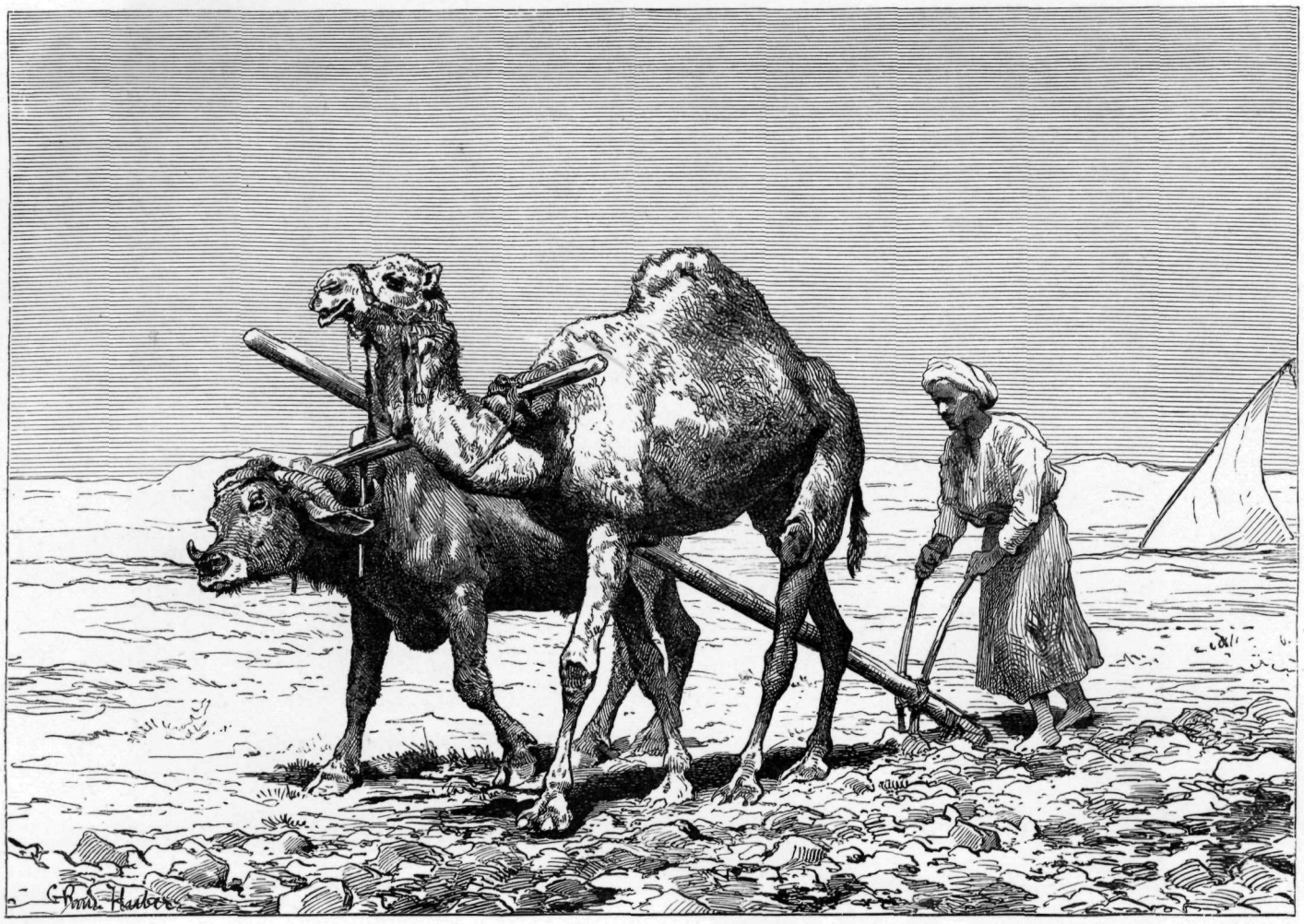
All the fields are as green as in the favoured islands of the Delta, particularly on the left bank, and the many smoking chimneys, both on the shores and inland, prove that man here knows how to take advantage of Nature's bounties. Certainly one individual profits above all others by all that is reaped here, viz., the Viceroy, on whose estates—up to Mineeyeh in one direction, and as far as Roda in the other —the sugar plantations are irrigated by steam-pumps, and tilled and reaped by fellaheen. The heavy canes, streaming with syrup, are conveyed on tramways to the factories, and in an average year 500,000 hundredweights of cane sugar are produced in Egypt. When the canes are ripe for cutting every peasant from far and near is called into requisition—not actually to forced labour, since they are all paid, but not as free journeymen, since come they must, and are levied like soldiers. Those only are exempt who can read and write, and this excuse is deemed sufficient.

We will not get out to visit any of the great factories as we sail by, but will go on to Mineeyeh, one of the most important towns on the Nile, for we long for a Turkish bath. In the vicinity of the Government House, the residence of the Mudeer, we find a large crowd collected. "They are levying recruits," says Saleh; and melancholy as the scene is, curiosity prompts us to remain and look on. The poor brown youths who are mustered here certainly look miserable enough, with their trembling limbs and pale lips, and it is positively heart-breaking when one of them is passed on as "able-bodied," and led away. His female relatives, who have accompanied him into the town, lift up their voices in lamentations, as if they were mourning for the dead. "Oh, my son!" "Oh, my brother!" "My husband!" "My camel!" cry the women, melting into tears, often bowing and writhing with theatrical gestures, and waving their black veils. Of five recruits, indeed, scarcely one, perhaps, will return to his home, and many a mother bids her darling a last farewell. Still, Re'ees Huseyn, who perceives my sympathy, assures me that these people are well-off in comparison with the recruits in Mohammed Ali's time, when they were carried off with wooden collars round their necks and fetters on their wrists, like criminals. He himself, he said, had evaded the conscription, and he showed me his maimed hand. I subsequently observed many old men whose fingers lacked a joint or two; they had had them cut or shot off, to escape military service, and at last this crime became so common that mutilation was punished, and the culprits impressed all the same.

We leave the town, refreshed by the bath we have taken in an establishment which is very prettily got up for a town of about 10,000 inhabitants; but before proceeding on our voyage we will inspect the magnificent vice-regal sugar-factory, under the guidance of its French principal, and peep into the courtyards of the houses which look so unpretending from outside; then we continue our voyage southward. We should like to land once more at the Zaweeyet-el-Meyteen (the Zaweeyet of the Dead)—a spot lying obliquely opposite to the town, and where the inhabitants bury their dead in a handsome cemetery filled with cupolaed sepulchres—and close to it, behind the "red ruins" (Kom-el-ahmar), venerable tombs are cut out of the face of the rock of the Arabian mountain, and decorated with carvings. But we must take advantage of a favourable wind, and endeavour to reach Beni Hasan by to-morrow morning. It seems worth mentioning that the ancient Mineeyeh (Menat),

formerly built here, was transferred to the other shore of the Nile, but remained faithful to its necropolis, and still conveys its dead across the river.

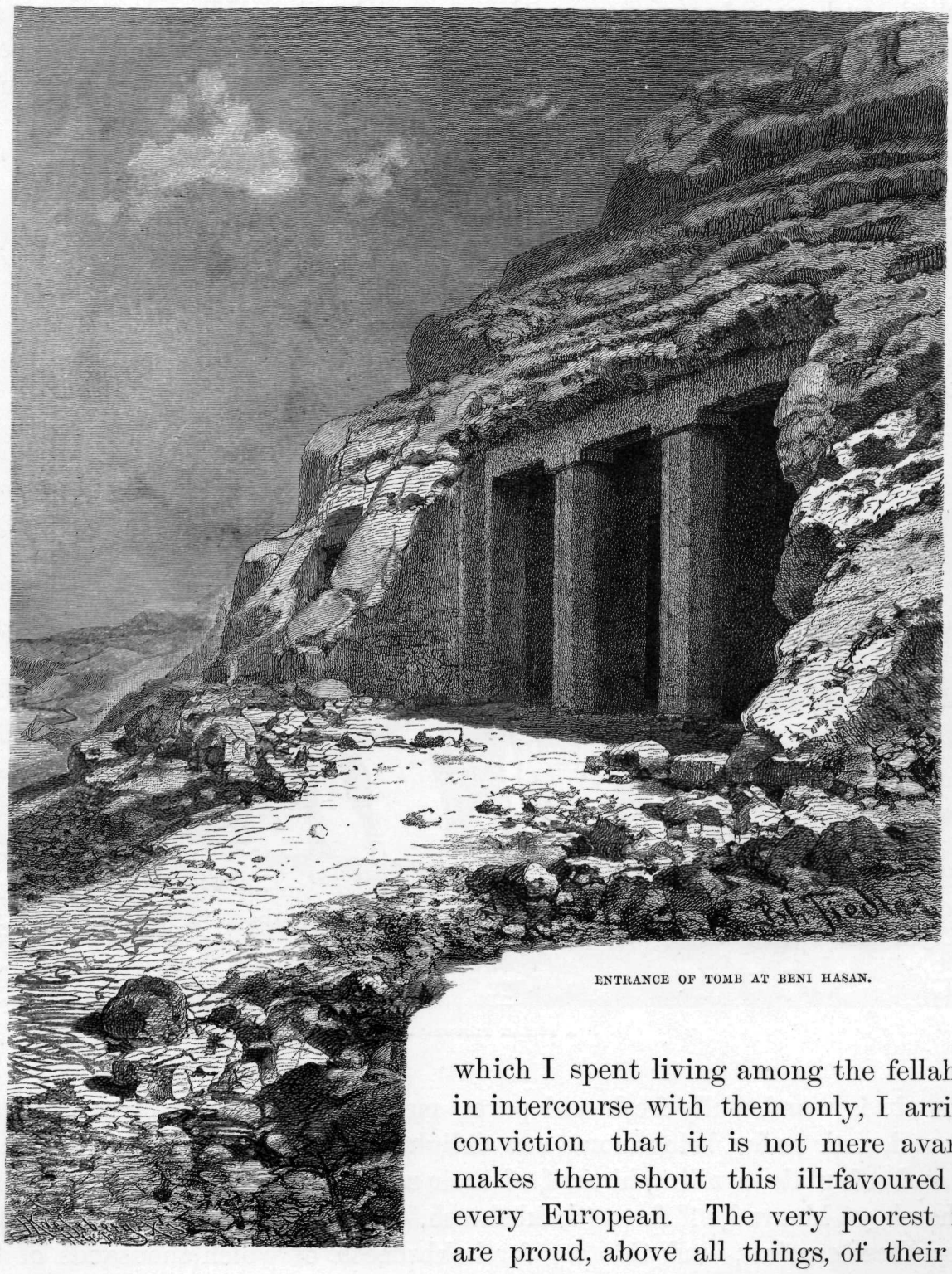
Saleh wakes us early; the dahabeeyeh is moored by the bank; a fellah, who carries a staff in his hand to give himself the aspect of a guide—here perfectly unnecessary—and some brown boys with asses, with vile saddles, have been attracted to the shore by the sight of our pretty boat and the hope of money to be earned, and we soon are mounted and trotting across the green fields towards the mountain, from which long rows of open tomb-doors look down on us from afar.



A FELLAH PLOUGHING.

The air is wonderfully fresh and pure; merely to breathe is a pleasure, and every glance round, near or far, brings some new delight. A plougher, who has yoked together a camel and a buffalo, availing himself of their unequal powers of draught, shouts to us "Bakhsheesh ya khawadje!" for a "bakhsheesh," or present, though he has not rendered us the smallest service; and this cry for bakhsheesh, of which thousands of travellers have spoken, has met our ears incessantly ever since we disembarked at Alexandria. To-day we shall hear it still again a score of times. It is originally a Persian word, signifying "a present," and is equally applied to the 200,000 piastres by which some great *entrepreneur* bribes a pasha, and to the copper alms flung to a crippled beggar. Professor Paul Ascherson—a botanist, who accompanied Rohlfs on his excursion into the Libyan Desert—declares that the word "bakhsheesh" is the natural outcome of the

reflex action of the speaking apparatus of every Egyptian, which is set in motion as soon as he catches sight of a European, and particularly of an Englishman. The observation is both keen and witty, but, as I have said elsewhere, during many months



ENTRANCE OF TOMB AT BENI HASAN.

which I spent living among the fellaheen, and in intercourse with them only, I arrived at a conviction that it is not mere avarice that makes them shout this ill-favoured word at every European. The very poorest fellaheen are proud, above all things, of their religion, and believe that they are of more value in the eyes of God than the cleverest and wealthiest of the Christians whom they see making money in their country or patiently travelling across it. They regard themselves as the elect and distinguished people of God, and every disbeliever in Islam a reprobate. The Koran requires that the true believers shall be just and kind to each other, but it contains not a single passage which enjoins any feeling for man as man

and a "neighbour." The fellah would think he was committing a sin if he vouchsafed to bestow on an unbelieving stranger one of the usual pious and really beautiful greetings. So, in most cases without any hope of a gift, he shouts out "bakhsheesh!" rather as greeting than as a demand—an expression, in fact, of his feeling towards a stranger. He has in general no good wishes for him, but still he is welcome, particularly if any profit can be made out of him. But the bearings of the native to the European, and the expression of his feelings also, soon change when they are thrown into friendly intercourse. At the time I speak of I was in the habit of receiving from my neighbours, instead of "bakhsheesh," all those good wishes and



THE VALLEY OF THE NILE AT BENI HASAN.

blessings which by right every Moslem ought to reserve exclusively for his fellow-believers.

The houses of an abandoned village, itself built among ruins, are passed on our left; it used to have a bad reputation for robbers, but a perfectly harmless population moved nearer to the river some years since. We now quit the saddle, for the path to the tombs over the limestone pebbles is not a long one, though steep and broken. When the great Champollion—now fifty years ago—climbed this path, he proposed to devote twenty-four hours to the tombs of Beni Hasan,[1] but they chained him to the spot for fourteen days; and he may well be called their discoverer, for though they had in fact been visited and mentioned by Europeans before him, it was left to him to recognise their full importance. In the infancy of that science

[1] "Lettres Écrites," pp. 72—74. Paris, 1833.

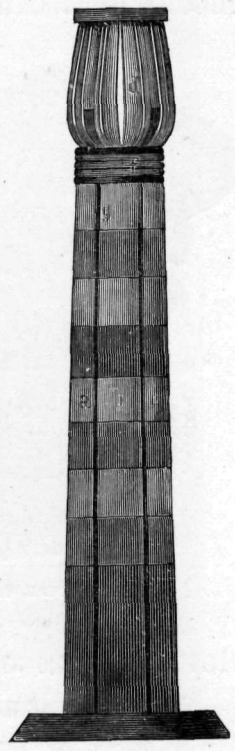
of Egyptology which he created, the highway to error stood open, and even he, in his descriptions of these celebrated tombs, read names of personages and nations incorrectly, and was completely mistaken as to the periods of the kings mentioned in the inscriptions; still, with that almost superhuman insight into the heart and marrow of a matter that genius bestows, and a marvellous tact in feeling out and following up every clue, he discerned and pointed out everything that these monuments might do for us, though it was reserved to later investigators to detect their full value in detail. The importance of the pillars of Beni Hasan in the history of the development of architecture, and the interest of the tombs for the history of the human race—as Champollion plainly indicated—may in this place briefly engage our attention.[1]

On the occasion of our visit to the necropolis of Memphis we have already seen both large and small rock-tombs. These are, almost without exception, older than those of Beni Hasan, for most of them date back to the end of the fourth and the beginning of the third millennium B.C., while the inscriptions in the tombs at Beni Hasan show that they were hewn in the rock or painted with stucco for the illustrious hereditary governors of the district of Mah, who were related to the royal family, and who governed under the Pharaohs of the Twelfth Dynasty, between 2354—2194 B.C. A long series of centuries separated them from the earliest Greek work in the style we term Doric; and yet, who that has seen Paestum and other buildings of that class, can fail to be reminded of these when he sees the tombs of Beni Hasan?

When Champollion first saw the fluted polygonal shafts wrought out of the living rock which support the roof of the antechambers and inner rooms of these tombs, he styled them proto-Doric; and as the first intimate intercourse of the Hellenes with Egypt coincided with the date of the erection of the earliest Doric temples known to us, the suggestion was obvious that the Greeks had derived the first idea of their simplest and most beautiful order of columns from the valley of the Nile. But though it must at once be admitted that the independent genius of the Greeks must have been quite competent to assimilate forms borrowed from foreign nations, and reproduce them under a new aspect, those who cherished a blind devotion to Greek art still refused to recognise any affiliation of the Greek Doric to the columns of Beni Hasan, convinced that Greek art was, in every branch and fibre, the unmixed offspring of Greek genius alone. Neither in this nor in any other department could their favourite nation have borrowed the least feature from the barbarians; and yet it must be supposed that the judicious, vivacious, and keen-eyed Greeks became suddenly unsympathetic and purblind as soon as they touched foreign soil, and remained blind and idiotic after their return, if they derived nothing from their travels. No doubt, a general resemblance in the primitive form of all columns may be assumed, and explained by the common instincts of the human mind as brought to bear on a common problem, or even by a mere concurrence of chances; but Lepsius has convincingly shown, with the acumen that distinguishes him, that while it is possible to trace the origin and significance of every portion of the columns in the Egyptian rock-tombs—of which

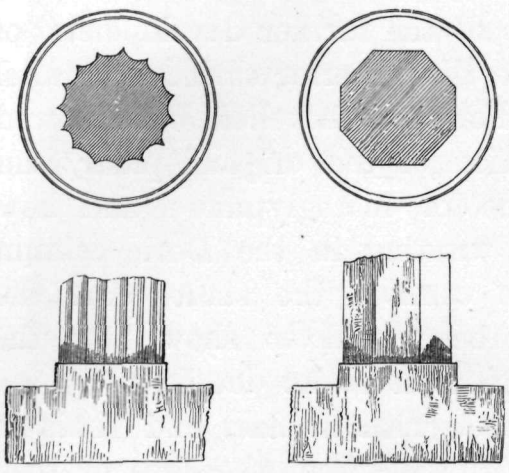
[1] "Lettres Écrites," p. 75.

those at Beni Hasan may be considered the finest—step by step, from the very beginning, there are in the Doric columns which resemble them certain elements which only become intelligible to us when we consent to study their genesis on Egyptian ground.



LOTOS COLUMN.

In the first place, we must clearly bear in mind the wide difference between the rock-dwelling—which in Egypt is almost synonymous with the tomb—and the erected house (or temple) of hewn stone, with its infinitely richer variety of forms.

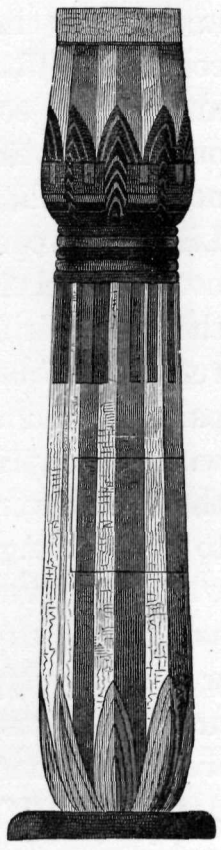


POLYGONAL COLUMNS AT BENI HASAN.

Let us look back on Memphis and the oldest tombs in its necropolis. We there find no supports for the roof but plain quadrangular pillars. These originated in the desire to let the light into the second and third chambers, as it could only be admitted by the doorway, and with this view openings were cut in the dividing walls that supported the roof; thus the block of stone left standing to keep it from falling in assumed the character of a pillar. The piece of wall above the opening, or door, being left undivided, became then and there the entablature. Subsequently, the desire for more and more light in the interior, behind the pillars, led to the reduction of the angles; but here again the process was similar to that of first cutting through the wall, for the pillars, which now had acquired a prismatic shape with a polygonal section, were not cut away so high as to the architrave, but at the top a portion was left of the original quadrangular outline. Thus the idea of the first form was preserved, and at the same time a connecting member was supplied which was perfectly adapted to its purpose, and at the same time significant and suitable—the abacus.



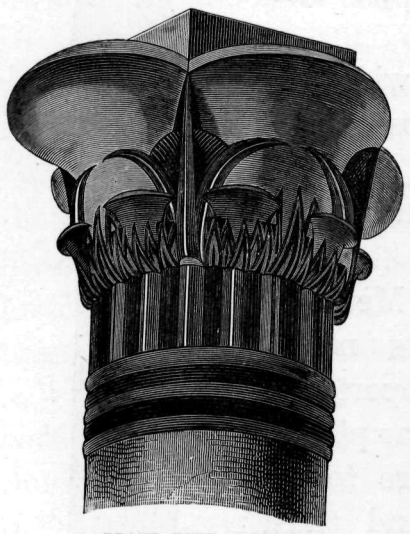
CALIX COLUMN AT THE RAMESSEUM.



PAPYRUS COLUMN.

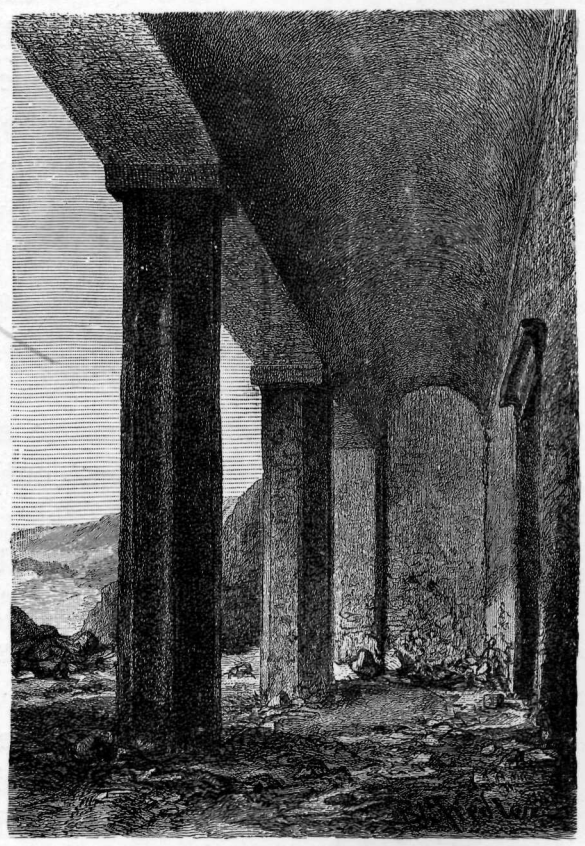
The column thus called into being in a new form could be separated from the abacus in a more definite way, since it was easy to introduce various levels and surfaces below it in the guise of mouldings; and we find this done in a few rare instances in columns of the very earliest times. From a still further addition to the angles of the octagonal column, one

with sixteen sides was derived, which we also meet with at Beni Hasan. The mechanical difficulties in the way of cutting sixteen surfaces with obtuse angles with perfect sharpness and accuracy—or, probably, a desire to render these sixteen angles more prominent to the eye, and to procure a more brilliant play of light and shade in an architectural feature of increasing value and importance—finally suggested the idea of fluting the sides, and so turning the obtuse angles into sharp ridges. I cannot here give a detailed account of the further development of the order: how it was that the anterior surfaces parallel to the abacus never were hollowed or bevelled, but allowed to remain an unaltered portion of the original pillar, and often decorated with a line of hieroglyphics; and how the circular base—which is wanting in the Doric column—was left in the rock to connect the shaft with the ground. But enough has been said to show how the development of the column can be traced step by step, even in its details.



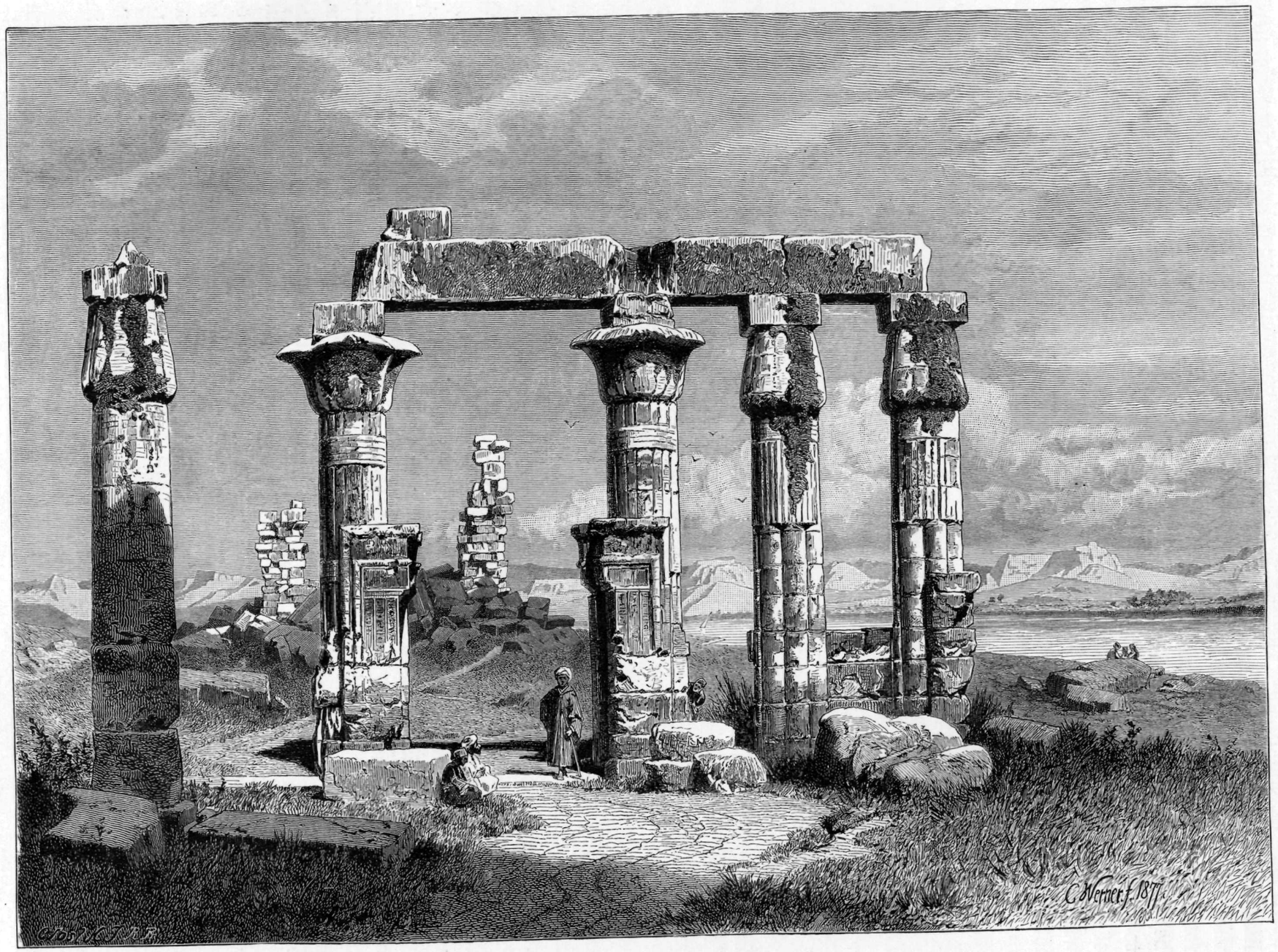
PLANT TYPE CAPITAL.

The plant-like pillars, such as we have already met with at Saïs and Tanis in buildings of a later date, of course could not have originated from the cave or rock structure. We find them, no doubt, though generally singly, in tombs, but never earlier than the time of the kings of the XIIth Dynasty, and never in combination with the polygonal column. Where they occur in tombs—and they are to be seen even at Beni Hasan—it is at once perceptible that they have no organic connection with the character of rock architecture. Like the vegetable prototypes from which they borrowed their form, they must have grown in the open air: at first, probably, as supports for verandahs and pergolas attached to those gaily-painted and airy houses of wood and brick in which the princes and great men used to live; then they were constructed in stone, and applied to supporting the architraves of the temples which the worshippers always desired should be as eternal as their Divine inhabitants. Where we find polygonal columns in a temple, they are never associated with the plant type, and we may conclude that the edifice which they decorate is of an early period; for though they survived the rule of the Hyksos, they were certainly no longer in use after the end of the XVIIIth Dynasty.



PORTICO OF THE TOMB OF THE NOMARCH AMENI, AT BENI HASAN.

The lotos columns, as they are called, which support the roof of one of the tombs at Beni Hasan are strictly characteristic of external architecture, although they are here



COLONNADE OF MEDAMOT AT THEBES.

hewn out of the rock. The shaft, which rests on a circular plinth, rises slenderly, like a bundle of four fasciated stems, beautifully rounded, and diminishing towards the top, where they are bound round by five strips, or fillets. The swelling buds form the capital, and the points support the abacus, which projects very little beyond them. Those known as papyrus columns are similarly constructed. They, too, were of early origin, for a few examples have been found in the neighbourhood of the Labyrinth, of the date of Amenemha III., by whom it was built, and of whom I have spoken as the King of the Inundation. They are distinct from the lotos column, in the first place, by having a shaft representing several thin stems, usually eight, with their angles turned outwards, and which in section are triangular, like those of the papyrus; and secondly, by their insertion in the plinth, which is an unmistakable imitation of the growth of a plant surrounded at the base by root-leaves. From these rises the shaft, which diminishes more or less towards the top. The tips of the papyrus, which they represent, are bound together with from three to five bands. The buds form the capital, and the lower portion is sheathed in leaves, as a flower is in its calyx.[1]

The shafts are not invariably sculptured; on the contrary, in later periods particularly, their parentage is only indicated by the insertion, and the root-leaves at the base, and by the fillet-bands of the capital. Then, instead of the capitals I have described, we not unfrequently see them take the form of some bell-shaped flower; but the artist indicated the derivation of these also, enfolding the base in calyx-leaves, from which grow the slender tufts of the papyrus; and many other forms of bud are indicated in colour, even when they are not in sculptured relief. The abacus then occupies the middle of the disc, which is enclosed in the cup-shaped capital. We may designate this type as caliciform. At later periods, these and similar capitals were often overloaded with ornament alike by the sculptor and painter, who decorated them with the leaves and stems of various water-plants indigenous to the Nile; still, the architect never lost sight of the original idea so far as to forget to introduce the fillet at the top of the shaft, thus retaining the "motive" of a bundle of stems tied together to form the shaft, with a connected tuft of leaves composing the capital. These bands also struck the eye of the Greeks; but while the Egyptians, of course, never applied them to their fluted polygonal columns, the Greeks adopted them in their Doric column, where we see them as the *annulet*, just below the capital. Indispensable as these rings, or bands, were to the Egyptian plant-column, those antiquaries who insist on the independent origin of the Doric have never found an adequate explanation of them there. The types of columns which deviate from those above described I will mention and discuss when we meet with them in the temples; but each and all, various as they are, could only have originated on Egyptian soil. We have been able to trace the tomb-pillars step by step; and those plant-forms which were copied by the Egyptian architects in external buildings belong, without exception, to the native vegetation of the Nile.

We will now proceed to visit the tombs, which lie in two groups near each other. The northernmost includes the most interesting tombs, and of these, two in particular are the most attractive. Even the antechamber, or approach to the rock-

[1] They are also given, Rosellini, "Mon. Civ.," taf. 1, 2.

tomb, which the hereditary prince-governor, Amenemha (also called Ameni), had made for his eternal rest, attracts our observation. Two beautiful polygonal pillars support the arched roof, hewn out of the living rock, while its inner side rests in the smooth and polished face of the cliff within which the tomb is excavated.

We enter this mortuary chapel through a door crowned with the hollowed-out Egyptian architrave, and here we find several neatly-fluted sixteen-sided columns, which support the ceiling of the vast cave. It is hewn into three vaults, and richly decorated with coloured ornaments. At the back, in a niche, stand the mutilated statues of the deceased and of his wife. The mummy-shafts, which occur

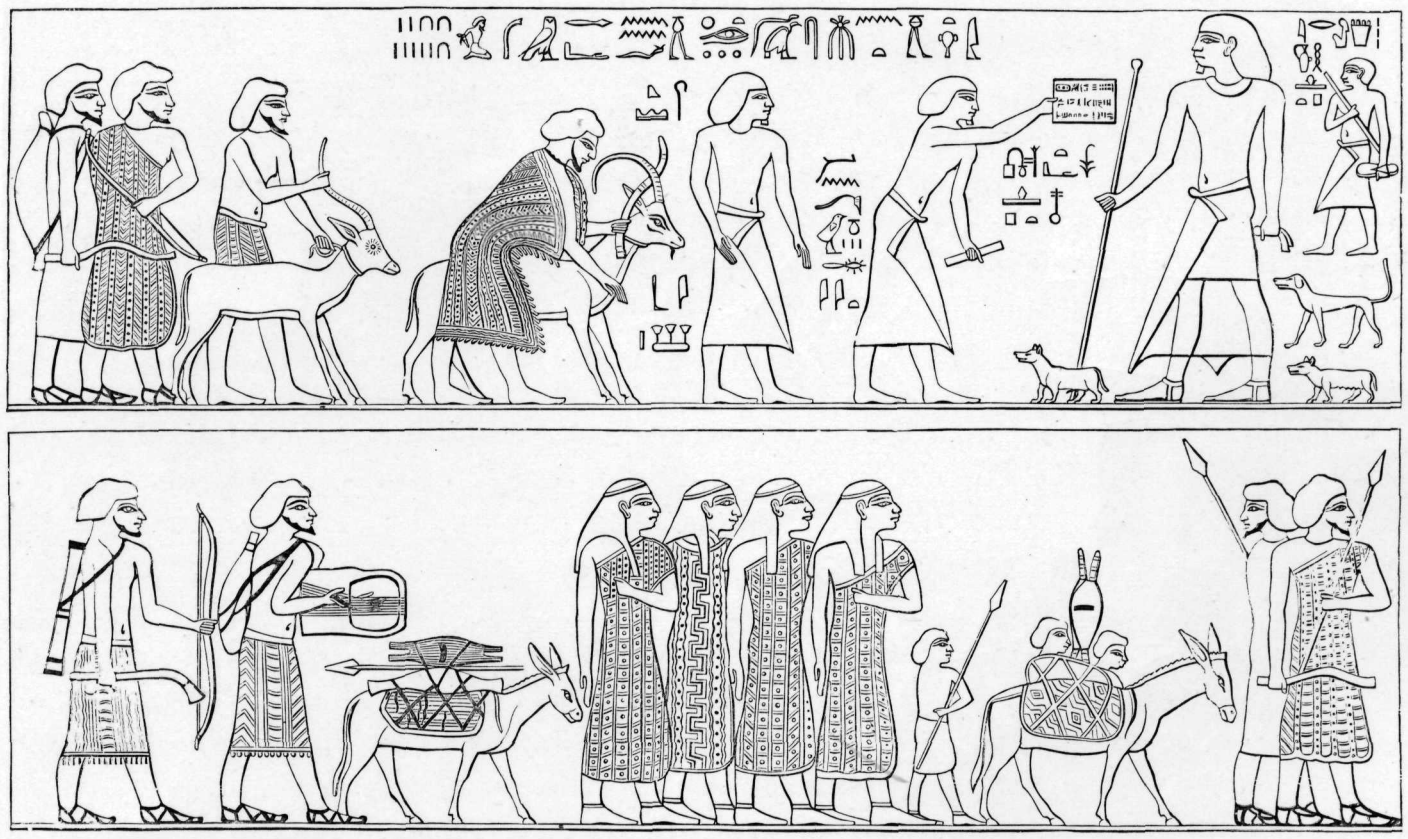


HERD OF CATTLE BROUGHT BEFORE THEIR OWNER.
(*From an Egyptian Tomb.*)

in these tombs as well as in those of Memphis, have long since been pillaged; but the pictures and inscriptions with which the walls of this tomb are covered from floor to ceiling—even the door-posts being painted—make us so perfectly acquainted with the name and circumstances of the noble family who departed this life four thousand years ago, that we can specify of each member of it what office he held, and under what king, who was the woman he wedded, what relationship the different individuals bore to each other, what their possessions were, and in which they took most pleasure, on what day of the calendar the feasts fell which they held most sacred, what incidents in their lives they deemed the most important, and the mode of their interment. And the same is equally the case with the neighbouring tomb of Khnumhotep the son of Nehera, and with every other tomb.[1]

[1] The inscriptions of these tombs will be found translated in "Records of the Past," Vol XII., 59—65.

As in the necropolis of Memphis, so here, at Beni Hasan, the pictures and inscriptions refer not yet to the fate of the soul in the life to come—as in the tombs of later date—but only to the details of this temporal existence and the interment of the body. These noble princes of the district of Mah[1]—who were indeed related to the Pharaohs by marriage—served under the kings Amenemha and Usertesen, who belonged to the Twelfth Dynasty, and whose residence was no longer Memphis, in Lower Egypt, but Thebes, the capital of Upper Egypt. The first of these—Amenemha I.—had wrested the sceptre from the kings of the Eleventh Dynasty, who had likewise lived in the city of Amon—to the great benefit of the land, which seems



SEMITES ENTERING INTO THE NOME OF MAH.

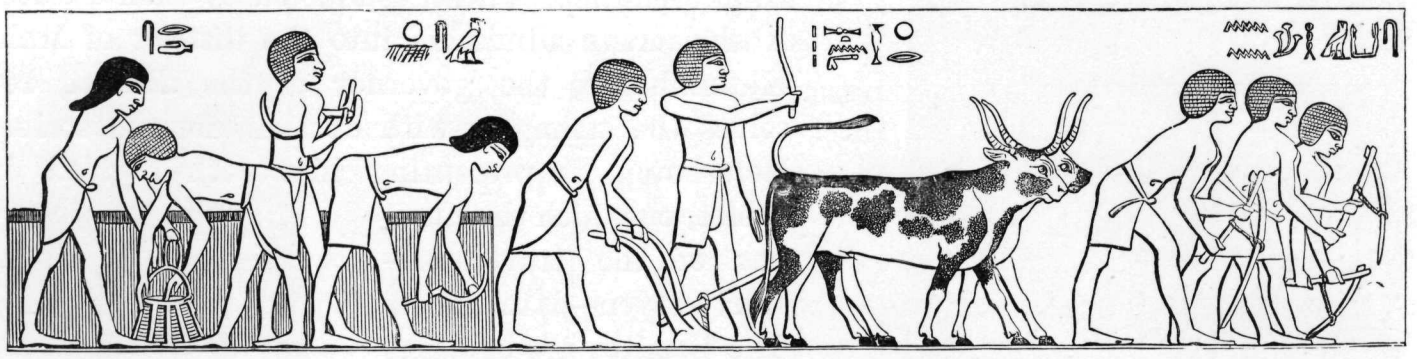
to have progressed internally in every direction under the care and wisdom of his successors. Though it is not within the purpose of this volume to give a list of the kings or of the peoples they subdued, or to enumerate the victories they won, I shall endeavour to point out everything that may interest the student of human culture, or seem of importance in the history of its development; and precisely at the period when the tombs of Beni Hasan were hewn and constructed, great advances were made in matters well worth studying from this point of view.

Already, under the kings of the Eleventh Dynasty, the great high road had been constructed which connected the Nile with the Red Sea, leading through the Wadee Hamamat,[2] as it is now called, of Koptos to Leukos-limen (Kosayr). The traveller across the desert was wont to halt at five chief stations, and the Pharaohs superin-

[1] The Nomos Hermopolites of the Greeks.

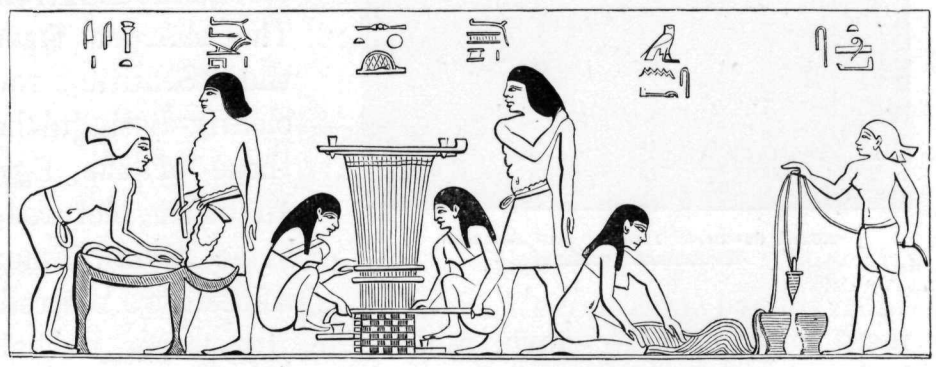
[2] El Hamamat, the Egyptian *Ru-an*, "valley mouth," of the inscriptions.

tended the forming of wells by the way. Commerce with the Somalee coast and Southern Arabia—Punt[1]—was thus opened up, the gold-mines of Æthiopia and the mines on the Sinaitic Peninsula were now worked, the division of the land into districts was perfected—of which more will be said presently—and the care devoted by Amenemha[2] III. (Moeris) to the irrigation of the country has already been mentioned. Side by side with the active progress and practice of the other arts, architecture, which in the Nile Valley enlisted all the others in her service, found



HOEING OF THE SOIL, PLOUGHING, AND REAPING WITH THE SICKLE.

new opportunities. The founding of the great national sanctuaries of Thebes, of the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, and of the Labyrinth, took place at this period, from which, too, the first great obelisks date. Numerous inscriptions in the quarries tell of the great buildings undertaken by the Pharaohs of the XIIth Dynasty; the style of the hieroglyphics on the monuments of this date that have come down to us is grand and simple; and of all the works of Egyptian sculpture, not one can surpass the fragment of a sitting statue of Usertesen I., of which the upper portion is lost. It was discovered at Tanis, and now excites the admiration of every connoisseur in the Museum at Berlin. The sculptor who executed its right leg was an artist in the highest sense of the word. In painting, the artists still remained deficient in the power of drawing things as they appear from one general point of sight, and up to the end of the rule of the Pharaohs the laws of perspective were never applied by them, but their industry with the brush is sufficiently proved by the innumerable paintings on plaster which line the tombs, and which show us, too, how with humble means and appliances they succeeded in producing the most characteristic types. Unfortunately, they are fast fading, and being blackened by the torches of travellers and spoiled by the irreverent hands of vain and culpable fools. Those of Beni Hasan, among others, are

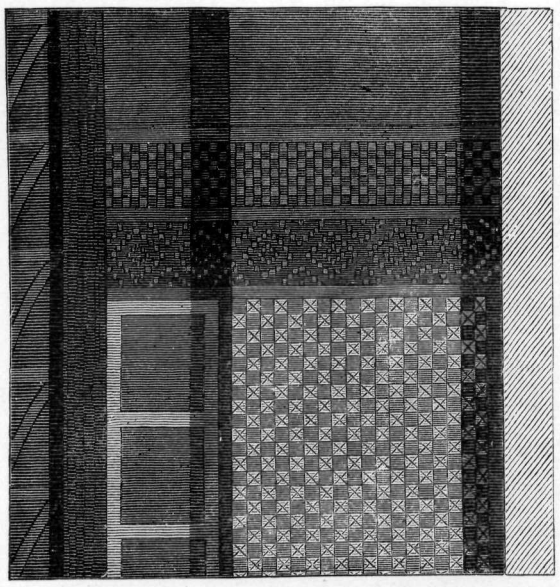


WOMEN WEAVING AND WASHING, WITH THEIR OVERSEERS.

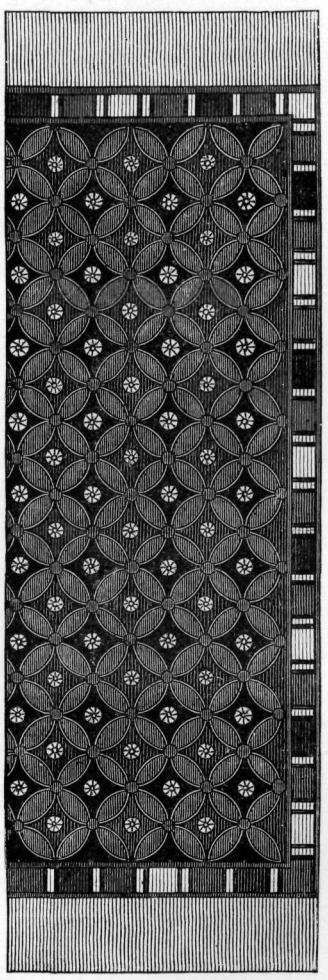
[1] Brugsch, "Egypt under the Pharaohs," I., p. 113.

[2] Or Amenemhat.

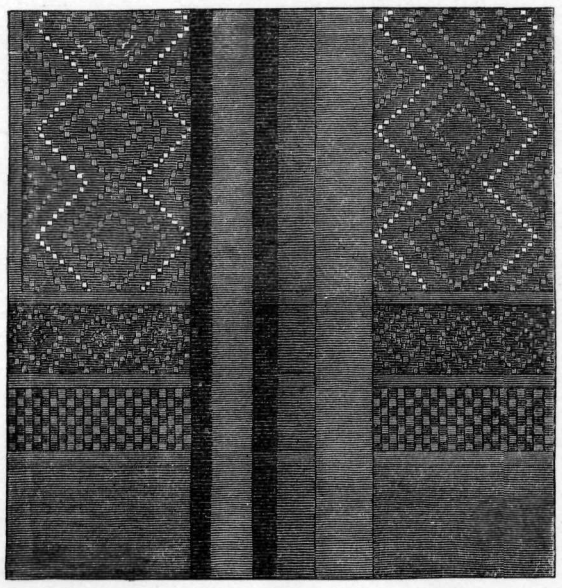
suffering more and more, and we have only outline copies of them; but they are in no respect inferior in truthfulness and vivacity to the representation of a herd of cattle here given, which was detached, plaster and all, from the rocky wall of a tomb, and is now to be seen in the British Museum.[1] Among the thousands of pictures which line the tombs of Beni Hasan, one is of special interest. It is the earliest representation that has been met with of a family of the race of Amu (Semitic). These, conducted by their Prince, Absha, crave admission into the district of Mah. Khnumhotep, the governor of the district, receives the strangers with caution, for his scribe, Neferhotep, is presenting him with a deed or tablet, on which the number of the travellers—thirty-seven—is inscribed. The Semites are bringing gifts of eye-pigment (*mestem—i.e.*, antimony), with a roe-deer and a gazelle. The men are armed in various manners; one in particular has a piece of wood for flinging—a kind of boomerang—and they have bows, lances, and a target. Women on foot, and children on an ass, with another ass to carry the weaver's beam and shuttles, accompany the tribe, and a minstrel strikes the lute in honour of their ceremonious introduction. The sharper features of the Semitic race are clearly distinguished from those of the Egyptians. In other pictures in the same tomb, among the soldiers we see red-haired men in a peculiar garb, and these, too, seem to belong to the Semitic tribe.[2] It is remarkable that among the Jews in Egypt, to this day, very blonde hair is not uncommon, while among the Arabs and fellaheen it is extremely rare; and in the time of the Pharaohs it roused the utmost aversion, for red was the colour



MURAL ORNAMENT FROM AN OLD EGYPTIAN SEPULCHRAL CHAMBER.



MURAL ORNAMENT FROM AN OLD EGYPTIAN SEPULCHRAL CHAMBER.



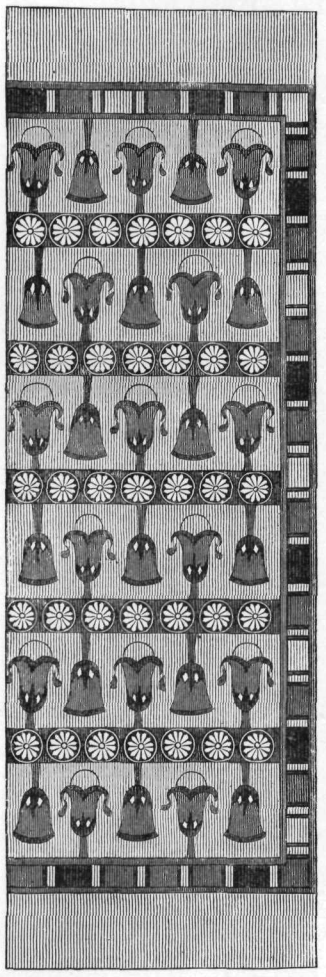
MURAL ORNAMENT FROM AN OLD EGYPTIAN SEPULCHRAL CHAMBER.

[1] No. 137. It is from the tomb of a scribe named Amenhotep, of the XVIIIth Dynasty.

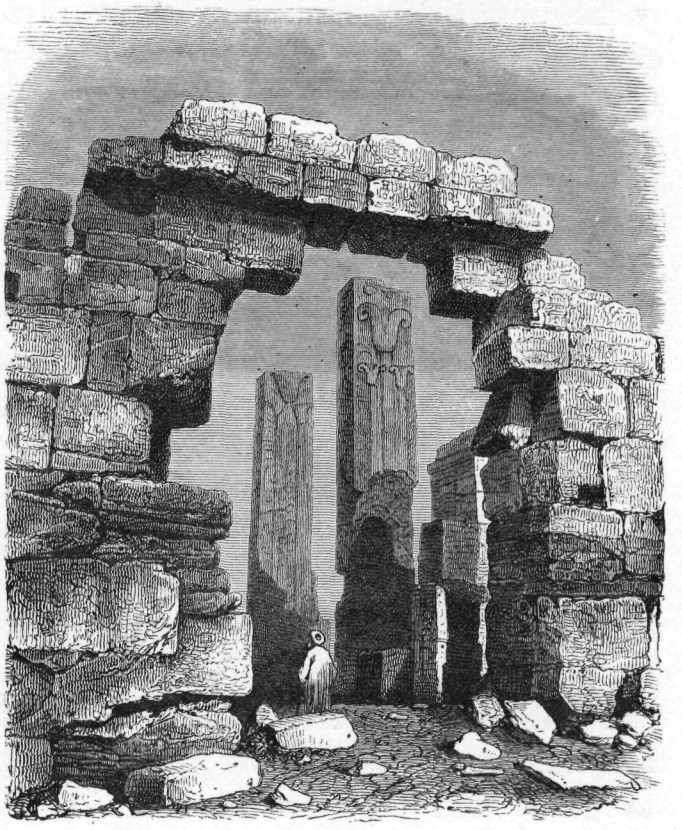
[2] Or else Libyan.

of Seth, or Typhon, and red-haired people (particularly among the hated foreign interlopers of Semitic origin) were looked upon as "Typhonic."

Not only in the case of Absha and his party, but on all occasions, the utmost caution was exercised as to admitting foreigners into the sacred Valley of the Nile. Even the harmless negroes of the interior were met at Semneh by a warning inscription of the time of Usertesen II., which forbade their crossing the frontier, unless they were bringing cattle into Egypt or intended to hire themselves out to service.[1] But the strict exclusiveness of the earliest periods was broken through in many ways at the time of which we are now speaking. A papyrus in the Berlin Museum relates the history of the adventurous Sinah, who passed beyond the frontier fortresses to the East, and wandered on, still eastwards; who settled in Edom, won and married the daughter of the prince of that country, and at last returned to Egypt, and was received with honour by the king.[2]



COLOURED MURAL ORNAMENT FROM A GRAVE AT SAKKARAH.



SCULPTURED PILLAR FROM THE TEMPLE OF KARNAK.

Travelling was no longer regarded as an unheard-of and fearful thing; after the time of the Herakleopolitans, strangers become common in the Delta, while a few, though these are rare, venture even into Upper Egypt. Then they get the control of the harbours on the Mediterranean coast, and multiply with a rapidity proportioned to the relaxation of the strict prohibitions by which previously they had been kept at a distance.

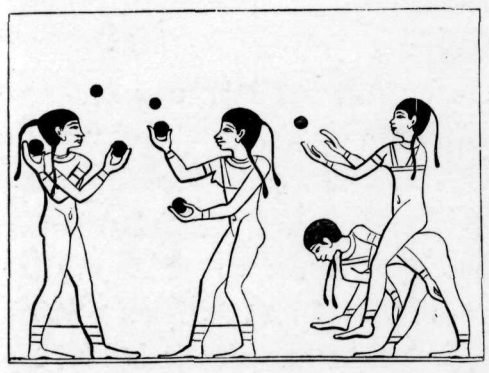
The XIIth Dynasty comes to a close with a queen—Sebek-nefru-ra.[3] The first king of the XIIIth appears to have acquired his rights of succession by his marriage with her; but little of any mark is recorded of his successors. Under them, Lower Egypt—by this time swarming with the Semitic settlers—fell into the hands of the Hyksôs, who, driven westwards by one of the great migrations of the nations

[1] Given, Lepsius, Denkm. Abth. 11 Bl.

[2] Translated by C. W. Goodwin and Chabas, "Records of the Past," Vol. II., p. 107.

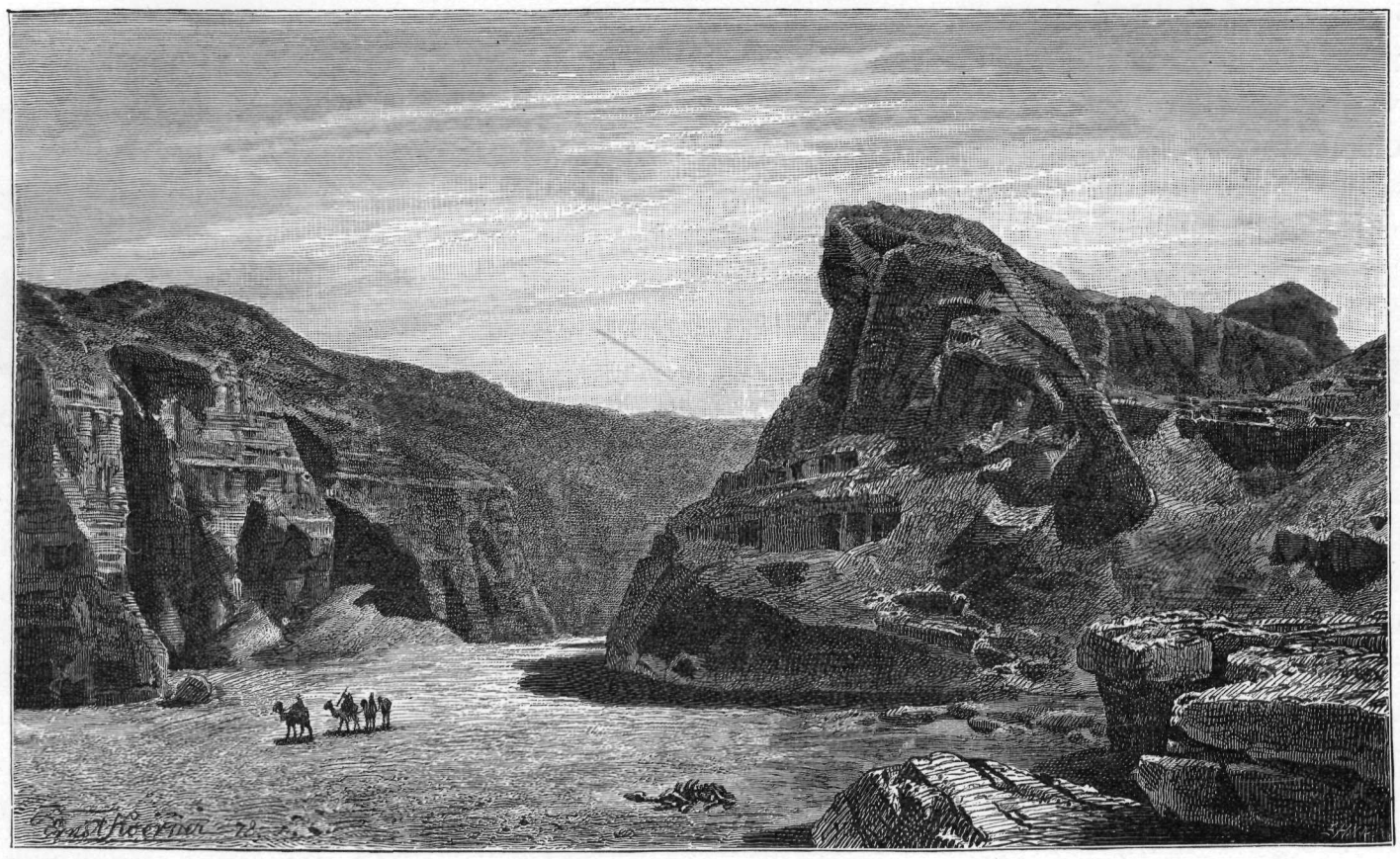
[3] Scemiophris of the Greek lists. Her name occurs at Crocodilopolis.

of inner Asia, overthrew the frontier garrisons of the Pharaohs, and were very likely hailed as deliverers by their Semitic brethren in the Nile Valley. They arrived on foot and on horseback; for before their incursion no horse is to be seen on any of the monuments, and after their expulsion what noble steeds we find depicted in the wall-paintings! At Beni Hasan there are tombs particularly distinguished by the abundance and variety of the animals represented in them, but there is not a single horse to be seen. The horse is the warrior's friend, and at the period when these pictures were painted all breathes of peace, and the little we hear of deeds of arms is petty and unimportant. It is thought a grand achievement to march out at the head of four hundred men, and the stubborn individuality of the various Nomes, both in politics and religion, and the power possessed by the governors, must have rendered it difficult for the Pharaoh to collect an army from the different provinces of his country. The hands of the peasants grew hard and horny by holding the plough and other instruments of peace, and not by wielding the sword. Nevertheless, an Egyptian army did exist even at that time, and even at Beni Hasan we see soldiers represented, a little siege, the manufacture of various weapons, and the punishment of refractory warriors. But agricultural scenes are ten times as numerous. The ploughman with his span of oxen is followed by the sower, and the corn is trodden into the earth, softened by the inundation—not by swine, as Herodotus tells us, but by goats. At harvest-time the ears are cut with sickles, and the flax is beaten on the earth. Cattle tread out the corn, the crops of the year are stored in great lofts, and the amount of the vast herds is registered by stewards. Every official carries his writing-reed and papyrus-roll, and we know, from the records which have been so marvellously preserved—certainly, they are the oldest of any papyri—that the reed was never wielded more accurately and surely than at that time. Round the houses were planted magnificent gardens, in which fruit was grown on standards and espaliers, and various sorts of vegetables were reared; the houses themselves, built of bricks and wood, and gaily painted, with their verandahs and store-houses, were well furnished with neatly-wrought tables, seats, vases, and other vessels. Dogs, from the slender greyhound to the bow-legged turn-spit, and cats, as we have seen, are family pets. Apes are kept as playthings, and dwarfs to make sport with. In the kitchen, meat and ducks are slaughtered, stewed, and roasted; and the master of the household has many to provide for, for the Governor of Mah—like the nobles of Memphis—had numerous serfs, who understood every description of handiwork. Carpenters and shipwrights fell and cut up trees; joiners and wheelwrights are to be seen at more delicate work; stonemasons, sculptors, and decorators are hard at work; brickmakers mould the clay with their hands and knead it with their feet; potters make vessels for domestic use, turning and baking them to perfection; while glass-blowers make vases for finer uses. Tanners and shoemakers are busy; and in the women's rooms



PLAYING AT BALL.

they are weaving at the looms under the inspection of fat overseers, whom we perceive to be eunuchs. Very elegant ornamental patterns are to be seen on the garments of the immigrant Semitic family, of which mention has been made; but the Egyptians were in no respect behind the Asiatics in the arts of weaving and dyeing. Even on the primæval monuments of Meydoom we see garments stamped in gay colours, and in elegant patterns, which leads us to imagine that the art ascribed by Pliny to the Egyptians, of dipping cloth of a uniform colour into a fluid and bringing it out again with a pattern on it, must have been known there at even this early period. The consideration of the ornaments I have mentioned



VALLEY OF THE SPEOS ARTEMIDOS.

justifies us in supposing that the art of weaving had reached a high degree of perfection in Egypt at a very early date. They also confirm, beyond a doubt, Semper's observation that the working up of the material in weaving and pottery by technical processes first gave rise to varieties in form, and then to figures and patterns, which subsequently found a wider application in the decorative arts; and as we contemplate the designs here reproduced—designs which to this day are applicable as patterns for stuffs—and which are copied from the walls and ceilings of tomb-chambers, which in every other respect are perfectly bare and devoid of all architectural detail, we are irresistibly led to the conclusion that the first idea of the painter who transferred them to the plaster with pencil and brush was to produce the effect of a room lined with hangings, such as are never absent from an Oriental palace. As surely as weaving is a more primitive art than architecture, so surely were these designs transferred from stuffs to these walls, and not from the walls

to stuffs; hence the regular repetition of the figures, in which we might sometimes almost fancy we see the line of the threads. Now, compare these primæval patterns with those of modern weavers, and it will be seen that the Egyptians of 4,000 years ago had no reason to be ashamed of their work.

If, too, we compare the sculptured campanulate ornament on the pillars of the temple at Karnak with these much older painted decorations which are now before us, we have ocular demonstration that the ornaments first devised by the weaver and then adopted by the painter have finally been transferred by the sculptor and architect to the decoration of the pillar. Anton Springer says that ornamentation is the true parent of art, and he adds, that art was not born of the struggle for existence but of delight in existence; and we have never met with a more vivid illustration of this principle than in the cave-dwellings of the dead at Beni Hasan, which survive from the period when architecture created her most characteristic element—the column as a composite member.[1]

Those must have been happy times, when even the tomb was made bright with pictures. How fine are the grapes that the merry vintagers cut from the luxuriant vines! The juice is trodden and pressed out, stored in jars, and deposited in airy lofts; for subterranean cellars are not in Egypt. Singers, and harp and flute players perform their strains, and, as at the present day, the music is accompanied by measured hand-clapping. Dancing is an artistic exercise by men and maidens. The strength of the youth is tested by wrestling-matches, and even in these early times the ball flew from hand to hand. Draughts, morra, and hot-cockles, and other games, are represented (these were carefully collected by Minutoli in an essay devoted to the subject), and the Nile resounds with shouts over boat-races, fishing excursions, and bird-shooting. All this, of course, relates to the nobles and wealthy, who found their last rest in these tombs; but the lot of the serfs was not a hard one, for it is especially insisted on in the inscriptions that their masters were mild and benevolent. The noble Ameni—whose grave we first entered—says of himself that he was a good master, a prince that loved his people; that he did no wrong to the son of the poor man, nor oppressed the widow; that he distressed not the peasant and turned away no shepherd; that he never took away the labourers of any small man (the master of only five serfs) for his own works, and that no man was miserable or hungry in his time; but that when a time of famine came he caused all the fields of the district of Mah to be tilled as far as its boundary-stones to the north and south (to the east and west the desert and the Nile marked its limits); that he supported the inhabitants and provided them with food, so that no starving man was found within its borders, and the widow was as well supplied as the woman with a husband; and that in all he spent, the great man was not preferred before the small.[2]

To feed the hungry, to give drink to the thirsty, and to clothe the naked[3] were the principal and reiterated requirements of the Egyptian moral law, and it

[1] The representations of these tombs have been extensively published by Champollion, Rosellini, and Lepsius, in their plates of the monuments of Egypt.

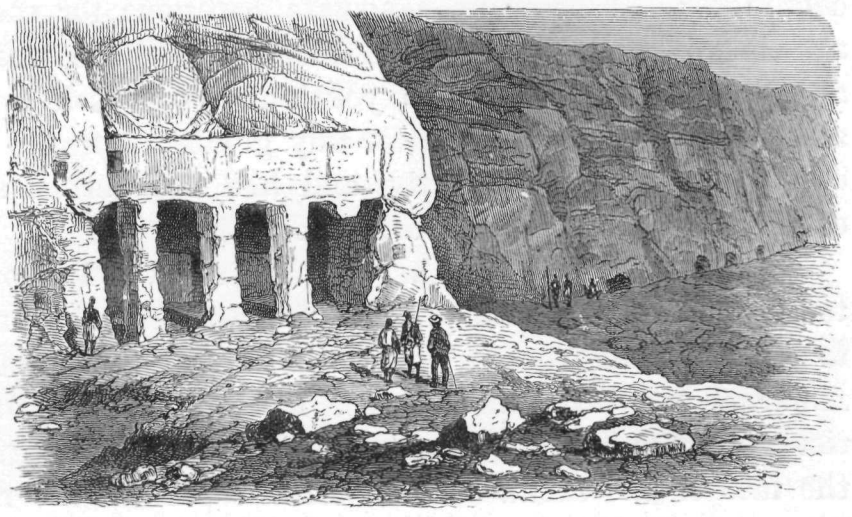
[2] A full translation of this inscription will be found in the "Records of the Past," Vol. XII, 59. The limits were defined by landmarks or tablets (*hutu*), and as many as fifteen were set up here. This was during the XIIth Dynasty.

[3] To which is sometimes added remedies to the wounded and sick.

would seem that at the time of which we speak they were not only preached but practised.

Little is said about death in the tombs of Beni Hasan; however, we are shown the whole scene of the obsequies and the conveyance of the bodies to the tomb of Osiris at Abydos; but I shall take another opportunity for enlarging on these subjects.

Rock-tombs innumerable are found in the limestone ranges on each side of the Nile, but I will not invite the reader to accompany me through them, for he would soon be weary of the repetition, while the student is always finding something new and interesting amid the apparent monotony, and the more thoroughly he investigates every detail the better he will succeed in making a selection and extracting all that can be learnt from the monuments. To wander wearily, and often in vain, from one to another; to sift, elaborate, and rehabilitate his discoveries must be his portion, while it is the reader's share to enjoy the result. But I will not here give him a history of Egyptian civilisation; I propose, on the contrary, to take him as my companion, and to show him, in the very presence of the sources of our knowledge—the monuments themselves—how, after a youth spent in peaceful content and modest retirement, and devoted—as we have seen in the monumental records of Memphis and Beni Hasan—to the improvement and development of its inner life, after centuries more of foreign dominion, the kingdom of the Pharaohs started forward with a mighty leap, like a coiled spring suddenly released, and rose to a pitch of splendour which threw all the other empires then existing into the shade. At Tanis we saw the descendants of the foreigners who overthrew Egypt; in Thebes we may admire and wonder at the culminating glories of the Pharaonic period; now, however, we will proceed on our way to Siout (Lykopolis), where we shall find the monuments of those hapless princes under whom the Nile valley was subjugated by the Hyksos. We will hasten on thither, passing by many important monuments, which shall be described when we speak of the history of their founders. I am sorry to deprive my companions of a visit to the transverse gorge lying within an hour's ride of Beni Hasan, where the cave temple of Pakht or Sekht[1] is to be seen—"the great Pakht," as she is here designated, "the mistress of Set, in her rock temple." But the reader is already familiar with this



THE GROTTO OF ARTEMIS (SPEOS ARTEMIDOS).

[1] The name of this goddess, formerly read *Pakht*, or Pasht, one of the names of the lion, was discovered to be Sekhet. She was a form of Bast, or Bubastis, and bore other names, as Merenptah, "beloved of Ptah," of whom she was the wife, and mother of Nefer-Tum. She also had the appellation Menhi and Urheka.

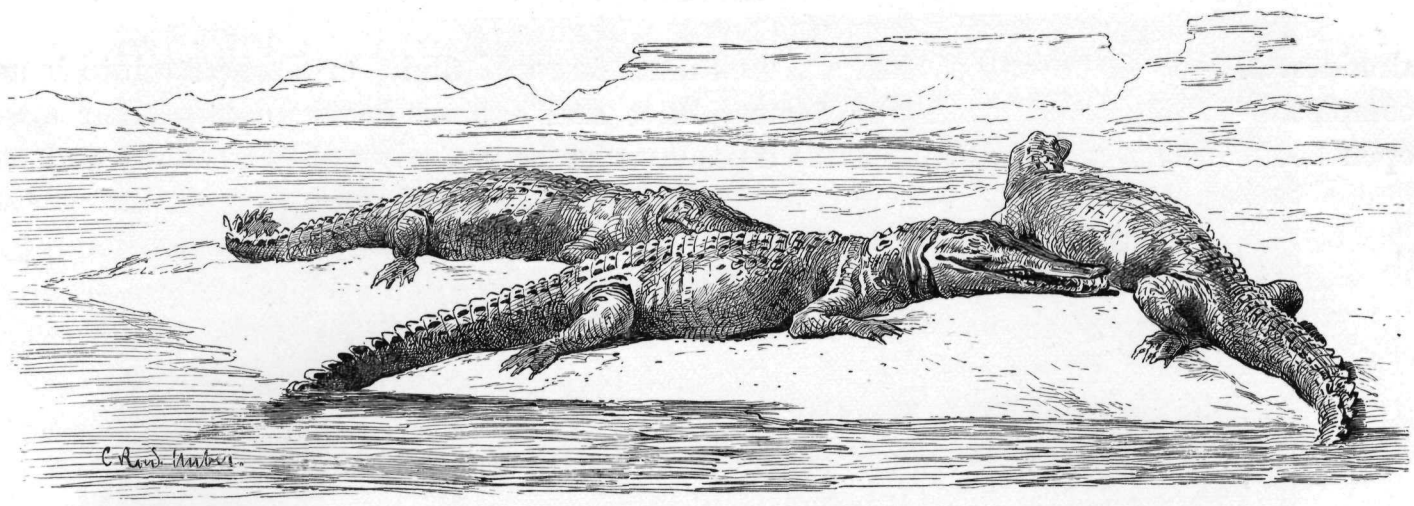
primæval divinity, and has seen at Bubastis the head-quarters of her worship, as well as the cat-headed or lioness-headed statues of the goddess. She was named Artemis by the Greeks; and Speos Artemidos, or the Grotto of Artemis, was the name they gave to the sanctuary hewn out in the mountain-side, and the caves in its vicinity, where formerly many mummies of cats were discovered. In Champollion's time there was a whole necropolis of dogs and cats here, buried in the sand.

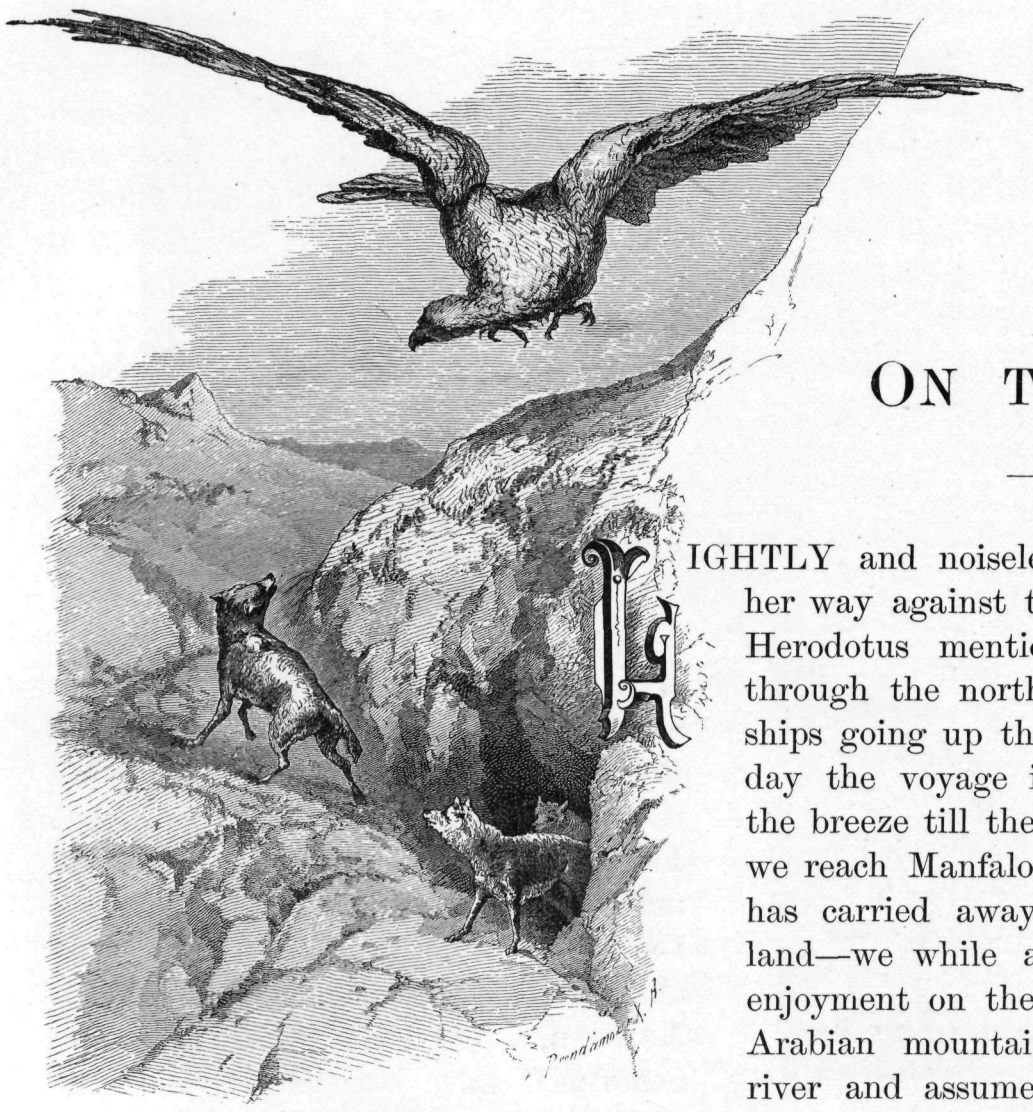
If we now turn southwards we come upon the remains, scattered and few, of the town of Antinoë, in one of the most lovely palm-groves in Egypt. This city was built by Hadrian close to the ancient Egyptian town of Besa, on the spot chosen by his beautiful favourite Antinous for sacrificing himself for the Emperor's sake. An oracle had warned Hadrian that he was threatened with a great trouble, and the faithful Bithynian youth threw himself into the Nile[1] to fulfil the prophecy, and so avert from his master any greater danger. It is no wonder that the Emperor deplored him extravagantly, and had numberless statues made of the heroic youth, even under the form of various divinities.

Proceeding still farther southwards we find ourselves at el-Bersheh, where, in a tomb, we may see the picture of the transportation of a colossus, which I shall refer to again when we are face to face with the giant statues at Thebes. At Tel-el-Amarnah we will embark once more on the dahabeeyeh, after visiting the foundations of some mighty structures which Time with his relentless besom has swept off the face of the earth. These formed part of the residence of the eccentric reformer, Chu-en-Aten (Amenophis IV.), of whom we shall learn more at Thebes; his chief officers had themselves interred in rock-tombs, which are richly decorated with characteristic pictures well worthy of study.

[1] A.D. 132. The fate of Antinous, and honours rendered to him, are mentioned on the obelisk of the Monte Pincio at Rome. They have also been made the subject of Dr. Ebers' last novel, "The Emperor."



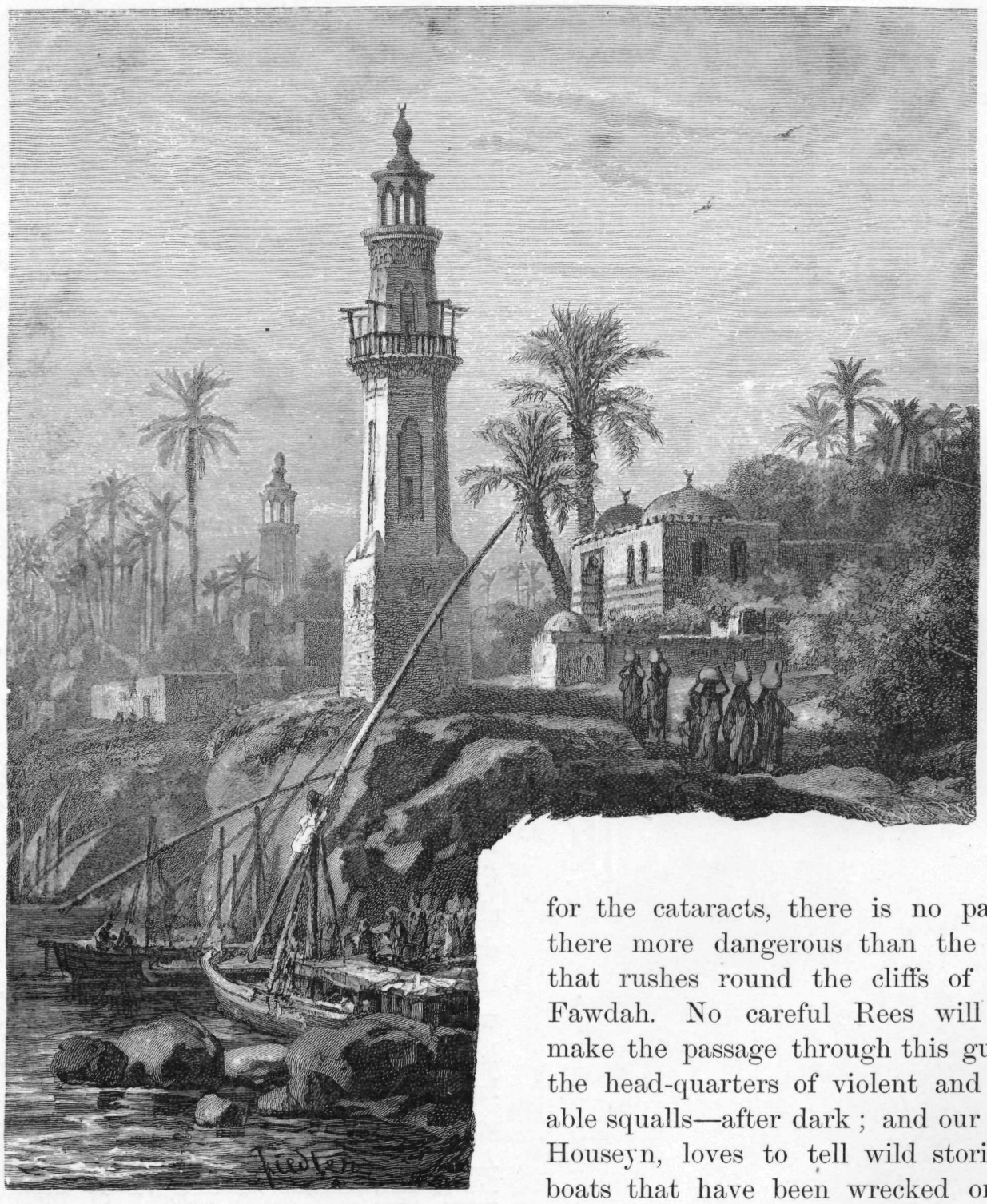




On to Thebes.

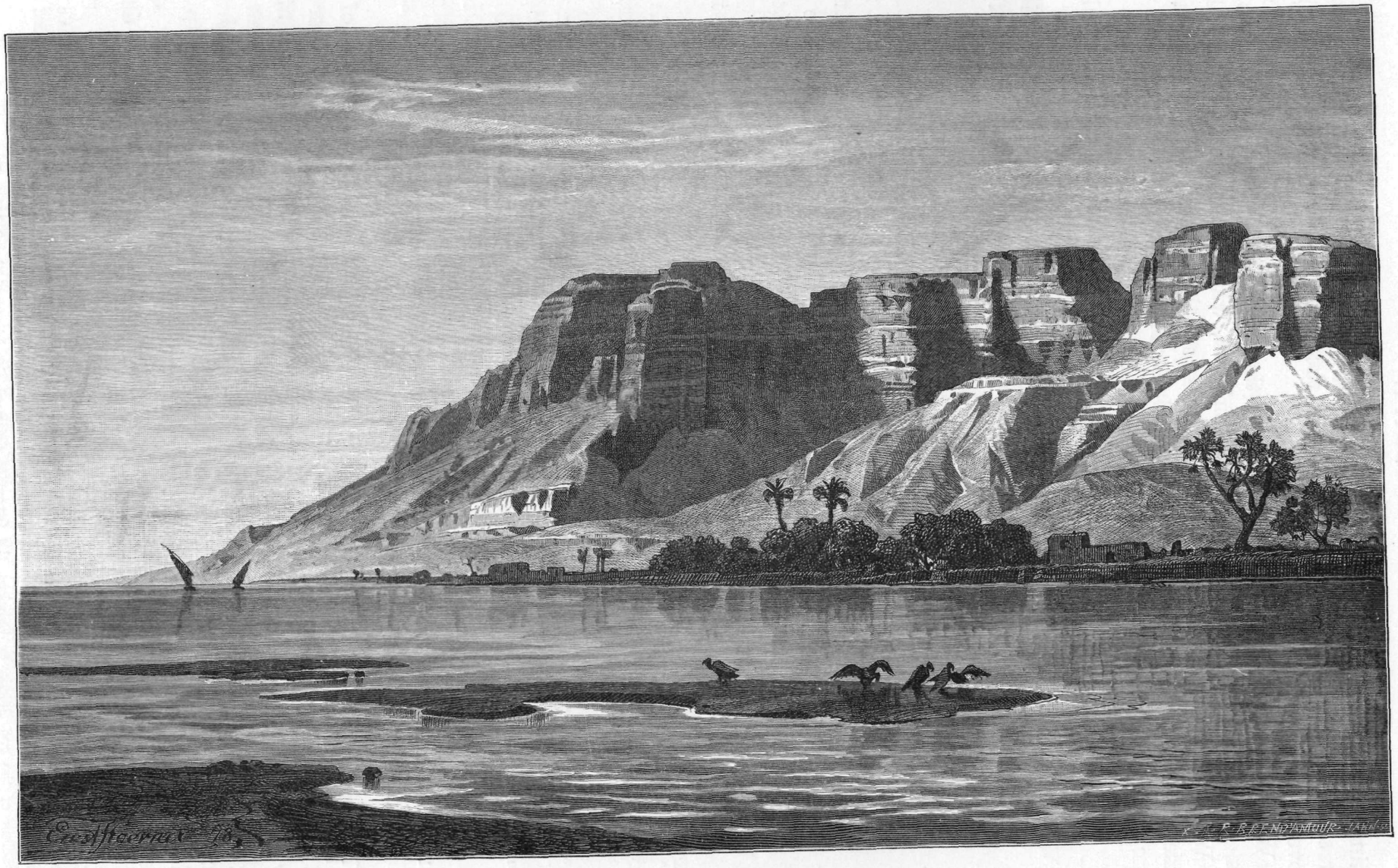
LIGHTLY and noiselessly our dahabeeyeh cuts her way against the swiftly-rushing stream. Herodotus mentions that all the winter through the north wind swells the sails of ships going up the Nile, and at the present day the voyage is constantly made before the breeze till the middle of February. Till we reach Manfaloot—a spot where the Nile has carried away considerable portions of land—we while away the time with much enjoyment on the cabin roof; for here the Arabian mountains come down near the river and assume a variety of picturesque forms, while in more than one place the stream bathes the foot of the bare rock, in whose rifts the swallows and wild ducks find shelter. When these winter visitors of the Nile valley are returning in the evening to their roosting-places, their twittering and chattering somewhat harshly breaks the stillness which reigns all round, though we might almost deem that they were spirits in bird form, and watch them, not without a

shudder, as they shoot out of the hard rock itself in rapid flight, or disappear into it as completely as if it had swallowed them. Pilot and captain have to keep their eyes open between this and Siout, for many a reach must be cleverly steered round; and as



MANFALOOT.

for the cataracts, there is no passage there more dangerous than the eddy that rushes round the cliffs of Aboo Fawdah. No careful Rees will ever make the passage through this gully—the head-quarters of violent and variable squalls—after dark; and our pilot, Houseyn, loves to tell wild stories of boats that have been wrecked on the cliffs of Aboo Fawdah, and the history of the rash captain who laid a wager at Boolak that he would pass the dreaded mountain, "which he knew as well as his own eye," without any damage; but miserably lost all he had in the world; for his boat was caught by four contrary blasts at once in this fatal spot, and though it was sheathed with iron, it was dashed to pieces against the rocks. The ruined



GEBEL ABOO FAWDAH.

captain returned home with nothing but a beggar's staff to call his own, saying with many sighs, "Gebel Aboo Fawdah—I know thee now!"—a saying that has become a proverb to the sailors of the Nile.

We will quit the dahabeeyeh here, where the much-dreaded mountain slopes southwards, and just below the fellah town of Manfaloot, which stands on the river bank.

We pause before an opening in the rock at the summit of a bare cliff; the fellaheen who have guided us hold out a helping hand, and we find ourselves within the mouth of a dark cavern. Breathing is difficult in this hot, heavy, dusty atmosphere, charged with odours of resin and pitch-tar, while the tapers burn dull, and hardly light it, and the foot stumbles against some unknown objects.

We are in the celebrated Crocodile Cave of Maabdeh, and surrounded on every side by rubbish, skeletons of beasts, bones of dead creatures, rags of mummy-cloths, and lumps of resin. Here we discern the large outline of an embalmed crocodile, there a human mummy, and a gleam from the tapers now and again reveals fragments of gold mixed with the dust at our very feet. Have we not wandered into the cavern of some magician, where gruesome monsters keep watch over the precious metal? Stooping down, we find many skulls, arms, and legs, thickly gilt, of ancient Egyptians, who had themselves interred in the tomb of the crocodiles[1]—who can rightly tell us why? Were these mummies buried in this inaccessible and ghastly hiding-place in time of internal disturbance by their ancient descendants? Was the crocodile—the sacred animal of Seth-Typhon—worshipped here in the home of dangerous gales, with special honours, flattered and entreated, and expensively buried? There is no doubt that all that is malignant and destructive in nature, and consequently drought and storm, were the attributes of Typhon, and we know, too, that the voracious reptile was worshipped as a sacred animal in many places in Egypt.[2]



CROCODILE OVER THE DOOR OF A HOUSE.

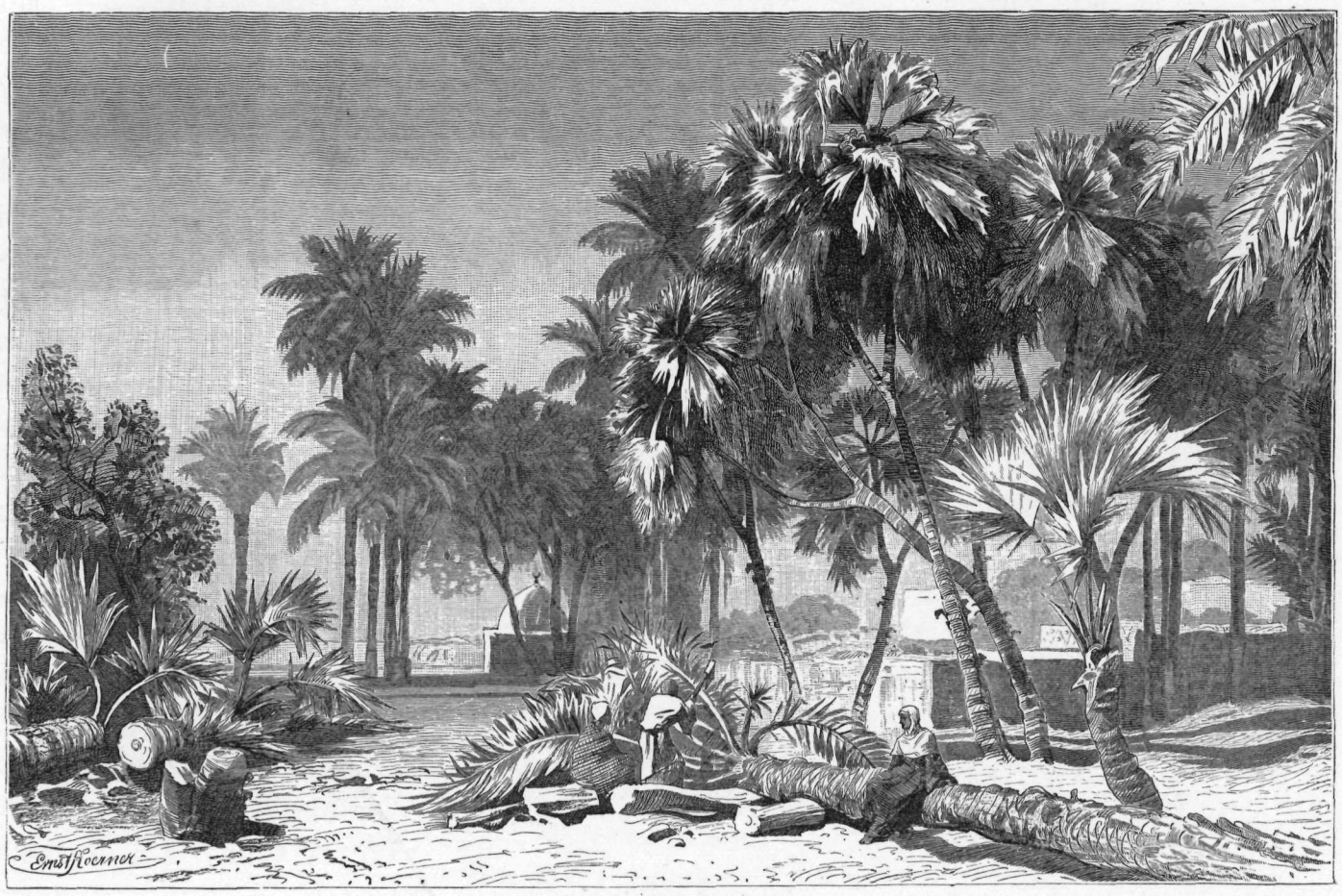
At the present time a crocodile is but rarely seen in the neighbourhood of this cave; but it is not long since these creatures—which are being driven farther and farther south, particularly by the steamboats—were frequently to be met with at the foot of Aboo Fawdah. So lately as in 1871 Lord Ducie killed one fourteen feet in length. Of the innumerable embalmed specimens in this sepulchre, many have been conveyed to Cairo and sold, to be taken to Europe, or to be hung up over house-doors as a talisman. The cave of Maabdeh probably conceals many other treasures of antiquity. The first man who boldly defied all the repulsive details

[1] The presence of gilding on these mummies shows that they are of a later period, probably the Ptolemaic times of third century B.C. Khamus, the second son of Rameses II., of the XIXth Dynasty, about B.C. 1300, was found buried in the tombs of the bull Apis, in the Serapeum at Sakkarah.

[2] Emblem of the god Sebak, or Sebakra, the favourite deity of the kings of the XIIIth Dynasty. He was supposed to represent the terrible fire of the sun.

which are inseparable from such an undertaking, and searched this cavern, was the English consul, Mr. Harris, and he found a papyrus with a book of Homer written upon it.

In the course of our voyage southwards we presently are struck by isolated specimens of a new species of tree which becomes commoner as we approach the cataract. I mean the doom-palm (*Hyphæna Thebaica*) whose range, properly speaking, begins at Keneh. The trunk of the date-palm is crowned by a single magnificent tuft of graceful, bending, feathery leaves, under which the blossom and huge bunches



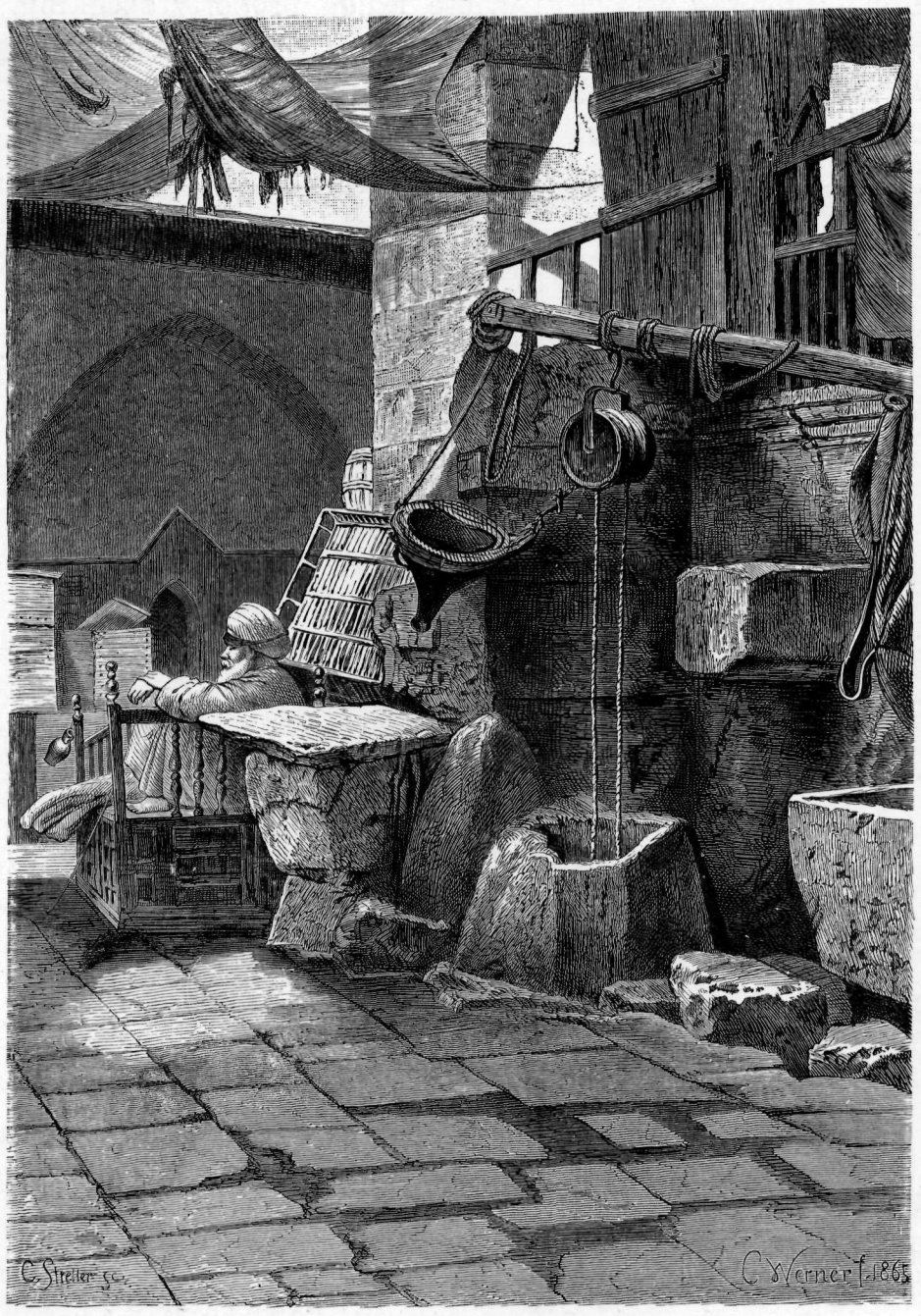
DATE AND DOOM PALMS.

of fruit grow and ripen; but the columnar trunk of the doom-palm divides about half-way up into two branches, each of which bears its bunch of feathery leaves and nuts about as large as a duck's egg. Every portion of this tree is of use—the wood is used by carpenters, the eatable fibrous kernel of the nut tastes like a sweet cake, its hard shell is turned into buttons and such small wares, the fellaheen roof their hovels with the leaves, and the bast of the doom-palm is highly-prized and applied to many purposes.[1] The range of this tree is southwards, and in Equatorial Africa there are forests of it, extending for miles, far beyond the limits of Egypt.

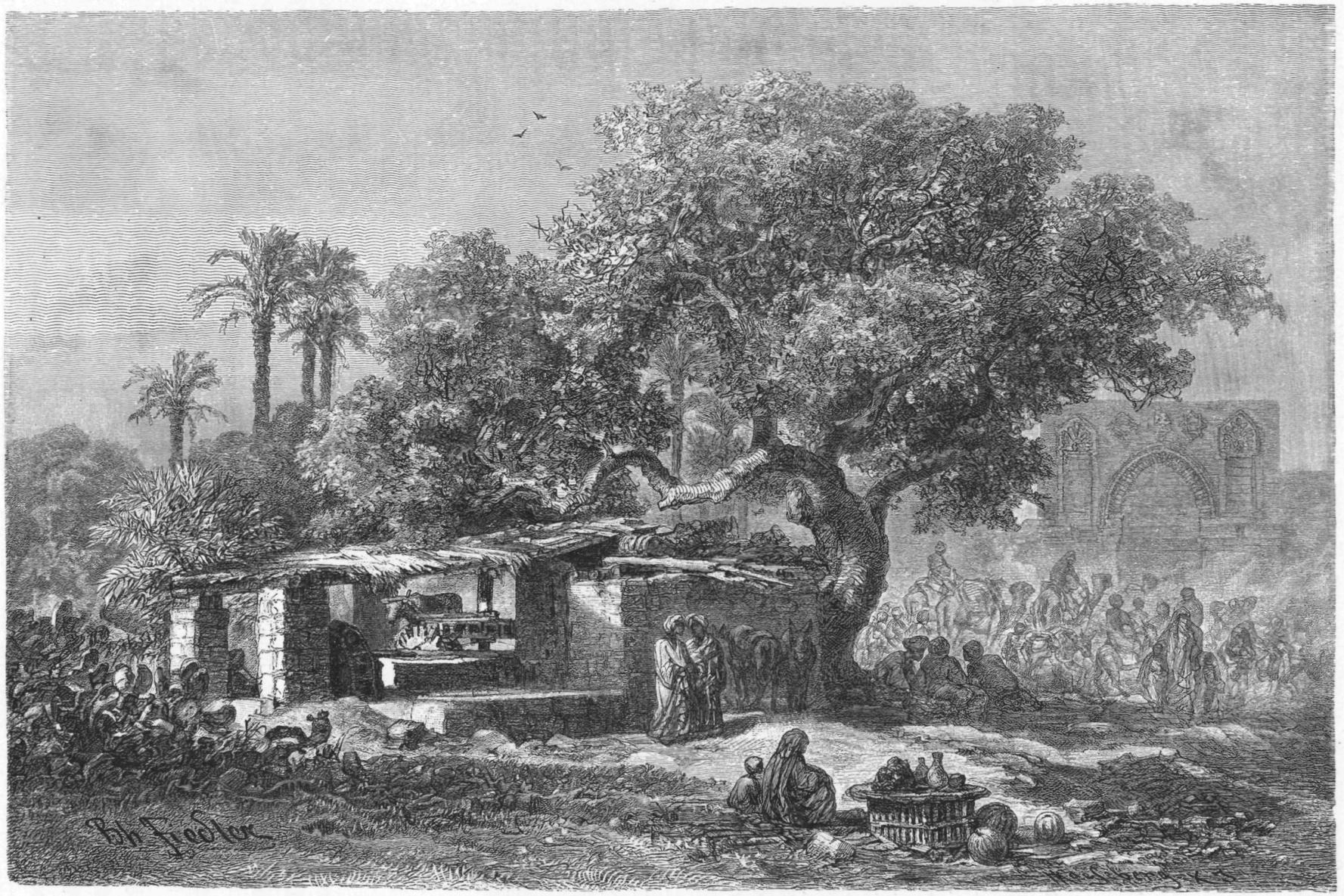
We now discover, on the west shore of the Nile, the minarets of Siout, a very populous city, at which begins Saeyed, or Upper Egypt proper, and behind it lie the

[1] Mentioned in the garden of a personage of rank of the XVIIIth Dynasty. It was called the *mama*, or *mum* (Brugsch, "Mon.," I., taf. xxxvi., p. 49). The peculiarities of its fruit are described in the Sallier papyrus at the time of the XIXth Dynasty.

spurs of the Libyan range of mountains. Before we can run in to el-Homra, the harbour of Siout, the river winds so frequently that it appears to lie first on our left and then again on our right; but at last we reach our destination. We steer in towards land between two steamboats and among a host of Nile boats. We keep off the swarm of sellers of pipe-bowls, jars, and other articles in pottery—which are made here of excellent quality and beautiful shapes — and mounting the best of the asses which are waiting for hire, we ride into the town, over a dyke road shaded by fine sycamores, and past the huge Government buildings. The long bazaar, well furnished with goods, is swarming with people, for to-day is Sunday, and a market-day in Siout, and crowds of country-folk have come into the town, which has 30,000 inhabitants of its own. There is plenty indeed for a European to gaze at in this motley assemblage, but the street-life of Cairo is still fresh and vivid in our memory, and, knowing the greater, we are apt to under-estimate the lesser, so we do not think much of the Sook of Siout, with its crowd of citizens, peasants, and Bedaween, and pay small need to the shopkeepers, who make signs to us to inspect their little stalls, where they watch over many pretty articles of native workmanship, particularly beautiful embroidery on leather and velvet, and we soon make our way out again into the open air. Many new buildings attract our attention, and we see several courtyards, of which the extent and handsome decorations are very surprising, when compared with the wretched brick walls that the houses they belong to turn towards the street. We submit to being refreshed by a



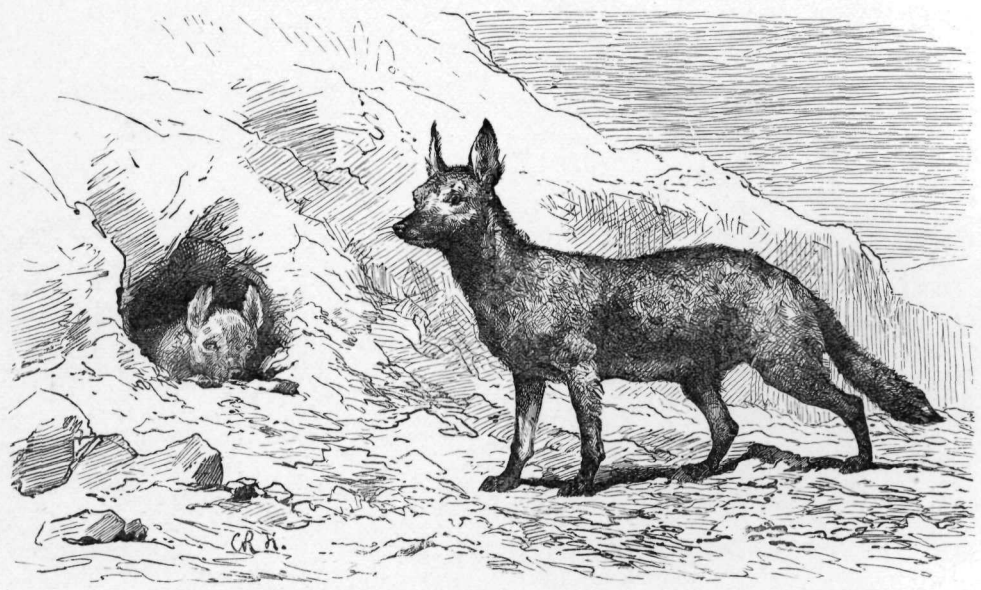
A COURT AT SIOUT.



BEFORE THE GATE OF THE TOWN.

course of ill-usage in a bath—for this is the process in all such establishments—and then we follow a funeral procession that fills the whole street; we will follow it out of the town and visit the particularly well-kept Arab cemetery, with its crowd of cupolas, and the ancient tombs in the Libyan range. We are willing enough to moderate our donkey's pace, and have no wish to outstrip the mourners by passing them on the broad country road, for in all the East no more beautiful songs of mourning and no finer bass voices are to be heard.

At last, however, we must leave the funeral train, and climb the slope to the mountain which served the natives of heathen Siout as a necropolis. For there was an ancient Siout—or Sayut, for so the town is called—four thousand years ago, though only a few miserable remains of it are now visible. This we learn from the inscriptions in the tombs we are now about to visit, which were constructed under the XIIIth dynasty. When they were excavated in the limestone, Siout was one of the most powerful cities of the kingdom, and this was not long after the extinction of that race of Pharaohs who were the lords of those prince-governors for whom the tombs at Beni Hasan were constructed; but as we stand in these caverns we can see that they were hewn not long before ruin overtook the founders. They are planned grandly and magnificently, but not one is more than half finished. Large masses of rough unhewn rock in the walls and roofs stand out bare and ugly, while other portions are beautifully smoothed, and the surface covered with carefully-engraved inscriptions. The niches intended for mummies, statues, and sacrificial vessels, have long since been robbed, and under the Mamelukes a great deal was wilfully damaged.

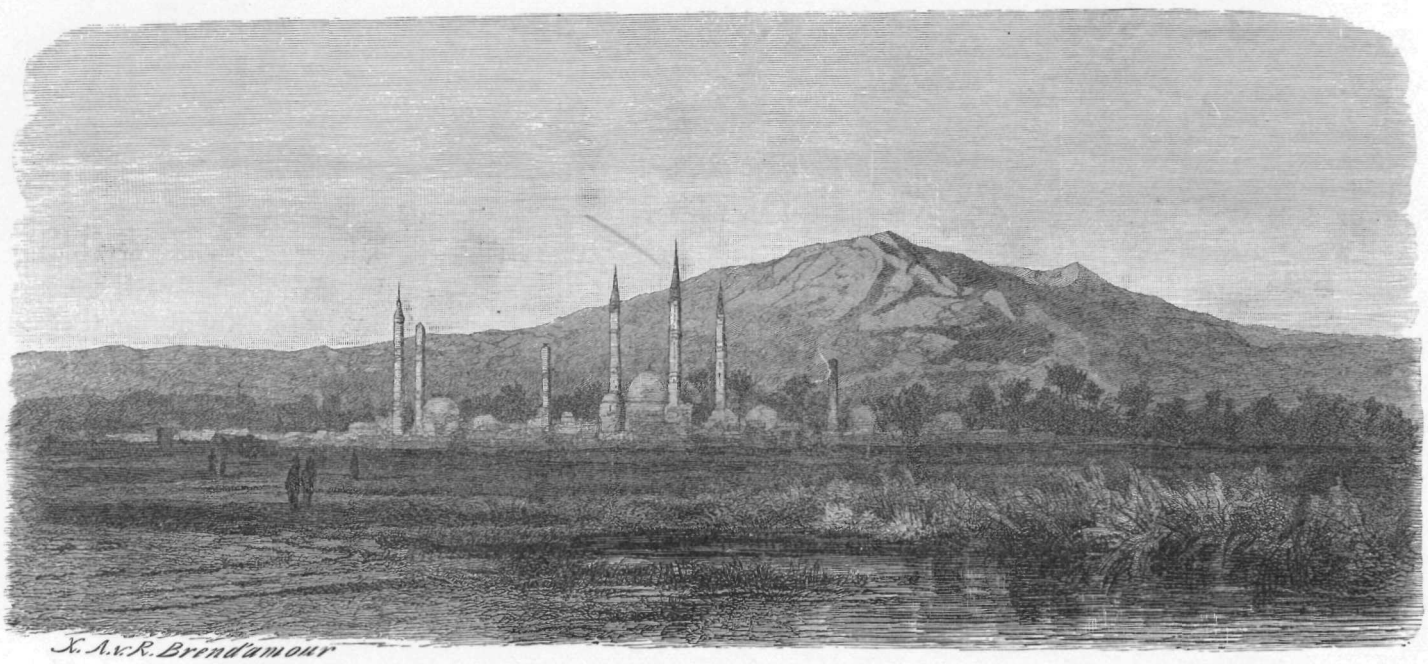


EGYPTIAN WOLF (DEEB).

Under the incursion of the Hyksos the nobles probably fled to the south, with the sovereigns of the XIIIth dynasty, and the troubles that pressed upon them in the present prevented their thinking of finishing the dwellings dedicated to the future life, whether for themselves or their fathers. The Arabs call the largest of these rock-tombs "the stable of Antar," and the next in size "the bath." Antar is the Siegfried, or Roland, of Arab story, who conquered heroes and demons, and his adventures are listened to with even greater eagerness than the thousand and one nights by the modern Egyptians, who would rather hear them recited than anything else, excepting the poems of Aboo Zeyd.

The view from the entrance of these tombs is magnificent; across the cemetery,

the city crowded with minarets, the broad meadow-land—which is nowhere better cultivated and irrigated than here—to the Nile, and, on one side of it, the Libyan range, on the other the Arabian mountains. The geologist finds many interesting fossils by the road-side; and the lover of antiquity may discover, in numberless artificial caves, great and small, inscriptions and remains of embalmed animals, particularly of dogs and jackals, for Siout was the city of Anubis, the "opener of paths," to whom *Canis niloticus* was sacred, and the god was represented with this animal's head. The Greeks thought this "grave-watcher" was the wolf, and hence called Siout Lykopolis—"the city of the wolf." Many bones of wolf-mummies have indeed been found here, and to this day there are many species of the dog tribe wild in Egypt, among which the wolf may be included, though it is a smaller variety than



SIOUT.

the sheep-stealing villain of Europe. The zoologist calls it *Canis lupaster*, the fellah name is *Deeb*, and it would seem to have been the creature worshipped at Lykopolis and represented at Beni Hasan. The jackal, ubiquitous in the East, is *Canis aureus; Canis niloticus* is a light-coloured and long-eared variety of the fox, which it resembles in size and form, and it is to be seen in the old monuments guiding the bark of the Sun. The *fenek* of the Arabs—*Canis zerda*—is only about half the size,[1] and has very long ears. Skeletons of domestic dogs have also been found in the same cavern.[2]

If we venture still farther into the rocky gorges of the Libyan chain we shall find caves, distinguished by Christian symbols and little Koptic inscriptions, which served as dwellings for those anchorites whose lives, after they had fled from the

[1] An account of the dogs known to the Egyptians will be found in the "Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology," Vol. IV., p. 19.

[2] The head of the mummy of a dog, wrapped in bandages, is in the collection of the British Museum, "Guide," p. 60, No. 6,740.

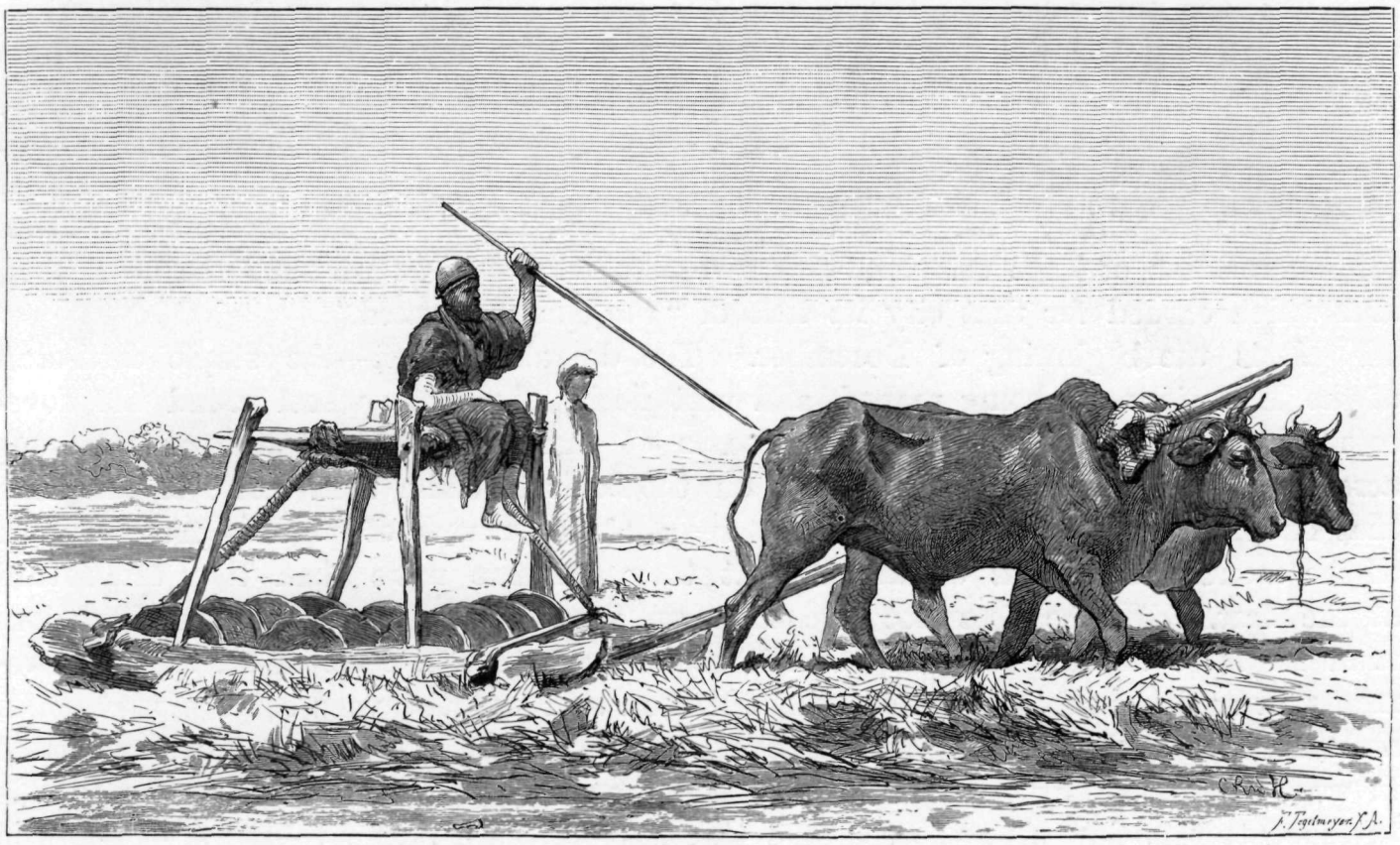


MID-DAY PRAYER IN SIOUT.

turmoil and temptations of the world, are narrated by Rufinus and Palladius, with details more edifying than credible. John, the Hermit of Lykopolis, being one of the most favoured by heaven, is said to have had the gift of prophecy, and to have foretold to Theodosius his victory at Aquileja in 394.

Returning to the town to seek once more for some traces of the ancient Lykopolis—where Plotinus, the greatest of the Neo-Platonic philosophers, first saw the light, A.D. 205—at most we shall find a fragment of marble here and there built into a modern house, or a few pillars of Greek workmanship in the principal mosque.

Some years ago I saw many strange figures here at Friday noonday prayer,



THRESHING-SLED.

throwing up their arms in the ecstacy of worship, and I sat—the only European—in front of a café listening to the tales of a capital story-teller. Now we may meet a great number of Europeans in this same spot, for since then the railway has been extended to Siout, where it now terminates. It is difficult to say whether it will avail to revive the failing trade of the town, where the long famous manufactures of damask and carpet hangings have fallen into utter decay. At any rate, Siout must still be, as it has always been, the emporium for all the wares and produce brought in from the oases of the Libyan desert, from Darfoor and Kordofan; and at any rate, Roomeyla, which is the camping place and depôt of the caravans to the north of the sepulchral mountain, can never lose its active commerce so long as the railway extends no farther southwards. Siout is the prettiest of all the towns on the Nile, excepting

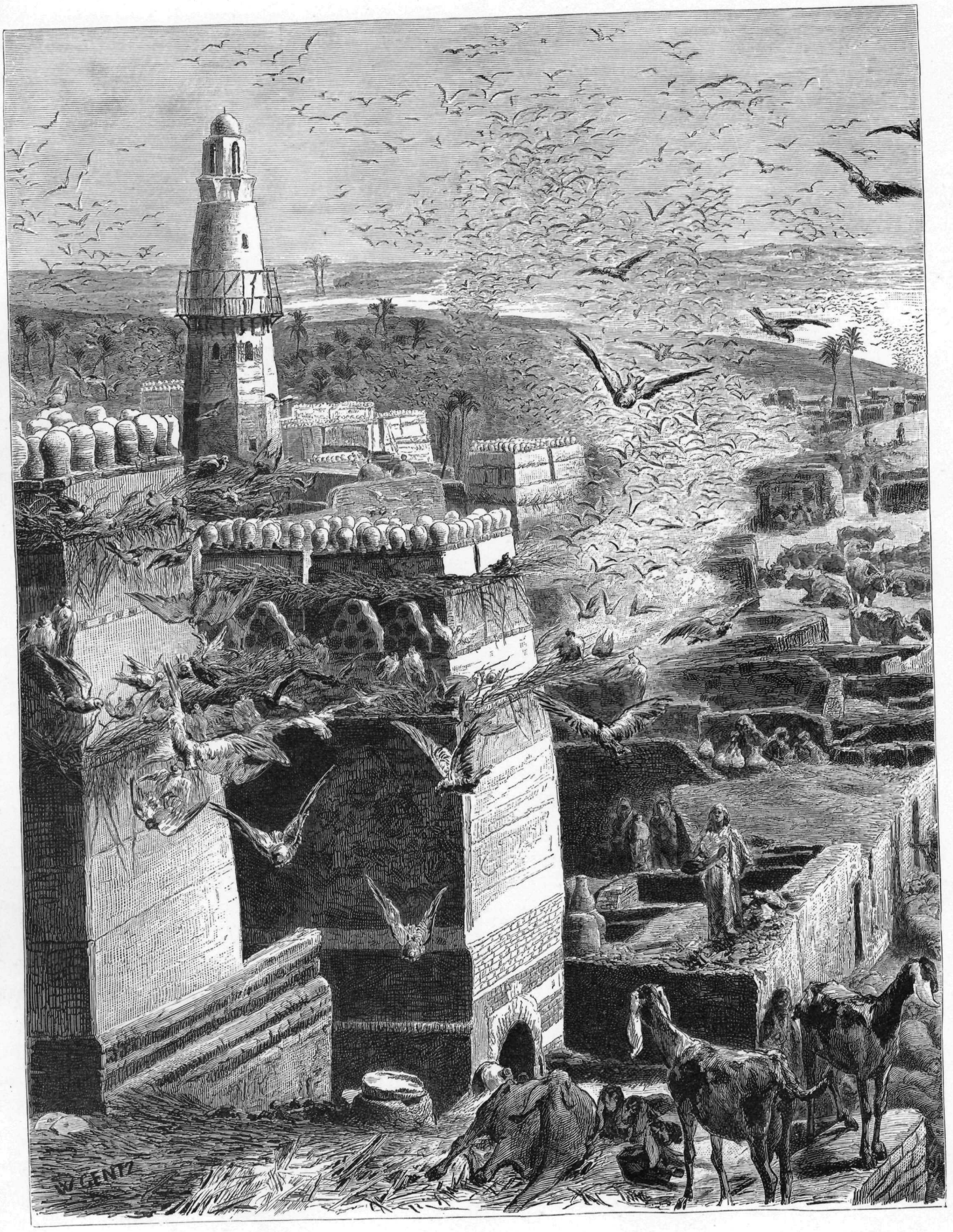
Keneh, and yet, as we walk through its bare and ugly streets, it is difficult to understand the lines of Ibn Saeed :—

"But one short day and one short night
I spent in Siout; yet I say
All life besides cannot outweigh
Those fleeting hours of delight."

Our amiable consul, to whom we have paid a visit, escorts us back to the dahabeeyeh, and tells us for what incredibly high sums the palm-groves and fields in the neighbourhood are farmed out. We are astonished, but we cannot doubt, for the produce of well-cultivated ground in this country is perfectly amazing.

A few hours after quitting Siout, and leaving el-Homra behind us, the wind fails us; the sail must be furled, and the sailors set themselves to the laborious task of towing the dahabeeyeh up the stream. We may disembark, and gladden our eyes with the fresh verdure of all the fields, the rich harvests, the industry of the fellaheen, who carry the jars of water for irrigating them, the judiciously-planned waterworks on the land of the larger holders, or owners, and the picturesque aspect of the villages which, with their tall pigeon-houses, might be mistaken at a distance for the remains of huge temples, with several pylons, such as we shall see at Thebes, and which earned for that city its title of "the hundred-gated."

It is the beginning of December. The durrah harvest—the staple food-stuff of the Egyptians—is being reaped, and vast flocks of pigeons wheel round the dove-cots which stand high above the houses of their owners, float like swift clouds across the sunshine, and settle down on the fields to claim their share of the grain that encumbers the earth. The fellah keeps these swarms of pigeons for the sake of the manure, but it is calculated that they consume more than they can return at the best. Still he does not give them up, for no creature can be more tenacious than he is of ancient customs. Can it be believed, that in spite of all the improvements in agricultural implements, the fellaheen still use the very same plough, pick, and sickle, as their forefathers under the Pharaohs; that the harvest is never carried in waggons, but always on the back of asses, camels, or men; and that the corn is threshed to this day with the selfsame threshing-sled, the primitive *nawreg?* The iron shod semi-circular runners crush out the grain, it is true, but they also cut and spoil the straw. A picture at Thebes shows us that the ancient Egyptians yoked the horse to their plough, while at the present time, throughout Upper Egypt, the horse is never used in harness. Rohlfs' expedition into the oases of the Libyan desert led him to Siout at the same time of year, and we owe much of our knowledge as to the cultivated produce of this region to the information supplied by his guide, and its accuracy is vouched for by the reputation of Professor Ascherson, who accompanied him as botanist to the expedition. The fields of wheat, barley, and clover, have a lovely appearance from the tender green of the young plants—they show like rows of emeralds against the darker colour of the sugar-canes and the black soil. The durrah is reaped, but other crops are grown in the fields—poppy, onions, beans, and lentils, and in the gardens, tomatoes, egg-plant (aubergine), capsicum, gulgas (*Colocasia antiquorum*), coriander, dill, bammiah, basilicum, and the Luffa cucumber (*Luffa Ægyptiaca*). To these we may add flax, hemp, maize, lupines, saffron, indigo,



VILLAGE IN UPPER EGYPT.

and tobacco. The fruit-trees and groves are a special feature of the country round Siout; date and doom palms, orange and citron trees, covered with fragrant flowers and shining fruit, and in the gardens, figs, mulberries, pomegranates, and the nabuk (the jujube, *Zizyphus lotos*). Acacias have been planted in the Nile valley from the earliest times, and their pods, resembling a string of beads, are represented in hieroglyphic inscriptions; and side by side with these, which to this day bear a name derived from the ancient Egyptian,[1] we see the *Acacia Farnesiana*—a native of America, with tresses of gold-coloured flowers that breathe a scent of violets. The libbakh, or lebbek, which we saw before in the Delta, spreads its deep shade, the broad-armed sycamore throws a more doubtful shadow. Rohlfs calls it an ugly tree, on account of the wide spaces between its spreading branches; and it cannot be denied that by the side of the graceful palms it is not conspicuous for elegance.

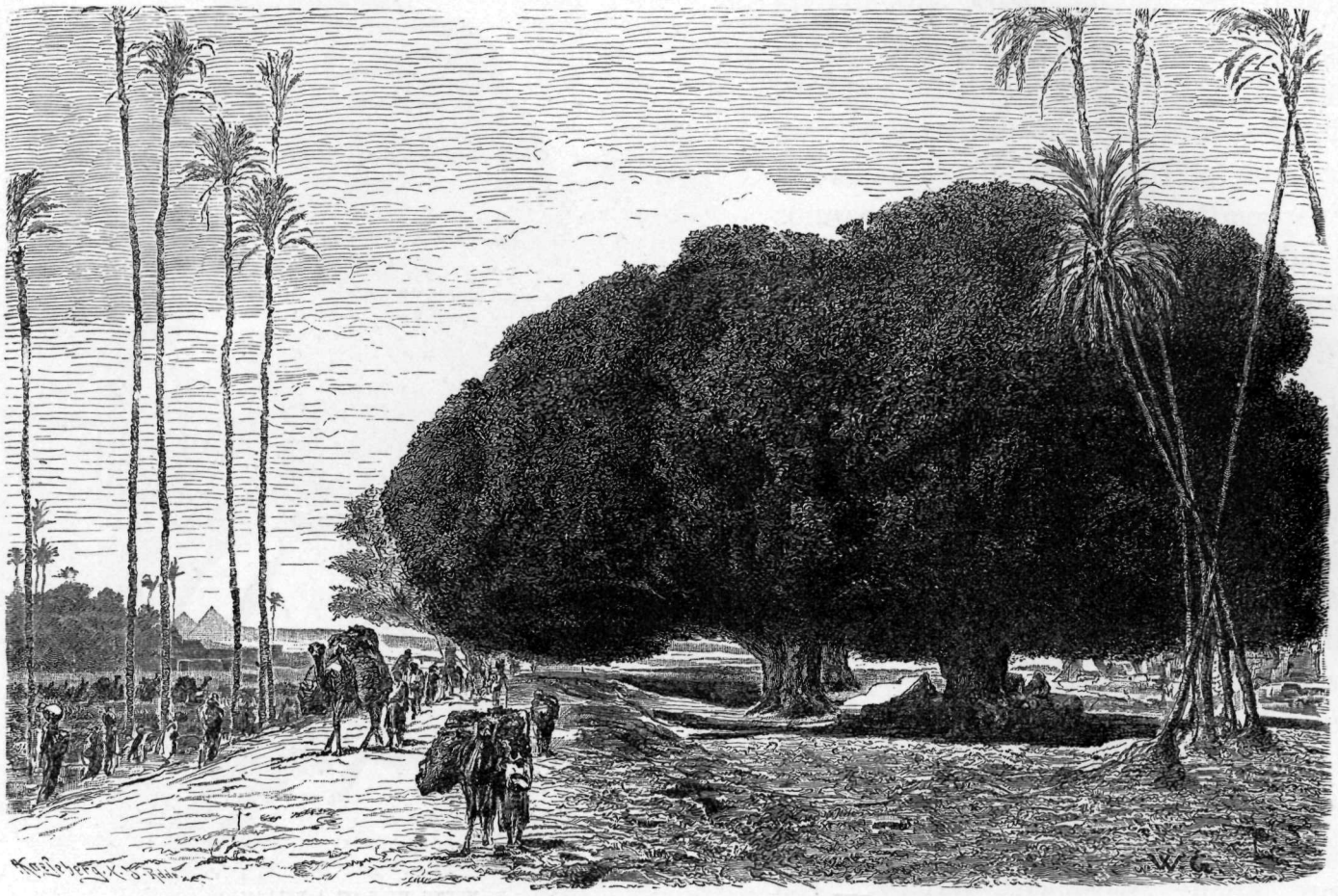


YOUNG WIFE OF A FELLAH.

At this season of the year the fields are alive with labourers, who sing as they work. Eye and ear alike are charmed with the gay and lively scene. Among the men we see many heads full of character, and many pretty faces among the women and girls, who often go unveiled; but the prettiest sight in all the Nile valley is that of the young boys and girls here, who up to the age of about five generally run about perfectly naked — the sweetest little brown pets. The babies in arms are less pleasing; their mothers generally carry them about on their shoulders, and they are rarely kept clean. Many women when they go out to their work leave the babies behind to take care of themselves, and the traveller who wanders through the streets of a fellah village in harvest-time, deserted by the inhabitants and guarded only by the shabby dogs, may come across more than one cradle and nurse as strange as that transferred to his portfolio by Herr Gentz, and here set before the reader. I myself once came on an infant lying on a scrap of carpet by a heap of durrah in the middle of a field, kicking its little legs, and minded only by a dog. Not a fellah mother would have passed by it without offering it the breast, and its own mother would no doubt come and fetch the little screaming thing in due time. At this time of year the country is full of a picturesque

[1] *Acacia nilotica*: Ancient Eg., "Shent"; Modern, "Shonteh," or "Sont."

charm, which stamps it deeply on the memory, from the incessant bustle of men and women, and children, of buffaloes and camels, asses and dogs, which swarm in every field. Man and beast seem closer companions here than with us; the work done by one to-day is carried on by the other to-morrow, and we are reminded of the lost paradise of Eden as we see the snowy flocks of egrets, standing or stalking fearlessly among the labourers—though these indeed eat their bread in the sweat of their brow—or watch the dogs, which have a great likeness to wolves, playing with lambs, whose piebald colouring recalls the craftiness of Jacob. And yet, in this



PALM AND SYCAMORE—THINNEST AND THICKEST OF THE TREES OF THE NILE VALLEY.

very spot, so richly blessed by nature, the malignity of man has made men's lives a very hell.

We sail between two places called Gow[1]—"the largest," Gow-el-Kebeer, is the Antaeopolis of the ancients, but only a few ruins are left of its stately temple, which still excited the admiration of travellers only a few centuries ago. In the year 1821 the river carried away the last remaining portion of this building, and many columns of the hypostyle with fine palm-capitals. The Greeks gave the name of Antaeus to the Egyptian "Horus, the Victorious" (Hor-nub). The other—"western town"—

[1] In ancient Egyptian, *Kú*, "the hill," in Coptic, *t-kôou*, "the hill," called also by some *Nai ent bak nub*, "City of the Gold Hawk," but this is really, or so-called, Har-nub, according to Brugsch ("Dict. Geogr.," p. 1,009). The Greek "Hierakon," not Antaeopolis, struck coins in the reigns of Trajan and Hadrian, their type a crocodile, or deity holding one. —Langlois, "Num. des Nomes," p. 17.



A SELLER OF TURKEYS.

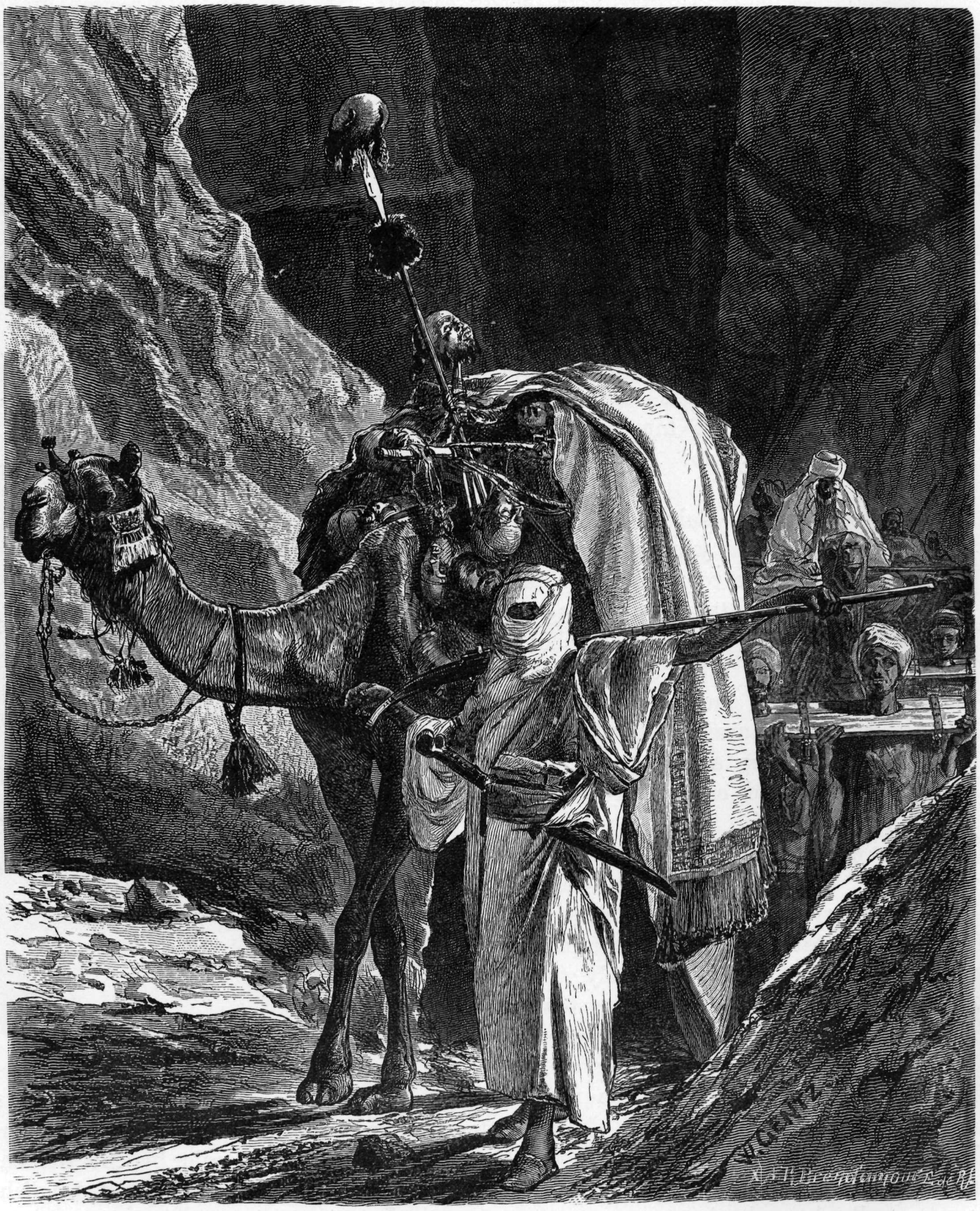
Gow-el-Gharbeeyeh, lies on the Libyan shore of the Nile, opposite the city of Antaeus, and was the scene of a tragedy in bloody earnest. In 1865 an insurrection broke out, accompanied by robbery and violence, and at its head was a certain Ahmed Tayyib. The Government sent out a troop against the rebels, reduced them to a handful, and inflicted the most fearful punishment, not only on the conspirators, but on all their relations and belongings, who were condemned by hundreds to forced labour, or to death. Lady Duff Gordon's picture of the scenes of horror at Gow are quite heartrending. Ahmed Tayyib is said to have been killed, but the fellaheen believe that he still lives, having fled into Abyssinia. A mass of legends promptly grew up and attached themselves to his memory, and the common people speak of him as of a sort of Messiah, and look for his reappearance among them.



FELLAH BABY AND ITS WATCHER.

Below Gow the dahabeeyeh must once more be towed against wind and stream. We walk on, from village to village, gun in hand, and the sailor we take with us is soon heavily loaded with wild ducks, shot on a canal we cross, and with the pretty pigeons hit as they fly from one palm tree to another. These pretty creatures, with their lustrous necks surrounded by a dark band, are kept by us in cotes and cages; on the Nile we prefer to meet with them, accompanied by olives, in a pie such as our black *chef* excels in making. A bit of game, too—snipe, larks, or ducks—tastes uncommonly nice when for weeks no meat has been obtainable but mutton and fowls. Beef is rarely to be got on the Nile, even in the large towns, and many Arabs regard it as unwholesome. Sohag is the next place we stop at, after a long run in a perfect calm, and here it is market-day, and we can have the pleasure of superintending in person the purchases for our boat. The turkeys are particularly fine which are offered for sale by the women and girls, and the best cost not more than from four to six shillings of English money. Fowls and pigeons are extremely cheap; butter is to be had in little

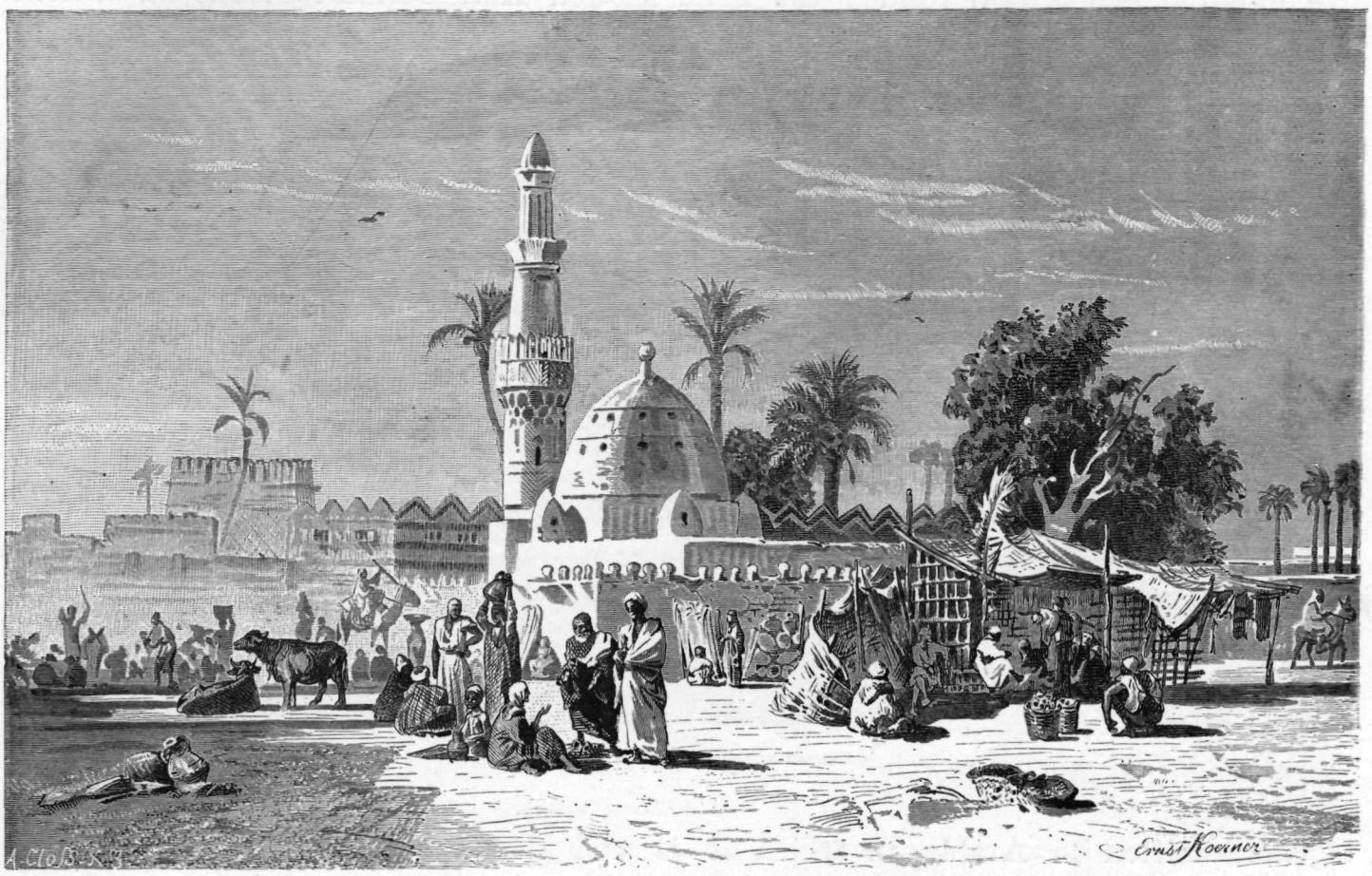
[1] The old Egyptian pigeon of tombs, called *mena t*, "the collared," is so represented. The pigeons were also called *kar-en-pe*, "birds of heaven"—Coptic, *sjroompe* and "*ari-en-pe*," "guardians of heaven." Four were let fly at the royal coronation, a ceremony like the flight of the white dove at the coronation of the French kings at Rheims.



HEADS OF REBELS.

pats, each on a green leaf, but it must have a thorough washing to make it fit to eat.

If we were not too sorely tempted to hurry on southwards and get to the venerable monuments of Thebes, we would certainly linger at Sohag long enough to visit the two monasteries in the neighbourhood—the White Monastery near the town, and the Red Monastery somewhat farther to the north—for their ancient chapels, which I visited on a former occasion, are generally, and very justly, regarded as the oldest Christian basilicas in Egypt. The Kopts assert that the chapel of

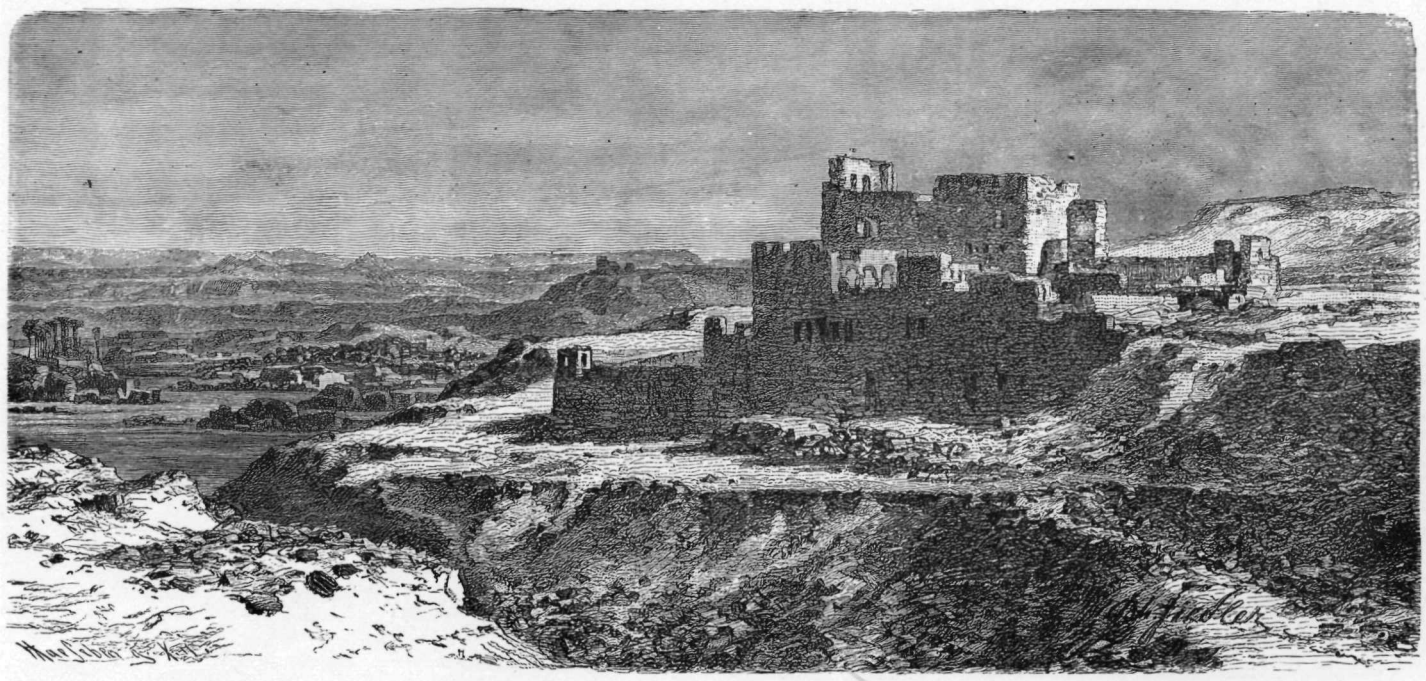


SOHAG.

the White Monastery was built in the fifth century, and very likely they are right. Very good evidence of its antiquity is to be found in the gradual slope of the outer wall—built of hewn stone—and in its cornice, which reminds us of the ancient Egyptian architecture, though the torus between the wall and the hollow ogee is absent. The flat roof of the interior—which is divided into three aisles—is supported on columns, most of which are of granite; the tribune projects, and the chancel is elaborate in detail. The Red Monastery, built of burnt bricks, resembles the former, inasmuch as it has some beautifully-wrought capitals, and it is said to have been founded by Aboo Bishay, the tutor of Aboo Shanooda, who, as the legend tells, was the founder of the White Monastery. It is certain that the middle apse is decorated with pictures of St. George, the dragon-slayer, and it may be supposed that at the period of the persecution of the Christians under the Mameluke rulers,

the Kopts, here as elsewhere, may have given their patron saint the name of a venerated Arab sheykh, to render their church sacred in the eyes of the Moslems.

There are to this day a considerable number of Koptic monasteries in Egypt, although several of the eighty-six enumerated by Makreezee have been ruined, and deserted by the monks. Each one is possessed with a desire to refer its origin to as early a date as possible, and the Holy Mother is said to have rested on her flight into Egypt, not only by the tree at Matareeyeh, but also in the crypt of the Church of the Holy Virgin at Cairo, and on the spot where the monastery of el-Maragh, west of Manfaloot, now stands. In this last establishment, which seems to be rich, five hundred monks still reside; the Prior showed Herr Gerhard Rohlfs an ancient



DESERTED KOPTIC MONASTERY AT ASSOUAN.

register, written in Arabic, in which it is said that the Holy Family lived here until the death of Herod, and that the monastery was founded in the fourth century.

Several of these monasteries boast of having been founded by the fathers of monasticism, Paulus of Thebes and St. Anthony,[1] the history of whose life is ascribed to Athanasius; and this is very positively maintained by the two pious houses in the Arabian Desert not far from the Red Sea, and lying east of Beni Sueyf. These —and particularly the cloister of St. Anthony, though it only harbours forty monks —enjoy a great reputation, and they certainly may boast of extreme antiquity. But though the cave of the great anchorite is pointed out in their vicinity (as on Sinai the mould of the golden calf is shown), it is certain that the first monasteries were not established until many decades after the death of Anthony, and the very existence of Paulus of Thebes has, under the test of criticism, been removed from the province of history to that of legend.

[1] About A.D. 365.

At any rate, not only these two monasteries—which have recently been visited and described by Schweinfurth—but all the cloisters founded in the desert bordering on the Nile valley, may well be proud of the victorious resistance they have made from time to time to the most furious attacks. Each of them has its stronghold (kasr) and fortified walls, and often enough must the ruhbân,[1] or Koptic monks, have been forced to take shelter in the tower when the rapacious Blemmyes, or the troops of the intolerant and avaricious sovereigns, swooped down to plunder their peaceful retreat. The monasteries in the Nile valley itself had a somewhat less stormy and precarious existence, and there was a time, at the beginning of the fifth century, when the country lying between Girgeh and Keneh—and which we shall pass through on our way—was so full of monks and anchorites that at Tabenna alone 50,000 are said to have gathered together to keep the Easter festival. There were not less than 100,000 monks in the whole of Egypt, who lived in ascetic mortification and retirement from the world—some in remote and solitary hermitages, some in *lauras*, consisting of rows of contiguous cells, each occupied by an anchorite, some in monasteries or large establishments where a number of recluses dwelt together; some again, as *Rembooth*, wandering about in twos and threes. Monasticism has been called "Egypt's last contribution to the history of human development"; its root, as I showed in the first volume, has been traced to the penitential cells of the Temple of Serapis, but without the sunlight of Christianity it could but have remained a tree with crude fruit. All that we learn of Paulus, Anthony, and Hilarion,[2] the two Macarius,[3] Arsenius, Ammonius,[4] and their companions, reveals much transcendental exaggeration, much overweening spiritual pride, ostentatious vanity, and melancholy surrender to the spiritual foe in their own souls; still, that which drove these men out of the cities and into the desert was a noble impulse, and in their time and in the state of society then existing was by no means without excuse. The man who regards these wrestlers for their salvation as idle dreamers and as madmen, and the anchorite "movement" —as we say nowadays—as a diseased outcome of the mind of the people, does not understand those brave and struggling spirits. They fought for their salvation as they thought, through abstinence and suffering, far from the world; and who can smile at Moses the Moor,[5] who overcame the robbers who attacked him, and then carried them one by one into his monastery, because he might do no one any hurt; or at the recluses, haunted by visions, flaying their shoulders with scourgings, vowing chastity and poverty, and enduring every privation and disgrace—not patiently, merely, but joyfully—because He who had borne the cross had suffered still more sorely! They knew nothing of vicarious repentance, and they fought the hardest of all battles, planted firmly on their own feet. The man who cannot appreciate these brave souls is either ignorant of history, or forgets—at a time which is too much inclined to regard the tangible and material as the only essential element

[1] Singular, rahib.

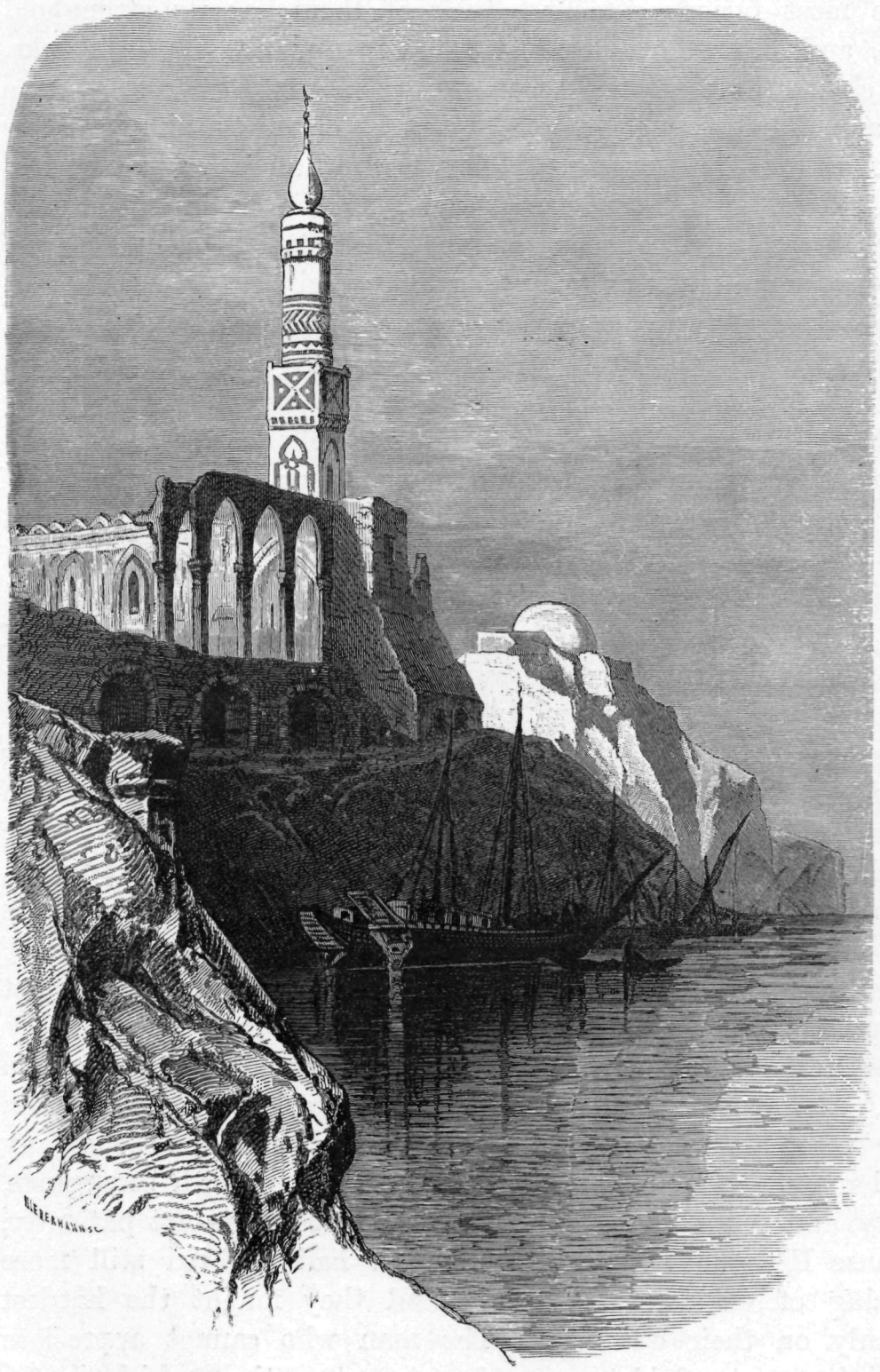
[2] A pupil of Anthony. He sprinkled "holy water on the horses of his party, and enabled Christianity to outrun Paganism in the hippodrome at Gaza."—Sharpe's "History of Egypt," p. 519.

[3] One of Egypt, the other of Alexandria. All lived about A.D. 370.

[4] Martyred A.D. 414.

[5] About A.D. 469.

of life—that we, at the present day, are still enjoying that "glimpse of the supernatural" which the Church of the Middle Ages shed over science, and which we can hardly regard as the most ignoble of those stars that rose in the East, of which the proverb speaks.[1]



GIRGEH.

Palestine was the cradle of Christianity, Alexandria her school. She expiated in the cells and monasteries of the Nile her days of youthful extravagance and excess. "In Egypt," writes one who knows this period well, "all religious life touched one of two extremes; escaping, after a severe struggle, from the bigotry of Paganism, the Egyptian knew no bounds in his recoil against it, and believed that he must devote himself to the new faith in a sense analogous to the symbolic and abject cultus of his forefathers." In Egypt Pachomius,[2] the first founder of a religious order, ventured to require the monks who attached themselves to him—in number much above a thousand—wholly to sever themselves from their towns and families, and to submit to his strict rule. The first nuns assembled round his sister. Similar orders were instituted on the Nile by Orus, Anuph, Serapion, and others, and the lives of the monks were spent in coarse handiwork and prayer, far from

[1] Ex Oriente Lux.

[2] About A.D. 469.



WRITING-ROOM AT GIRGEH.

all spiritual activity, devoted only to personal salvation. Religion became a passion, and history witnesses how stiff-necked and warlike this people could be—though long-suffering above all others under the tyranny of its rulers—as soon as

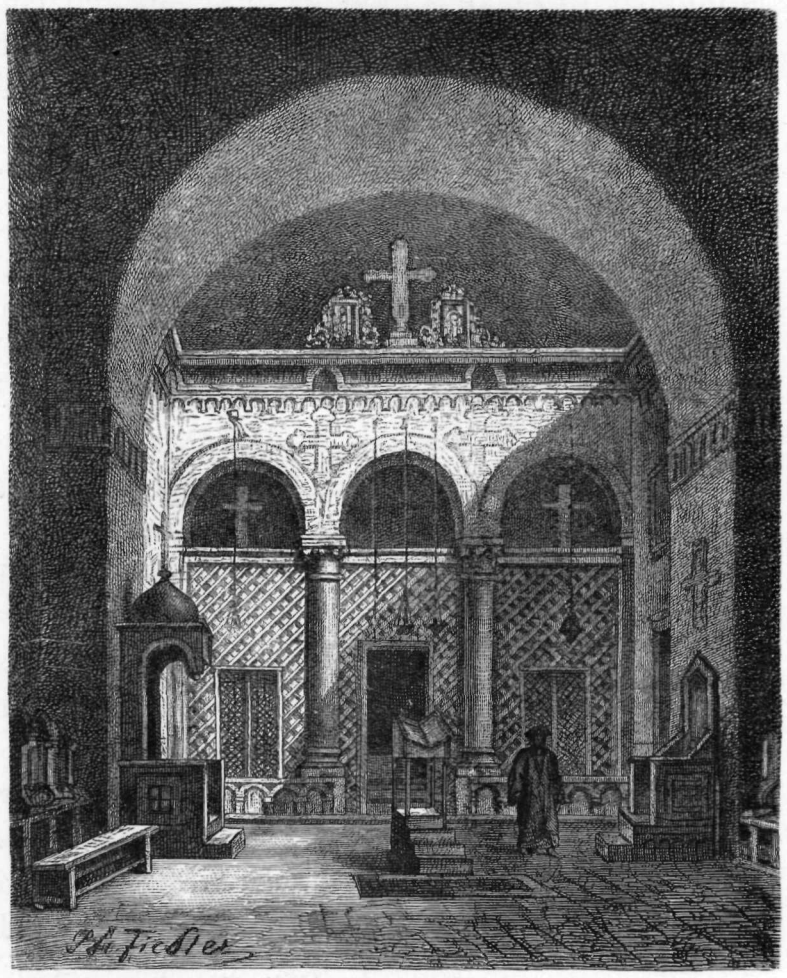


A KOPTIC WOMAN.

any attempt was made to touch even a tenet of its faith. Through thousands of conflicts all those Egyptians who have not adopted Islam have remained Monophysites, and the same Koptic Litany which was used in lonely hiding-places during the persecutions is sung to this day at divine service by the priests. Between Siout —where the largest Koptic church exists—and Thebes there is now the most extensive Koptic population in the whole of the Khedive's dominions, and at Girgeh,

which we are now nearing, we shall have an opportunity of assisting at the sacrament of the Eucharist as solemnised by our Koptic fellow-Christians in the church of St. George—to whom the town owes its name.

Near the fine mosque on the Nile bank—which, however, will probably ere long fall a victim to the force and rapidity of the current—we quit the dahabeeyeh, for the sailors wish to take the opportunity of baking a fresh batch of bread, Girgeh being exactly half-way between Cairo and Assouan. A friend at Cairo has entrusted us with a present for a Kopt who is concerned in the administration of the Mudeereeyeh, and with it we have a letter of introduction. We find him in his writing-room or office at the Government House; the window opens on to a view of the Nile and the Arabian range, which here assumes a very striking outline. The Mudere of the province has transferred his residence from Girgeh to Sohag, and his divan, or council, resides there with him, presided over in his absence by his representative, a Wekeel. Our Koptic acquaintance is one of the accountants, and we learn from him that his colleagues, the actuaries and collectors, are also of the Christian faith. He kindly offers himself as our guide, shows the modest bazaars, and then, at our request, accompanies us to the keneeseh, or Koptic church. Service has already begun when we cross the forecourt and enter that portion of the venerable building which is reserved to the men. The women are separated from them by a trellis, resembling that of a mashrebeeyeh window; the *heykel*, or holy of holies, is shut in by a wall decorated with hangings and pictures; there are two very bad but very old pictures of the Virgin and of St. George, and the altar is within this sanctum.



INTERIOR OF A KOPTIC CHURCH.

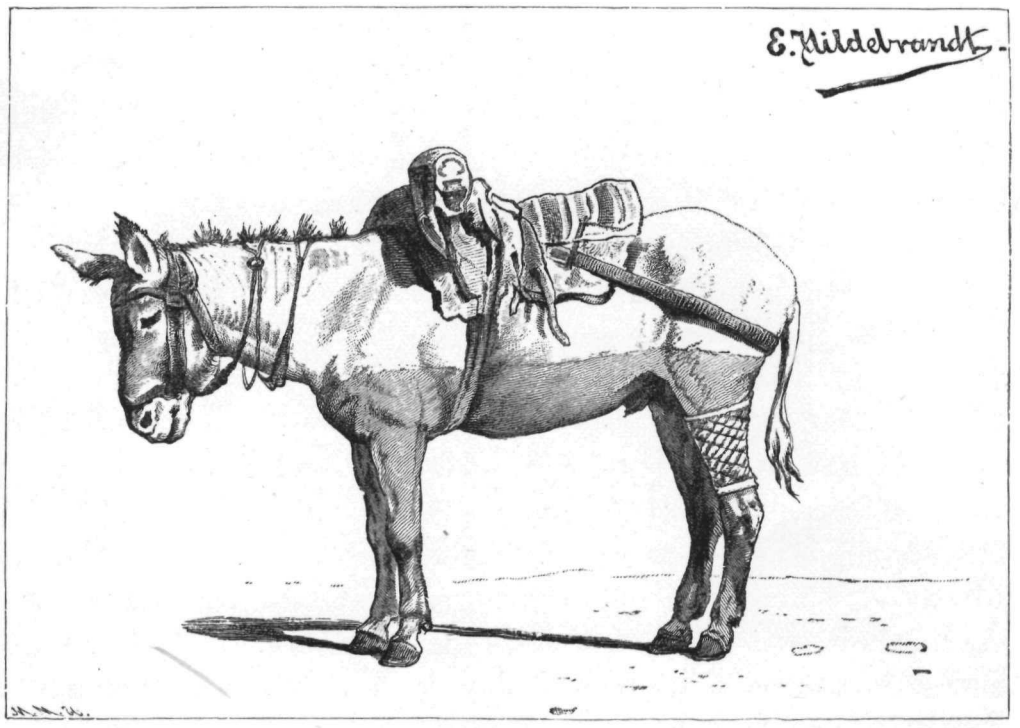
Most of the worshippers have grave, kind faces, less sharply cut and of a lighter shade of brown than those of the Arabs, and they are dressed in dark colours; it is rare to see a turban of any shade but blue or black. The first time we enter a keneeseh we are shocked to see so large a number of men supporting themselves on crutches, but we are relieved to learn that the Kopt, who is obliged to stand all through a service that is often interminably long, uses these supports to save himself from being worn out with fatigue. Our companion kisses the priest's hand,

as does each one that comes in, bends the knee before the pictures of the saints, and then remains standing near us among his co-religionists, who pay so little heed to the service that they eagerly discuss all sorts of worldly business; but in fact the Koptic chant is understood by none of the congregation, and only in a very few instances by the priests, and it is performed solely and entirely by a few clerks and schoolboys. In the women's division of the church, where many faces of great beauty may be seen, the chattering and squabbling are so loud that even individual voices and words can be distinguished, and when at last a child begins to cry, the priest is obliged to make a raid upon them, and command silence.

We are beginning to envy our neighbour the use of his crutch; for although the odious medley of gossip, singing, and bell-tinkling, which the Kopts call divine service, had begun fully two hours before we arrived, we have stood through more than an hour of it before the chief ceremonies begin. The high-priest, a fine-looking old man, now comes out of the heykel, and walks about among the congregation, swinging a censer, and laying his hand on the head of those nearest to him—on ours among others. Nothing approaching to sincere devotion is to be seen in any faces but those which bow under this favour; and, indeed, what is more worthy of veneration than an old man's blessing? Still, not a Kopt quits the church; for the Lord's Supper is administered—in a way, indeed, which it is painful to remember. Instead of wafer, small cakes stamped with a Koptic cross ✠ are distributed, and the priest, after washing his hands, partakes of the bread and wine both together, breaking the bread into the wine and eating the sop with a spoon. He also offers a spoonful to such of the laymen as are near the heykel. Finally, that no particle may be lost of the sacred elements that represent the body and blood of Christ, the priest fills the cup with water, rinses it round, and after pouring it over his hands, drinks it up. Verily, as this unclean fluid is to pure wine, so is Koptic Christianity to the other creeds of Christendom. Before we quit the keneeseh alms are collected for the poor, and we also are expected to give. I took no part in the love-feast, which closed the ceremony, and which, in the early days of Christianity, was so full of sacred fellowship and significance. I assisted at it once at Luksor, and saw my fellow-Christians buy fresh bread, hot from the oven, and share it amid much bargaining and quarrelling. On that occasion a brawl took place in front of the church, and was particularly horrible as occurring in such a spot. But, alas! these communities have retained little of Christianity but the name, and though their members fast most conscientiously, and devote more time to the services of the Church than any other sect, the true spirit of their faith is wholly wanting, and it is not surprising that, in Upper Egypt particularly, all the noblest and best elements of the Koptic community have been diverted and absorbed into other confessions. The American Missionary Society —a Presbyterian body from the United States—has been particularly active and successful among them, and there is hardly a town in Upper Egypt where they have not succeeded in winning over many Monophysite Christians to evangelical orthodoxy,



in forming a congregation, and establishing schools. At Koos, south of Keneh, which we shall shortly reach, the whole Koptic community, with their priest—a venerable old man, whose personal acquaintance I had the honour of making—went over to the Protestant confession. The Roman Catholic Propaganda has been no less zealous among them, but less successful. At Girgeh there is an ancient monastery, with a few monks who adhere to the Latin Church. The largest Romanist community is at Negadeh, between Keneh and Thebes, living side by side with Kopts and evangelical Protestants; and one of the most delightful surprises I ever experienced I owe to the church bells sent out to them from Europe. Delightful and never-to-be-forgotten are their beautiful tones, as I heard them here one evening, after having for months been a stranger to the sound that calls the Christian to worship. It was Christmas Eve, during a magnificent sunset, and their solemn harmony sounded far and wide, and like a greeting from home in my startled and eager ear.[1]



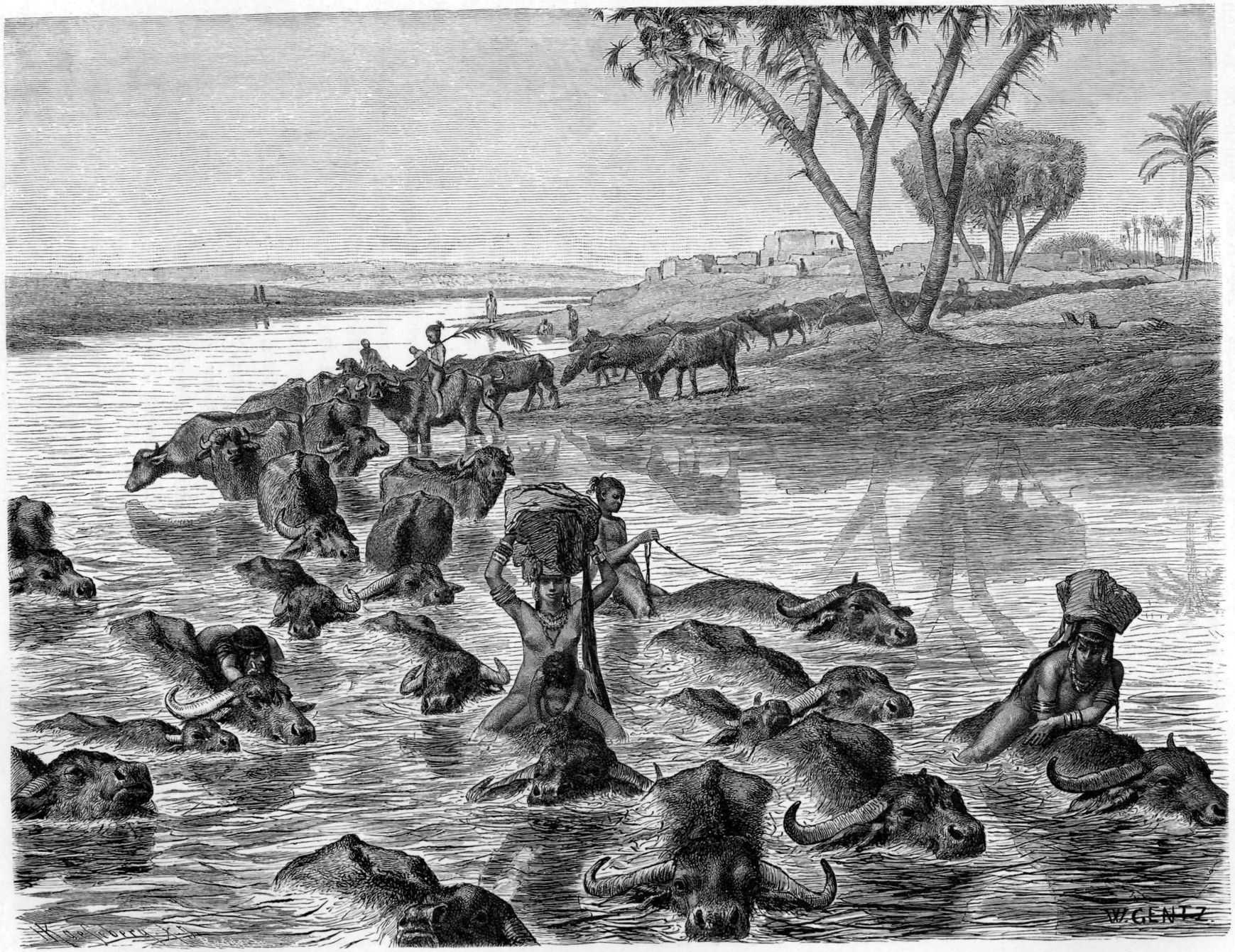
RIDING ASS.

After service our friend guides us through the narrow streets — where many delightful pictures of humble life strike our fancy—and home to his own house; he invites us to a dinner which the women of the house are not permitted to share, and instead of wine he gives us very good date-brandy, which our fellow-Christians on the Nile are apt to enjoy somewhat too freely. The finest European vintages are to be met



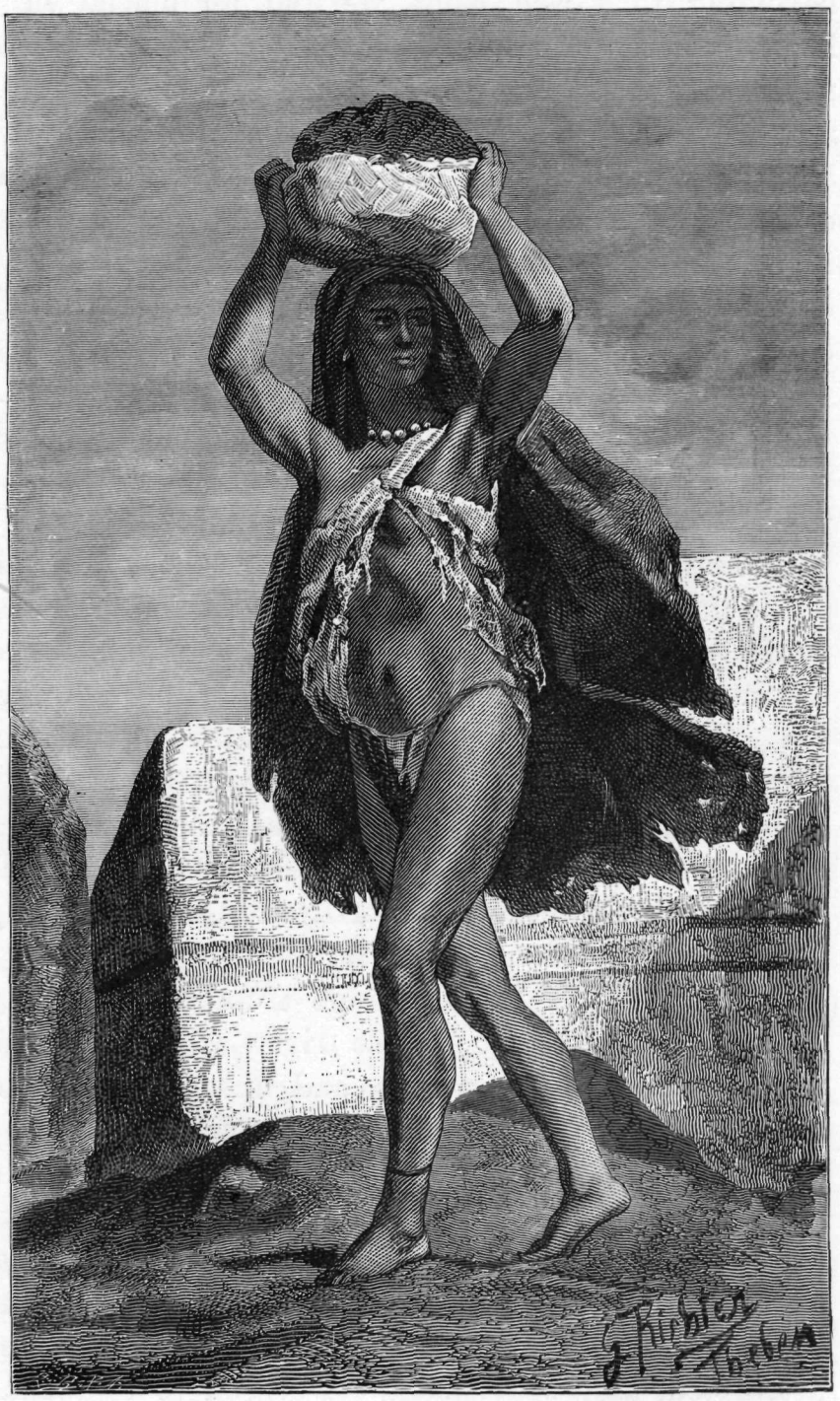
PIGEONS DRINKING.

[1] The service, which is performed in the Koptic—now a dead language—and Arabic, often lasts for three hours, the congregation beginning by paying their homage to pictures of saints and the Virgin. There is a frequent celebration of the Eucharist, which is administered in both kinds; and on Palm Sunday basins of water are consecrated, in which the congregation dip palms, and the wreaths made of them are used as amulets for a year. Fasts are common; the ordination of priests, and exposition of the body of the defunct patriarch attended with exciting demonstrations.



BUFFALOES WATERED IN THE NILE.

with at the tables of the rich Kopts, and of these there are many, not only in Cairo and Alexandria, but in Upper Egypt, and particularly at Girgeh. A Koptic household is conducted precisely like an Arab one; the women and children live apart from the men, in their own rooms, and the reverence which the fathers exact from their children is so great that the sons never venture to dine at the same table with their parent till they are married men.



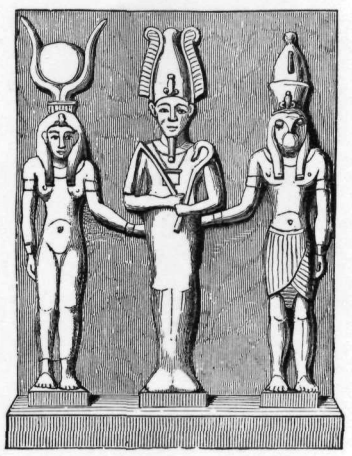
RUBBISH BEARER.

Next day I rode, through the perfumed freshness of an Egyptian winter's morning, to the famous ruins of the ancient Abydos, mounted on a fine and artistically-shorn ass, the property of my new acquaintance. The steamboat passengers generally make this excursion from Beliâneh, which is somewhat nearer, and not from Girgeh; but this is a mistake, for a European will derive great enjoyment on a fine day—and in these latitudes it hardly ever rains—from a ride through the highly-cultivated country, and the large villages with their huge pigeon-houses. In the villages reside the magistrates (Sheikh el beled) in really fine houses; and such a ride will allow of his becoming better acquainted with "the granary of Egypt," and with the characteristic methods of tillage and irrigation here, than in any other part of the Nile valley. Even in this favoured district there is no lack of miserable hovels, of rubbish heaps and filth; but though we turn with disgust from the neglect of the peasant, who leaves the carcases of dead beasts in the village high street, to be devoured by the dogs and vultures, in another place we shall be filled with sincere admiration for the industry, the cleverness, and the perseverance of these men and women, who grow up untaught and undisciplined, but who so well under-

stand the value and management of their water supply, and to resist its inroads, as to have constructed the dyke along which we ride, and at the same time the thousand rivulets which intersect the fields, and the water-wheels, with their buckets, which stand by the margin of the larger canals. In a spacious and well-built farm belonging to a rich Kopt, we find an official in the act of counting the stock of horses, camels, buffaloes, asses, and sheep, and it almost looks as if they might vie in number with those of the "man in the land of Uz," whose "substance was seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she asses, and a very great household." Unfortunately, the enormous herds of buffaloes have been of late years greatly reduced. They were formerly watched in troops by the fellah boys, and ridden into the Nile by women, but the pressing demand for cotton during the American war, and the introduction of new breeds of cattle, have led to their diminution. A ride of scarcely two hours brings us to the borders of the Desert, and to the village of Arabat-el-Madfooneh, which nestles under a palm-grove on the very margin of the Libyan waste. Near the very first houses we detect the traces of the labours of the great "excavator," Mariette, for we meet men, women, and children loaded with the precious dust, thickly mixed with natron, which they procure from the ancient site of Abydos, and carry in baskets on their heads, or load on to the backs of asses, as an invaluable manure for the fields. We dismount before the indefatigable Frenchman's house—which serves as a temporary museum for the smaller objects that have lately been dug out from the sand—and then visit the sites of the ancient This, the oldest city of Egypt, and of Abydos, one of its most sacred. If the Asiatic race, to which the Nile valley owed its primitive and most wonderful culture, came to Africa—as I believe—across Arabia and the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, travelling at first westwards, and then moving northwards, no more eligible spot could have offered itself for the foundation of a fortified capital than the broad, open valley which was sheltered by the Libyan range from the sand of the Desert, and at a safe distance from the inundation of the river, while in front of it, spreading eastward, lay a wide plain, easy to irrigate, and unsurpassed in extent by any strip of arable land on the shores of the Nile south of the Delta. Probably the immigrant hordes found here an indigenous population, subjugated them, and appropriated their women as soon as they had established themselves on the soil. In no other way can we explain the physical resemblance of the Egyptians to the original inhabitants of North Africa, which have been called the "handsome families" of the Ethiopian races; but on the other hand, no one—not even Robert Hartmann, who has attempted, and with much cleverness, to establish the idea that the Egyptians were an indigenous African race—has been able to explain in any other way how it is that the form of the skulls of the subjects of the Pharaohs, which are well known from mummies, at the remotest periods, approach most nearly to the Caucasian type, while those of later time are more decidedly Ethiopian; why, on the earliest monuments, the women, who are less exposed to the burning rays of the sun, are represented with a fair and yellowish skin; whence it comes that not individual roots and inflexions only, but the whole spirit of the Egyptian language, is closer to the Semitic than to any other family; and finally, how it happens that of all

the other national races of Africa, not one besides the Egyptian possessed those qualities of enduring laboriousness, intelligent subordination, scientific inventiveness, and strong artistic instinct, which are the outcome of a bent and capacity of the soul and intellect that characterise none but the races of Asiatic origin, and which we should seek for in vain among any other of the native races of Northern Africa.

The whole Nile valley and the indigenous population south of the Delta were first subjugated by the invading race, and their princes established their residence at This—Abydos. The first of these kings, according to every chronicler known to us, was Menes, or Mena, a native of This.[1] Mariette's excavations have brought to light monuments of this ancient city from the superincumbent soil of fragments, and these must be of an antiquity equal to that of the oldest discoveries in the Necropolis of Memphis.[2] The city of This, of which the ruins lie somewhat to the north of Abydos, was the centre of all political life in the valley of the Nile, and the seed-bed of the strange and characteristic religion of the Pharaonic era. The immigrants were probably adherents of Sabæan creeds — worshippers of the sun, the moon, and the brighter stars—when they settled by the Nile, which also they soon learned to worship as divine; but, be this as it may, when once they were settled the religious instincts of the people took a different form in every district in the country. The god Ptah, of Memphis, stands at the head of the oldest series of divinities; at This Osiris was worshipped, and with him Shu and Tefnut, the children of the Sun; still, Lepsius is right when he says that every advance in the religious and philosophical doctrines of the Egyptians was intimately connected with the worship of Osiris at Abydos, and that this city was the birthplace of every national and mythological (religious) movement which was gradually diffused, and overspread the whole country.



ISIS, OSIRIS, AND HORUS.

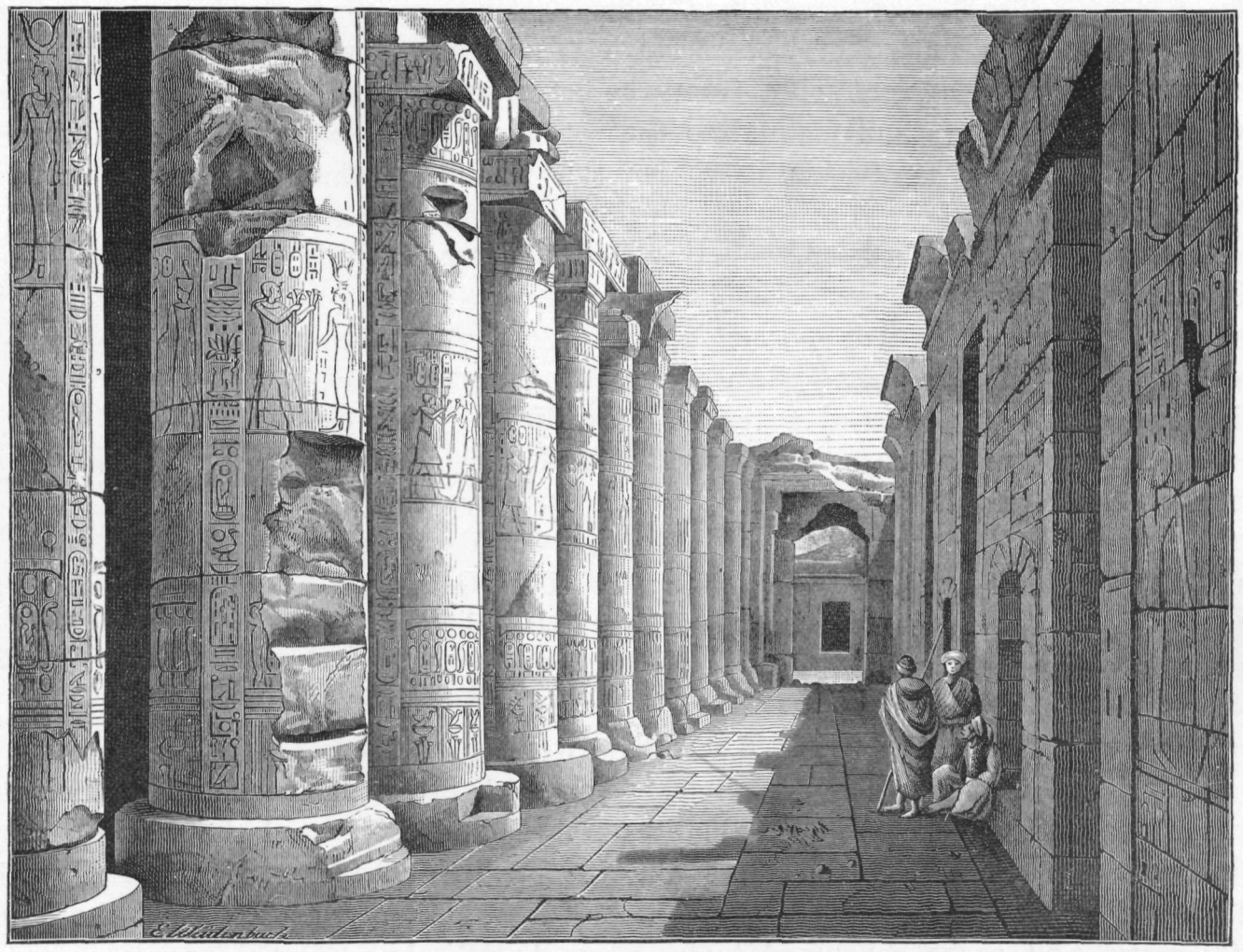
Osiris, the lord of Abydos, was also the centre and crown of those Egyptian doctrines of immortality which were so elaborately developed at Thebes at the height of its glory,[3] and so he continued to be down to the time of the Roman emperors, and even when the Egyptian temples were beginning to be emptied of worshippers, and the first Christian communities were beginning to be formed. The beautiful myth of Osiris and Isis, as related by Plutarch and confirmed by the monuments, grew up by degrees on the soil of Abydos where its hero was worshipped, and was not complete certainly till a somewhat late date. There can be no more appropriate spot for repeating it than here, while standing by the most sacred of all the tombs of Osiris.

[1] His date: 5004 B.C., Mariette; 3982 B.C., Lepsius; 2700 B.C., Wilkinson.

[2] Consisting of nearly 2,000 objects, a catalogue of which was published in 1881.

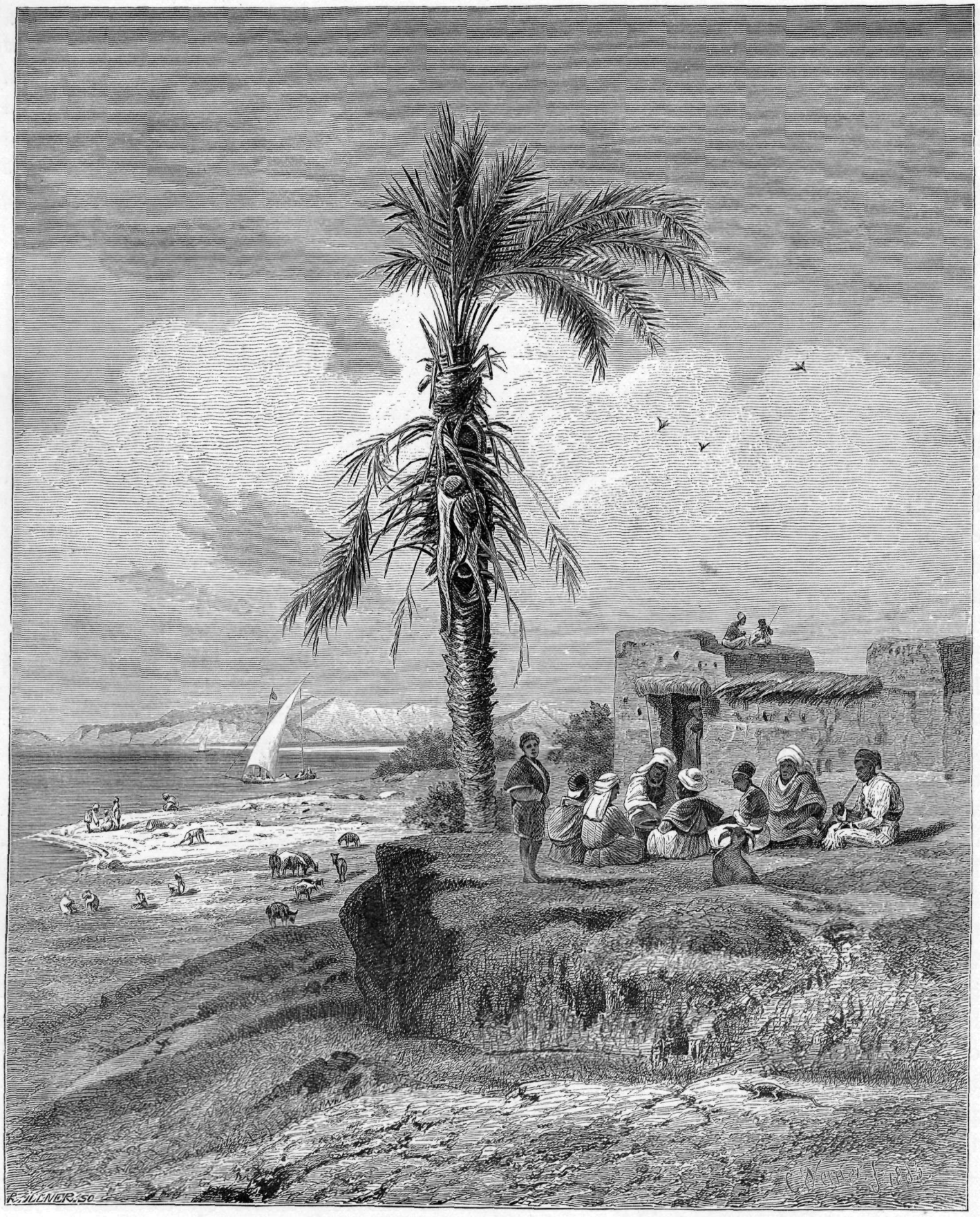
[3] Osiris was also worshipped at Memphis at the earliest period, and the numerous inscriptions recently found in the pyramids of Sakkarah by M. Maspéro are all connected with the myth of Osiris and the gods of the circle of Osiris, Seb, or Saturn; his father, Nut or Rhea; his mother, Anubis; Thoth; the constellation Orion; and the Dog-star. Three of the pyramids of Merenra, named Haremsaf, published by Brugsch-Pacha in the *Zeitschrift für Ægyptische Sprache*, 1881, March, mention a tree of life and the immortality of the soul.

Osiris, conjointly with Isis, who was his sister and wife, was king over the Nile Valley, gave it laws, and taught the world, which he journeyed all over, the arts of peace. At a feast after his return he allowed himself to be persuaded by his hostile brother Typhon to lie down in a chest which was ready for the purpose. Hardly had he got into it, when seventy-two conspirators, the accomplices of Typhon, flung down the lid, locked it, nailed it down and tied it up, and threw it with its living contents into the Tanitic mouth of the Nile, which carried it into the sea. It was



GREAT HALL OF ABYDOS. [*e* III. KEY OF THE PLAN.]

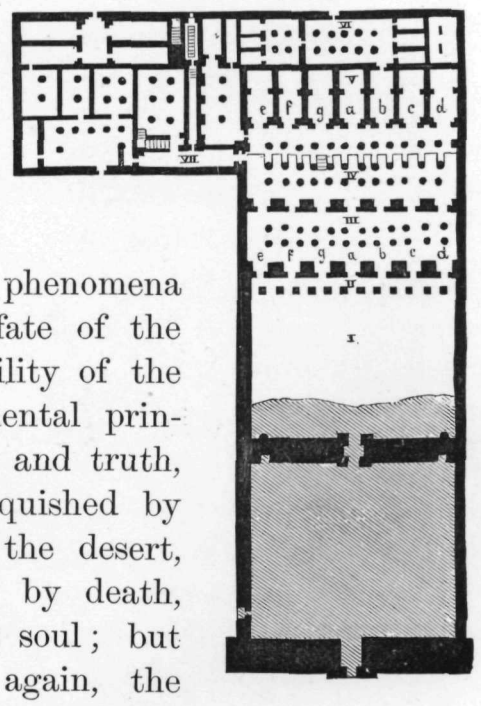
borne to Byblos, on the Phœnician coast, and stranded close to an Erica shrub (a heath). The noble plant quickly grew round the chest, and became such a magnificent tree that the king of Byblos afterwards caused it to be cut down, and used as a beam to prop up his house. Meanwhile Isis travelled all over the country in search of her husband, found his coffin, revealed herself to the royal owner, removed the chest from the Erica, lifted it, weeping, on to her shoulders, and bore it away in a ship. As soon as she reached Egypt, and was in solitude, she opened the chest, and laid her face, bathed in tears, on that of her dead husband, and kissed him. At last she quitted the body to seek her son Horus, who was brought up in Buto, and to rouse him to vengeance. During her absence Typhon discovered the corpse, tore it into fourteen pieces, and strewed them all over the Nile valley. As soon as Isis learned this she



BANK OF THE NILE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ABYDOS.

gathered together the beloved fragments, and wherever she found one she erected a monument to her husband. Hence, as some say, there are many tombs of Osiris in Egypt, but others assert that all the limbs of Osiris were laid together in one place, and that Isis erected monuments where she found them only to mislead Typhon when he should endeavour to discover the real tomb. The most important of these tombs, even under the Pharaohs, was that of Abydos, where the head of Osiris was said to be buried.

While Isis was lamenting for her husband, and attending to his obsequies, Osiris had remained in the under world, and his son Horus had strengthened and armed himself for revenge. A furious struggle took place between him and Typhon, which lasted four days, and resulted in the overthrow of Typhon. Horus gave over the foe in bonds to his mother, Isis; she, however, granted him his life, and was re-united to her husband, Osiris.[1]



PLAN OF THE TEMPLE OF OSIRIS.

Under the image of a husband and wife, this pretty legend very subtly represents the course of the phenomena of Nature in Egypt—the circuit of the sun, and the fate of the human soul. The inundation of the Nile, and the fertility of the earth, the illuminating power of the sun, the fundamental principles of human life, the ultimate triumph of goodness and truth, as figured by Osiris, are apparently assailed and vanquished by Typhon—that is, by drought and the encroachments of the desert, by the darkness of night, mists, clouds, and storms, by death, by lies, and all the evil and restless stirrings of the soul; but as soon as the diminished flow of the river swells again, the young crops grow green, a new sun lights and cheers the world, and disperses the mists, the human soul rises again in the other world to a new and everlasting life, truth triumphs over falsehood, and good conquers evil. Horus has overthrown Typhon, avenged his father, and restored him to his throne. Isis, the mother, is the feminine, and sympathetic element, formative, not begetting, the conceiving element of Plato, overflowing with love for the first and highest essence, which is goodness itself, though it must use that which is base and evil as its material and vehicle, even while it hates and shuns it. In this myth of the Divine family, which is amply illustrated by the monuments, every Egyptian saw a figurative representation of the fate of his own soul, and every dying man believed in a resurrection like that of the risen god. No wonder, then, that the grave of Osiris attracted all the pious souls in the country, and that devout princes and citizens commanded that their bodies should be brought to Abydos to be consecrated or interred under the shadow of the sanctuary. The vast cemeteries in which Mariette Pacha found graves of every period of Egyptian history from the very latest up to that of the

[1] Plutarch de Iside. The principal facts are scattered through the hieroglyphical texts, and have been given by M. Lefèbure, *Le Mythe Osirien.* In hieroglyphs Typhon is called Set. Many other interpretations have been given of this myth.

builders of the Pyramids, are the asylums where the dead, who were always conveyed by water, hoped to find eternal rest.

The celebrated Temple of Abydos which was consecrated to this purpose, was built by Seti I. It is near the village of Arabat el Madfooneh, and in 1859 Mariette undertook the difficult task of disinterring the western portion, which was entirely covered by the detritus from a hill of the Libyan chain.[1] El Madfooneh means "the buried." Did the village of Arabat acquire this name from its ruined buildings, or from its association with the grave of Osiris.[2]



SETI I. OFFERING INCENSE AND A LIBATION.

Most of the Egyptian temples are built on the same ground-plan, which I will presently lay before the reader, but the Temple of Abydos deviates from it completely; the forecourt and pylons which lead up to its main entrance are destroyed, but the interior of the temple is wonderfully preserved, and still deeply impresses the beholder. Seven chapels, all side by side (V., *e—d*) form the centre and core of the structure, and each of these must be regarded as a special sanctuary. The sanctuaries of Abydos were roofed over with well-rounded arches hewn out of blocks of stone, just as the large stone sarcophagi were covered with lids hollowed out on the inner side, and intended to represent the starry heaven that bends over the world and over the dead. At the farther end of each a hollow niche may be seen where stood formerly a statue of the Divinity, and in the door-post the holes are still visible to which the hinges of the brazen doors were fixed. In each of these sanctuaries a great god was especially worshipped. In the centre one (*a*) it was Amon, whom we shall hear more of in Thebes; to his left (*e—g*) were Harmachis, the god of Heliopolis, Ptah of Memphis, and the king, Ra, being the earthly personification of the sun-god; to his right (*b—d*), Osiris, Isis, and Horus. These shrines lay outside the sepulchre of Osiris, which has not hitherto been discovered, any more than the shaft to which Strabo descended through a vaulted way. This tomb itself was the end and object of the voyages of the dead, and of the pilgrims who came from Upper and Lower Egypt to visit this, the most famous of the graves of Osiris. Seven doors, all walled

[1] Published by Mariette, in his work, *Abydos*, two vols., folio with plans and inscriptions.

[2] After the XVIIIth Dynasty, B.C. 1400, every deceased Egyptian was called "Osiris," or "Osirian"—*i.e.*, in the same condition as Osiris.

up but one (*e—d*, III.) led into the temple through the two vast pillared halls, which must be passed through (III. and IV.) to reach the sanctuary. In the first



FORECOURT WITH PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE OF ABYDOS. [II. OF THE PLAN.]

hall the ceiling was supported by twenty-four columns, and in the second, which was larger and finer, by thirty-six. In the former there were four, and in the latter six



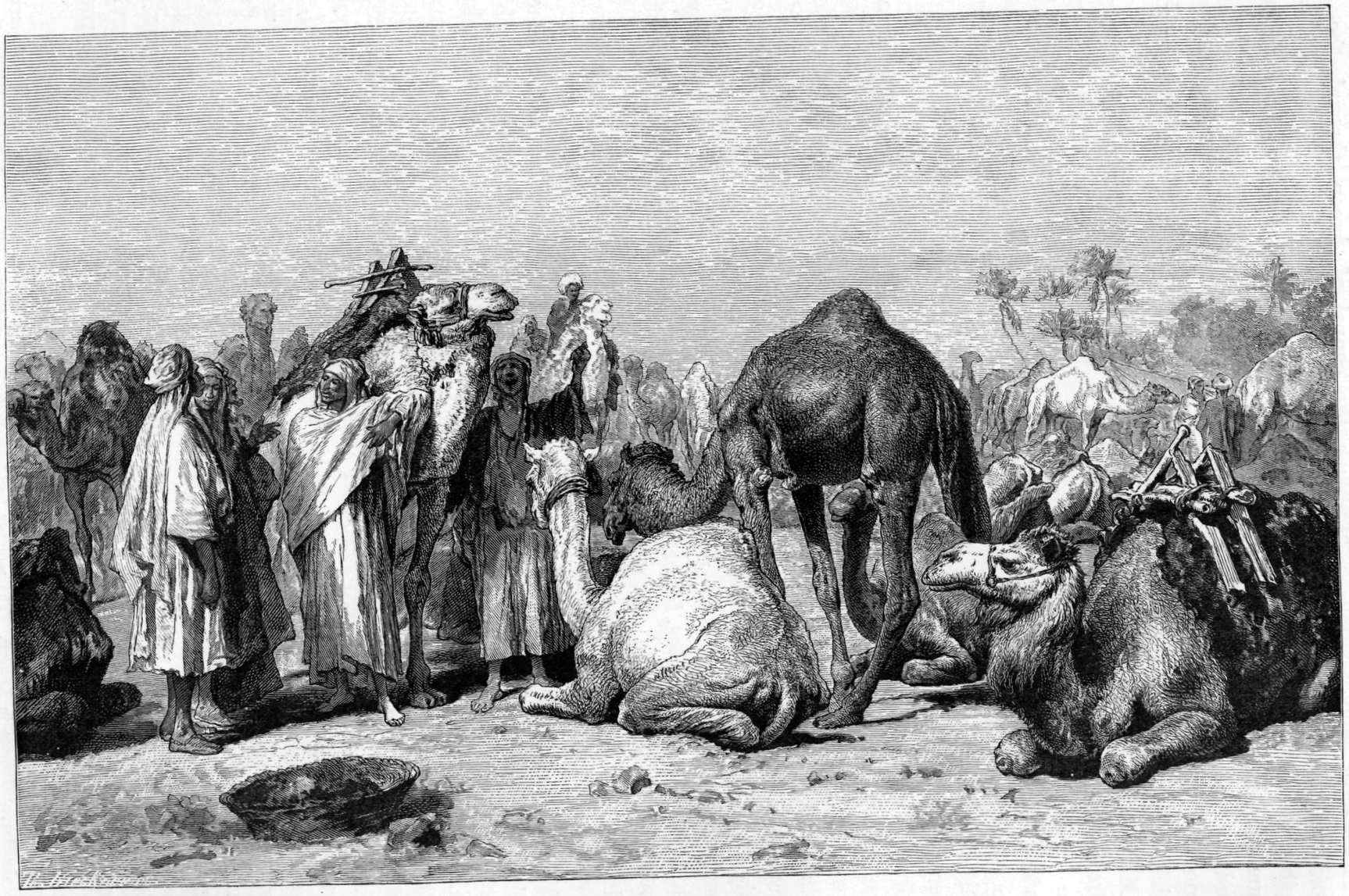
TABLET OF KINGS AT ABYDOS.

groups of six, and the ways left open between these groups of columns led straight up to the door of the sanctuary, as did those between the outer columns and the wall.

The visitor who desired to approach the chapel of Amon through the centre opening saw, to the right and to the left, and wherever his eyes might turn, nothing but pictures and inscriptions, all concerning Amon, while any one approaching the sanctum of Osiris between the rows of pillars to the right, saw nothing but what referred to the ruler of the nether world; and each of the roads leading up towards the seven vaulted chapels, at the farther end of the second great hall, was richly decorated on the same principle.

Many were the ceremonies to which the devotee was subjected who desired to be admitted to these sacred halls, which no unsanctified or uninitiated layman—as the inscriptions tell us—was permitted to approach. None but the highest priests and the king might enter the inner sanctuary, while the processions waited in the outer hall, and gazed with pious awe at the ceremonies performed in the vaulted chambers. No song, no music of flute or harp, might ever be heard in this temple, which was erected as a kenotaph, or honorary monument, by Seti I., probably on the site of a more ancient sanctuary, for we are told of such a restoration in inscriptions of the XIIth Dynasty. His body rests in Thebes; but his name was to be preserved near the head of Osiris, here at Abydos, with those of his forefathers, that he might here receive, under the auspices of the god with whom his spirit was united, the reverence and sacrifices of his descendants. The mummy was probably brought to Abydos,[1] and placed in front of the holy of holies—at any rate, the inscriptions tell us that the priests had to make the circuit of every chapel, to perform thirty-six ceremonies, to recite sacred litanies, to raise the veils that shrouded the statues of the gods, to dress them with scarfs, wreaths, and garments, and to worship and do them homage in very definitely prescribed spots. The space behind the seven sanctuaries was the scene of much preparation; and this seems to have been most indispensable for the services performed in the chapel at Osiris, since it is only from that one chapel that a door leads into the hall with ten columns adjoining it at the back (VI.) and several rooms connected with it. On the columns and walls of both the great halls the Pharaoh is represented bowing forward to pour out a libation to the gods, burning incense, or kneeling to receive their gifts —the attributes of sovereignty or the symbols of the highest joys of life. These representations are in low relief, executed with unsurpassable care in a fine-grained limestone. Seti's face is always given as a portrait, not in any way idealised, and his likeness to his son—Rameses II.—(Vol. I. p. 100), is unmistakable. Every sculpture of his time bears the stamp of careful finish; but soon after his death the great masters who here handled the chisel in his service seemed to have ceased to work, for the numerous reliefs of the time of Rameses II., preserved in the first hall and the outer hall, where twelve pillars support the roof—both pictures and hieroglyphics—are far behind those of Seti's reign as works of art. He survived the completion of the general planning and erection of his kenotaph in the rough,

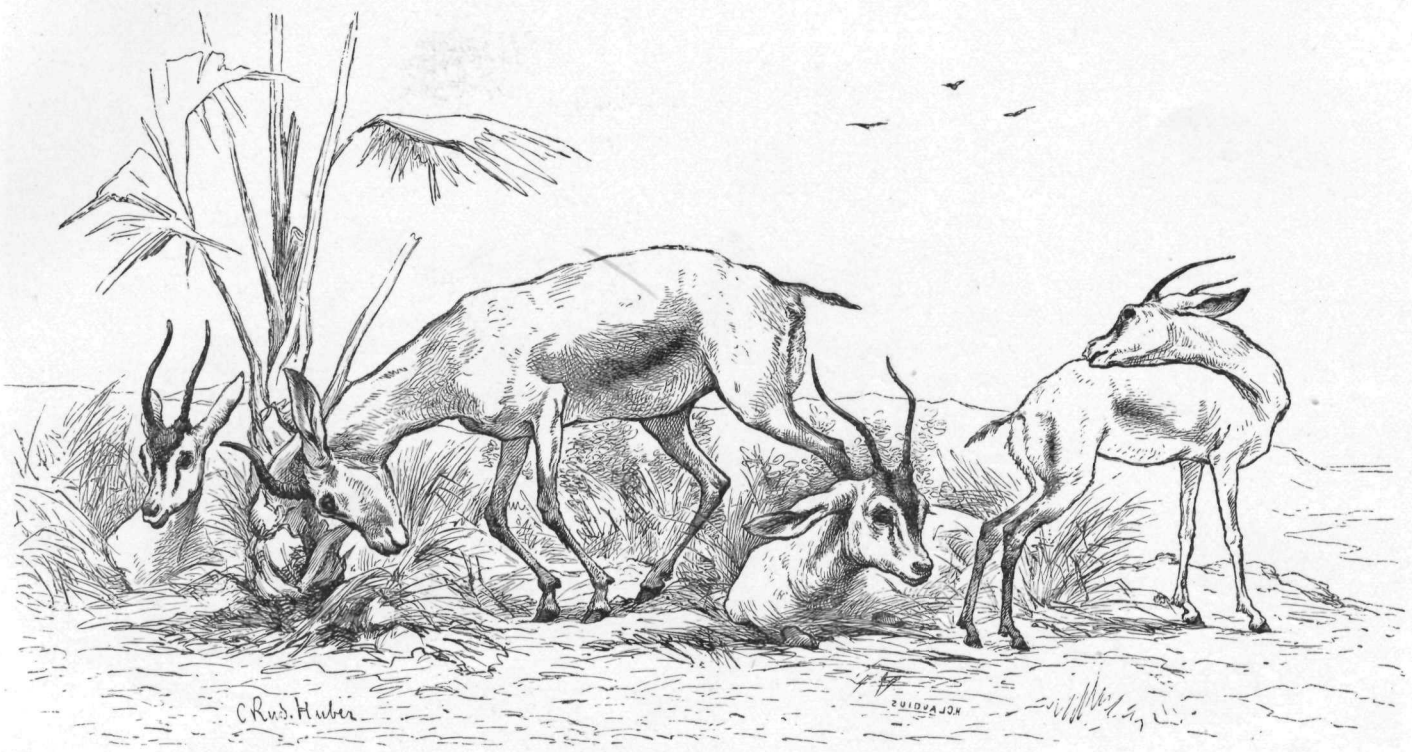
[1] The sarcophagus of Seti I., of fine alabaster, covered with inscriptions relating to the sun's passage through the Hades, is in the Soane Museum in London. The mummy has been just discovered in a gallery made by the XXIst Dynasty, near the Deir-el-Bahari, in a good state of preservation, and in one wooden mummy case with an inscription in "hieratic" recording that it had been deposited there during a foreign invasion in the reign of Her-hor, about B.C. 1100. First published by Duemichen in the *Zeitschrift für Ægyptische Sprache*, 1862.



CAMEL MARKET.

as is proved by the wooden braces, in the form of swallows' tails, which were intended to strengthen the connection of the blocks of stone, and which are all marked with his name. On the other hand, Seti must have left the larger portion of the interior decorations of this magnificent structure to his successor, and how that son acquitted himself of his task he has recorded for posterity in a great inscription, which is preserved on the inner wall of the fore-hall (II.), and which I will refer to again on a later page.

Though Mariette, and Mariette alone, deserves the credit of having cleared this noble edifice from sand, we owe the discovery of the most important of all the documents yet found on Egyptian soil to the learning of Professor J. Duemichen of Strasburg. It consists of the long series of names of all the legitimate and



GROUP OF GAZELLES.

acknowledged Pharaohs who had ruled over Egypt up to the time of the builder of the kenotaph of Abydos, and was found in one of the southern side chambers. (VII.) of the temple of Seti. Just as the head of some noble house in our day might stand in the ancestral hall of his castle, and gaze at the portraits of his forefathers, so Seti, with his son and successor, stand before this list of names; the father sacrifices before them with incense, while the son approaches them with songs of praise.

Some time previously another similar tablet[1] had been found, among the ruins of the kenotaph which Rameses II. built for himself to the north of his father's, with all the most costly materials—granite, alabaster, graywacke, and limestone from Mokattam. This list contained sixteen perfect names, and six injured ones; a larger one had been found at Sakkarah, with thirty-nine perfect cartouches, and

[1] By Cailliaud in 1822, now in the British Museum.

only three damaged; but that discovered by Duemichen includes seventy-six cartouches, beginning with Mena, the first king of Egypt, and ending with Seti. The immense importance of this monument in restoring the long catalogue of sovereigns who ruled over the valley of the Nile is at once evident, but it derives its great practical value from the list of Pharaohs which has come down to us as the work of Manetho, a native of Sebennytus (now Semmenood). He, being a learned priest, and equally familiar with Greek and Egyptian, compiled it for



A SPRING IN THE DESERT.

Ptolemy Philadelphus, who desired to learn the early history of the land of which he—the son of a Macedonian—found himself the ruler. The history of Manetho has been lost, all but a few fragments, but his list of kings was preserved by Christian chroniclers, and it can now be verified and restored by the help of the list at Abydos.[1]

The name of *Memnonium*, which was given by the Greeks to the temple of Osiris at Abydos, I will discuss when I speak of Thebes, where it was also used.

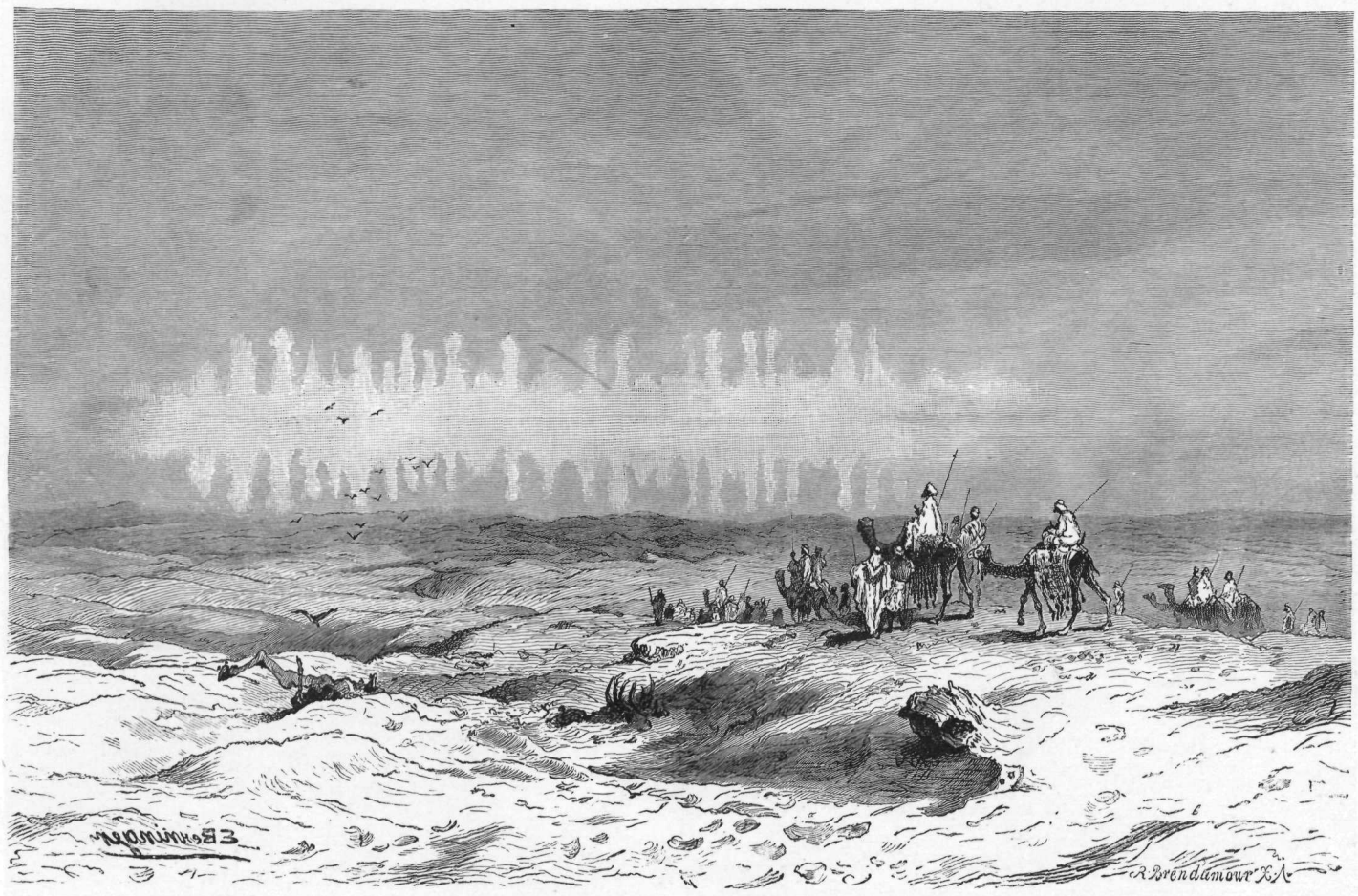
On the road back to the dahabeeyeh we meet a large caravan from the oases of the Libyan desert, bringing fresh dates (there are 65,000 fruit-bearing palms in the

[1] Manetho flourished some time between B.C. 294—246.

single oasis of el Khargeh), natron (native soda), and large bowls turned out of a single piece of wood, which come from Darfoor, and find a ready sale among the fellaheen and boatmen.

Since the residence of the Mudeer has been removed from Girgeh to Sohag, where a great camel market is held, most of the caravans proceeding to the oasis of el Khargeh prefer to start from Sohag.

The western oases run north and south, parallel to the course of the Nile, like a duplicate or outskirt of its fertile valley, broken up by broad belts of desert; but



THE MIRAGE.

until very recently nothing accurate or satisfactory was known about them, though they are divided from the Nile towns by no more than five days' journey across the desert. Lately, however, G. Rohlfs and his companions, in their expedition into the Libyan desert, have made us acquainted with them, with the ocean of sand in which they lie like islands, with their primitive condition of society, and with the plants and animals inhabiting them, from the hyæna and gazelle to the fossil marine remains preserved in the soil. The monuments existing in the oases themselves, and of which copies are now in the possession of every student, give us information upon the earliest history of the oases. The ancient remains of el Khargeh were examined by Brugsch on a subsequent journey, and admirably treated by him; and his researches, with those of Duemichen, enriched our knowledge of ancient geography by the discovery of the names given to each oasis in Pharaonic times. *Uit* was their general

designation, and this means the concealed or enclosed, probably in allusion to the desert surrounding them. Later they were called *uah*, or plantations, whence the Koptic *uah*, or *uahe*, a dwelling or settlement, from which the Greek *oasis* is derived. The kings of Egypt took possession of these desert islands at an early period, and appointed governors to rule them. Thothmes II., one of the early kings of the XVIIIth dynasty, who expelled the Hyksos from the Valley of the Nile, erected a temple here to the Egyptian gods; but the finest of the monuments preserved in

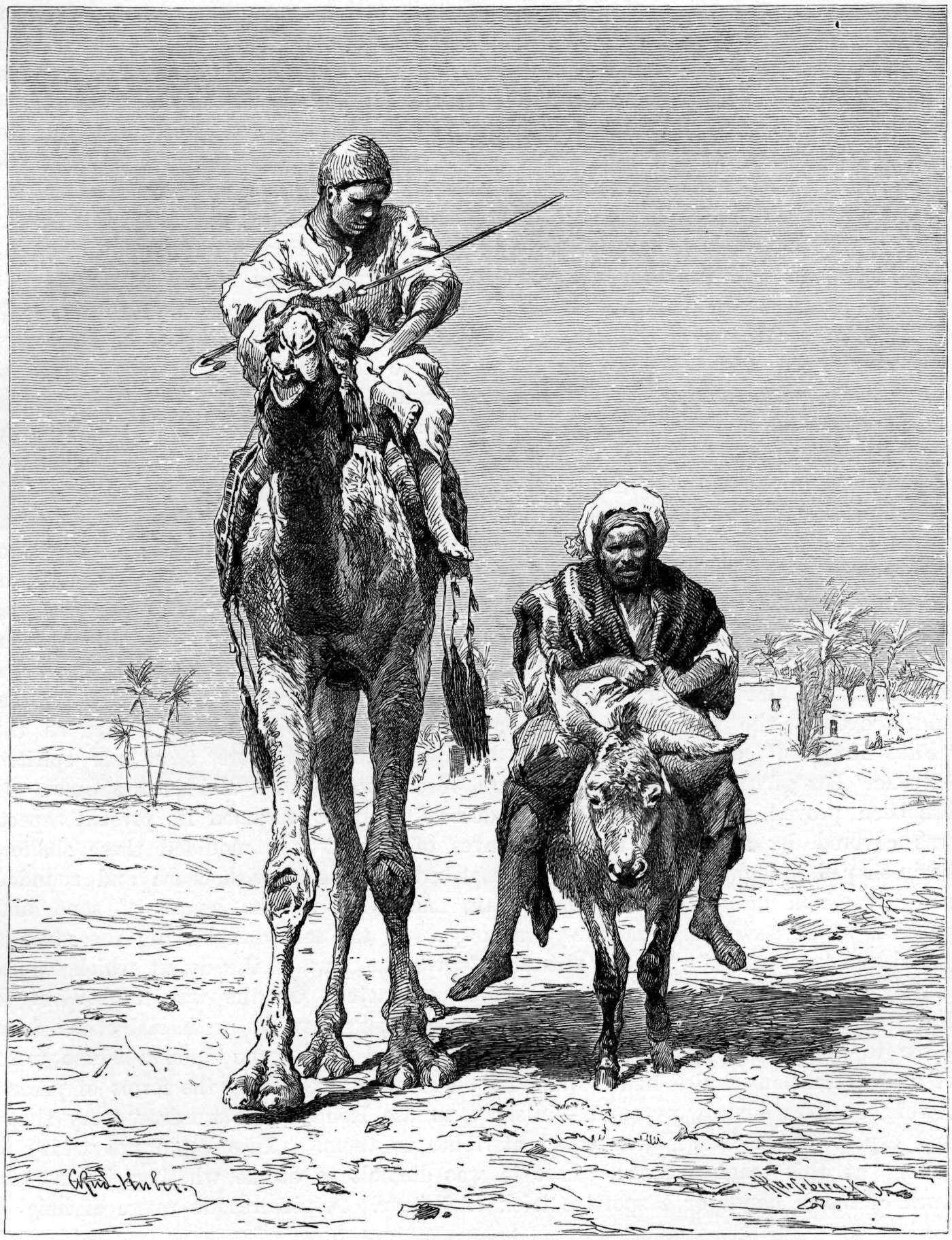


HOO.

the oases date from the period of Darius I., king of Persia. The two other kings of this name, both surnamed "the Great," restored the sanctuaries founded by the son of Hystaspes,[1] and they were kept up with care till the time of Trajan.[2] As, at a later period, the Romans and Byzantines banished heretics to the oases—for instance, Nestorius, the bishop, who was sent to Hibis, *i.e.*, el Khargeh—so the Pharaohs used them as a place of exile for personages held to be suspicious on political grounds; and Christian graves and ecclesiastical buildings prove that the citizens of the oases, whose culture is highly lauded by Olympiodorus, were principally Christians before

[1] Darius I. Hystaspes, or Darius I., B.C. 521—485, and Darius II., or Nothos, B.C. 425—405.

[2] The fullest and most recent accounts of the oasis is that of Brugsch Pacha. There is another by Professor Duemichen. It has been often visited by travellers, as Cailliaud, Von Minutoli, and Edmondson; but the journey of Brugsch Pacha and his work gave the first scientific and Egyptological description.



FELLAHEEN RIDING TO MARKET.

the incursion of Islam. At the present day they are almost without exception Mohammedans, and the sect of the Senoofees is active among them, and intent on inflaming and stirring up their fanaticism and intolerance.

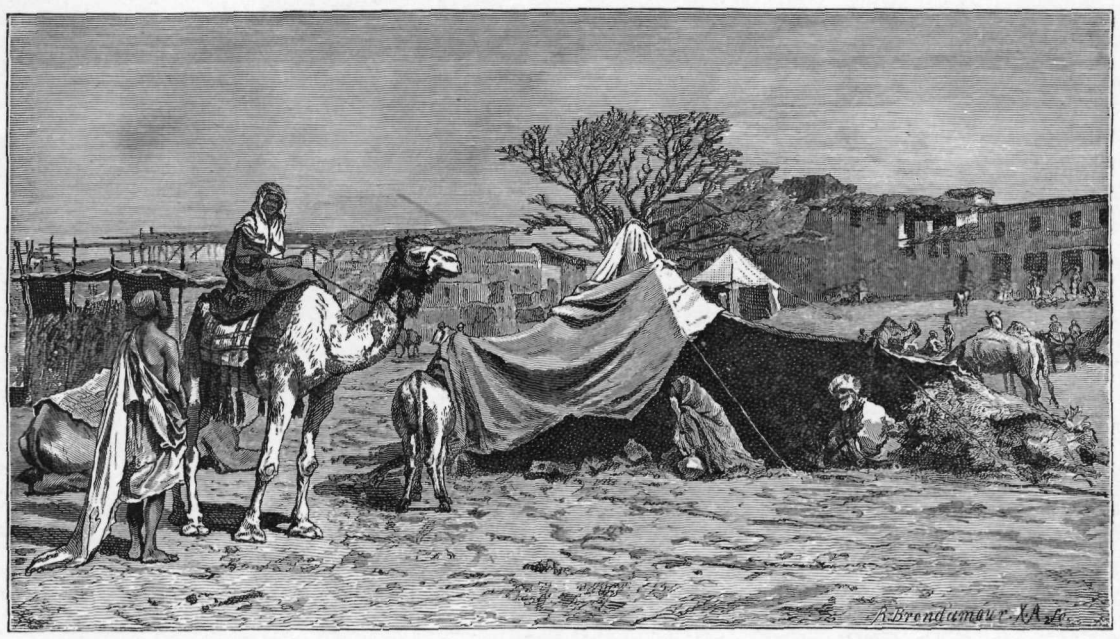
Wheat, barley, rice, and clover, cotton, and indigo shrubs, date and doom palms lemon, orange, and fig trees, and the Sont acacia, all flourish in the oases. The vine, which yielded a noble juice in the time of the Pharaohs, is now grown only for the sake of grapes for eating; and in the great oasis of el Khargeh, which has 6,000 inhabitants, this luxurious vegetation is watered from 150 springs, whose waters are diverted into numberless channels. This island in the desert, called by the Greeks Hibis, would seem to have been intimately connected with Abydos in former times, both religiously and politically, for the same governor ruled them both. In the Temple of Heb—*i.e.*, Khargeh—built by Darius, which was especially dedicated to the gods of Thebes, the children of the sun, Shu and Tefnut, who were the gods of This, were also worshipped, and the mysteries of Osiris were performed in the upper storey of the Temple, which none but priests were permitted to enter. The five hymns to Amon engraved in stone, with which Darius decorated this temple, come down from an earlier period, and we shall have the opportunity of studying them when we visit the monuments of Thebes.[1]

Few readers would thank us for leading them from one oasis to another across the thirstiest region of the Sahara; and though, even in this wide waste, the details of a desert journey are not devoid of pictures of natural beauty, of camping scenes, and exciting incidents, well suited to the pencil of the artist, no artist has hitherto penetrated into the Libyan desert. In other parts of the Sahara, on the other hand, caravans are frequent; and their camels drinking at the wells, the Bedaween on foot or on horseback, the black-eyed girls and active youths, and, above all, the wonderful phenomenon of atmospheric refraction known as the "Fata Morgana" or mirage, have all been painted, and more than one spirited traveller[2] has given a vivid verbal picture of the waste that divides the oases. It has been proved, too, that the Libyan desert, before it assumed its present aspect, was covered by an ocean, that the waves of a vast sea moulded these shallow basin-shaped hollows and the dry torrent-beds (Wadees) with worn and rounded margins which are everywhere met with, and piled up the heaps of sand and pebbles, which occur in abundance, washing away the soil, and leaving the strange island-like "witnesses." These "witnesses" give the part of the desert which immediately surrounds the oases a quite peculiar character. On the way from Sioot to Farafra, G. Rohlfs and his party passed a dripping cavern, with stalactites from three to four feet long hanging from the roof, and then came upon a whole town of such formations, which had a quite fairy-like effect, exhibiting the forms of pillars, towers, obelisks, houses, pyramids—in short, to use Rohlf's own words, "every shape and aspect which imagination could attribute to them." They could not weary of gazing at this magical scene, where it was difficult to decide whether it was the work of men's hands or a sportive trick of Nature. A picturesque range of heights

[1] Translations have been published by Brugsch Pacha, and in the *Records of the Past*, viii. p. 135. They are pantheistic. Alexander the Great visited the oasis of Amon, and afterwards assumed the title of Son of Amon, about B.C. 334.

[2] Among them Zittel, the geologist.

runs north and south, and the scene is diversified by mountain passes, isolated groups of rocks, sandy dunes, and precipices where calcareous spars glitter in the sun like a crystal mirror or like clusters of diamonds; these vary the monotonous yellow-and-grey level of the desert, where, however, a great number of dwarfed plants and creeping creatures contrive to exist; while the bleaching bones of camels now and again in some perilous spot serve to show the traveller that he has not missed his way. A journey across the Sahara is no doubt a toilsome and anxious business, but the air of the desert is so pure and light that it is a pleasure merely to breathe; and how delicious is the rest, after a weary day's march, when evening cools the air, and stars innumerable look down from the clear sky on the wanderer's tent! I, even I, have crossed wide tracts of desert, and I count the hours of undisturbed musing, of still possession of Nature unbroken by a



A GIPSY TENT.

sound, and of beneficent repose that I have enjoyed there, as among the happiest of my life!

I have often heard the great African traveller Heinrich Barth declare that he never felt better or lighter-hearted than in the desert. On no other spot on earth may a man attain to a more perfectly collected mind, or to greater concentration of all his energies and faculties; and it is not mere accident that represents the founders of most Oriental religions as having received their revelations in the desert.

The fearless and proud Arabs of the western Sahara, on their swift high-bred horses, are rarely to be met with in the Libyan desert; on the contrary, the tribes living near the Nile, who escort travellers with their camels, as drivers or as servants, are a very wretched and by no means wild people. However, a more manly bearing, and greater feeling for independence distinguish them very conspicuously from the fellaheen, on whom they look down with great pride, calling themselves Arabs, in memory of the cradle of their race whence their more glorious

ancestors came into Egypt, and accommodating themselves with great difficulty to the fixed agricultural life of the descendants of the old Egyptians, who earn their bread in the sweat of their brow.

We re-embark from the shore near Belianeh, and sail on past Farshoot; we allow our Re'ees to carry a present to a famous saint, who lives in the town of Ho. We stop to visit a few ancient tombs in the Libyan range near Hasr-es-Sayâd, gaze with delight at the magnificent palm-groves which increase in size and beauty



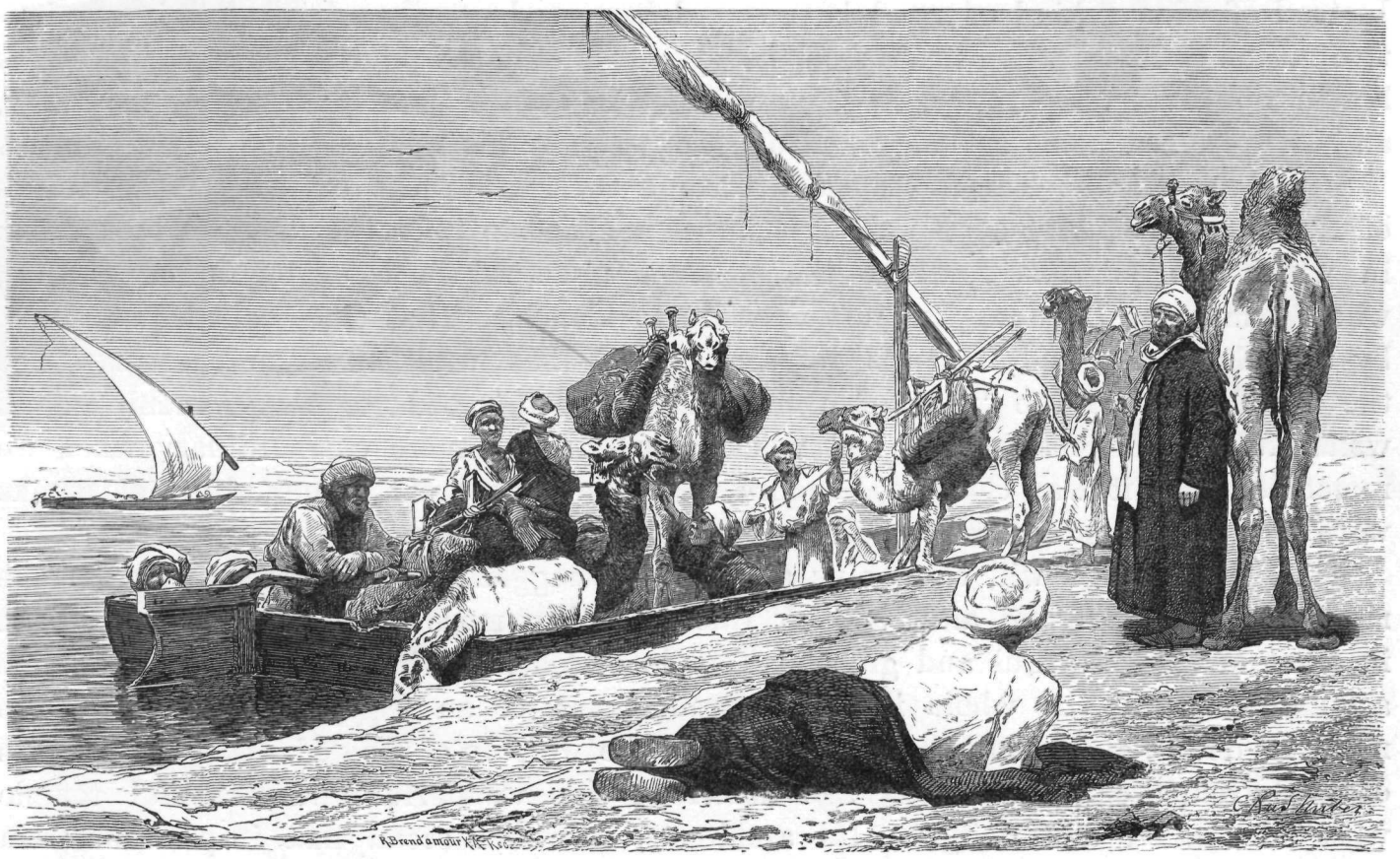
A SELLER OF POTTERY.

as we proceed southwards, and finally run into the harbour of Keneh, the Kenopolis of the Greeks. Huge stacks of earthen pots and jars of every size, and a number of smoking kilns, show at once what is the principal business of the town and neighbourhood. Many walls, roofs, and pigeon-houses, are actually built of jars; and a little way from Girgeh we saw the first of those rafts of jars, by means of which pottery is conveyed from Keneh to Cairo. Here we may watch the construction of such a raft. It is made of large pots, placed mouth downwards, tied together, and then strengthened by the addition of a square wooden framework, with a strong tiller; this is loaded with a quantity of vessels of all kinds. Most of the plain porous jars and water-jugs used throughout Egypt have been manufactured at Keneh from the very earliest times; they are skilfully turned and



LANDED PROPRIETOR RETURNING FROM A PILGRIMAGE.

ornamented by hand, and were known in the time of the Pharaohs by a name still retained—*seer*, though the Arabic word *ballas* is now often used instead. The town is at about a quarter of an hour's ride from the harbour, and is the largest and handsomest in Upper Egypt next to Sioot; it is said to have a population of more than 10,000. There is a fearful magnificence about the house of the great Koptic merchant, Bishara, who is both French and German consul, for it lacks nothing of the decoration and splendour which the ingenuity of modern Arabic tastelessness can devise. The façade is covered with a perfect menagerie of beasts in red, orange, and yellow; and if it could be transported to a European town it



FELLAH FERRY BETWEEN KENEH AND DENDERA.

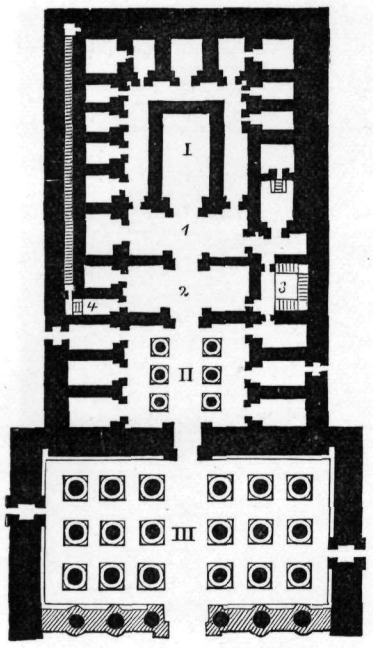
would be thought that some lucky schoolboy, with whole vats full of paint, had been turned loose to work his will upon it. Here it excites the most ardent admiration, and the Nile boatmen, and camel-drivers talk of it with rapture as they rest and gossip. In the reception room of this mansion M. Bishara not unfrequently invites guests to a "fantasia," as it is called—a performance of singing and dancing; and Keneh is particularly famous for its dancing and singing gipsy girls, known as Ghawazee, some of whom we have already seen at the fair at Tanta. They are collected out of the most wonderful caves, and tents, and open-air encampments. Many of the families whose daughters they are live in the vicinity of the cattle markets; their fathers frequently deal in horses, camels, and asses, and the demand for these beasts is considerable in Keneh, which has long since supplanted the ancient Koptos (now Kuft) as the starting-point of the caravans travelling from the Nile to the Red Sea and the harbour of Koseyr. In former times great quan-

tities of corn were exported from Egypt to Arabia by this route—of which I will give a fuller account when we make an expedition into the province of Ababdeh —but now the grain destined for Djiddah is more commonly sent round by Suez. The traffic between Keneh and Mecca is still very considerable at the season of the pilgrimage, for many pilgrims from Upper Egypt, Nubia, the Soodan, and the Mohammedan provinces of Central Africa, prefer the route by Keneh and Koseyr, and Djiddah is easily reached from that port by sailing or steam vessels. The pilgrims returning from their pious expedition are wont to abandon themselves in this gay city of pottery to an unbridled enjoyment of Oriental pleasures, and to discount very considerably the merit they have acquired by their dutiful visit to the Kaabah. Instead of wine a kind of mead is prepared here, and greatly relished; it is a primitive means of intoxication made from honey. It is only the pilgrim accompanied by his harem who lives temperately, lingers no longer in Keneh than is absolutely necessary, and is welcomed home solemnly and affectionately by his relations and fellow-citizens.

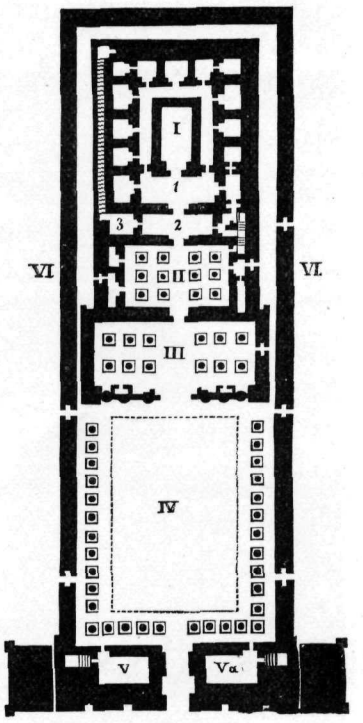
In the fair at Tanta we could trace a survival of the extravagant festivities of Bubastis; and here at Keneh it is impossible not to refer the dissipated pleasures in which the pilgrims revel to the excesses practised in the worship of Hathor, whose temple at Dendera was just opposite to Keneh. That city—called Ta-en-tarer by the Egyptians, and Tentyris by the Greeks—has vanished from the earth, but the temple, where the "fair of face," the "golden" goddess was worshipped, is wonderfully well preserved—a fact which seems all the more extraordinary when we remember that it was close to Dendera that the first great communities of monks were formed, the sworn foes of all the works of the heathen.

A ferry barge will convey us and a few stragglers from a caravan across the river, asses and all, and after a brisk ride of rather more than an hour we alight in front of the beautiful and graceful Temple of Hathor, which enables us to become acquainted with the whole internal arrangement of an Egyptian temple in the minutest detail, and almost to be spectators of the worship of the goddess. The savants of the French expedition long ago described this wonderful and beautiful temple with admiration and delight. Its architects, it would seem, had inspiration from the genius of Greek art. We owe our full appreciation of its treasures in inscriptions, which cover every chamber, hall, and passage of this temple—nay, even the subterranean crypt—to the erudite Johannes Duemichen, who devoted himself repeatedly and for months at a time, to investigating them, and gave whole years of zealous and successful industry to studying this temple, and its twin brother, the Temple of Horus, at Edfoo. To him, too, we are indebted for a complete history of the building of this sanctuary, a comparatively late structure, though still of extreme antiquity, as derived from the inscriptions that cover its walls. The first plan for its erection was made, it would seem, under Cheops (Chufu), the builder of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, and not upon papyrus, but on the skin of an animal. The building was worked at during the second half of the old Empire, and down to the time of the XIIth Dynasty, which we have already heard much about at Beni Hasan; and after the expulsion of the Hyksos Thothmes III. undertook its restoration. In the course of centuries it suffered so much dilapidation that it had to be rebuilt under the Ptolemies, and certainly earlier than Ptolemy X.

(Soter II.), whose name we find in a few of the series of hieroglyphics which cover the subterranean chambers. The later Ptolemies and the Roman emperors, down to Trajan, continued to add to its interior decoration and inscriptions. The latest of these is of the time of Trajan; and thus this temple, as we now see it, is in fact, a work of the later Greek and Roman rulers of Egypt. It may, nevertheless, be regarded as an example of an ancient Egyptian temple, for its ground-plan agrees exactly with that always adopted in the time of the Pharaohs; and a few architectural features which are wanting in the sanctuary of Hathor can be supplied by a reference to those of Edfoo and Thebes, of which the external portions are better preserved than those of Dendera. As regards the condition of its interior, no other temple is more perfect than this, and only that of Edfoo can at all compare with it.

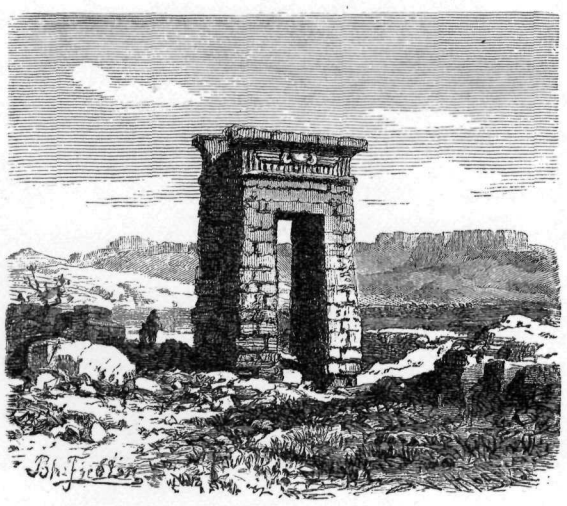


GROUND PLAN OF DENDERA.

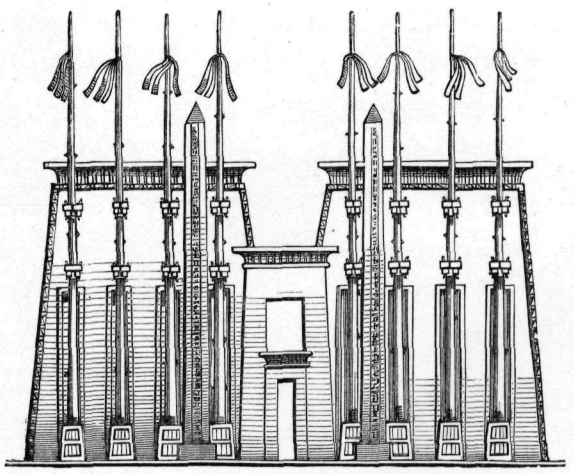


GROUND PLAN OF EDFOO.

Here, as on every occasion of laying the foundation of a temple, the king, or his representative, had to perform certain prescribed ceremonies with particular implements. Duemichen, in his history of the Temple of Dendera, has given us an account of the most important. They are represented on the northern and southern walls of that temple in the same order in which they were performed. First of all, the boundaries of the site were marked off with a rope,[1] and then the kneading of the first brick out of the soil of the sacred enclosure was begun, the earth being mixed

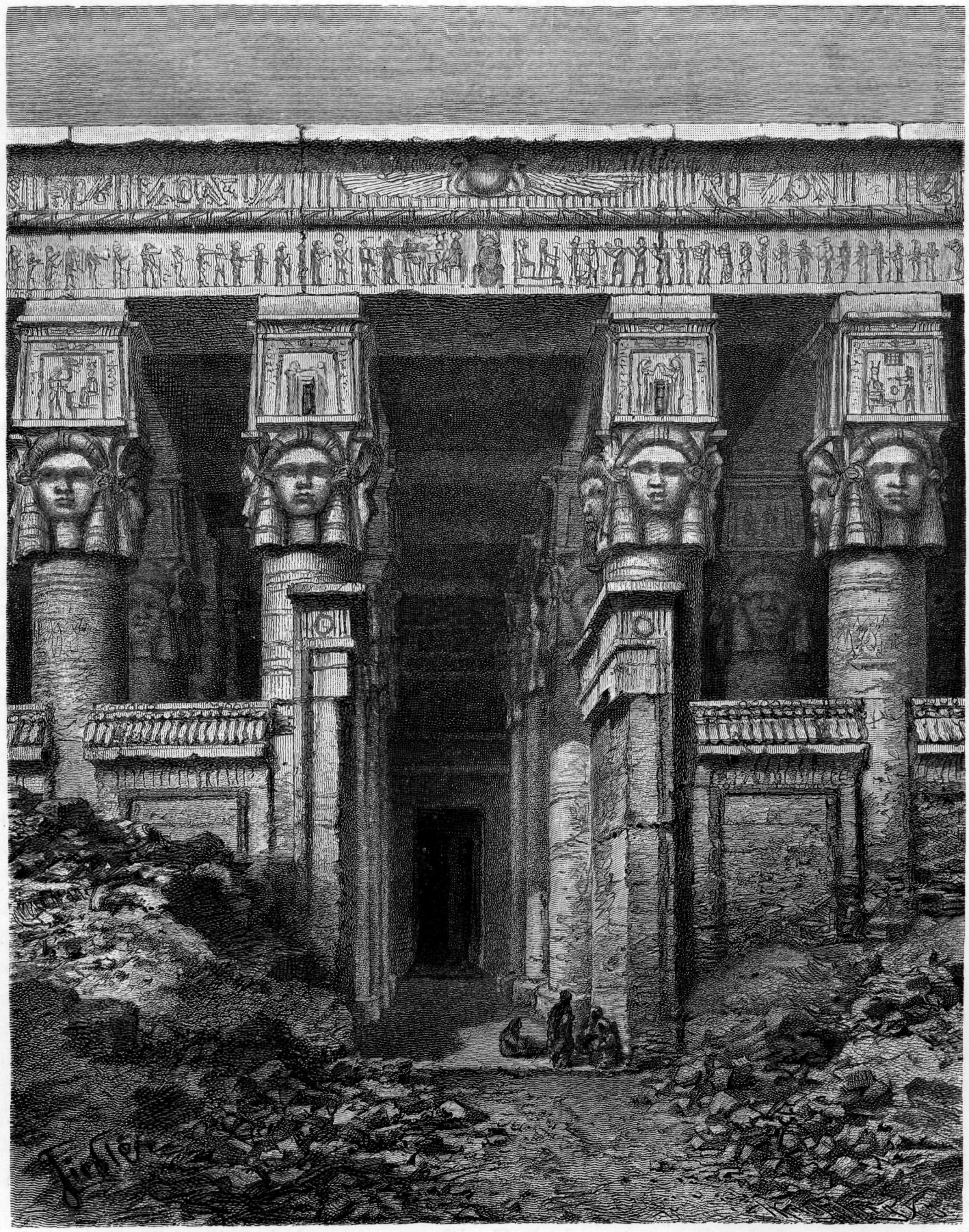


PROPYLON AT DENDERA.



GATE WITH PROPYLON.

[1] This was called "stretching the rope" in the ancient inscriptions.



THE GREAT COURT OF HEAVEN, DENDERA.

with grains of incense and myrrh, and moistened with wine. The ceremony of strewing gravel, which then followed, seems to have been imitated by the Macedonian conqueror when he founded the city of Alexandria (Vol. I., p. 4). The fifth solemn office benefited the endowment of the Temple; it consisted in an offering made by the Pharaoh, of bricks made of precious metal and precious stones. At the sixth ceremony the Pharaoh laid the first stone, setting an upright block in its place with the help of a crowbar. The seventh was the purification of the Temple; the Pharaoh with his right hand strewed a handful of natron and grains of incense, prepared expressly for this purpose, between the statue of Hathor and the model of the temple. Finally came two ceremonies, which figured the offering or dedication of the temple to the Divinity. First (the eighth office), the king stretched out his right arm over the model which stood between him and the goddess; and then (the ninth and last of the ceremonies), he bent his right arm in protection over the model. This model has the form of a shrine crowned with a hollow cornice, and is the hieroglyphic sign for the general idea of a temple or sanctuary.

In all these ceremonies the king did not use the actual tools of the mason and labourer, but only elegant models of them, easy to handle, as our modern royalties use a silver trowel when they lay foundation-stones. Such miniature tools have been found, and are preserved in the museum at Leyden.[1] The structure was begun at the sanctuary, the Holy of Holies, the inmost core and centre of the whole building (I in the plan); then the crypts, and the passages and rooms adjoining the sanctuary were constructed. In front of the Holy of Holies came, first, two small halls (1 and 2) with side chambers, then a spacious hall (II) with a roof supported by six pillars; this opened into three rooms on each side, and, in front of all, the vast hypostyle (III), with twenty-four pillars, was erected the last. A straight flight of steps, and a winding stair both led to the roof, on which there were six rooms and an airy pavilion. It was usual to add to the hypostyle a paved court with a colonnade on two, three, or on all four sides—the peristyle—and this was done at Edfoo, of which also a plan is here laid before the reader (see the plan of Edfoo, IV). This extensive space was entered by the propyla (Edfoo, V and V*a*), huge door-posts, each consisting of a tower in the form of an oblong truncated pyramid. Between these was the gateway, and obelisks, and colossi were frequently erected near this great entrance, which was approached between two rows of sphinxes, that guarded the broad paved way along which processions passed, and this road was not unfrequently interrupted by large independent gateways, such as we call triumphal arches, built of stone.

At Dendera,[2] which was not finished till the time of the Roman emperors, who were far less liberal to the Egyptian priesthood than either the Pharaohs or the Ptolemies had been, the building had neither a peristyle nor propyla. However, Domitian and Trajan caused a propylon to be erected in front of the main entrance to the temple, and this remains well preserved to this day. It was decorated with tall wooden masts, of which the inscription states that they were tipped with

[1] Leeman's *Mon. Égypt. du Musée des Pays-Bas à Leide.* Models of those used by Thothmes III. on the occasion of erecting one of the pylons at Thebes, like those at Leyden, are in the British Museum. They are inscribed with the name of the monarch, and of the ceremony. Others are in the Museum of the Duke of Northumberland at Alnwick Castle.

[2] The temple of Dendera, plans, views, and inscriptions, have been published by Mariette.

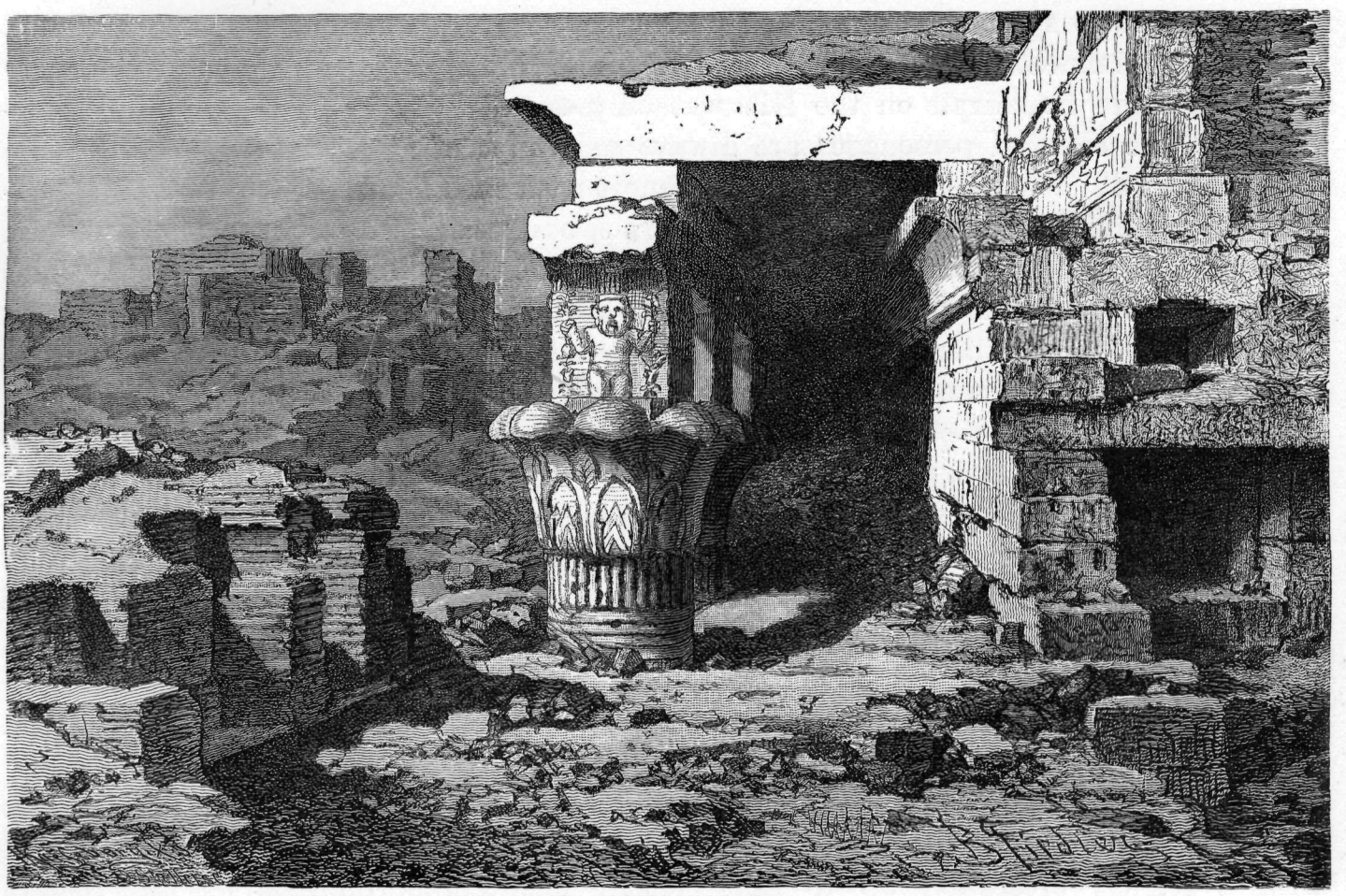
copper[1] "to break the storms of heaven." Can it be, as Brugsch and Duemichen suppose, that these were in fact lightning conductors? The propylon, before which these remarkable poles were placed, interrupted a high enclosing wall of bricks of Nile mud, which formerly ran round the whole extent of the temple precincts, which were 300 mètres or about 900 feet square, and which was intended here, as in every other sanctuary of the Nile, to exclude the profane, not merely from setting foot on sacred ground, but from catching a glimpse of it. It is difficult to believe, but it is confirmed by many inscriptions, that the temples of Egypt, whose construction, maintenance, and endowment, made such vast claims on the powers and wealth of the people, were open only to a small number of the elect, but were absolutely impenetrable to the uninitiated and the common people. These last were only permitted to prostrate themselves on the temple highway before the great processions, when the god was carried abroad, and on certain festivals, after endless purifications, they were admitted to the forecourt of the temple, there to offer up gifts and prayers. The interior of the sanctuary, which more immediately interests us here, since, as I have said, the outer courts, as they exist at Edfoo, Thebes, and Philae, are wanting at Dendera, might never be entered but by the three orders of the initiated, and even these were forbidden to penetrate beyond the door which led from the great hypostyle (III.) into the smaller pillared hall (II.). In this last, which was called "the Hall of the Presence of her Majesty," the goddess, the statue of Hathor was revealed to the elect; not the head only, which was made of gold and precious stones, and preserved in the inmost sanctuary, but a full-length figure, from whose beautiful bosom the veil was raised on special occasions. The elect collected in crowds on great festivals at the door, leading into the second hall, to catch a glimpse of the "beauty of the goddess." The lay populace, who were admitted to the outer court, could only see into the hypostyle, called in the inscriptions the "Great Court of Heaven," and care was taken that even those who stood nearest to the great gate should not see over the whole extent of the enclosure of the temple precincts, for the columns of the outer row were connected together by a wall[2] reaching half-way up their height. Thus those who visited the temple had to guess much more than they saw. The layman could catch a glimpse of forms whose proportions greatly transcended those of the every-day world that surrounded him, but he could neither take in their magnitude nor discern in the dim distance where they ended; the initiated might glance round the vast extent of the hypostyle, but even to him the interior of the temple was closed, and his heart quailed with reverent dread when his eye ventured to turn towards the mystical and impenetrable gloom of the veiled Holy of Holies.[3] Looking round the great hall, where he was privileged to stand, his trembling soul seemed to expand before the mystery of the Divinity, so close to him, and yet so incomprehensible; for the place he stood in was lofty, spacious, harmonious, and grand, a fitting abode for the presence of Hathor, with whose attributes he, as a well-educated believer, was perfectly familiar.

[1] Or the metal *uasm*, supposed to be brass or bronze.

[2] These were of basalt, and ornamented with figures of Nectanebo in the temple of Rosetta, dedicated to Atum, Three of these slabs are in the British Museum.

[3] A description of the arrangements of a temple, and the appropriate decorations of each chamber, is given by Mariette, in his *Monuments of Upper Egypt.*

The goddess's name signifies "the abode of Horus," *i.e.*, the external world, the presentment of the divinity in which it dwells and is revealed. Hence, it has been said with justice, that she had a primæval cosmical significance, and her worship in Egypt is undoubtedly primæval, for sacrifices were offered to her by the builders of the first Pyramids and their contemporaries. She was worshipped not only as Neith, the local goddess of Sais, but throughout the valley of the Nile, as one of the immortals of the cycle of Osiris. She is Isis, and yet her essential attributes are not perfectly identical with those of that goddess, although Horus is



MAMISI, OR PLACE OF BIRTH OF DENDERA.

her son, as well as that of Isis, and she, too, is frequently represented with the head of a cow, which was the animal sacred to her. She, also, may be defined as the female element of the fundamental essence of all being; but Isis is the earth made fruitful by Osiris, the formative power that bestows growth, development, and quickening; Hathor is the æsthetic element, that makes her offspring fair to look upon. Isis is Nature purposive, fitting the means to the end; Hathor is Nature beautiful, inviting us to contemplation. Both the goddesses personify alike the course of development and decay, but Isis is matter in its universal sense; Hathor is the harmonious development of being. Both on the monuments are called "the mother" and "the nurse," for they receive into themselves the forms of things and cherish them as a nurse does a child: Isis by nursing them at her breast and in her arms, so that they are incessantly transmuted into ever new forms; Hathor, not

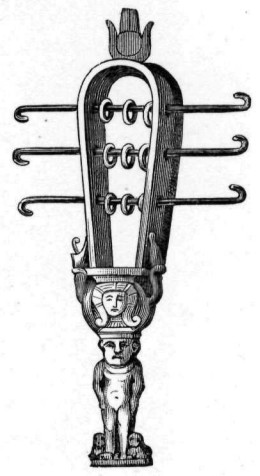
merely by fondling and cradling and feeding them, but by training them in truth, beauty, and goodness. We meet them in the under world as well as in the upper world; again as the cow, which as it gives birth every morning to the young Sun, the child Horus, also leads the soul of the deceased to a new life. The fate and history of the human soul are everywhere symbolised by the course of the Sun, and as the old sun must find its grave every day behind the western horizon, to rise anew next day, so the departed soul is laid in the lap of Hathor, to rise again to "a beautiful portion." Hence Hathor is called the mother of Horus; but she, who appears to have been originally a celestial divinity, is also the wife of the Sun god, for her son, who symbolises the ever-recurring cycle of re-creation, is his own father. It was this primæval Egyptian conception of the divinity of Nature which gave rise to the fact that in no temple on the Nile was only one divinity or pair of divinities worshipped. The celestial personages are always in groups of at least three—usually son, father, and mother-wife—and we constantly meet with such triads or trinities. At Dendera eleven divinities are united to form a cycle, besides many other objects of worship, among which we find personifications of the elements hold the highest place. This cycle consists of four forms of Hathor and five of Horus, and, besides these, of Ahi, the great son of Hathor—the beautiful child with the lotus-flower, who appears in the morning, and is the nearest representative of the Eros of the Greeks—Osiris, the "good spirit" (*Un-nefer*), called "the deceased," and Isis, the great mother of the gods. These were those principally worshipped, and their chief was Hathor, of Dendera, the sovereign of gods and goddesses, who existed from the beginning, who filled earth and heaven with her beneficence; the good, true, and beautiful; at whose appearing God and men rejoiced; the golden, the fair-faced goddess of love, the mistress of women, the aid of those in childbirth; who, when the feast ran high, stirred all hearts as queen of garlands, perfumes, song, and dancing. By her side stood the Horus of Edfoo, as her husband, and her son was another Horus called the "uniter of the two worlds" (*Sam taui*).

From the time of Thothmes III., on the occasion of a particular festival, the Horus of Edfoo received a visit from Hathor, whose statue was conveyed in a boat with a solemn procession up to that place. The temple there is no less rich in inscriptions referring to Hathor than that of Dendera, and if we consider them as a whole we are brought to the conclusion that although some Greek ideas have become incorporated with the conception they disclose of the essence and attributes of this goddess, every portion of the fundamental notions on which it rests had its roots in Egyptian soil. The ancient goddess of heaven and of love became at a later period, and by processes easy to trace, Aphrodite and the daughter of the Sun; the queen of song, dancing, and festivity, became the muse of each art; but long before there was any intercourse between the Egyptians and Hellenes she owned those attributes which still are hers on the latest inscriptions, even those of the seven Hathors, who stand like fairies by the cradle of the new-born infant, and foretell its fate through life.[1]

[1] In the different fairy tales or folk lore found in hieratic papyri, the "seven Athors," or "seven cows" of the goddess, appear at the birth, and prognosticate, like fairy godmothers or Fates, the future of the child. Probably Pharaoh dreamed of these seven cows before the years of plenty and famine, as prognosticated by Joseph. As the cow, she was "the great cow, the

In most of the Egyptian temples, where a triad of gods was worshipped, there was a particular structure (*bekt*, or *mamisi*) which was designated as the birthplace of the young god. Such a structure is to be found at Dendera, though, unfortunately, for the greatest part covered by sand. It was a small shrine by the side of the great temple, and it was here that the joyful moment was hailed with joy when it was said that Horus first saw the light, and flatteringly referred to the young prince, whose father, at the time, wielded the sceptre of Egypt as the vicar of the sun-god, Ra. It is worthy of mention that these side temples used formerly to be called Typhonian; but they have nothing whatever to do with Typhon. Champollion first detected their true significance, and we know now that the voracious deity, which was formerly supposed to represent the foe of Osiris, and of which a presentment is to be seen in most of the birth-places, was called Bes,[1] and is said to have been introduced into Egypt from the land of incense, and presided over the toilet of women.

If we now return to the great hall of Dendera, we can understand the profound impression it must have produced on believers. Wherever the eye turns it meets an image of the goddess; even the capitals of the columns were decorated with faces of Hathor, and the abacus had the form of a little temple. The ceiling, on which all the stars of the Egyptian night were carefully represented in relief, as travelling across the celestial ocean in barques, attracted the glance of the worshipper, and his senses were ravished by the incense, the songs of priests, the music of lutes and pipes, that reached him from the inner sanctuary.



SISTRUM.

In the tomb temple of Osiris, at Abydos, no sound but a soft murmur ever broke the stillness of the sacred spot; but at Dendera the gay goddess was worshipped gaily; and when, on great festivals, she emerged from her sanctuary, and was revealed to the initiated, and then, concealed in her barque, was borne among the people, every head was crowned with flowers, and every cup was filled with wine. We are shown these festivals in many of the inscriptions, and one of these says: "The gods of heaven rejoice; both banks of the Nile triumph. The heart of all that lives on earth is enlarged, the Hathors use the tambourine, and the Isis goddesses their drinking-flasks. The people of Dendera are drunk with wine, wreaths of flowers are on their heads."

The inner chambers of the temple itself, however, had no share in these wild festivities. They may be justly considered as a vast and highly elaborate sacristy surrounding the calm retirement of the holy of holies; in them the sacred vessels were kept, and the incense and the water of purification prepared which were required for the service of the gods and in the processions. The lower storey alone of the temple of Hathor included twenty-seven rooms, and several corridors, which we may arrange in five groups:—1, the "Great Hall of Heaven" (III. in the plan); 2, the

mother of Ra, or the sun, her first-born." In the monuments she has generally cow's ears on account of this relationship, and sometimes the head of a cow. Her worship was as old as the IVth Dynasty or age of the Pyramids.

[1] *Bes*, or *Bessa*, came from Punt or Somali. The word *Bes* seems to mean "the hide of the lion," with which he was covered. Deprived of the leonine attributes, his type is that of a child, like Ptah—Socharis—Osiris.

smaller pillared hall of the presence of the goddess, and the two halls (prosekoi), behind it (II., 2 and 1); 3, the Sekos, or Holy of Holies (I.); 4, the twenty-two chambers surrounding this and its ante-chamber; 5, the steps leading to the roof (3 and 4). Each of these rooms was devoted to a special use, bearing some reference to the gods of the temple; and the inscriptions on their walls, as well as the history of the building, which were cleared from rubbish and interpreted by Duemichen with immense labour, inform us—new comers into their old world—what was the name borne by each room, what was kept or prepared in it, and how large it was in Egyptian measurements. Calendars inscribed in the temple inform us of all the festivals held there, and other records tell us who were the princes who finished each chamber of the sanctuary. Even the darkest corridors and hardly accessible crypts are covered from top to bottom with pictures and inscriptions in high relief, which prove

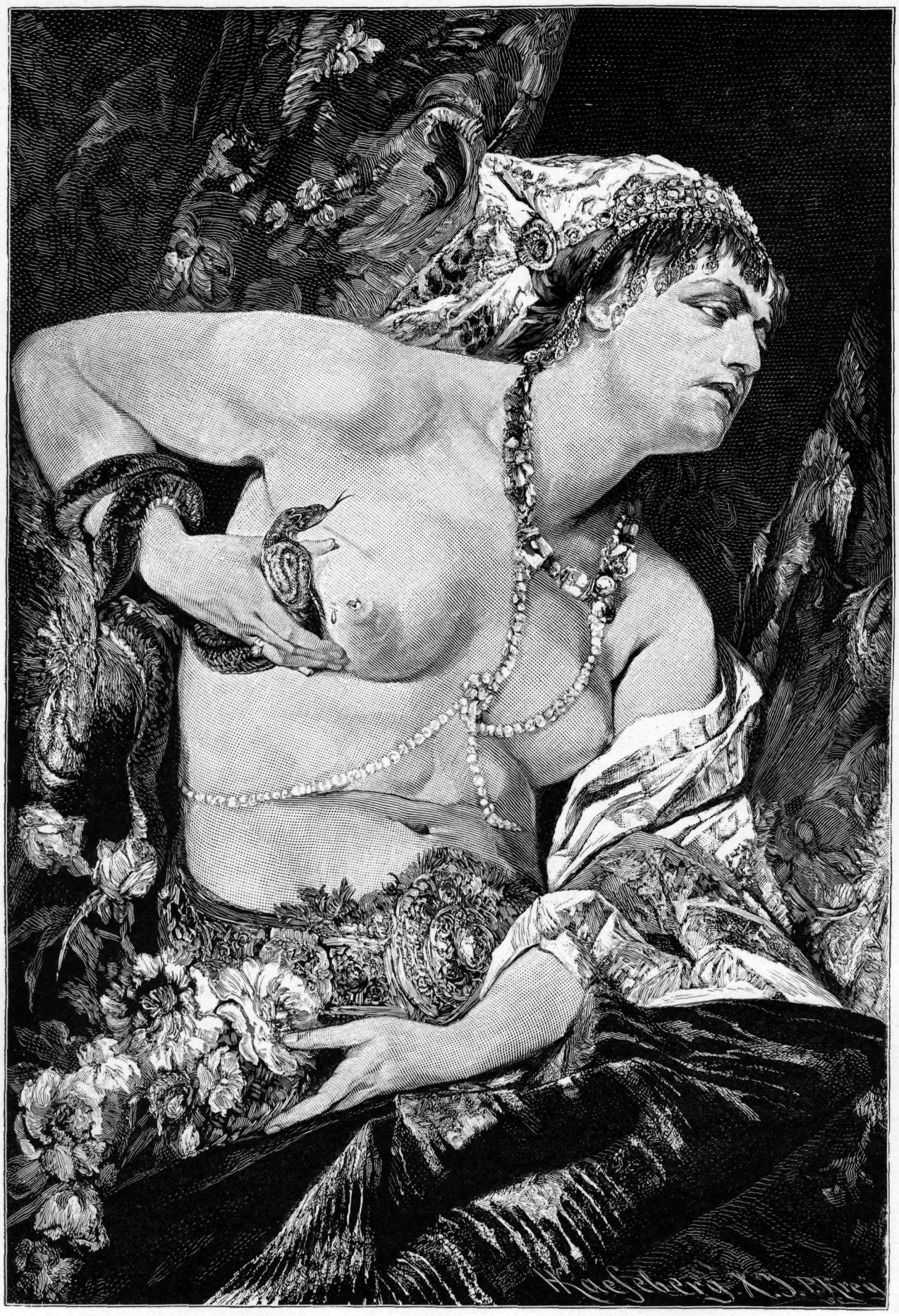


CLEOPATRA, FROM AN EGYPTIAN REPRESENTATION.



CLEOPATRA, FROM A GREEK COIN.

that the priesthood paid the same honours to the Ptolemies and to the Roman emperors as they had formerly done to the Pharaohs. Though the sculptures in this and the other temples of the same period are not to be compared for grandeur and simplicity of style with those we admired so much in the tombs of the First Empire and in the temple at Abydos, they are very carefully executed, and attract the eye by a variety in the written symbols which was unknown in earlier times. The crowd of new hieroglyphics indeed render them rather difficult to decipher; and this was done on purpose, for the priests endeavoured to express the mystical things, which at an earlier period they hesitated to write even on the temple walls, in such a way as to baffle the comprehension of the laity. Thus it happens that when once the great difficulties in the way of deciphering the inscriptions of the Ptolemaic period had been overcome, they yielded far more knowledge of the Egyptian mythology and



CLEOPATRA.

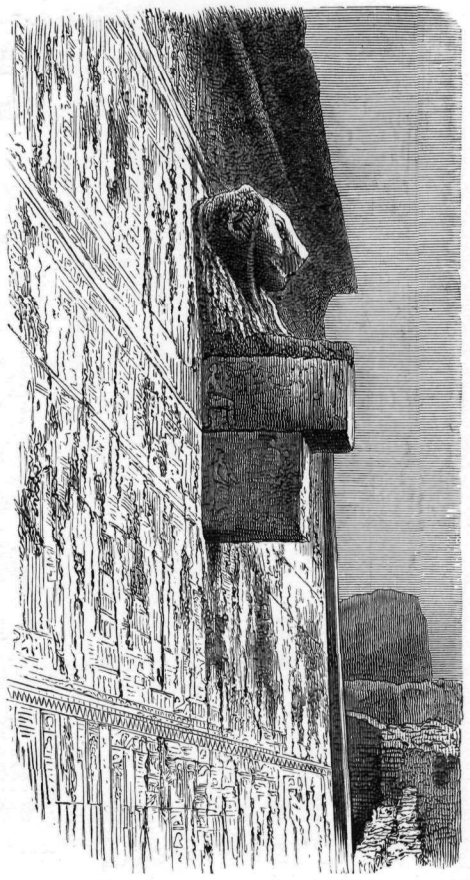
religion than those of an earlier date, and things that those do not reveal are explained by these in an intelligible language, though written in an obscure cypher.

How enchanting it is to wander from room to room, for any one who is able to learn from the records that surround him all that took place in each of them centuries ago; who seeks in the prosekos, behind the hall of the presence, the spot where stood the table of sacrifice, on which the offerings of the pious were laid; who finds the names of the next following chamber, the middle room, and of the sanctuary—the concealed and mysterious hiding-place of the sacred bark, Tes-nefru, in which the statue of Hathor was borne out into the air on the shoulders of priests, who reads that none but the king and the ministering priests might enter this, the very heart of the sanctuary. The sacred sistrum of the goddess was also preserved here.

Of the smaller rooms, that next to the centre hall was used for keeping the priests' raiment and scarves. In two rooms to the right of the sanctuary (I) the treasure of the temple was preserved, one of the three to the left of the hall of the presence was called the laboratory, and served for the preparation of incense and essences for the worship of the goddess. We could even imitate all the preparations here concocted by the priest-chemists, for the old recipes by which they worked still exist, chiselled in the stone walls of their laboratory. The holy water used in the services of the temple was kept in a special room; in another, costly vases and vessels; in a third, the sacred sistrum of Hathor; a fourth was the workshop, where the vessels of the priests were made or repaired; and, besides these, many chambers, like the side-chapels of a Roman Catholic cathedral, were dedicated to particular gods, and to services in their honour. Among these we find the throne-room of Ra, and outside the chambers of the other gods, the "birth-chamber of the wife of Osiris"—where the high festival was held on the day when Isis first saw the light, "to the joy of all the gods and goddesses." This, the greatest of all the festivals held in this temple, was celebrated on the fourth of the five intercalary days of the Egyptian year, and inaugurated the new year with a joyful "St. Silvester's night," so to speak. Then there were processions, of which we have as full particulars as of the other festivals held in the sanctuary of Hathor, all of which are set down in a special calendar of festivals. There was a New Year's Feast on the two first days of the first month—Thot; a feast of Horus, the "uniter of the two worlds," with which was connected a festival of the dead; a great feast of Osiris, which began in the evening and was carried on on the sacred lake, and which reminds us of the nocturnal feast of Osiris at Sais, of which Herodotus speaks. Other processions on various occasions were made to the "birth-chamber temple," of which mention has been made, to the city of Dendera and its southern portico, and to the city of Horus—Apollinopolis, Edfoo—whither Hathor was annually conveyed to visit her husband in the festal barque. Often the priests marched round the roof with the sacred images, barques, and emblems. Here there were two sets of three rooms each, all dedicated to Osiris. The northern row of chambers were frequented by the representatives of the districts of Lower Egypt, the southern set by those of Upper Egypt, who resorted here to testify their reverence for the grave of Osiris, which was the foremost uncovered room among those lying to the north.

It may be remembered that the god was divided into pieces, and each district named, including, of course, that of Dendera, long regarded itself as the possessor of a portion of a limb which had been buried within its territory. These inestimable relics seem to have been carried about from one tomb of Osiris to another in costly reliquaries or caskets, and thus to have been brought here.[1] A small and airy pavilion on the roof of this temple, which appears, like another and still more beautiful one in the island of Philae, to have been built after a Greek model adapted to Egyptian requirements, was the scene of the solemn services of the great New Year's festival, which was dedicated to Hathor.[2]

It is true there is nothing purely Greek in this temple; still it exhibits throughout such a subtle relation and proportion of parts and such a harmonious co-ordination of the whole structure, that we cannot but feel that influence which was undoubtedly exerted by Greek architecture over the Egyptian under the later Ptolemies; though no doubt, setting aside a few Greek inscriptions, which occur among the hieroglyphics, no part of the rich ornament lavished in every portion of the temple is other than Egyptian, and the decoration of the great sanctuary of Hathor must have been of truly Oriental magnificence. It was in no respect second to that of Edfoo, and of that, the hieroglyphic records of its building give a wonderful description. The walls were decorated with gold, and the inner chambers with gorgeous colours, the doors were of brass, and the door-posts and bolts overlaid with gold, and all the sacred vessels were of precious metals and stones. The light of the innumerable lamps which burned in its chambers was softened by the clouds of odorous vapour that rose from censers and vases of perfume; and the libations of grape-juice and wine which were offered there were so lavish that it is said they loosened the slabs of the pavement. And everywhere what an abundance of flowers and wreaths, jubilation, singing, and music, are heard on all sides in the worship of the Goddess of Beauty!



LION OF DENDERA.

Following the procession in fancy down from the roof, and marching with it round the temple precincts, we first admire the industry of the stonemasons who covered even the outer walls with inscriptions from top to bottom. From among these Duemichen disinterred records of the building, of the highest importance; those, however, relating to the famous Cleopatra and her son by Cæsar, Cæsarion, have

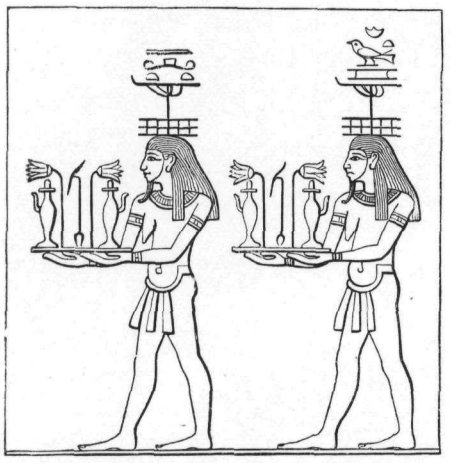
[1] On the ceiling of one of the southern rooms the famous Zodiac of Dendera, the age and value of which were at first greatly overrated, was discovered; it is now preserved in Paris. It is of the age of Nero.

[2] The inscriptions and plans of this temple have been fully published by Mariette in his "Denderah," 4 vols. fc., Paris, 1870—1873; and Duemichen, "Bauurkunde der Tempelanlagen von Dendera," 8vo, Leipzig, 1865, gives an abstract of some of the principal results.

the greatest interest for the general public. The reader sees here the portrait of this famous woman as rendered by an Egyptian sculptor, and may compare it with that on a Greek silver coin, and with Hans Makart's imaginary picture of the celebrated and gifted princess.

On the external wall of most of the temples of the Ptolemaic period, as in those of the temple at Dendera, we see lions with the fore-part projecting from the wall, which seem to have been intended as supports for carrying the gutters. They were certainly first devised in Lower Egypt, where heavy storms are more frequent, and introduced from thence into the almost rainless provinces of the south, to which Dendera belongs. These also refer, as Brugsch was the first to detect from the inscriptions by which they are surrounded, to the zodiacal sign of the Lion as the bringer of the inundation.

To those unaccustomed to such matters it must seem hardly possible for even the student to find a clue through the hundreds and thousands of inscriptions and of pictures which cover this building inside and out like a web thrown over every single stone; but this is, in fact, far less difficult than it would seem at the first glance, because in every Egyptian temple the same subjects are treated of in the pictures and inscriptions which occur in analogous places. Just as the architect was compelled to subordinate the building to a certain plan, so was the sculptor bound by certain ancient and sacred regulations. Any one familiar with one of these structures, can easily find the clue in the others, and it is for this reason, and to avoid repetitions, that I have described the temple of Dendera with so much detail, and adopted it as a type and example.

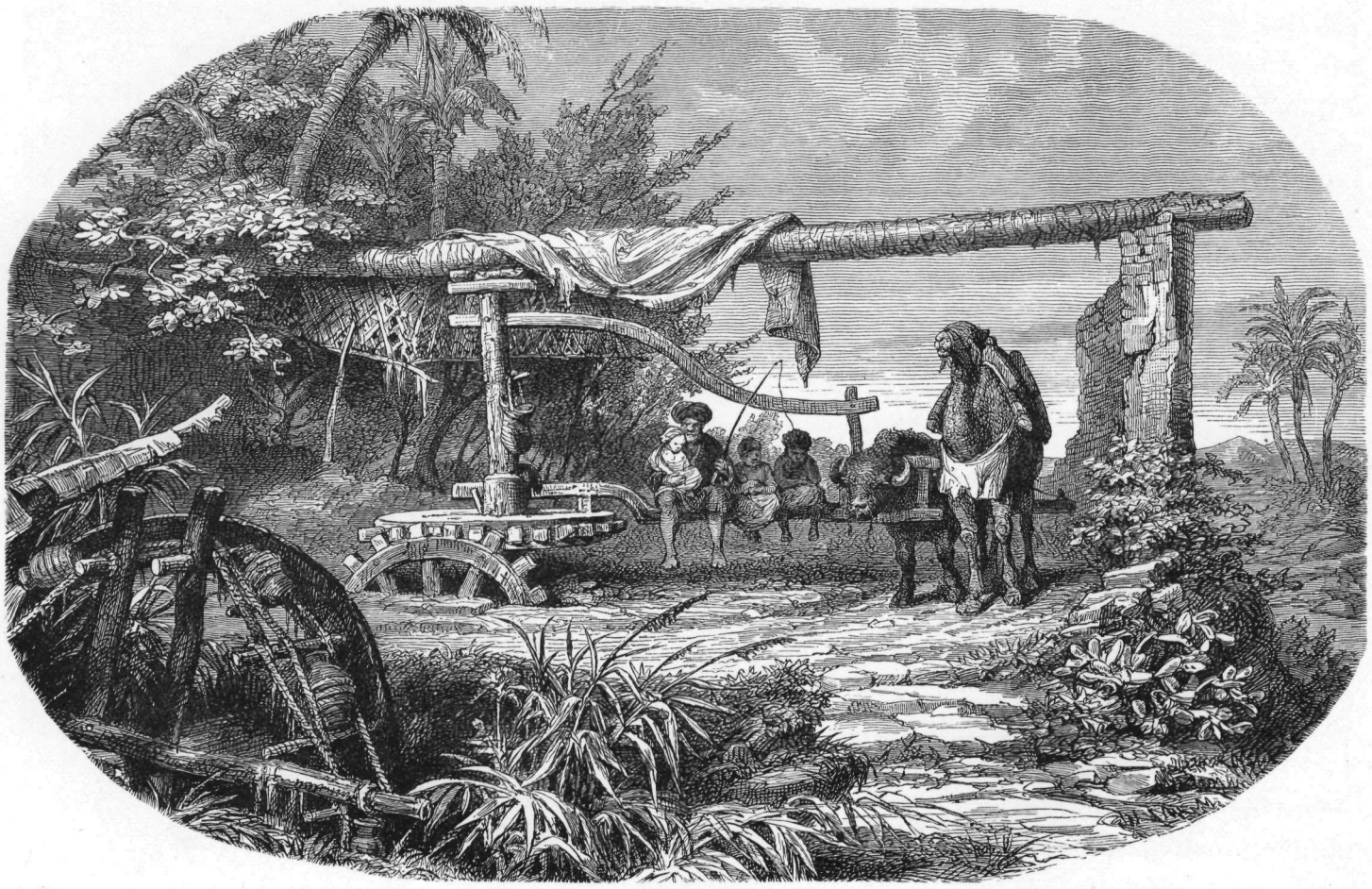


FIGURES FROM AN EGYPTIAN LIST OF DISTRICTS OR NOMES.

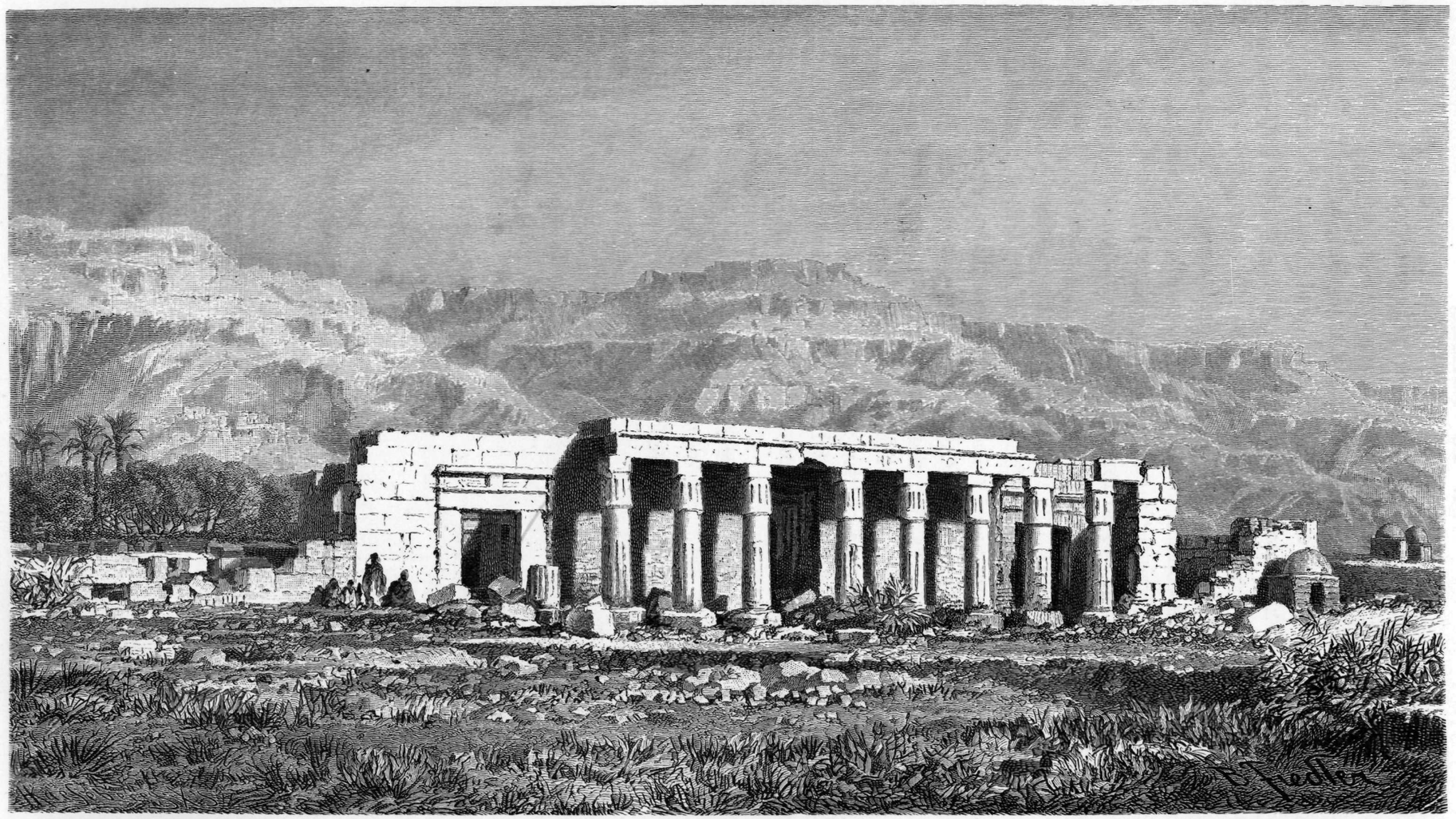
The propyla are, unfortunately, absent. It was usual to cover their broad sloping sides and external walls with pictures and inscriptions, illustrating the victories of the Pharaohs over foreign enemies in such a way that they were visible and intelligible even to the people to whom an entrance into the temple precincts was denied. The great temple at Thebes will afford a favourable opportunity for the contemplation of these warlike scenes, while, on the other hand, the temples built under the Ptolemies—like this at Dendera—exhibit another class of paintings and inscriptions, which, being displayed at a level where they are easily seen, both on the outer walls and within the different chambers, can be more thoroughly investigated here than elsewhere. Their object and purpose is to exhibit in a special manner the religious and political distribution of the land under the Pharaohs, and they consist of a long series of female or of hermaphrodite figures, at the head of which marches the king, often accompanied by his wife, offering gifts to the image of the chief divinity of the temple, who looks down upon him. Each of these figures represents a Nomos, or district, and they are identified by the structure borne on their heads, which in each consists of the symbol of a tract of land intersected by canals, of a sort of pedestal ornamented with a riband, and, above this, an animal or an object, which

serves as a badge to distinguish the district each represents. By the side is given a more or less detailed description of the sub-divisions of the provinces, of their chief towns, canals, fields, and the back-land, as it was called, with its pools and tanks. Besides this, we learn the names of the chief divinities of their temples, of the graves of Osiris they possess, and what portions of the god were buried there; of the snakes, trees, and barks sacred to the gods of the Nomos, with those of their high-priests and priestesses. Finally, they enumerate the great feasts of the gods, and the persons, animals, and objects held reprobate in the chief temple of each province. The number of the districts varied at different times—there are generally twenty-two of Upper, and twenty-two of Lower Egypt. The former are easily and certainly determined, for they follow each other in an unbroken series by the side of the Nile, the natural meridian of the country; but the limitation of the districts of the Delta presents great difficulties, from their situation beside each other. The exactitude with which the nomes were measured is proved by the first exact measurement of the earth, which was accomplished by Eratosthenes[1] in Alexandria, and to which I shall have further occasion to allude. We have learned from the temple of Hathor at Dendera all that can be derived of most importance to the general visitor, and must now quit it. Ere leaving Keneh we must buy some of the finely-formed jars for the friends we have left at home. But then who would linger when Thebes is his next destination?—Thebes, and the monuments preserved there from the period of Egypt's greatest glory.

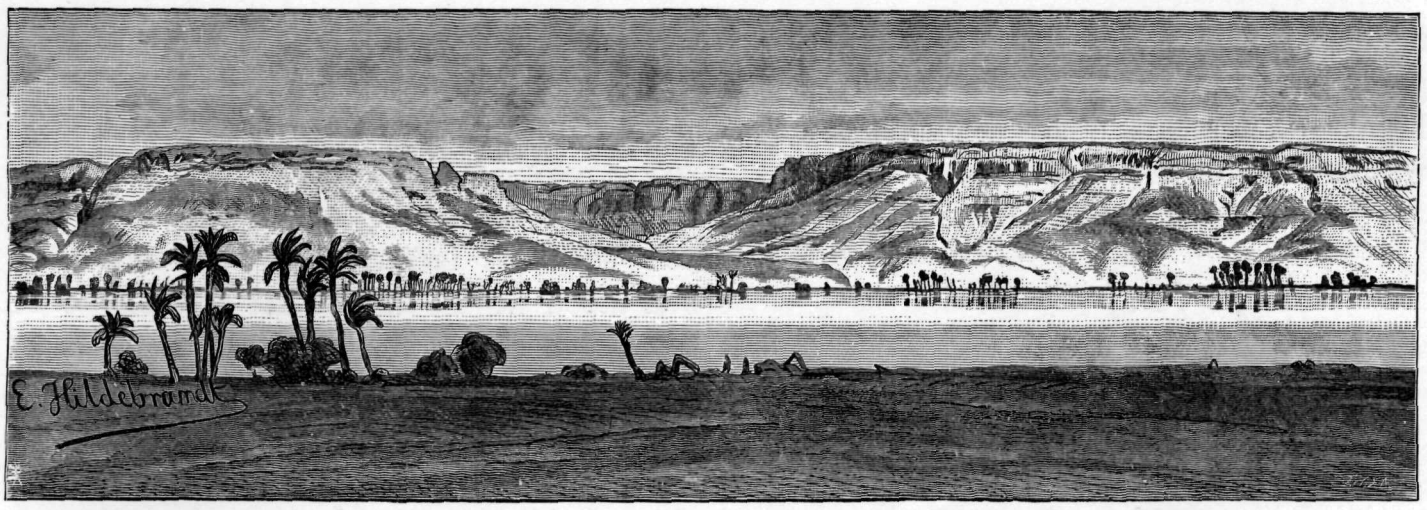
[1] Principal Librarian of the Museum of Alexandria in the time of the Ptolemies, in the time of Philadelphus. about B.C. 300.

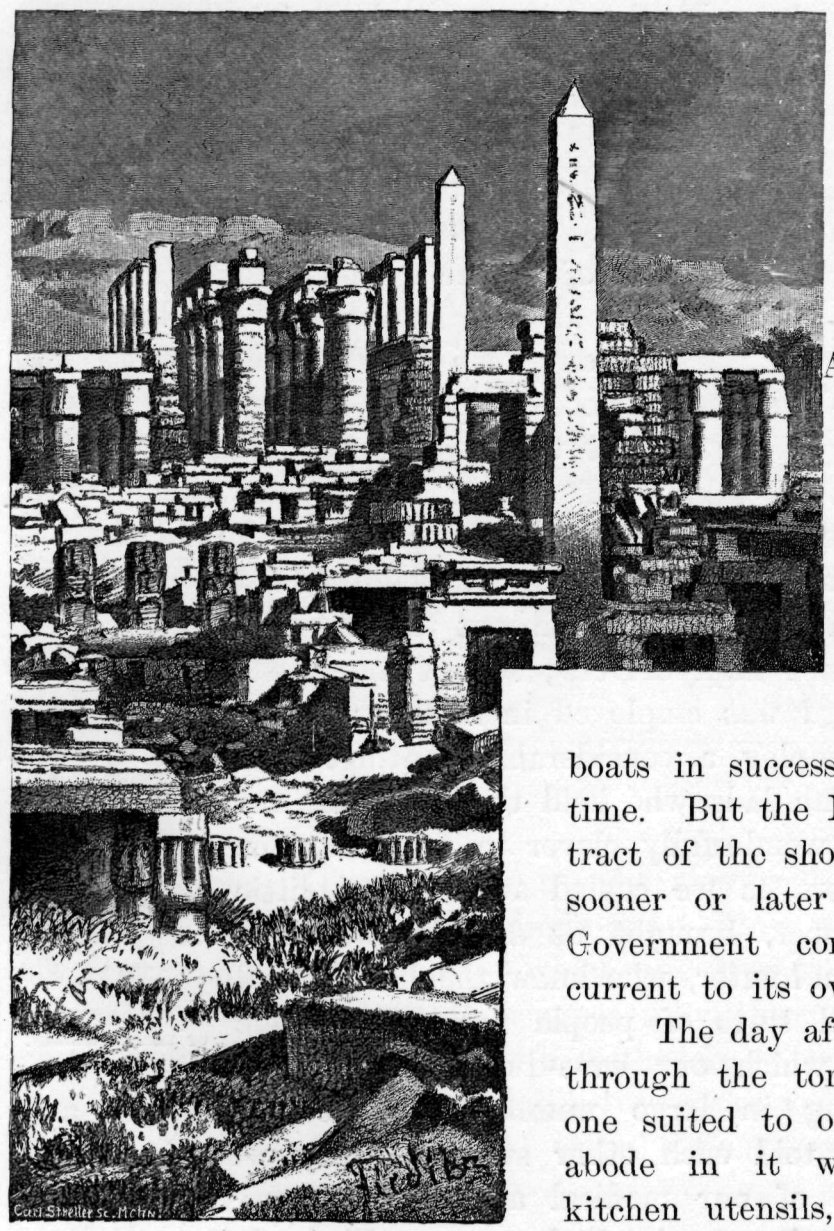


WATER-WHEEL.



KOORNAH.





THEBES.

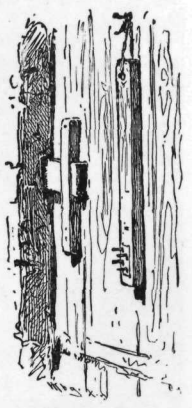
DAYS and weeks fly fast, and the heat is now very great, for months have slipped by since we arrived in Thebes. The dahabeeyeh lies at anchor not far from the Temple of Amon at Luxor, and our Re'eis and sailors have had a good time of it, for their vessel lay close to the bank, where other Nile boats in succession take up their moorings for a time. But the Nile every year carries away a new tract of the shore; even the ruins of Luxor must sooner or later fall a prey to the river if the Government continues to leave the destructive current to its own will and way.

The day after our arrival in Thebes we hunted through the tombs in the Libyan range to find one suited to our purpose, and then took up our abode in it with our trunks and book-boxes, kitchen utensils, beds, tables, and chairs, from the dahabeeyeh, after one of the sailors had cleared our cave-dwelling of the accumulated dust of centuries. The Kopt Todrus—the German consular-agent—and his son Moharreb—a remarkably efficient man, who speaks a variety of languages, and who during our long

residence among the tombs did not fail to forward our letters, whether coming or going—assisted us with their advice during the move. The consul's brother, a highly-accomplished and charming man, who lives not far from our tomb, and with whom we soon were friends, lent us the necessary camels for the removal of our baggage, and we soon felt quite at home in our new and not inconvenient quarters. My bed stood in the innermost chamber over the ruined sarcophagus or mummy-case, and the niche which formerly contained the statue of my predecessor—a prominent official who, after his death, took possession of this, his "everlasting abode"—was arranged to receive my washing apparatus. The friend who accompanied me slept in a side chamber, and our sitting and dining room could at any time be closed by drawing a curtain, brought hither from the saloon cabin of the dahabeeyeh. The large ante-chamber was the scene of Ismael's and Saleh's achievements at the improvised fireplace, and there our men lived. These were two sailors, and a man from Abd-el-Kurnah, a good-tempered, handy, and capital fellow, called Alee, who had formerly been servant to my colleague Duemichen, and who had learnt from him the art of taking off incised inscriptions and pictures with blotting paper and a sponge and brushes. He was, of all the fellaheen I ever saw, the biggest and tallest, and his long arms reached up to a height which no other mortal could have touched without the aid of a ladder. Then we had three asses and their drivers; two of the beasts served us to ride on, and the third was employed in fetching water. To this staff in our legitimate employ a considerable contingent of volunteers was added ere long; fellah lads, who held the lights for our work in the tombs, and who grew wonderfully clever in following the direction of our eyes or our fingers as we copied and wrote; little girls who, for a few pieces of copper, brought us drinking-water in graceful pitchers; Abd-el-Rasool, the hunter, who knew the haunts and the tracks of the jackals; and all sorts of people from the village of Abd-el-Kurnah, the village to which our cave-dwelling belonged. These men collected every evening in large numbers outside the tomb, and, sitting round the fire, chatted and told each other stories. They were invariably civil and friendly, took advantage of our medical advice and store of remedies, and in return obliged us whenever it was in their power. They almost all lived in tombs closed with wooden doors, in front of which their naked children, their asses and goats, sheep and fowls, scrambled through life on a little enclosed plot of ground. Each of these people either owned or farmed a piece of ground, which he



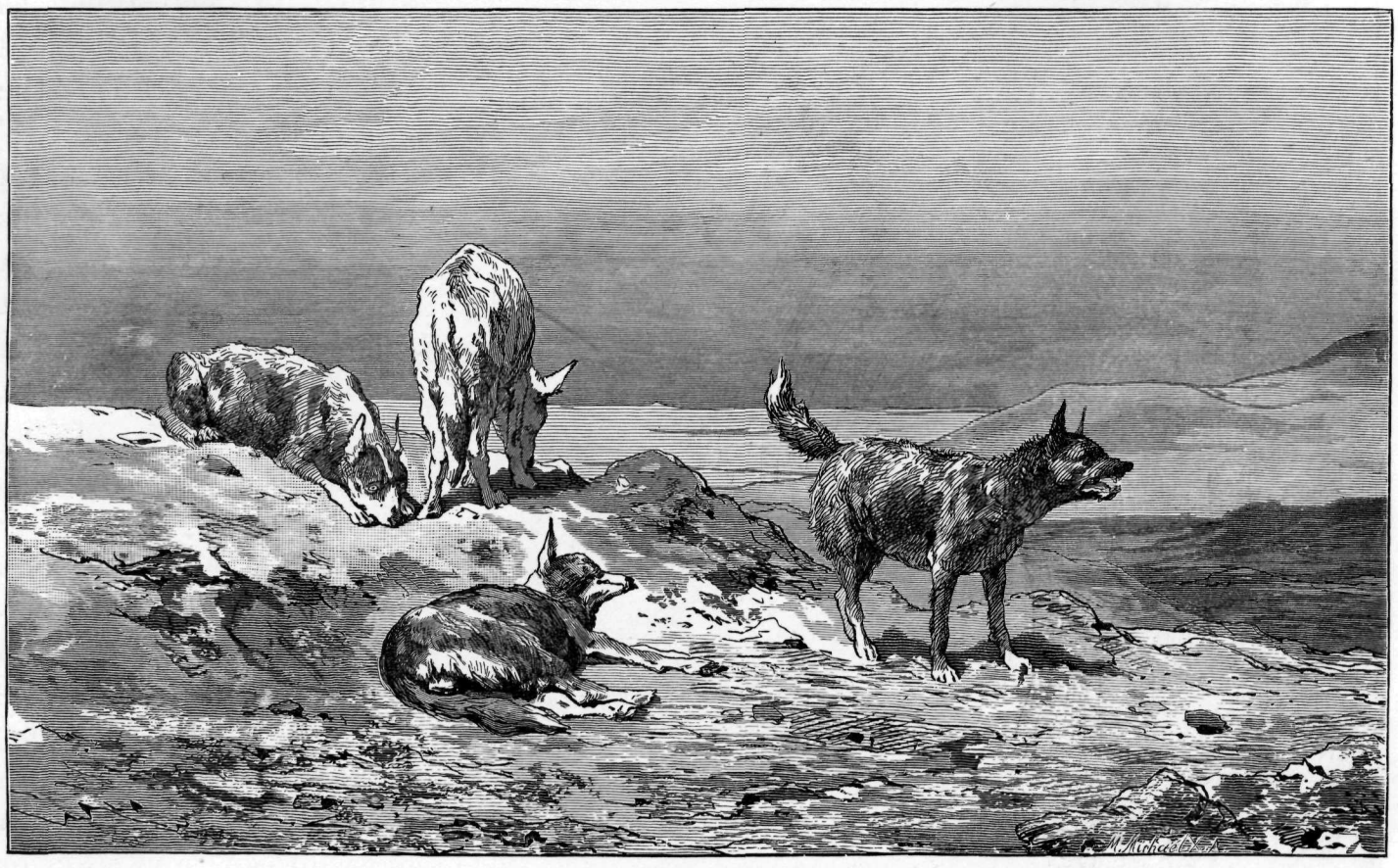
DONKEY-BOY AT THEBES.



THE STREET-DOOR KEY OF THE FELLAHEEN.

tilled, and the produce—peas, perhaps, or lentils—was preserved for use in huge cylinders of dried Nile mud, of which a goodly array may be occasionally seen in the little forecourt, and which the hasty traveller might take to be anything rather than store-tubs. And it is expressly for the protection of their contents that the numbers of dogs are kept, which guard every fellah's domain, and which at the beginning of our sojourn at Abd-el-Kurnah were wont to display much hostility to us as new neighbours when we came home after sun-down.

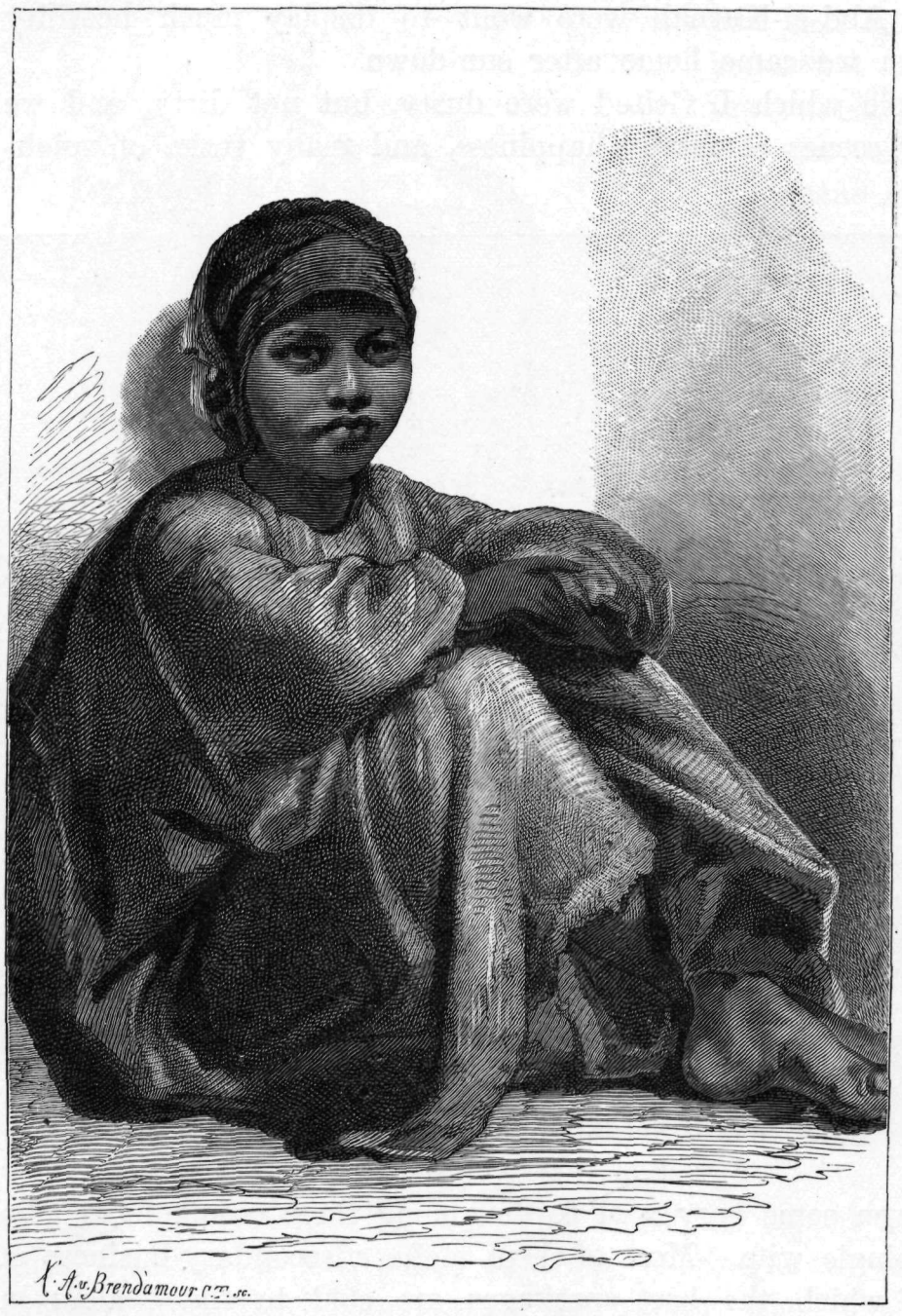
The homes of these people which I visited were dusty, but not dirty, and we found in them many touching scenes of family happiness, and many traits of neigh-



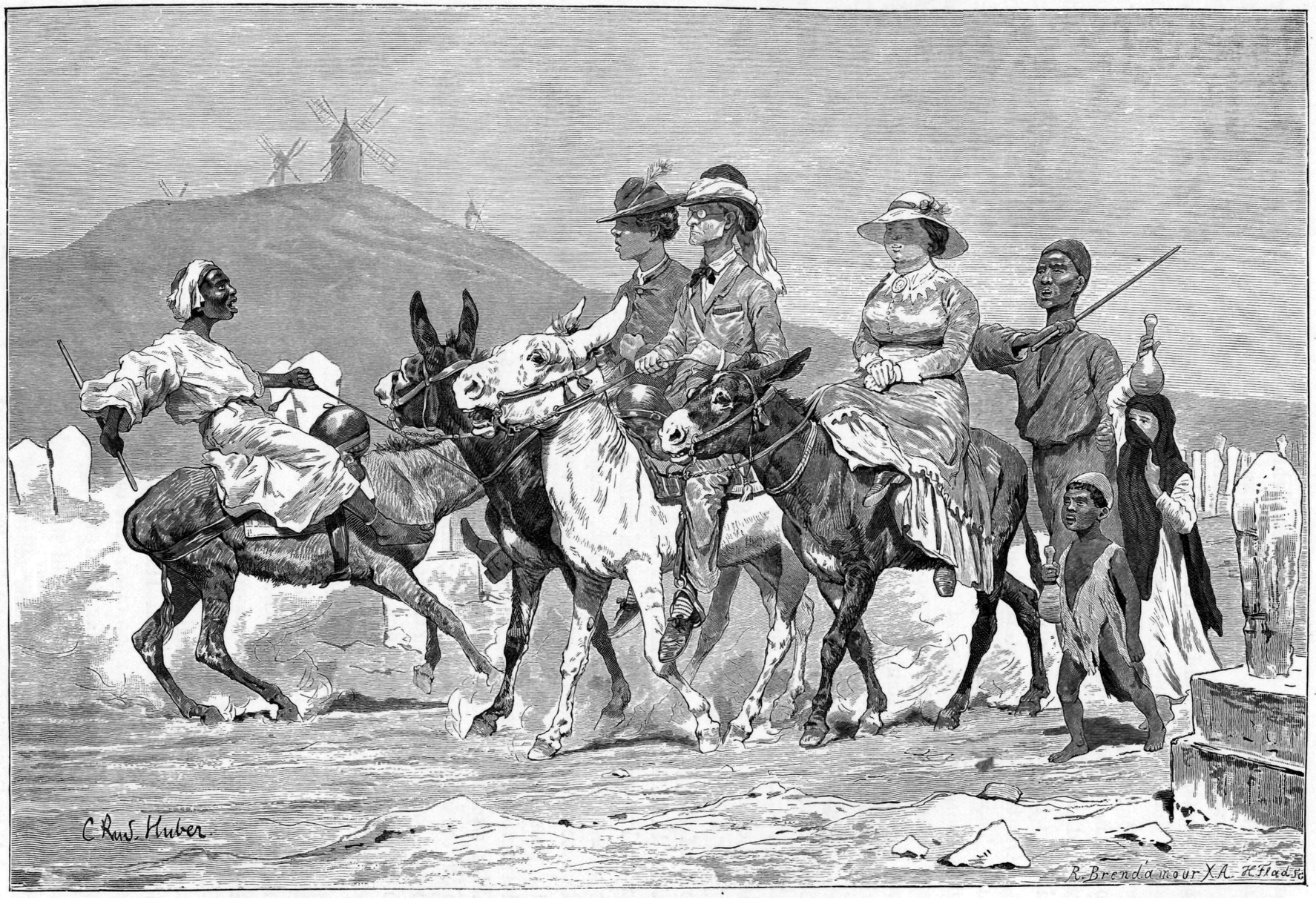
VILLAGE DOGS.

bourly kindness. There are even some very well to do among these simple folks, who all content themselves with a single wife. Most of them make a secondary business of the search for antiquities, of which the best specimens are sold to the dealers in Luxor. Many hire out their asses to visitors during the winter, and allow their children to run after them with water-jars to beg of them, and to offer for sale the sham antiquities which they themselves make very cleverly, or procure through agents from Cairo and Europe; and these little rascals will continue to find a sale for their wares so long as Egypt is visited by hasty tourists, who rush through the whole of Thebes in two or three days, and desire to carry away with them "souvenirs of the times of the Pharaohs." It is these tourists that the children of Abd-el-Kurnah follow with such persistent and urgent cries for "baksheesh" as might exhaust the patience of the most long-suffering; but this same saucy crew, whose aptness

and intelligence far surpass those of our peasant children, built up, with the help of the sailors, a stone seat close to the entrance of our tomb, which we had decorated with our flag; and although several of the little fellows kept their bright black eyes incessantly fixed on us so long as we were at work, so as to miss no opportunity of earning a possible reward, none of them would ever disturb us while we sat on our seat, looking out over the wide plain, where once stood that city of Thebes, known in the Bible as the city of Amon, and which Homer calls "the city of the hundred gates." Even now grand ruins of temples, and numerous magnificently-decorated tombs, testify to its ancient splendour; but of the dwellings of its citizens, and the castles of its princes, no vestige remains, and when we ask an inhabitant where Thebes is, he has no answer ready, for he only knows of Abd-el-Kurnah, Medinet-Haboo, Karnak, Luxor, and the other fellaheen names of the villages which have grown up near or among the larger groups of ruins. From the door of our tomb—one of the finest points of view of all the range west of the city of Amon, rich in views as it is—we can look over the whole plain of Thebes, and command both the left shore on which we stand, and the country on the opposite side of the river. The low ground of the long valley smiles with verdure as far as the inundation has reached; palm-trees, singly or in groves, stand up among the thriving fields which are neatly laid out in beds, and various other trees flourish to perfection. Like a tempting dish in a deep-rimmed bowl, like an oyster served between its shells, the fertile land lies between the dry and barren desert-ranges which hem it in to the east and west. Here and there the yellow desert-sand



MOHAMMED, A BOY OF ABD-EL-KURNAH.



TOURISTS.

stands out as sharply from the green fields as a marble floor from the coloured carpet lying in the middle. On the eastern side of the valley, and reaching to the very foot of the Arabian range, with its fine outline as a background, stood once a living city, with streets, roads, and squares, royal palaces and temples. Of all these nothing remains but the ruins of the temples; somewhat to the south, those known as Luxor, from the name of the village that has been built among them, and, farther to the north, those of the great national sanctuary, which now bear the name of the wretched village close by—Karnak—where more than half of the enormous mass of buildings is hidden by palm-groves.

On the left or western shore of the Nile stood the Necropolis, the city of the dead. The Libyan chain lying behind it has been compared to a piece of cork, a pumice-stone, a sponge, and a honeycomb; and certainly its eastern declivity, and every cross valley that intersects it, is pierced by openings in endless rows. Each of these leads into a tomb, and, besides these, thousands of graves, covered with dust and rubbish, are crowded together in the plain at the foot of the mountains. The principal groups of this vast cemetery are now named after the villages that have grown up among them (going from south to north)—Kurnet-Murrai, Abd-el-Kurnah,[1] and el Assasseef. The famous valley of the Tombs of the Kings lies on the farther side of el Assasseef, in a transverse gorge of the range.

Looking downwards we see huge relics of the buildings of a former time on this shore of the Nile. Farthest to the south there are the splendid temple of Medinet Haboo, the colossi of Memnon, the beautiful Ramesseum, and the House of Seti, which now is known as the temple of Kurnah.[2] On a rocky amphitheatre of the Libyan range, and to the west of Kurnah, stands the terraced temple of Queen Hatasu.[3] All these edifices on the western shore were dedicated to the services of the dead, and with them were connected schools and libraries. Their situation here was probably determined by the quiet of the surroundings; and, besides these, there were the stables and store-houses of the temples, the embalming houses, the dwellings of the Kolchytes employed in preparing the bodies of the dead, the bazaars and markets for the sale of sacrifices in flesh and bread, of libations, essences, flowers, and amulets; the manufactories of coffins and of sacred vessels; inns, too, for visitors to the Necropolis, where indeed there can have been no lack of life. Each of the temples on the western bank of the Nile was the centre of a group of smaller buildings, which gathered round it in connection with the services of the dead, as children gather round their mother; and thus it came to pass that Greek travellers gained an impression that Thebes consisted of a number of separate villages.

Here, on the Libyan shore of the stream, we find the oldest traces of the city, which, though it was called in a sacred legend the birth-place of Osiris, is but little older than the tombs of Beni Hasan. The kings of the XIth[4] Dynasty were buried here; and at Karnak, on the other side of the Nile, a few portions of an ancient structure have been preserved, not far from the great temple, which prove that the building

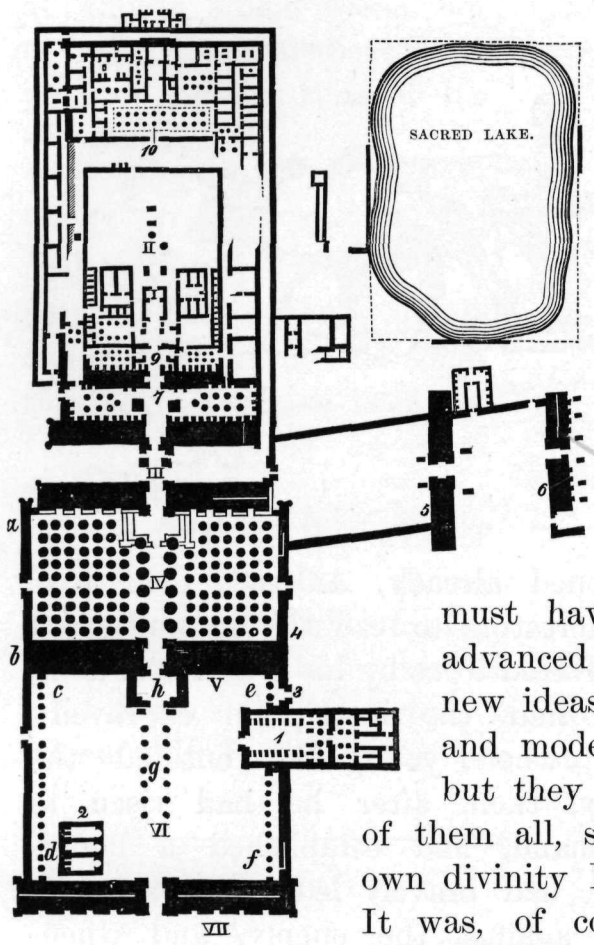
[1] Known also as Gournah or Goornah.

[2] Given in Mariette Bey's "Kurnah," fo., 1875.

[3] At the Deir-el-Bahari, also published by Mariette, fo., 1877.

[4] Lord Dufferin found monuments of the XIth Dynasty in an excavation he made at Medinet Haboo.

of that great national sanctuary must have been begun before the incursion of the Hyksos. Terribly as this has suffered from dilapidation and wilful injury, it must always be studied as a vast and valuable record in stone by every one whose aim and object it is to learn the history of Egypt's glory from the monuments it has bequeathed to us. Every event of any importance in influencing the national life of Egypt since the expulsion of the Hyksos has left indelible traces on this structure, and the inscriptions and pictures on its walls record and depict many events, and give us much information as to the New Empire, as it were in a mirror. We will transport ourselves in fancy into the heart of this huge edifice, and I will attempt—as I did at Cairo—to set Thebes before the reader's mind while relating the history of her native princes.



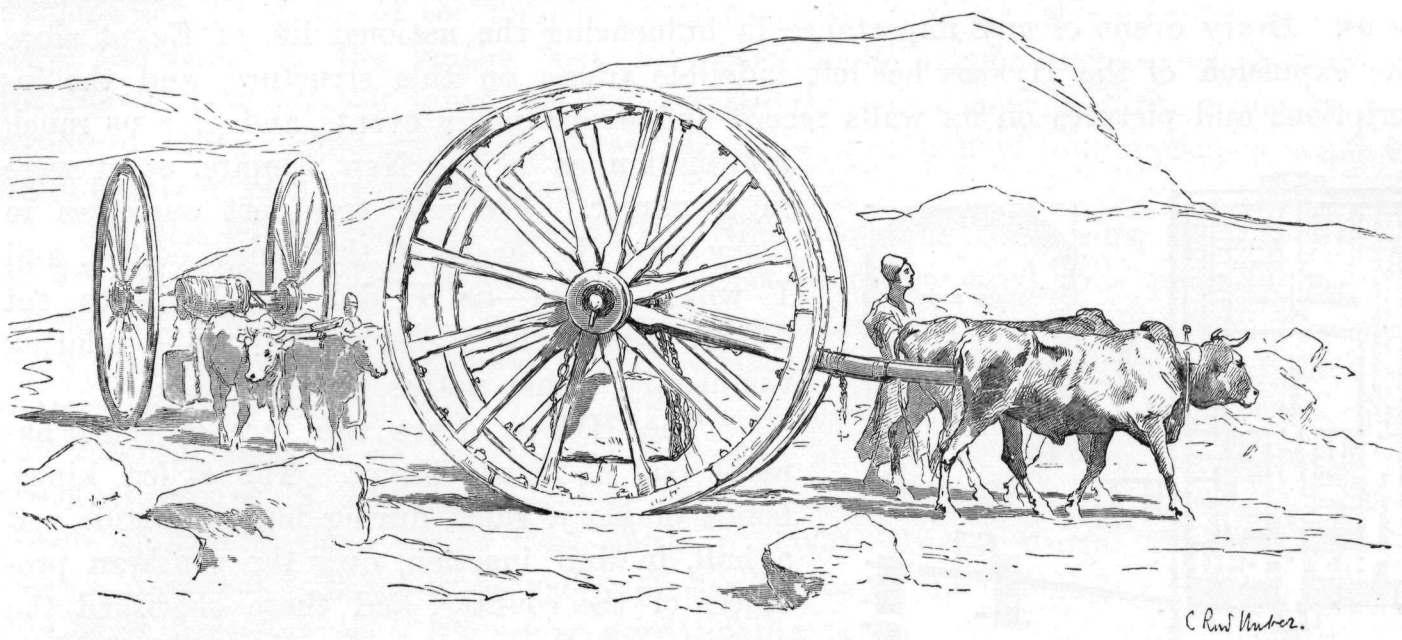
GROUND-PLAN OF THE PRINCIPAL GROUP OF THE GREAT TEMPLE OF KARNAK.

The Hyksos drove the race of the Pharaohs out of Lower Egypt. The exiled kings, bereft of glory, ruled during four centuries and a half, in dull inaction, over the southern provinces of the country, and there cherished the ancient religion, culture, and arts of their people. The two last, indeed—the culture and art—nay, even the science of the Egyptians, must have been adopted and assimilated by the less-advanced intruders, and there can be no doubt that many new ideas and methods of execution, many new instruments and models, were introduced by them into the Nile valley; but they were invariably hostile to the gods of Egypt, and, of them all, selected only Set, who bore some affinity to their own divinity Baal, and served him with sacrifices and prayers. It was, of course, inevitable, at the same time, that many struggles as to the frontier line should arise between them and the legitimate but expelled Pharaohs. A papyrus, now preserved in London,[1] tells us that some discussion gave rise to hostilities between the Hyksos prince Apophis and the Egyptian king Ra-se-kenen-Taa, which led to a contest that terminated, as it would appear, favourably to the Egyptians; and an inscription in the tomb of Aahmes, a "chief of ships," or admiral, at el-Kab, south of Thebes, completes the records of the release of Egypt from the yoke of the Hyksos, which remain to us in the work of Manetho.

Amon was at an early period the chief god of Thebes, as Ptah was at Memphis, and Ra at Heliopolis, and it was under his ægis that the princes of the south country took the field against the strangers in the north. A Nile fleet was formed; Kames, the successor of Ra-se-kenen, continued the war of liberation. Aahmes, his son, succeeded, after a tedious siege by land and water, in reducing Abaris, the fortress of

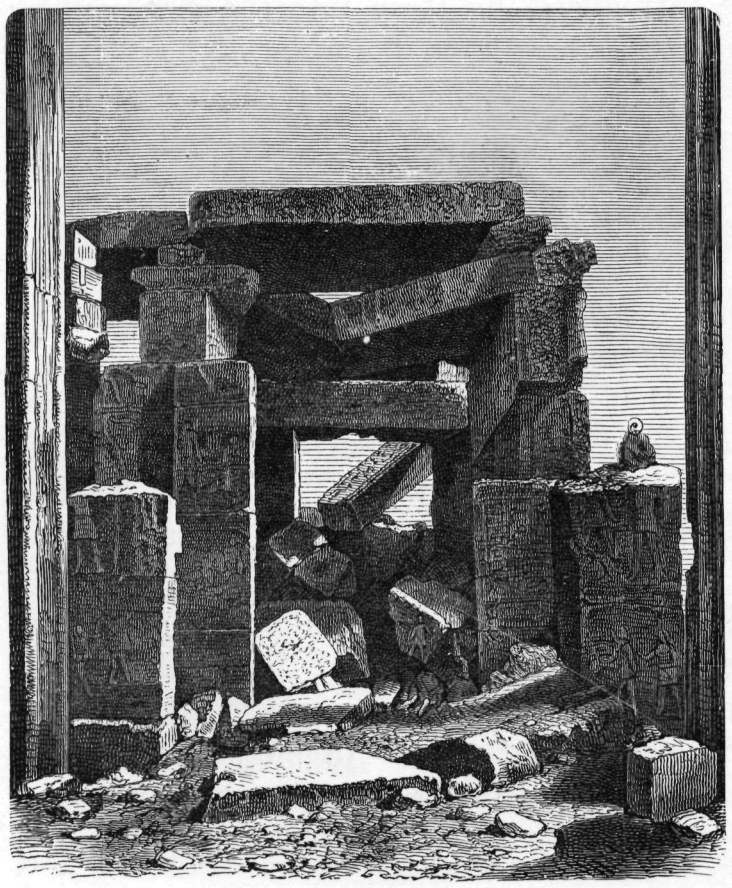
[1] Called the Sallier Papyrus from its possessor, published in the "Select Papyri," Pl. 1 to 3. A translation is given in the "Records of the Past," Vol. VIII., pp. 1—4.

the Hyksos on the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, and in forcing the intruders to retreat to the south of Syria, whither he pursued them. He subdued the petty kings ruling in Lower Egypt, and reduced to obedience the disaffected provinces south of the first



TRANSPORT OF STONE.

cataract. The "chief of ships," whom we mentioned already, Aahmes, took part in many of these campaigns, and it is extremely interesting to read the account given by the old general of the struggle for freedom, as delivered to us by his grandson Paher, who had the inscription engraved; how when young he entered the army, then, after he had risen to command, had established a household, had bravely led many ships of war against the enemy, and whenever he distinguished himself by any great achievement by land or water, had been decorated by the Pharaoh with the order of the golden necklace, and rewarded with other gifts.

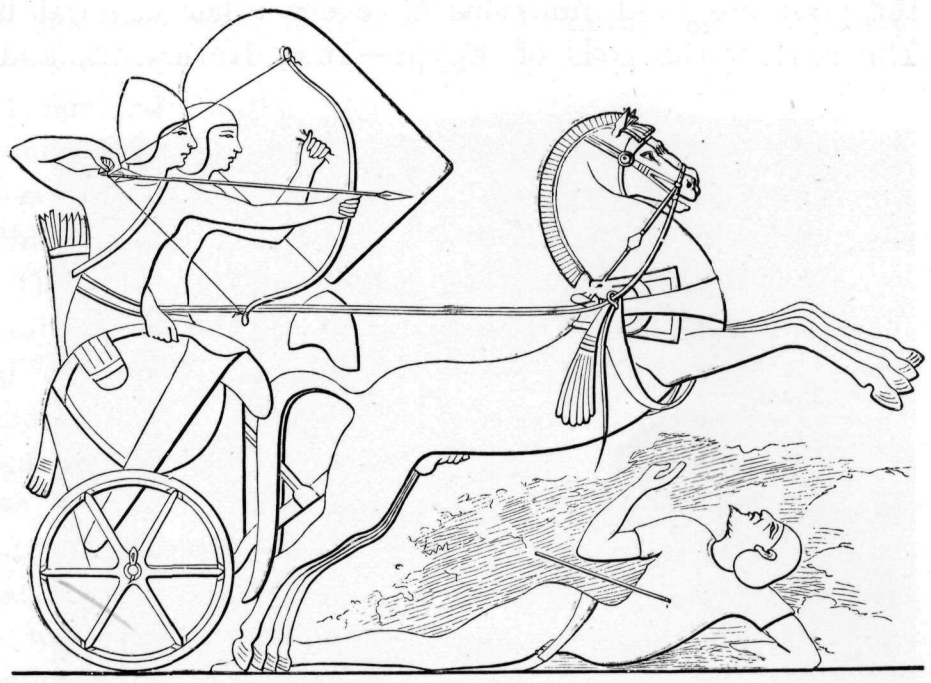


SANCTUARY IN THE GREAT TEMPLE OF KARNAK.

How rich the booty was which King Aahmes[1] was able to share with his conquering warriors is proved by the magnificent *parure* of his mother, Aah-hotep, which we saw in the museum at Boulak. It was the king's first duty and care to render due

[1] The mummy of Aahmes I. (B.C. 1700) has been recently found at the Deir-el-Bahari, along with that of Sekenra. It has been engraved from a photograph in the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, of Berlin, 17th September, 1881, p. 236.

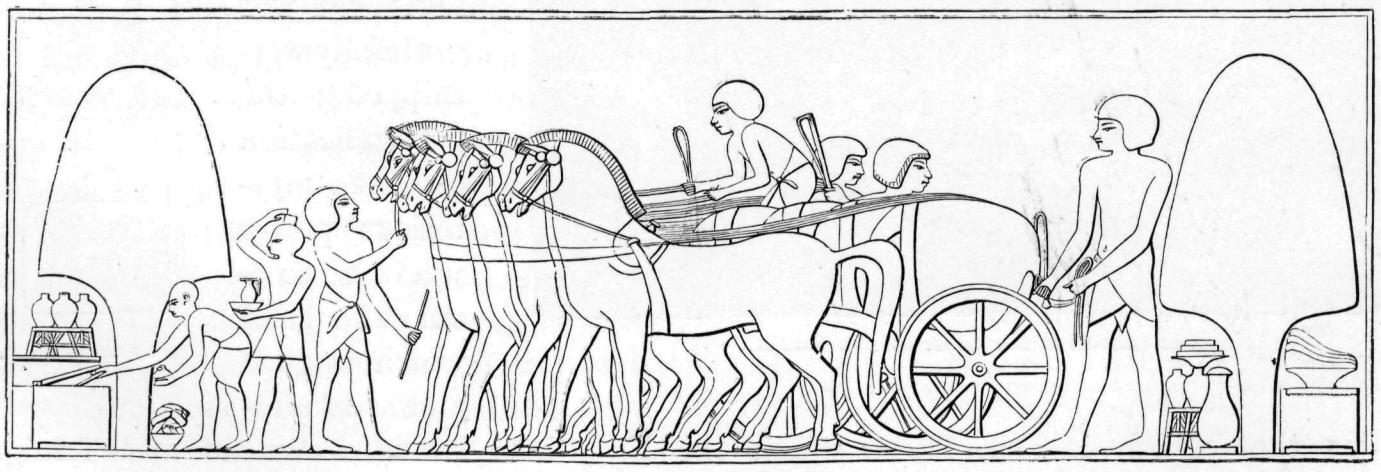
honour to the god to whose aid he owed his glorious successes; he, therefore, in gratitude, called his son and successor Amen-hotep (Amenophis), *i.e.*, the peace of Amon, and opened a quarry—as an inscription on the spot informs us—at Turrah, south of Cairo (which we have already visited), for the supplying materials for that great national sanctuary at Thebes, which seems not to have been dedicated to its uses till the time of his successor.



THE HORSE IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE.

The mode in which blocks of stone are now carried to the Nile, drawn by a pair of oxen, seems simple enough, but in ancient times they seem to have been invariably conveyed on carts or sledges.

Nefert-ari, the wife of Aahmes, received divine honours long after her death, as having been the consort of the liberator of the land, and as ancestress of one of the most famous and victorious families that ever wielded the sceptre of Egypt.[1] Under Amenophis I.,[2] who was her son, Amon assumed the high position which he ever



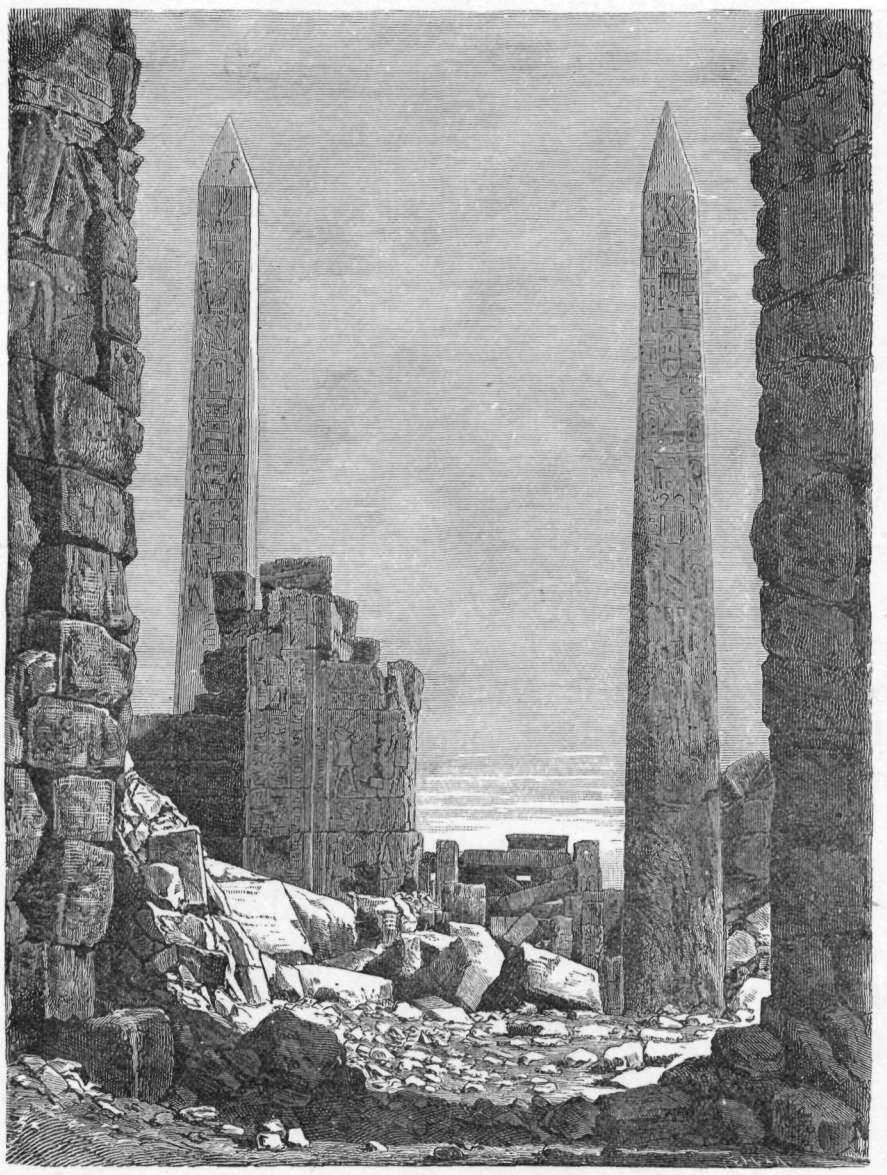
FOUR-HORSE CHARIOT OF A PRIVATE PERSON FROM ABD-EL-KURNAH.

afterwards held among the gods of the Nile. He became one with Ra of Memphis, and was called Amon Ra, and his essential attributes were gradually sublimed, till at length, in the later centuries, he represented the omnipotent divine Intelligence—a

[1] The mummy of this queen has also been found at the Deir-el-Bahari.

[2] Also his mummy at the Deir-el-Bahari. He reigned about B.C. 1666.

transcendental aspect that was, no doubt, in part derived from the influence of the Asiatic races that had settled by the Nile. The poets who composed the hymns to Amon sing his praises as the one and indivisible, by himself alone; and when it is said of him that he is sole king among gods, whose names are legion, what is meant is that the attributes and functions of every other celestial being are subordinate to him. The other great gods of Egypt—Tum, Harmachis, and their fellows, were regarded merely as emanations or manifestations of his all-comprehending majesty. He it is who stirred the concealed and productive energy of the primæval waters to pregnancy and life, and through him they brought forth all things. His word gave the world its manifold forms, and as he named them, each part of it separated itself from the rest. As the "living Osiris," he breathed the breath of life into things created, which thus by him rose to the higher orders of being. He was benevolent and beautiful, and the enemy and destroyer of evil, and he was gratefully worshipped as the personification of the mysterious power which preserves that which is good and annihilates that which is evil, under which the Egyptians included hostile and foreign nations. Mut (the maternal Isis) and the youthful form of Chunsu[1]—who was first worshipped as the moon-god—were his associates (as Isis and Horus were those of Osiris). Amon, Mut, and Chunsu, form the triad, or trinity, of Thebes, which, at Karnak, stood at the head of all the divinities worshipped there.



THE OBELISKS IN THE OLDEST PART OF KARNAK.





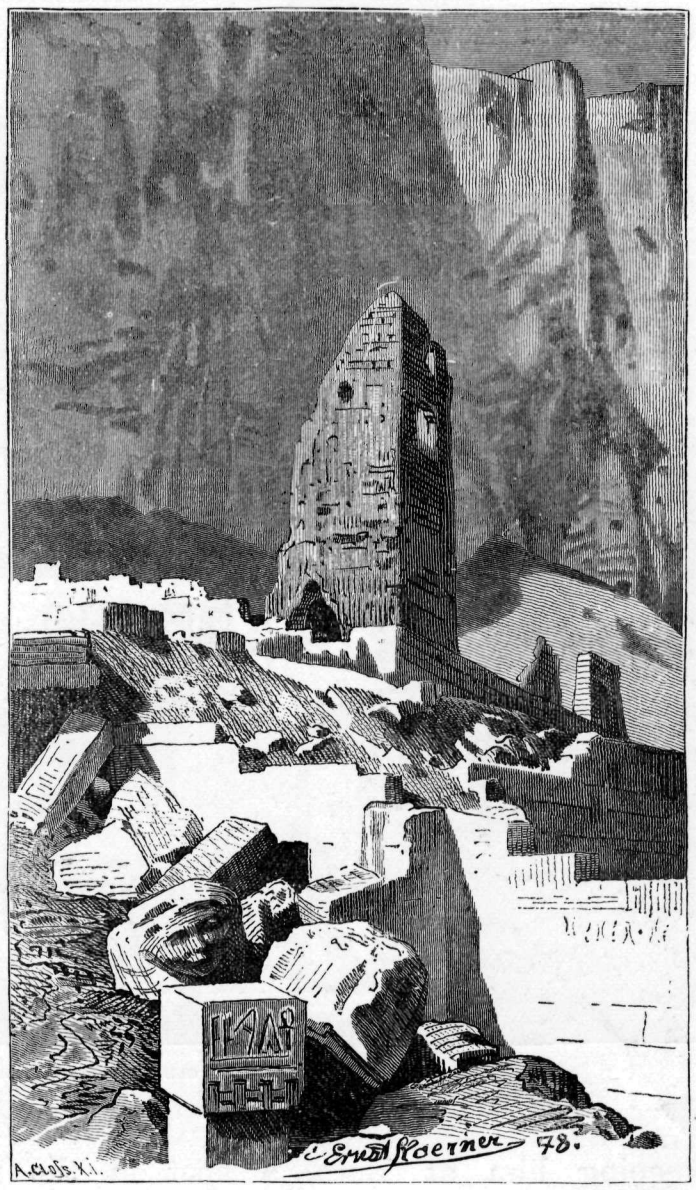
SEAL OF THOTHMES II.

The ancient "Holy of Holies" of Amon, which at Karnak, as elsewhere, was the first portion of the temple to be built, has long lain in ruins; but close to it, and

[1] Called by the Greeks Chons.

more to the west, another sanctuary was erected at a much later date. This was a double chamber of granite, which, at the present day, may be regarded as the nucleus of the whole structure, which has been built round it at very various periods. (See plan I.)

Amenophis I., the son, as has been said, of Amasis I. (Aahmes, and of his wife Nefert-ari), undertook no great wars of conquest, but he secured and fortified the southern and western frontiers of his kingdom, and began those additions to the great national temple which were zealously carried on by his son Thothmes I.,[1] who decorated it with subsidiary pillared halls, with pylons and obelisks (III). This was after Amon had vouchsafed him victory, not only against the nations of the Soudan, but also against the Semitic inhabitants—a kindred race, therefore, to the Hyksos of Western Asia—against whom he desired to "wash his heart—*i.e.*, to satisfy his vengeance. He led his armies as far as Mesopotamia; and his troops no longer consisted, as under the old empire, of foot soldiers only, but of a great number of warriors who went forth to battle in war chariots drawn by two horses. The horse had been introduced into Egypt by the Hyksos, and was known by its Semitic name, *soos*. It throve there admirably, and the sacerdotal artists soon learned to represent its noble form, not merely in positions of rest, but in all the energetic movement of onset and attack. The making of carriages is also indigenous to Asia; but the Syrian and Phœnician wheelwrights and smiths, who constructed the two-wheeled chariots, and inlaid them with precious metals and stones, found in the Egyptians apt pupils, who soon not only equalled, but excelled their teachers.

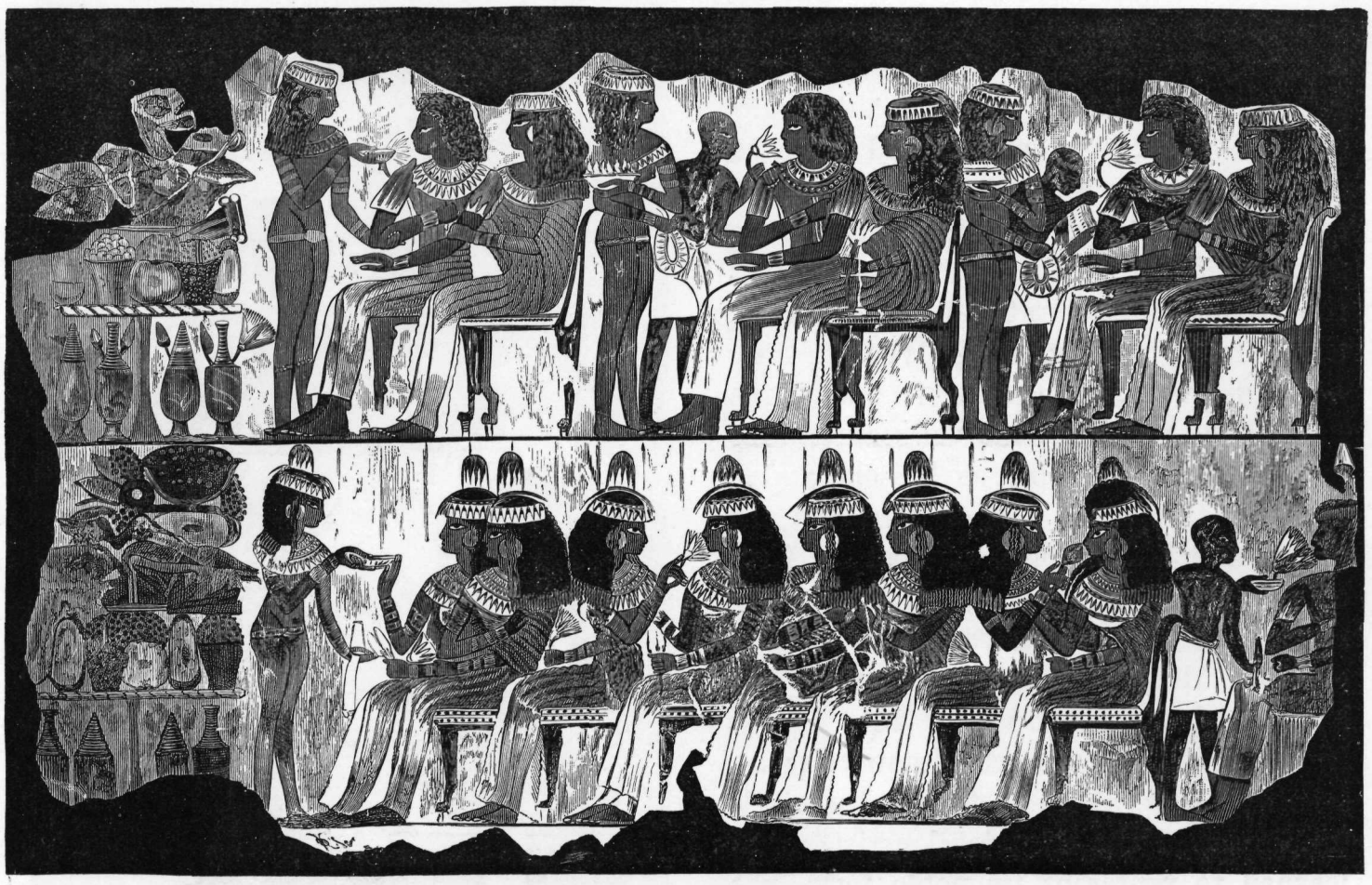


CHRISTIAN TOWER AT THE DEYR-EL-BAHREE.

Thothmes I. left three children—a daughter, Hatasu (or Hatshepsu, as it may be read), and two sons, of whom the younger was still a boy at his father's death. The elder mounted the throne under the name of Thothmes II.; but though he boasts of victories, though he caused buildings and statues to be raised at Karnak, and

[1] The name Thothmes is Greek, the Egyptian form being Thahutimes. His mummy and coffin were found in the pit near the Deir-el-Bahari.

though his seal—a beautifully-engraved signet, now preserved at Paris—shows him as a warrior shooting a bow from a chariot, and as over-mastering a lion, while he adopts the epithet of *kent*, or "the brave," we learn from the monuments that he was completely governed by the bold and enterprising spirit of his sister, and was compelled to share his throne with her, against his will as it would seem; for after his death Hatasu caused his name to be defaced or cut out on many of the buildings he had erected.[1] While she herself was acknowledged as queen—nay, actually as *king*—of Upper and Lower Egypt, she exiled her younger brother, afterwards Thothmes III.,



OLD EGYPTIAN REPRESENTATION OF A PARTY.

keeping him at Buto, a spot in the marsh district of the Delta. She caused herself to be represented with the head-dress of the Pharaohs, and even with a beard, and her officials were ordered to speak of her as a man. And as though she were in truth a man, she would not merely project grand undertakings, but would control and conduct them, and bring them to a successful issue. The glories of the battle-field had no temptations for her, but in building she strove to leave behind her all that was newest and most vast, and as she required enormous funds, she sought and invented new means of procuring them. She erected two obelisks in the midst of that part of the temple of Karnak which had been built by her father, a part which is now

[1] His coffin was also found at the Deir-el-Bahari, but the mummy had disappeared, and was replaced by that of Pinotem I., whose reign is placed 1033 B.C. by Brugsch; but this is possibly too high, as the seal of Pinotem I. or II. was found at Kouyunjik.

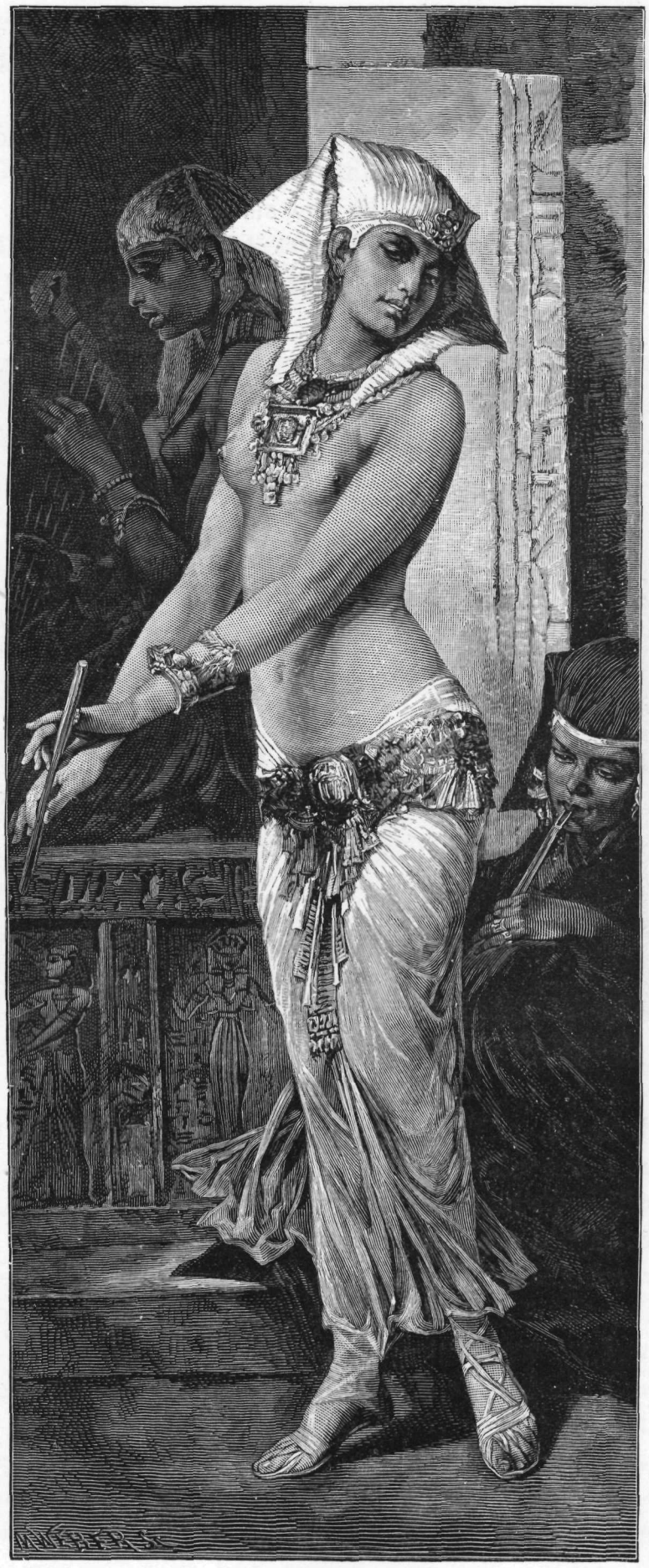


THE LAST HONOURS.

more utterly ruined than many others, and one of these is the tallest monolith of any now standing upright (VII. in the plan). The perfection with which the hieroglyphics have been chiselled in the polished granite of this monument has never been surpassed; but the inscription beyond a doubt states the exact truth in saying that only seven months were required to hew it out of the "red mountain" at Assouan, and to erect it complete and perfect. While her brother, Thothmes II., was still living, she began another great work on the further side of the Nile, and subsequently carried it out, single-handed, with perseverance and assiduity. This was a structure destined to receive her mortal remains and those of her family, and to be, at the same time, a temple where her deeds might be remembered, and sacrifices offered to her manes, and where Hathor might be worshipped as her favourite divinity, and as being the goddess who, above all others, must be invoked whenever prayers were to be offered for the resurrection and new birth of the dead.

Deyr el Bahree,[1] or the Northern Monastery, is now the name of the mausoleum of Hatasu, so called from an ancient monastery built by monks that settled there, of which nothing remains but a brick tower. At the time of the Greeks it formed part of those Memnonia which called forth the admiration of travellers, standing on the western shore by Thebes, and all devoted to the same purposes. The whole declivity of the

[1] The Deir el Bahari of Mariette Bey. It is here that in a concealed pit have been found the mummies and coffins of distinguished princes of the XVIIIth Dynasty, including those of Thothmes III. and other personages of the period.



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN DANCING GIRL.

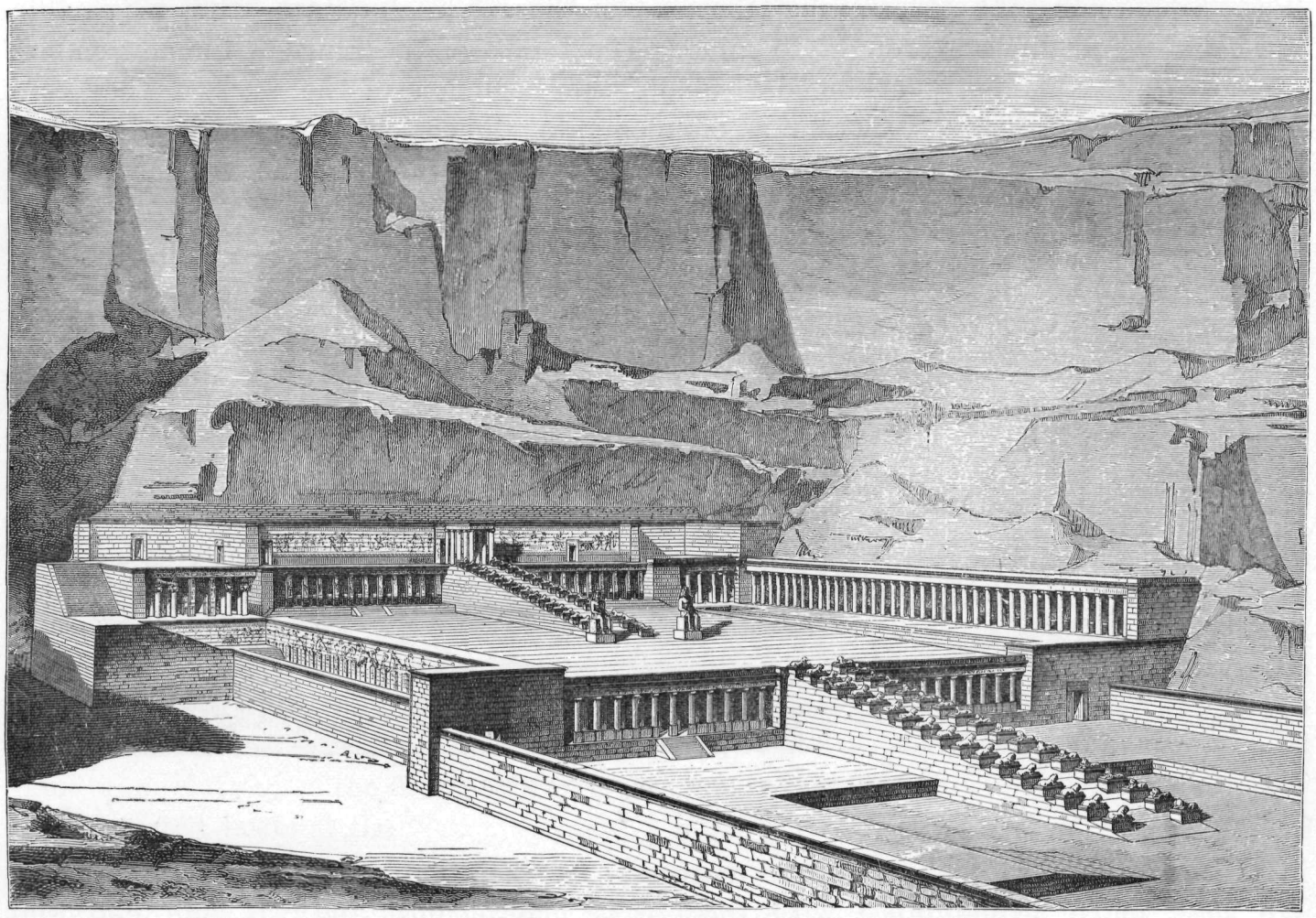
Libyan range west of the Necropolis, called by the ancient inhabitants "the coffin mountain," is, as the reader knows, full of sepulchres, most of which were made under the sovereigns of the XVIIIth Dynasty—to which Hatasu belonged—for the interment of different noble families of Thebes. Though these tombs differ greatly as regards their size and the richness of their mural decorations, they resemble each other perfectly as to plan and distribution, and the arrangement of the pictures and inscriptions they contain is identical. The first and largest chamber was always the tomb chapel, in which the survivors assembled to keep green the memory of the dead, with prayer and sacrifices. In this ante-chamber, and in the smaller rooms next to it, as in the tombs of the older empire, only the life on earth was recorded and



DEPENDENTS BRINGING IN THE PRODUCE OF THE LAND.

depicted. All the possessions of the deceased, his favourite occupations, his household, and the offerings to be brought to his manes, as represented in the pictures with which we have become familiar in the Necropolis, both of Memphis and of Beni-Hasan, we again meet with here; but the pictures of the funeral ceremonies take up more room than formerly. We come upon new titles, the paintings, which bring before us the festal family meetings, exhibit a certain refinement of form. We see the men and women taking their pleasure together; flowers are handed to all, with dishes and drinks of various kinds; music and singing charm the hearers, and female dancers delight the eye; vessels of new forms stand on the drinking-tables, and many of them seem Asiatic in type; and we see from many pictures, which exhibit in the most *naïf* manner the unpleasant consequences of excess, that the temperance and moderation of the earlier times are no longer prevalent in these days of political triumph. We find horses and carriages among the possessions of private persons,

and the inscriptions tell us that the greater part of the nobility of Thebes serves in the army, and has accompanied the Pharaoh in his expedition into Asia. The great officials are enriched by the divisions of the spoil and the exaction of tribute, and the foreign peoples governed by the king's deputies are often represented in a highly characteristic manner. Distinguished families kept their own household minstrels, whose duty it was to play the harp on all solemn occasions, and praise the destiny of the deceased, both in this life and in the next. The funeral processions are

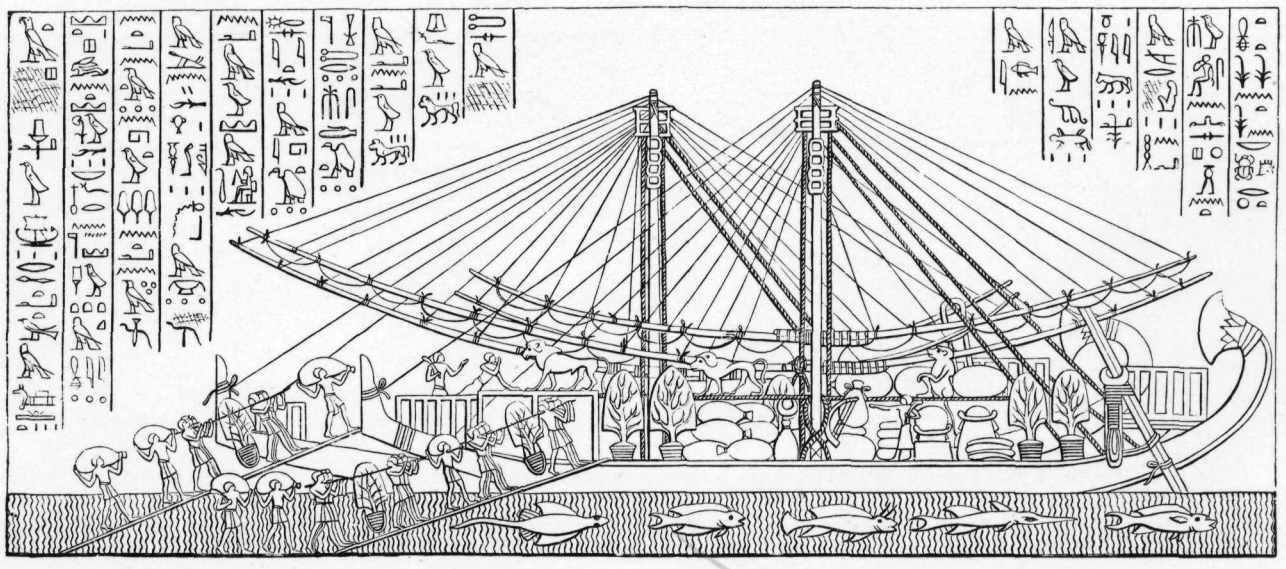


TEMPLE OF DEYR-EL-BAHREE (IMAGINARY RESTORATION, BY E. BRUNE).

splendidly arranged; the coffin of the deceased is conveyed across the Nile in a magnificent barque to the Necropolis. Waiting-women stand on the deck of the vessel, priests, relatives, servants, and serfs accompany the sarcophagus through the cemetery to the entrance of the tomb, and the serfs form a long train, bringing every kind of produce to lay on the altar before their departed lord.[1] The arts of the embalmer were improved by the use of the numerous resins and essences which poured into Egypt from the countries now opened up; new forms and rituals, which have been preserved in the "Book of the Dead," were introduced, and the doctrine of the immortality of the soul was developed in detail with an astonishing power and

[2] Given in Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs," New Series, Vol. III., Pls. 83—88. Maspéro, "Étude sur quelques Peintures et sur quelques Textes relatifs aux Funerales." 8vo, Paris, 1881.

play of imagination. The nether world, which under the old empire had been little thought about,[1] was now peopled with gods and daimons, and the pictures and texts on the coffins, on the papyri placed in them, and on the walls of the sepulchral chambers, refer only to the life beyond the grave. The sepulchre was always placed at the extreme end of a shaft, leading inwards and downwards, which was carefully arranged so as to be most difficult for intruders to find and explore, and in the tomb itself no mention is ever made of the earthly life of the deceased, as in the chambers where the survivors met. Thus it is in quite distinct and separate chambers, though in the same tomb—the "everlasting mansion" of the Egyptian citizen—that his earthly and his heavenly life are brought to mind. The tombs of the kings of the new empire are also quite differently arranged. Before the incursion of the Hyksos they constructed, even in Thebes, pyramids of moderate dimensions, of which time has spared nothing but the merest traces. At a later time they also hewed deep shafts

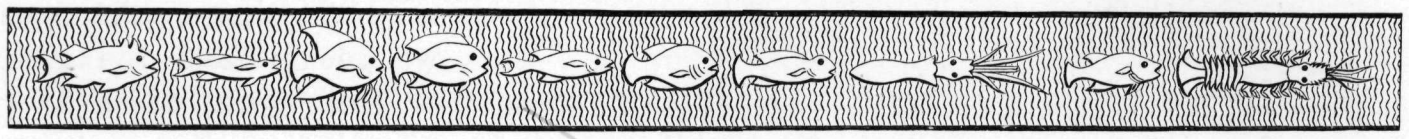


SHIP OF HATASU LADEN WITH PRODUCE FROM PUN-T.

in the mountain, to make a secure receptacle for their mummies at the inmost end. We shall make acquaintance with these cave mausoleums, and we shall find that every picture and inscription they contain refers, with scarcely an exception, to the other world. They were to the kings what the ordinary sepulchre was to the private individual. The tomb-chapel of the Pharaoh could not be an adjunct to his tomb, where his survivors might assemble to celebrate his memory, for the king's mourners were the whole Egyptian nation. The princes, therefore, built splendid temple-like structures for the services to their manes in the Necropolis itself, between the Nile and the "coffin mountain," and these were called in the Egyptian tongue *mennu*—that is to say, permanent structures, monuments or memorials. The Greeks gave them the name of *memnonia*, thinking that the word mennu was the same as the name of Memnon, the Homeric hero; and they supposed the musical statue, of which I shall speak

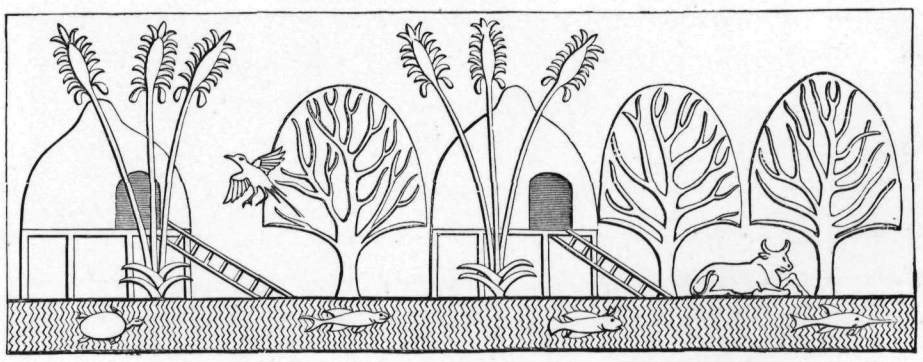
[1] The recent discoveries at the pyramids of Sakharah, already cited, have proved that the nether world was thought about, as also the Elysium; but that the future state was more allied with sidereal elements and the course of the constellations. The doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and the identification of the deceased with Osiris is also distinctly affirmed in these early texts, but not the terrors of the Egyptian hell.

presently, to be a statue of him. In such a Memnonium the life of the Pharaoh on earth was kept fresh in men's memories, though the principal events of his life were, of course, different to those celebrated in the case of a private individual. All that these had to record for their descendants related to their household, estates, family and personal duties, to their recreations, and the relations of the subject to his sovereign; while in that of a king historical events were perpetuated, and in his Memnonium we shall find nothing but records of his expeditions into foreign countries, of the battles he won, of the siege and capture of fortresses, of the spoil he conquered, and of the thank-offerings of the king to the celestial powers. Here we see a picture of the king's coronation, of the ancestors and children of the sovereign who is consecrated, and of the gods to whom he sacrifices, from whom he receives gifts, and who will for ever uphold his name; this, however, will also be preserved from oblivion by the schools and library of his Memnonium. The oldest of these "places of perpetual memory," and certainly the most singular Memnonium we know of, was



FISH OF THE RED SEA, FROM THE DEYR-EL BAHREE.

the terraced temple of Deyr-el Bahree, built by the great Hatasu, against a finely curved amphitheatre in the yellow and gleaming limestone rocks to the north-west of the Necropolis. The rock-tomb, in which her mummy, and those of her father and brothers were formerly preserved, has not as yet been discovered, though the chapel, hewn out of the living rock, which must be regarded as the most ancient and sacred portion of the whole edifice, stands open to the visitor. This sanctum, where the parents of Hatasu were kept in memory, was the end and goal of the procession which came from Karnak to the Memnonium of the great queen. They must have embarked in the decorated boats at the southern end of the great temple, for the rapidity of the current necessitated an oblique course in crossing it. On reaching the shore the prince and his accompanying priests quitted the boats, and marched in procession along the broad road leading in a straight line up to the propyla, which have now disappeared from the face of the earth; on each side of the road stood a row of sphinxes with ram's heads.



HUTS BUILT ON PILES IN PUN-T.

M. Mariette[1] disinterred the ruins of this structure, and Brune Pasha, the

[1] Given in the work of Mariette on the Deir-el-Bahari, already cited.

French architect, has attempted to restore it, on paper, as it must have appeared shortly after its completion; this he has done with great skill and success, but though this drawing is welcome as an aid to the imagination, we who have in our "mind's eye" a vivid picture of the stupendous ruins of Deyr-el Bahree, can well afford to dispense with it. These much-injured remains, even at the present day, are full of character and impressiveness, from whichever side we approach them; but the finest effect certainly is that obtained as we go up from the Nile, or that again which they afford to the foot-passenger, who looks down upon them from the bridle-path that leads high above them and over the mountain, into the valley of the king's tombs. Much, indeed, is ruined and destroyed; but the four terraces remain, and the gentle slope, which formerly, perhaps, was mounted by steps, is still recognisable. This divided the building into two wings. The processions which passed along it went up from terrace to terrace, and each of these platforms had eight colonnades to the right and left. At the top of the fourth terrace the train of priests had to pass through a granite archway, which led into the quiet temple chambers, and behind this again through a vault built of porphyry, at the back of which was the opening into the ancient rock-tomb of which we have spoken. In



FELLAH WOMAN OF KARNAK.

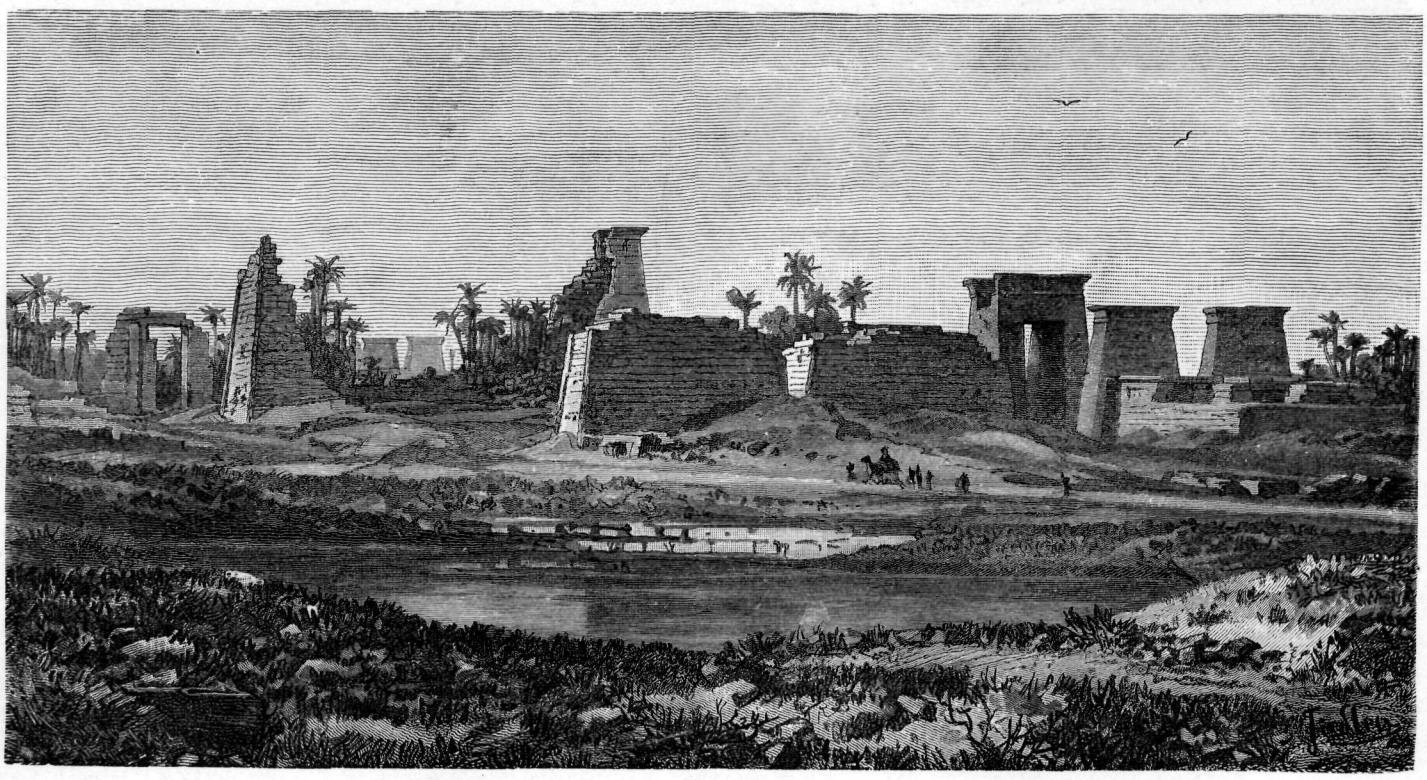
this, the most holy spot of the Memnonium of Hatasu, the walls were adorned with various masterpieces of sculpture, among which the cow of Hathor, from whose udders Hatasu herself drinks the milk of life, deserves especial mention. The halls on the platforms, and at their ends, will particularly attract the lover of Egyptian architecture, and the student of its development; for he will here meet again with the same polygonal columns as we lately saw in the tombs at Beni-Hasan. This style of column having survived the rule of the Hyksos, was transferred from the rock-tombs to independent buildings; they were adopted even at the oldest portion of the temple of Karnak, and it was not till the end of the XVIIIth Dynasty that they gave way to a different type. The pillars that support the roof are also worth notice, being ornamented with masks of Hathor, which were not used again till the time of the Ptolemies. I must earnestly direct the attention of any one who is interested in the growth of culture in the Egyptian nation to the numerous pictures and reliefs which Hatasu[1] caused to be executed on the inner walls of the halls and colonnades, particularly those on the top of the third terrace; for these, which were first appreciated and published by Duemichen,[2] narrate, for the information of posterity, how the great queen, anxious for the extension of commerce and the increase of the country's wealth, fitted out large fleets, and sent them to Pun-t—that is to say, South Arabia and the coast of Somali, as far as Cape Gardafui. These pictures prove



INVERTED CALIX CAPITAL.

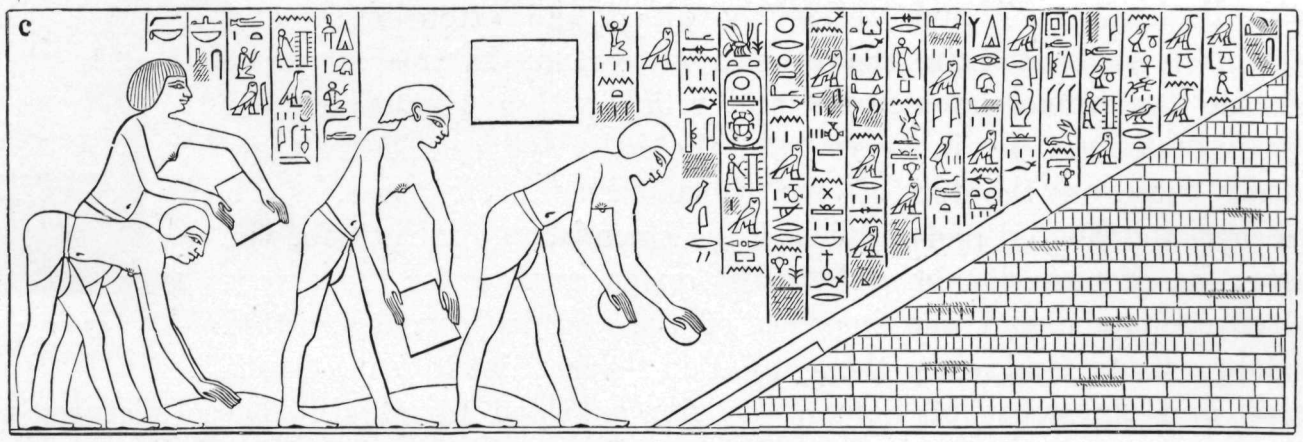
[1] Her name has been also read Ha-sheps.

[2] "The Fleet of an Egyptian Queen." Leipsig, 1868.



THE SOUTH PYLON AND SACRED LAKE OF KARNAK.

how much Hatasu had at heart the desire of perpetuating the memory of the success of the enterprise down to the smallest details, for they show us the ships which must have been built in the Red Sea, and the various treasures and produce they brought from Pun-t to Egypt; and the inscriptions give the names of all the objects represented by the artist, and tell us how large a portion of all this wealth the queen dedicated to Amon of Thebes, and had meted out for that purpose. We see growing incense-trees carried by the sailors, with their roots in earth, and these were to be naturalised, if possible, on the soil of Egypt;[1] heavy bags full of odorous resins are borne into the vessels, which are already laden with bales, jars, elephants' tusks, bars of metal, and the other "marvels of Pun-t." All sorts of valuable woods from those regions are mentioned as contributing to compose the freight of the queen's fleet, with various resins already known by the name *Kami* (gummi or gum), ebony, ivory, pure gold



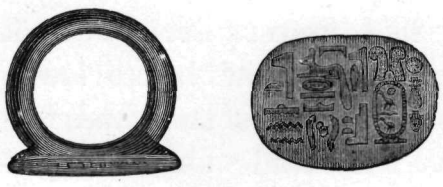
PRISONERS OF WAR ENGAGED ON THE BUILDINGS OF THOTHMES III.

from Asia, *Theas* wood (?), *Chesit* (perhaps cassia), *Ahem*, and sacred incense (*neter senter*), antimony for the eyes, *Anau*, apes, and *Kefu*, monkeys, apes, greyhounds, panther skins, and the natives (of Pun-t), with their children. Under no former ruler—says the inscription—was the like brought into Egypt, but the construction and rigging of the ships prove nevertheless that they were the work of no apprentice hands. Solomon's fleet sent to Ophir eight hundred years later irresistibly occurs to the mind as we look at these pictures; and, looking attentively at all the figures here represented, we see at once that even in the time of Hatasu[2] the artist could observe all he saw in a foreign country, and endeavoured to represent it for the information of his fellow-countrymen. The invasions and voyages of the XVIIIth Dynasty unlocked the treasures of the East to the Egyptians, just as the Crusades in later times opened up its wonders to marvelling Europe, and their outcome was a certain scientific zeal, which, however, became extinct in a very few centuries, and did not revive till the Ptolemies re-illumined the flame in Alexandria. There are at Deyr-el-Bahree representations of the fishes of the Red Sea, so characteristic in outline that modern zoologists can easily recognise their species; and in one picture we even see a village built on piles by the natives

[1] Probably in the courts of the Temples, as appears from the great papyrus of Rameses III.

[2] About 1500 or 1600 B.C.

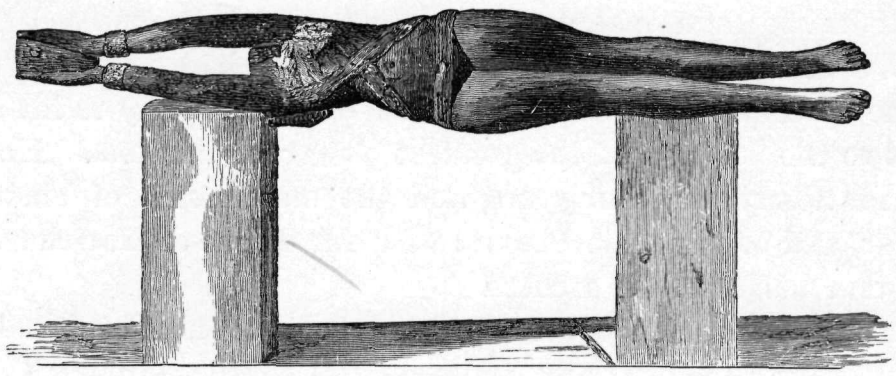
of Pun-t. The conical dwellings are raised on beams, and the doors are reached by ladders; birds unknown in Egypt are depicted, and other paintings show us the sharply-cut features of the men of Pun-t, and the disgusting obesity of the wife of a prince of that country. In the "Book of the Dead," allusion is made to a certain description of Pun-t written at this time.[1] Hatasu's brother, Thothmes III., had representations executed at Karnak of the strange plants he had met with in his Oriental expeditions; in a



FINGER RING.

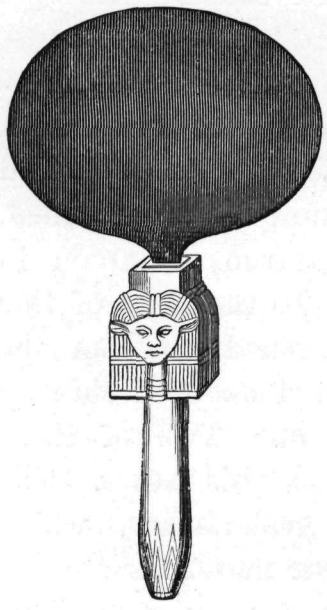


EAR-RINGS.

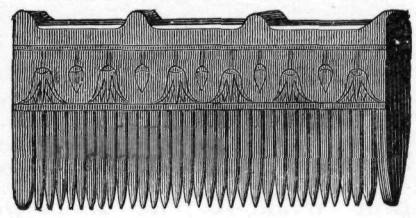


AN ORNAMENTAL TRAY FOR RINGS.

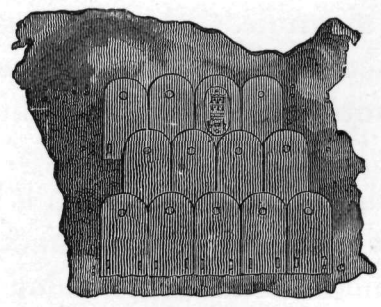
medical papyrus,[2] written in the time of this king, some receipts are given from an Asiatic physician at Byblos; and the writing of various foreign names and words proves that the Egyptians understood the language of their Semitic neighbours. Could it be a mere accident that led to the erection of the great terraced temple of Deyr-el-Bahree within a short time of the first expedition from Egypt having visited the land of Mesopotamia, where more than one terraced building ornamented the great cities? Why should the Egyptians, who so constantly and faithfully repeated their own old types that they even lost the capacity for inventing new ones, never have reproduced this magnificent and effective style of temple? unless it was that it reminded them



MIRROR.



COMB.



PIECE OF A CORSELET WITH SCALE ARMOUR.

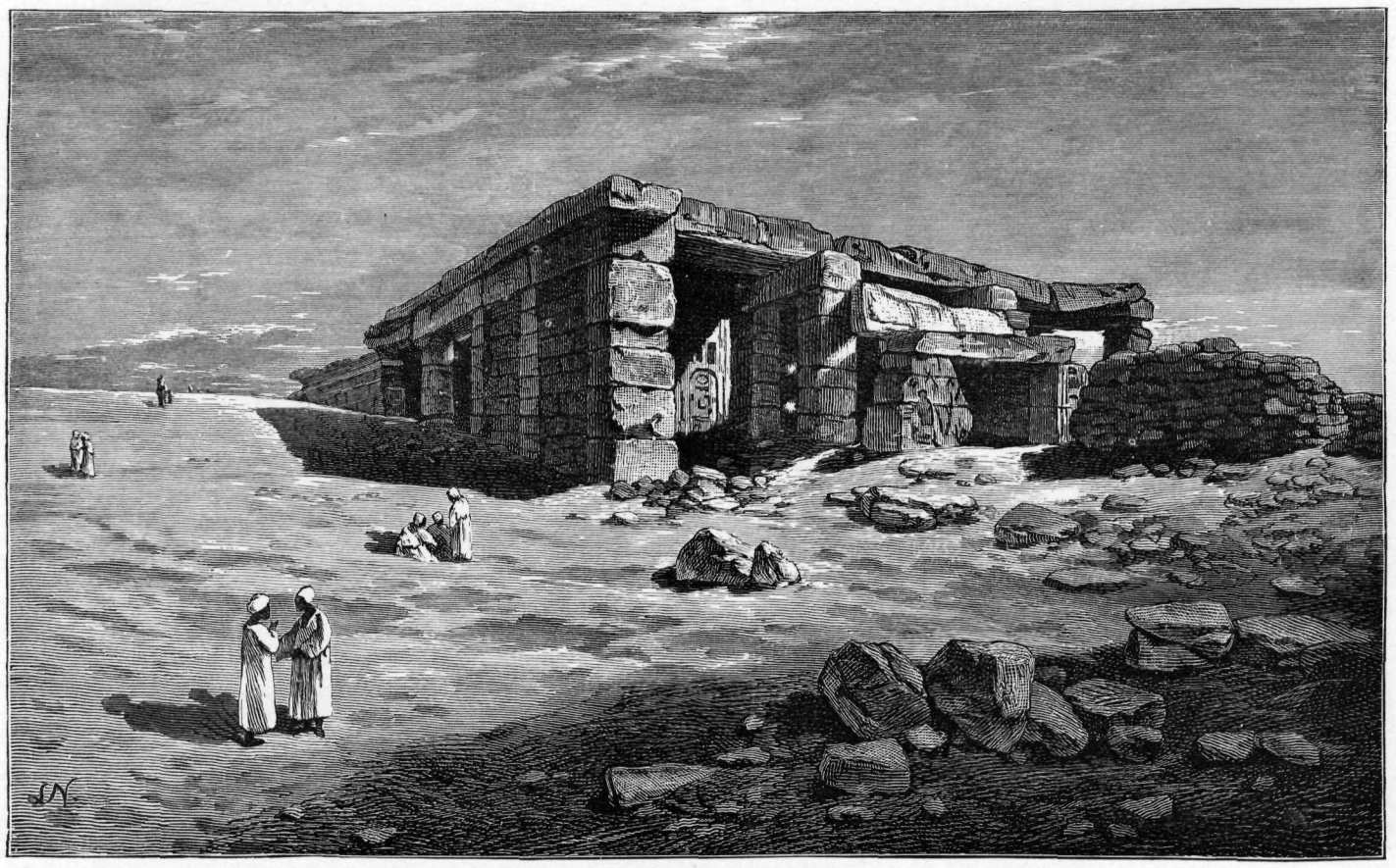
[1] The coffin of this king was found at the Deir-el-Bahari. It had been usurped by Pinotem II. Lepsius, "Todtenbuch," iv. chap. 15, line 10. Mention is also made of the Lake of Pun-t; perhaps one of the Central African Lakes. Lepsius, "Todt." x. c. 17, l. 66.

[2] Known as the Ebers' papyrus.

of foreign ones, and so was abominable in their eyes. The productions of art at this period of Egyptian history bore the same relation to those of the old Empire that we saw in the tombs as the works of a young, independent, and vigorous lad might bear to those of an industrious youth that had never been out of his father's house. Powers that had lain in fetters for centuries now broke loose, political landmarks were overthrown, seas and rivers whose very names men had formerly been afraid to mention, were crossed and navigated, and the mind of man sought untrodden roads. The tallest obelisk and the most remarkable building in Thebes have rendered Hatasu's name famous to a late posterity; but the glory of her peaceful enterprises was soon thrown into the shade by the achievements of her younger brother, Thothmes III., whom we do not hesitate to pronounce to be the greatest of all the warrior kings of Egypt. He has been called the Alexander of the Pharaohs, and with justice, for in the thirteen campaigns that he undertook he succeeded in subjugating the nations of Western Asia, on whom his forefathers had vowed vengeance for the degradation of the Hyksos supremacy ; he made them tributary to his own sovereignty, and raised Egypt to the position of the greatest power of his time. He wore the crown of the Pharaohs for nearly fifty-four years, and the monuments of Thebes tell us of all his deeds of valour, and of his achievements with his troops of war-chariots, his heavily-armed infantry, and his corps of archers.

In the inscriptions which cover the walls of the much-injured chambers that surround the sanctuary at Karnak, in those on the southern pylon (V. and VI.), and in those in the eastern temple buildings (behind X.), his name is constantly repeated. His predecessors had added one hall after another to the great temple, always on the side towards the Nile ; he extended it in the opposite direction, adding to it a magnificent hall (at X.), where thirty-two pillars at the sides, and two rows each of ten columns in the middle, supported the roof. In the capitals of these columns we can detect efforts to introduce new forms ; but we cannot regard the architects of Thothmes as happy in their attempt, for the inverted caliciform capital is not beautiful, and never found any imitators. There were a number of smaller halls and chambers adjoining this great hall, and in them records of the highest importance have been met with in the inscriptions. The hall itself was called *chu mennu*, "the splendid memorial." The sacred lake was also surrounded by buildings, now utterly ruined, but the tank still has water in it, and in ancient times the statue of Amon in a magnificent barque was rowed here on certain great feast-days. To the west of this sacred tank was the great causeway along which processions marched up from the south, and at a later date than that of Thothmes this was decorated on each side by a long row of sphinxes, and interrupted by four immense propyla. Two of these mighty gates were built by Thothmes III.: one, indeed, was begun by his father. The two colossi of Thothmes I. and of Amenophis, his father and grandfather, which Thothmes II., his elder brother, caused to be executed in different materials and on a grand scale, still keep guard in front of the walls, which crumble year by year. The inscriptions discovered by Mariette on the fourth pylon, and on a doorway on the western side of the temple, have proved of the greatest historical importance. They contain long lists of the tribes of the south reduced to subjection by Thothmes, and of those he conquered in Syria. Of these last alone we find no less than 119, and

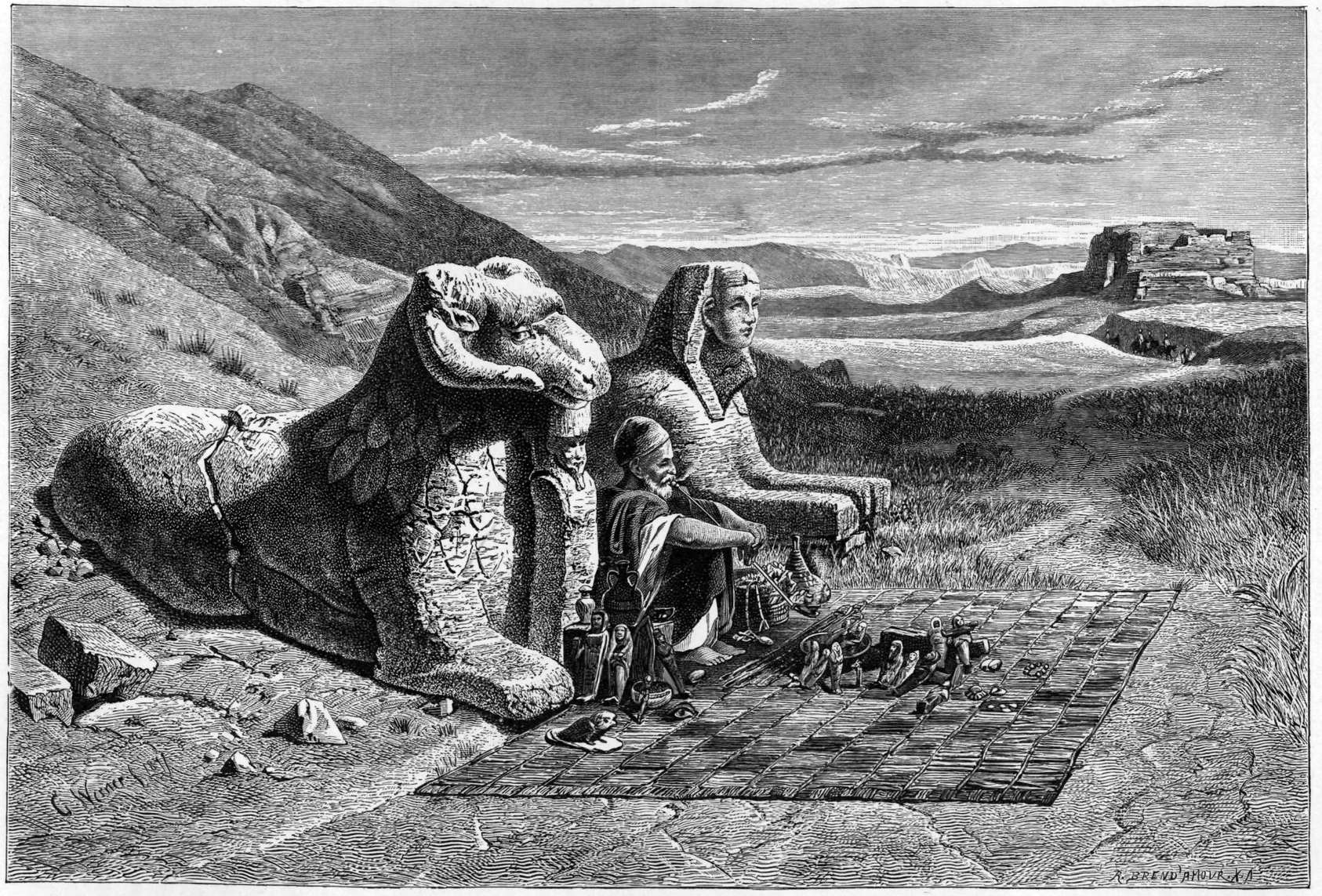
as they are three times enumerated there is no difficulty in completing the lists; among them we find names familiar to us in the Bible, as Megiddo, Joppa,[1] Damascus, Mamre, and others. All these were fortified cities, and each was governed by a prince; but these sovereigns formed a confederation, subordinate, as it would seem, to the most powerful of their number. Thothmes permitted most of these petty kings to retain the crown so long as they paid their tribute punctually, but some lost both crown and life, and others were forced to send their sons to Egypt as hostages. A detachment of Egyptian troops kept watch over the tributary sovereigns from Aradus, at the foot of the Lebanon; and as a further means of securing peace, the able-bodied men were



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF AMADA IN NUBIA.

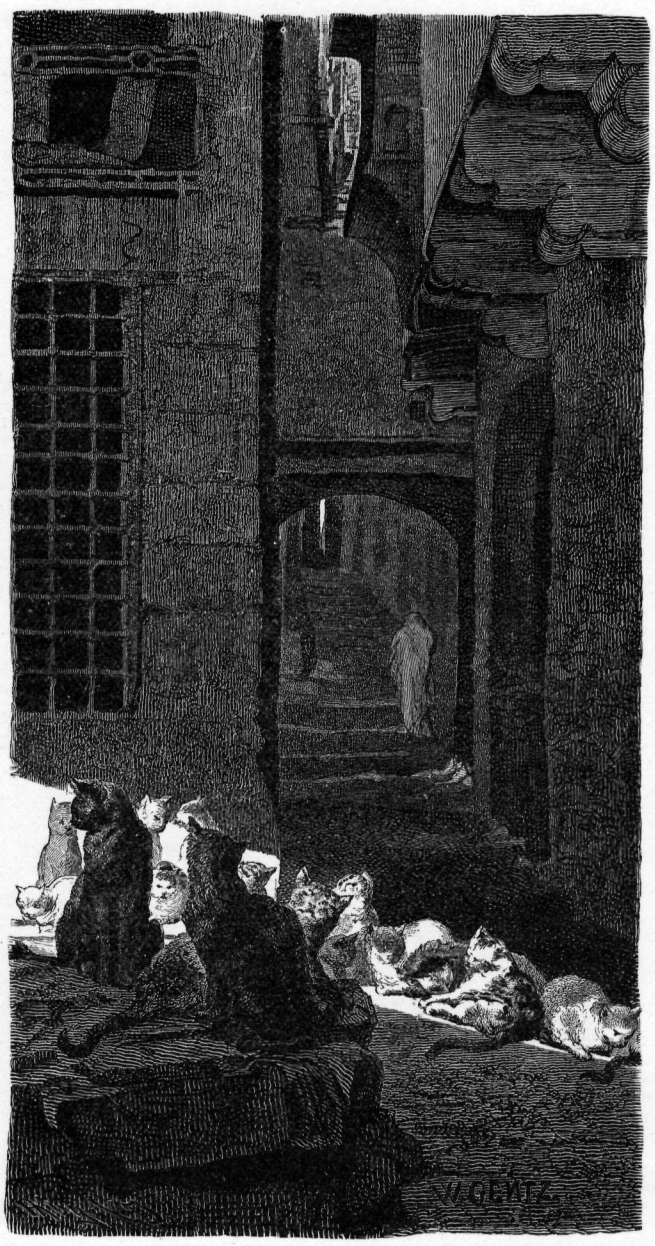
carried into captivity, and had to work in the fields and at building instead of the sons of Egypt, who now went forth to fight in the wars undertaken by their kings. The list of southern nations informs us that Thothmes sent troops to the Indian Ocean, where they penetrated as far as Cape Gardafui; and other inscriptions relate how he attacked Phœnicia, and Tyre, its capital, Babylonia, and Assyria, conquered them, and compelled them to pay him tribute. The form and amount of this tribute is given in detail in the "statistical tablet of Karnak," as it is called, an inscription engraved by the stone-workers of Thothmes on the wall of a room adjoining the holy place. This important record has suffered greatly from dilapidations, and from large portions

[1] The romantic account of the taking of Joppa by placing soldiers with cords in jars is told in a hieratic papyrus in the British Museum, a translation of which will be found in the "Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology," iii. pp. 340—348, by C. W. Goodwin, and M. Maspéro's "Études Égyptiennes," p. 39.



DEALER IN ANTIQUITIES ON THE ROAD FROM LUXOR TO KARNAK.

having been transported to Europe; but its most important portions have been completed by careful research, and the most superficial observer cannot fail to perceive what important revelations it must have afforded us with regard to the status and culture of the different countries whose produce it describes.[1] I cannot here enumerate in detail how many slaves, male and female, and domestic animals, what produce of the soil, what metals and stones, ornaments and vessels, were to be surrendered to the Egyptian collectors of tribute; but it is worthy of mention that even at that early period Phœnicia produced artistically-wrought metal vessels, and Syria richly-decorated chariots, armour, and weapons, besides various articles of furniture, finely inlaid and carved, such as the Egyptians were glad to possess, and use for the decoration of their tents and houses. Even in Mesopotamia chariots were built, weapons forged, and elegant vessels manufactured; and if the word *Ashmara*[2] (Hashmal, and in Assyrian Ishmaru) is correctly rendered, they understood the art of enamelling. It may be seen that the nations of Western Asia were not far behind the Egyptians themselves in the arts of life, but the happy natural conditions of the valley of the Nile have preserved from destruction much which must have perished under the influences of a damp or inclement climate. It is due entirely to Egyptian records that we know that many arts flourished in Mesopotamia and Phœnicia, even as early as the XVIIth century B.C., and that an advanced civilisation prevailed there, while in the dry atmosphere of Egypt thousands of tangible evidences survive to prove what its condition was—as finger-rings, earrings, necklaces, and bracelets, toilet vessels, mirrors, and combs, weapons, and portions of armour, among these a fragment of a scale-plate breast-plate. Even a whole chariot of the time of the Pharaohs has escaped destruction, and is preserved in the Egyptian collection at Florence. Thebes is even still an inexhaustible mine of these relics of an advanced civilisation; and as the traveller approaches Karnak he will be implored by the antiquity-mongers of



A CONGRESS OF CATS IN THE SUN.

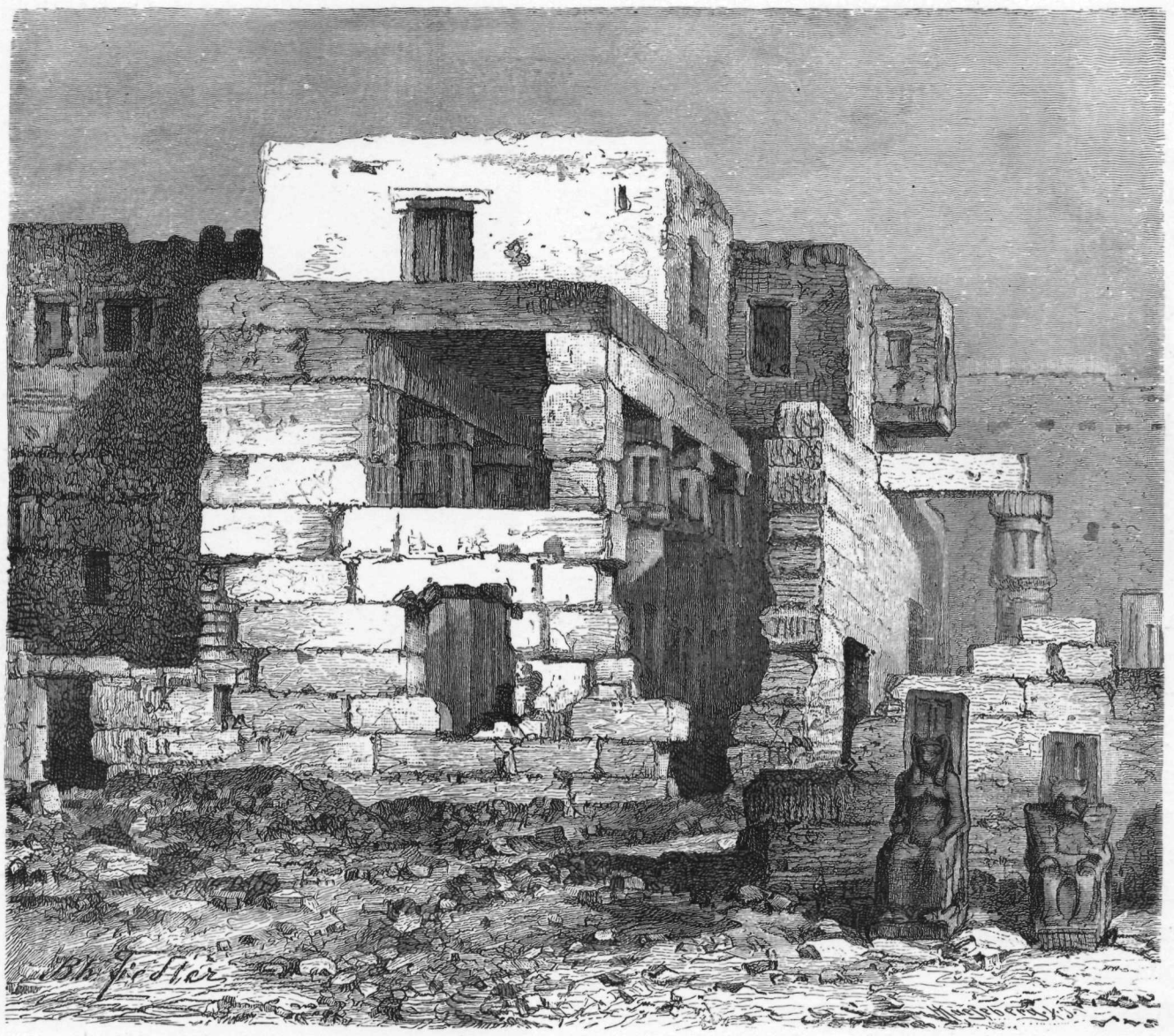
[1] A translation of this will be found in "Records of the Past," ii. p. 17, and pp. following.

[2] Other interpretations, however, have been given of this word. The Egyptians did not enamel metals, but inlaid them with colour.

[3] Bearing the name of Sheshang or Shishak, of the XXIInd dynasty.

Luksor to buy a great variety, some of which are genuine, though many more, no doubt, are spurious imitations.

Amon of Thebes, his temple — which Thothmes strove to beautify by every means—and his priests, naturally profited largely by the rich booty spoken of on the tablet of tribute. The inscriptions tell us that the king was very liberal in his gifts of land, gardens, corn, cattle, fowls, gold, silver, precious stones, costly vessels, and



THE FRENCH QUARTER IN THE TEMPLE OF LUKSOR.

instruments, among which a harp set with jewels is particularly mentioned. He also endowed the temple with the revenue from three towns in Syria. Three new festivals of victory were instituted, and added to the former holidays, which were not few in Thebes. And Thothmes was open-handed to his subordinates in the field as well as to the gods, and individual deeds of valour are recorded of them during this, the age of Egyptian chivalry. One of the bravest of his warriors was the noble Amen-em-heb, whose tomb, with its inscription, it was my own good fortune to discover. This hero held a command in every expedition; he distinguished himself by his per-

sonal courage before the enemy and in the hunting-field, and after every glorious achievement he was rewarded with orders of merit and with gifts.[1] The account of his life supplements that of Thothmes III. in an unexpected way, and supplies us with correct information as to the length of his reign, during which the great warrior-prince found leisure for the completion of numerous splendid works of peace. Thothmes built the oldest portion of the Temple of Medinet Haboo, on the western side of Thebes. We meet with his name at Dendera, at Memphis, and Heliopolis, at Erment, el-Kab, Edfoo, Esneh, and Kom Omboo. His workmen were actively employed on the island of



THE CHRISTIAN PLACE OF WORSHIP IN THE TEMPLE OF LUKSOR.

Elephantine, and in various other spots, even in Nubia, particularly at Amada, between the first and second cataracts, where he restored the temple already existing, and decorated it with wall pictures, among which we find his portrait and hieroglyphic inscriptions, which to this day retain the freshness of their colours, and are remarkable for their grandeur of style and beauty of execution. He also erected many obelisks; the most famous of them have been transported to Europe—Cleopatra's Needle to London, one to the Lateran in Rome, and a very noble one to Constantinople.

It cannot be wondered at that such a king as this should, long after his death, still have divine honours paid him, and that many Egyptians should have chosen his

[1] He destroyed an elephant at Nii, probably in Northern India. See "Records of the Past," ii. p. 62.

[2] The other obelisk, formerly at Alexandria, has been removed and set up in New York, in the United States of America.

first name, Ra-men-cheper, as a motto or device to engrave on their seals and scarabæus amulets, as being of good omen.

His son, Amenophis, mounted the throne the day after his death, as we learn from the tomb of Amen-em-heb. His part was to preserve what his father had won. An attempt at revolt in the conquered cities of Syria called him into Asia, and an inscription at Amada tells us how terrible was the punishment he inflicted on the insurgents.



NURSERY FOR CHICKENS AND CHILDREN IN THE RUINS OF LUKSOR.

The tablet found between the fore-legs of the great Sphinx at Ghizeh informs us, as the reader may remember, that Thothmes IV., who succeeded Amenophis II., freed that monument from sand after he was visited in a dream, while resting from the chase, by the god Ra-Harmachis, who commanded him to do so. We know little of any great exploits of this prince, and they are quite thrown into the shade by those of his powerful successor, Amenophis III., who, though he was anticipated by his predecessor, Thothmes III., so far as the opening out of new roads was concerned, did

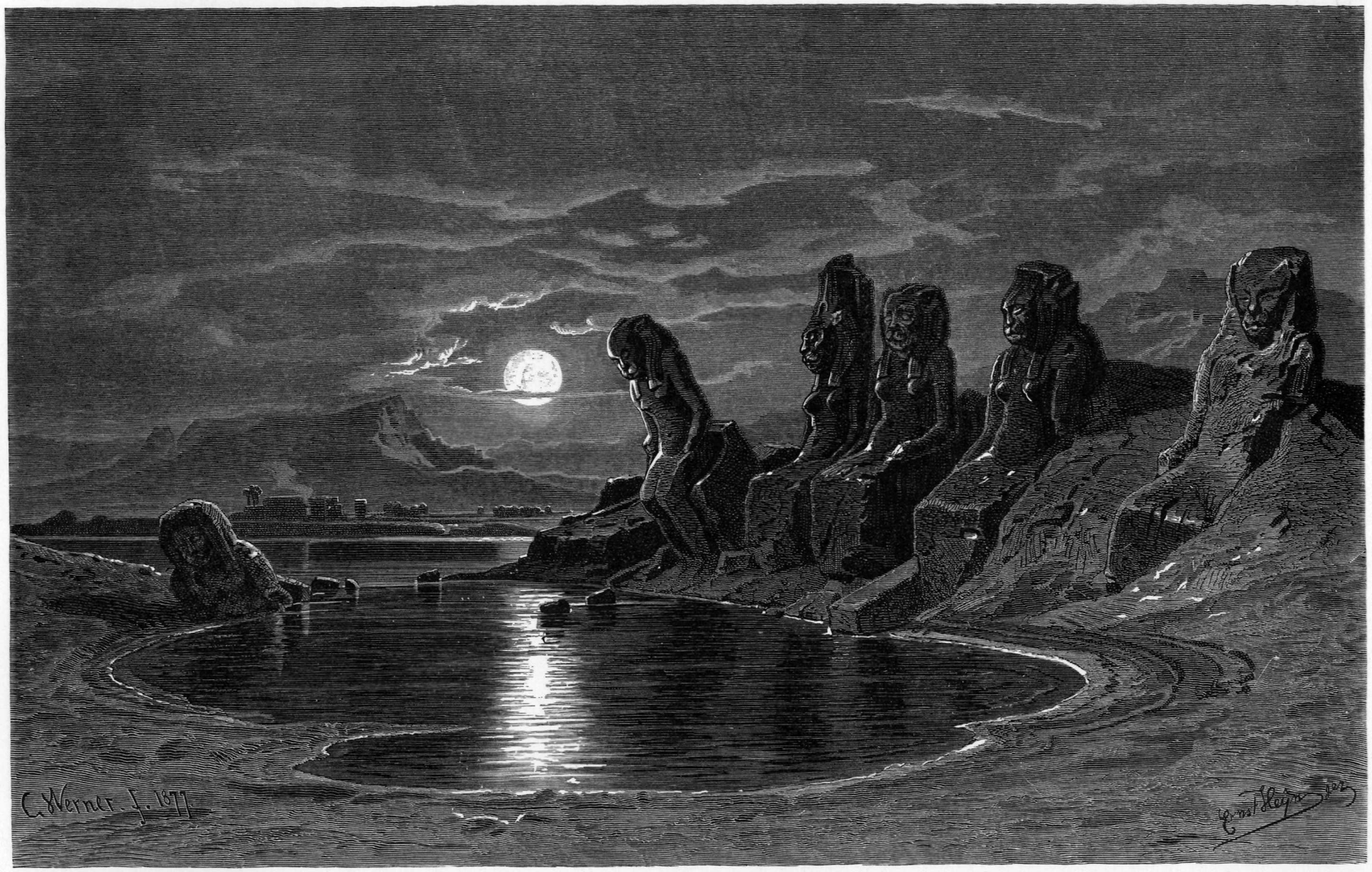
[1] The body of this monarch, broken probably by Arab rapacity, has been recently found in a pit at the Deir-el-Bahari, or Devr-el-Bahree.

his utmost to equal him as a warrior, and to excel him as a founder of new buildings. The landmarks of his empire, as they are given in the records, prove that he maintained, if he did not extend, the frontiers of Egypt. Four qualities in particular distinguish this prince as the most chivalrous figure of that heroic period, at once its crown and its close—"a strong arm, a brave temper, a heart faithful to its love, and a delight in works that should survive his own span of life." Such a description sounds as if it were that of a Christian hero of mediæval chivalry, but many a monument gives proof of its justice as applied to this king. The great-grandfather of Amenophis had had himself represented as holding up by the tail a living lion that he had vanquished, in imitation, perhaps, of a picture he had seen somewhere in Asia. The reader has already seen a seal of Thothmes II., which shows him mastering a lion, and Thothmes IV. is famous as a hunter; but Amenophis III. surpassed them all, for on large scarabæi—and many such have been preserved—he boasts that during the first ten years of his reign he had killed no less than one hundred and two lions. Similar objects record the facts that he took to wife Tii, the daughter of Iuaa and of Tuaa.[1] The monuments represent this lady, who was probably of Asiatic origin, as fair-complexioned and blue-eyed, the most beautiful of all the women depicted on them; and how tenderly this wife—though not of a royal family—must have been beloved by her husband is sufficiently proved by the monuments of this king, for she is represented much more frequently than is usually the case, and always named and placed next to himself. If we wish to study the works of this chivalrous and devoted knight among the Egyptian kings, we must once more visit the great national temple. The row of stately pylons south of Karnak show us that the king's palace and the city of Thebes proper lay to the south of the great Temple of Amon, for they themselves indicate the route taken by the king when he had occasion to visit the temple in solemn procession. Amenophis took upon himself the task of adorning this highway, and he selected the goddess Mut[2] from the great triad of Karnak, and built a temple to her especially, which had the form of a horse-shoe bent round a tank of the same form. Next to this goddess, the cat-headed or lion-headed Sekhet seems to have enjoyed the highest honours in this sanctuary, which has fallen a prey to time and violence, so that only a few remains are left. Mariette, who had the foundations excavated, has proved that no less than 572 statues of the feline wife of Ptah must have stood in its two fore-courts and along the eastern and western outside walls. These were all of black granite; and even to this day a number of these grotesque monsters stand among the ruins and rubbish of the ancient sacred tank, and have a most weird appearance, particularly in the moonlight, when they look like a troop of witches or spell-bound queens sitting on their thrones, and they have an ominous aspect of malignant magic as they stand up above this ruined and deserted scene. The swarms of living cats which are constantly to be met with in the cities of the Nile may indeed be forgotten, but no one can ever forget this silent company of cat-faced women.[3]

[1] Some later scarabæi record the offering of the Chief of Mesopotamia, named Kirikarba (Kirgep), who sent his daughter Sath-arna and 327 women to Egypt. "Records of the Past," xii. p. 40.

[2] The mother goddess, wife of Amen Ra, and mother of Khonsu or Chôns.

[3] Many of these statues are now in the British Museum, which contains also a gigantic head of Amenophis III., and a colossal statue of the same monarch. The monarch Shishak, who flourished about 500 years later, placed his name upon some of them.



SEKHET STATUES NEAR THE TEMPLE OF MUT, KARNAK.



THE STATUE OF MEMNON AND ITS COMPANION AT THE TIME OF HIGH NILE.

Amenophis was not content with building this temple, and another which was erected to the extreme north of the great sanctuary: he also undertook the construction of a new great temple close to the shore of the Nile. This, too, was begun by building the holy place, which is removed by a full hour's walk to the south of that of Karnak.

Apiu, or the seat of the gods, was the ancient name of the great Temple of Amon, and from this word, with the feminine prefix *t-ape*, came the Greek name Θῆ βαι,[1] or Thebes.

The new temple founded by Amenophis was called the "Apiu of the south."[2] It is known to many of my readers as the Temple of Luksor; but the name "Luksor" is merely a corruption of an Arabic word, *al-kusoor*, meaning castles, and it served to designate this village, which was first built up in the very midst of the courts, halls, and colonnades of this ancient temple, and then extended gradually to the north and east. The temple of Luksor is seen to most advantage from the Nile, but it is exceedingly difficult while wandering among the ruins of the interior — all jumbled up as they are with dwelling-houses, huts, and even a church — to form any idea whatever of their original plan and design. The old holy place was destroyed long ages since, and restored in the name of Alexander II., son of the Macedonian conqueror. Dwelling-houses have sprung up on the roofs of the halls and chambers which stand round this sanctum, and one of these, known as the French fort (*Kasr fransawee*), was inhabited by the engineer who superintended the removal of the obelisk of Luksor to Paris.

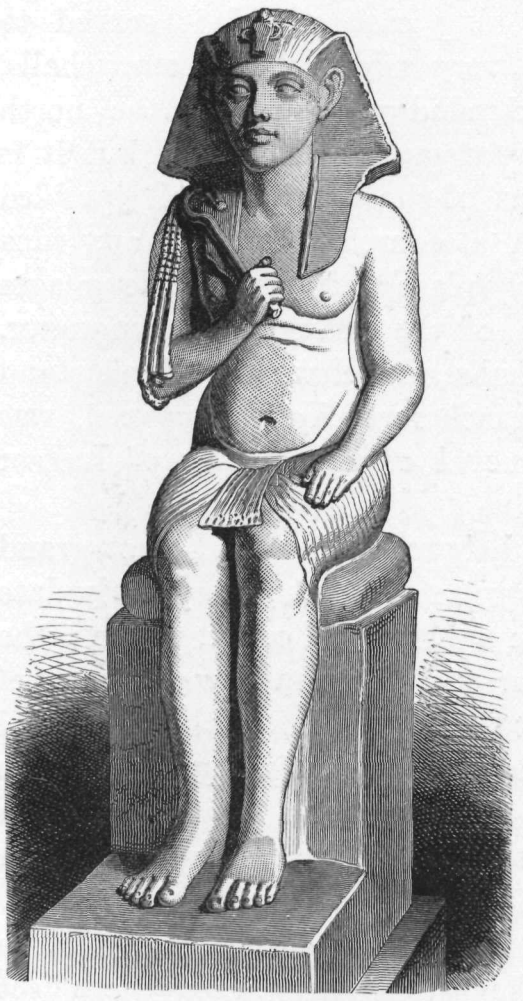
The original pronaos, which lay between the holy of holies and the grand hypostyle, with its thirty-two columns (four rows of eight), served at a very early date —certainly before the VIIth century—as a church for a Christian congregation; the altar was erected in the closed chamber at the further end, between new columns of a bastard Corinthian order, and its walls were plastered with stucco, partly to conceal the works of the heathen, and partly to afford a surface for new paintings. Of these a few heads still remain, so well painted and so fine in expression, that they, with a few fragments of Greek inscription which have been found near them, must be regarded as the work of some capital artist of the time of the Byzantine emperors. The figures to the right of the altar have black velvet shoes, and to the left a picture with horses and riders can be made out. Where the plaster has fallen the effect is singular enough, for we have a mixture of Christian figures and Egyptian gods. Stranger still has been the fate of the Christian paintings at Wady Sebooah, in Nubia, where a break in the plaster has left Rameses II. offering a sacrifice to an evangelist. Adjoining this hall of the thirty-two pillars was a still more extensive fore-court, enclosed on the west and east by a double row of pillars, and on the north by a single row, with a pylon. The papyrus-stems which compose the shafts of these columns are well sculptured, but there is no spot from which we can obtain a complete view of this grandly-planned peristyle. The colonnade that leads from it northwards, with seven pairs of stately campanulate columns, and the great court farther north still, with the grand pylon that terminates it, are all of a later date, and I shall refer to them again presently. The later portion of the building lies at an obtuse angle

[1] This word, according to Mariette, was applied to Luksor.

[2] "The Southern Cattle-stalls."

with the older part, perhaps in order to obtain a direct line of sight for the rows of sphinxes connecting the main entrance with that of the temple at Karnak; or perhaps merely to avoid injuring other buildings which may at that time have occupied the site.

The traveller who wishes to form some idea of the size and beauty of this temple —which in ancient times must have presented a magnificent appearance, as it was approached from the river—should take a boat at sunset, and, crossing to the farther shore, look eastward. The columns, walls, and gateways of the Temple of Luksor are veiled in hues of indescribable tenderness and delicacy; the dewy breath of evening and the filmy twilight float over the huge outline of this noble structure, and cast a glamour even over the rags and tatters, the rubbish and patch-work, with which it is desecrated and defaced by a miserable race.

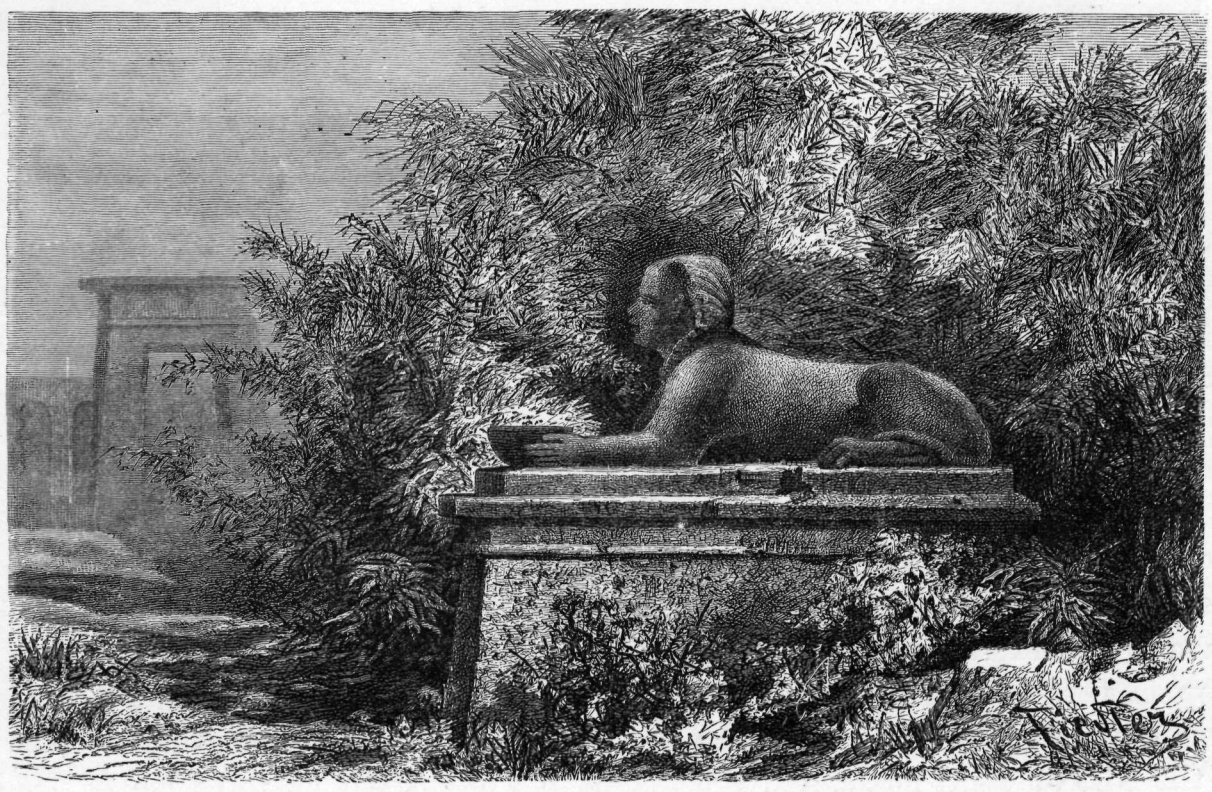


STATUE OF AMENOPHIS IV., KHUENATEN.

Still there is a certain charm in spying-out the cuckoo's brood in the eagle's abandoned nest, and we find here, among columns and pilasters, lofty gateways, and sculptured walls, all the characteristic details of a small Egyptian town. I have passed many pleasant hours in the handsome house of Mustafa Agha, in the very heart of the temple at Luksor. I saw the old heathen gods looking down from their walls and pillars into the very books of the reciters of the Koran; I saw the little boys making sham antiquities under the very eyes of the goddess of Truth; I saw goats and sheep, dogs and fowls, desolating the holy of holies; and children—which absolutely swarm at Luksor —playing in the most secret chambers of the divinity, from which even the initiated were excluded. Mud and dust everywhere defile the "pure" dwelling of the god, whose image looks down with disgust on the hatching oven which a Kopt keeps here on the same primitive plan as that described by Aristotle. In the hot climate of Egypt the hens readily abandon their eggs, and so it is generally thought preferable to hatch out the chickens by artificial heat. As for the children, they grow up as best they may, shirtless and untaught.

We will now take the one step from the mean to the sublime, from the squalor of modern Luksor to the gigantic edifice which Amenophis erected in the Nekropolis on the western shore of the Nile, as the Memnonium of himself, his mother, and his wife. The vast halls of this temple are totally destroyed, but their remains compose so huge a mass that we are justified in supposing that this Memnonium must have exceeded all others in size and extent. On the site where it stood numerous fragments of building and statues are strewn on the soil, and on the spot, which perhaps was the

sanctuary, lies an enormous stone engraved with hieroglyphics, which tell us how rich and splendid the interior of this building must have been. In front of its main entrance stood those two gigantic statues, which were reckoned among the wonders of the world, and which still fill their original places, the northernmost being the celebrated "vocal statue of Memnon." What a magnificent sight this building must have been, with these colossal statues, its sempiternal and immovable guardians, seated on their cubical thrones, on whose sides we may still see the figures of the mother and wife of the king. Each of them is fifteen metres fifty-nine centimetres[1] high, and was still higher before the tall crown of the Pharaohs fell from their heads. The breadth of shoulder is six metres seventeen centimetres, the length of their feet is three metres twenty



SPHINX AT KARNAK.

centimetres, and it has been calculated that each statue must weigh about 1,280 tons 7 cwt. The northern statue is the most famous, being the vocal colossus of Memnon, which, in the time of the Cæsars, was thought as well worthy of a visit by the Roman or Greek traveller in Egypt as the great Sphinx or the Pyramids. In the year 27 B.C. part of this statue was broken away by an earthquake, and from that time till the reign of Septimius Severus[2] it is said that every morning shortly after sunrise it emitted certain sounds, of the nature of which we are ignorant, since cautious travellers, like Strabo, call it merely a noise, others a musical tone, while the more enthusiastic even dignify it as a song.[3] Connecting the statue with the Egyptian word *mennu*, the Greeks designated the colossus as the statue of Memnon, the Homeric hero, the son of Tithonus and Eos (the dawn), the confederate of the Trojans, who, after killing Antilochus, the son of Nestor, stayed the avenging arm of Achilleus. As soon as

[1] More than fifty feet.

[2] A.D. 194.

[3] It has been heard in recent times. See Hay's Diary in the British Museum, Manuscript Department.

the rosy-fingered morn appeared over Thebes, said the Greek legend, she shed her tears —the morning dew—on the statue of her son, who gratefully greeted his mother with a soft song. The throne, the plinth, and the legs of the colossus, which are wetted by the Nile at the time of the inundation, are covered with Greek inscriptions in prose and verse, commemorating the names of those who have visited the statue, the feelings with which it has inspired them, and whether and when its tones were heard by them. The most ancient dates from the eleventh year of Nero ;[1] the longest is a poem, composed by the court poetess Balbilla on the occasion of her accompanying Hadrian and his wife, Sabina, on a visit to Thebes ;[2] and the best verses are those of the imperial procurator, Asklepiodotus. These may be rendered as follows :—

"Know, O sea-born Thetis, that Memnon could not die. When the hot rays shed by his mother (Eos) fall brightly upon him, his clear song rings out from where the spreading Nile parts the Libyan hills from hundred-gated Thebes, while thy son Achilles, who longed for endless fighting, speaks not in Troy's plain, nor in Thessaly."

The portion of the colossus that had been thrown down in the earthquake was restored under Septimius Severus by building it up with blocks of stone, and this caused the sounds to cease. It would seem that the vocal phenomenon was genuine and natural, and not a trick of deluding priests. It appears to have resulted from the action of the rays of the sun, which, even at its first rising, are very powerful in these latitudes ; these striking on the broad inclined surface of the broken part of the statue while it was wet with the dews of night, the siliceous particles of the stone—which is a quartzose sandstone conglomerate—having shrunk by cooling in the night, then suddenly expanded with a ringing noise. If this is the correct explanation, the sound would naturally cease as soon as a new upper part was cemented on to the broken surface. There seems to be no doubt whatever that the material of which these statues are made was quarried in the Red Mountain, near Cairo (Vol. I., p. 141), and we learn from inscriptions that the chief official personage under Amenophis III.—Amenophis, the son of Hapu, who seems to have been the greatest architect, the greatest statesman, and at the same time the greatest general of his time—had it transported across the Nile on eight boats, and erected, as it would seem, at the time of the highest Nile flood in front of his king's Memnonium. This same dignitary also founded the small temple behind Medinet Haboo, which was rebuilt by the Ptolemies, and which is now known by the name of Deyr-el-Medeenet. His sovereign, Amenophis III., made many demands on his energy and genius, for he caused temples to be erected to the gods of his native land in many remote places, even on Mount Barkal, in the far south of Nubia.[3]

It is difficult to understand how it was that this pious king's son and successor should have displayed such violent hostility to the gods of Thebes, and particularly to the god most venerated by his father, the great Amon himself. He renounced his name of Amenophis, "the peace of Amon," and had the word Amon chiselled out of many inscriptions in stone ; took the name of *Khu-en-Aten*, "the light of the sun's disk," quitted Thebes, and built a new residence for himself south of Beni Hasan, at the place now known as Tell-el-Amarna, and there erected a splendid temple to the sun *Aten*, whom he worshipped to the exclusion of all other gods. Can it have been the influence of

[1] A.D. 65. [2] A.D. 130. See "The Emperor," a romance by Georg Ebers. [3] Amenophis flourished about B.C. 1500.



THE GREAT HALL OF PILLARS AT KARNAK.

his mother Tii, who, as we know, was of foreign origin, which led to his apostacy? or was it his aversion to the increasing tendency, in Thebes especially, towards spiritualising the conception of the divinity, which made him return to the simple and primitive sun-worship? In the numerous wall pictures in the tombs of Tel-el-Amarna, we see him repeatedly in adoration before the sun-disk, which has arms given to it, and his unhealthy development, as well as the type of his features, show us at once that he was a fanatic. His subordinates had to render him a deeper and baser homage than they had ever done to his forefathers; but in return he loaded them with gifts and honours. He wisely invited the best artists—we find one named Bek, and another Puta—to live in his capital, and the pictures are quite delightful in which they perpetuated the memory of this prince—who was not unwarlike, in spite of his religious peculiarities—and of his seven daughters, who could drive their own chariots with two horses on expeditions. He died leaving no male issue; and the priests of Amon took revenge for his sins against their god by destroying his name wherever they found it. Of the remaining kings of the XVIIIth Dynasty, only one is worthy of mention—Horus, known from the monuments as Hor-em-heb. He completed the south pylon at Karnak, and had the eastern row of sphinxes placed, which led from the temple there, past that of Amenophis, with the statues of Sekhet, to Luksor.[1] An inscription with a picture extant at Gebel Silsileh informs us that this Hor-em-heb was victorious in an expedition against the people of the south; but in the last decade of the XVIIIth Dynasty, of which the details have not yet been thoroughly investigated, the tributary races of Western Asia took advantage of the religious differences occasioned by the heresies of Khu-en-Aten, and of the disputes for the throne and other internal dissensions in Egypt, which could not fail to arise on the death of a king leaving no male successor, to form a new confederation, and to resuscitate their broken spirit of resistance. At the head of these revolted nations stood the Khita; at the time of Thothmes III. these had been already a powerful race,[2] and they were now ruled by valiant kings, who led mighty troops of war-chariots and foot-soldiers into the field. These Khita seem first to have revolted under their prince Saplel,[3] and very probably



QUEEN TUAA.

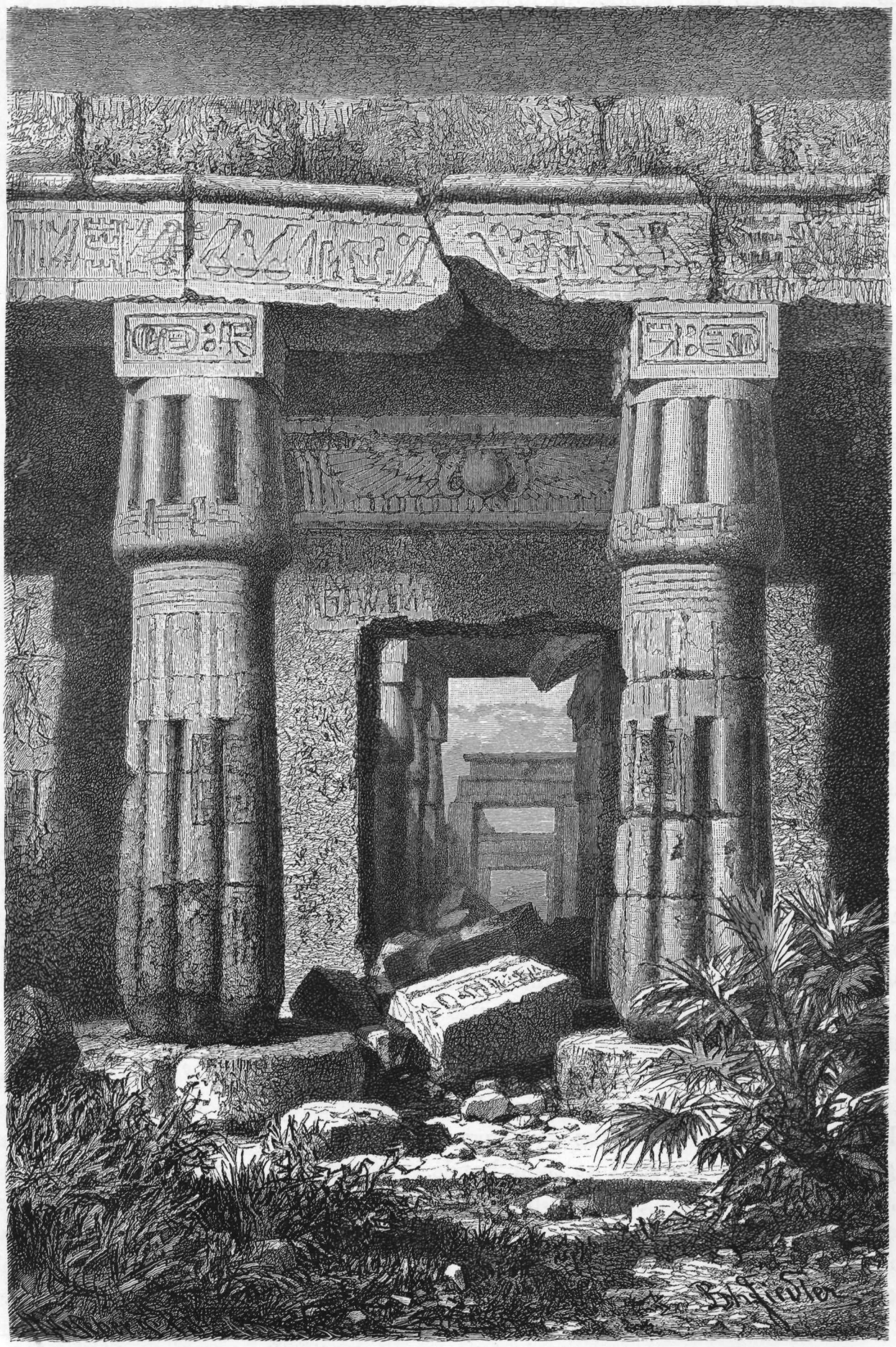
[1] The obscurities and difficulties of the reign of Horus are well known; his queen Notemmut is the only one represented as a female sphinx on a monument at Tursis, and with a peculiar head attire.

[2] The great race of the time of Thothmes III. were the Rutennu, who brought an elephant, possibly a white one, to Egypt; but no elephants existed in Asia beyond the confines of Northern India, and this animal was brought as tribute to Mesopotamia in the days of Shalmaneser, B.C. 850, so that the elephant hunt of Thothmes III. must have been on the borders of India. The Rutennu also bring the light bear (*Ursus Syriacus*).

[3] Or Sapruru, Sapor.

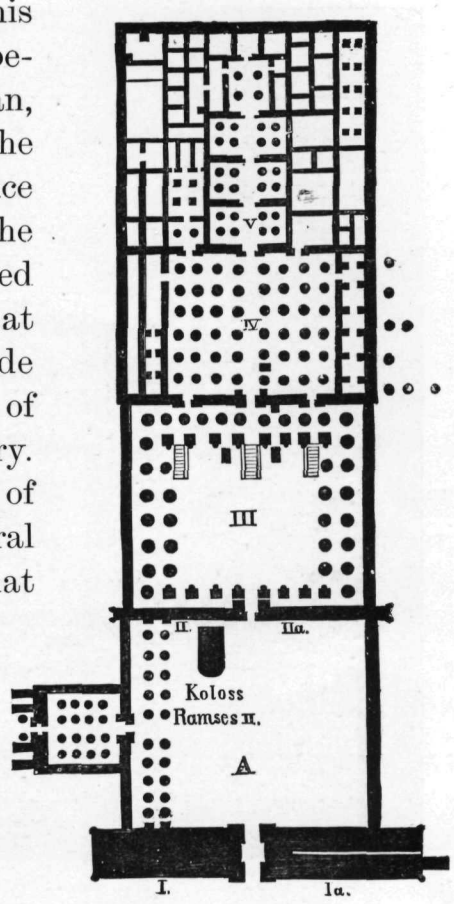
Rameses I., who was the founder in his own person of a new royal family, may have earned his claim to the throne by his successful generalship of the Egyptian army. He was the ancestor of a great family of warriors, not apparently of pure Egyptian origin; on the contrary, there are strong reasons for believing that Semitic blood flowed in the veins of Rameses I., and that he came from Tanis, in the Delta. Little is told us of his own achievements, but a great deal of those of his son, Seti I., and his grandson, Rameses II.; and when the Greek historians speak of the time of Sesostris, they mean the period of these two kings, who both kept the same ends in view, and who for some years reigned together. Rameses I. was a usurper, and not even related to the old family of Pharaohs; but his son Seti gained a right to the throne by marrying Tuaa, a princess descended in a direct line from Thothmes and Amenophis; and as soon as a son was born to him he was appointed co-regent with his father, as is recorded in a great inscription in the fore-court of the temple at Abydos. In this way he satisfied the requirements of the priesthood; but he also succeeded in winning for himself their affections and suffrages — first, by his victories in battle, and then by the unheard-of magnificence of the gifts and temples with which he honoured Amon of Thebes. The princes of the XVIIIth Dynasty had already, indeed, decorated the great national temple with works of great size and extent, but these sink into nothingness when compared to the immense hypostyle (IV.) begun by Rameses I., carried on by Seti, and finished by his son Rameses II.[1] This far exceeds in grandeur any other portion of the temple, either earlier or later, and there is not in the whole world a hall which can be put into the remotest comparison with it. It is a banqueting-hall for gods or giants, and not for petty mortals. No less than a hundred and thirty-four columns, of huge height and thickness, supported the architraves and the immense stone slabs with which it was roofed over. Six pairs of columns, with fine caliciform capitals, formed the colonnade, by which processions passed from the fore-court, through the old buildings, to the sanctuary; while the other one hundred and twenty-two columns were somewhat lower than these twelve central ones, and were crowned with foliated capitals. The internal rows of columns to the right and left supported windows of stone trellis-work, which reached as high as the top of the abacus of the twelve large pillars, and, with them, supported the roof-slabs of the centre portion of the hall, which thus received some of the daylight it needed. In this hall the worshippers must have felt as though they were standing in a forest of gigantic flowers left from the wreck of some huge primæval world. The sunlight shone through the windows at the side, but the roof over their heads—supported on leaves and flowers—glittered with the stars of the midnight sky strewed on a blue ground. Wherever the eye turned it fell on pictures of the king offering to the gods, and receiving gifts at their hands. Many of the columns are now overthrown, and others tottering to a fall; but perhaps this marvel of architecture may have been less impressive at the time of its newness and use than it is now, when we are able to see it as a whole, and in connection with the half-ruined chambers and obelisks in the background. While the hymns in praise of Amon were yet sung in this hall, and perfumed resin burnt before him, at Thebes—as at Dendera—none

About B.C. 1320.



FORECOURT AND ENTRANCE OF THE HOUSE OF SETI (TEMPLE OF KURNAH).

but the initiated were admitted to the hypostyle, and here, as there, the outer walls were used for the display of historical pictures and inscriptions. On that lying towards the north (IV. *a b* in the Plan), six pictures have been preserved, with their inscriptions, relating to Seti's victories in the East; they show us the Pharaoh passing the fortified frontier of Egypt (*Khetem, i.e., Etham*), overthrowing the robber tribe of the Shasu, and penetrating across Palestine to Syria; the inscriptions tell us how he took the cities of the conquered nations, built new fortresses to enable him to control them, drove away the flocks and herds, with their pastors, took possession of Kadesh, the capital and stronghold of the Kheta, had cedars felled on Lebanon for importation into his own timberless land, and returned to Egypt loaded with spoil and with the heads of his enemies. I have already spoken of his enterprise in beginning to make a Suez Canal. He re-conquered Canaan, Syria, Phœnicia (with Tyre), Mesopotamia, and even the island of Cyprus, concluded a treaty with Mautanar, prince of the Kheta, and carried home such vast treasure that he could indulge his love of building to any extent. He erected a fine Memnonium in the Nekropolis of Thebes, as he did at Abydos; it was exactly opposite the temple to which he made such magnificent additions, and in it his names and those of his father, Rameses I., were to be held in reverent memory. The inscriptions call this the House of Seti—in the plans of Thebes it is known as the Temple of Koornah; the central portion is well preserved, but most of the sphinxes that marked out the roads for the processions have perished, with the pylons, under the hand of time.



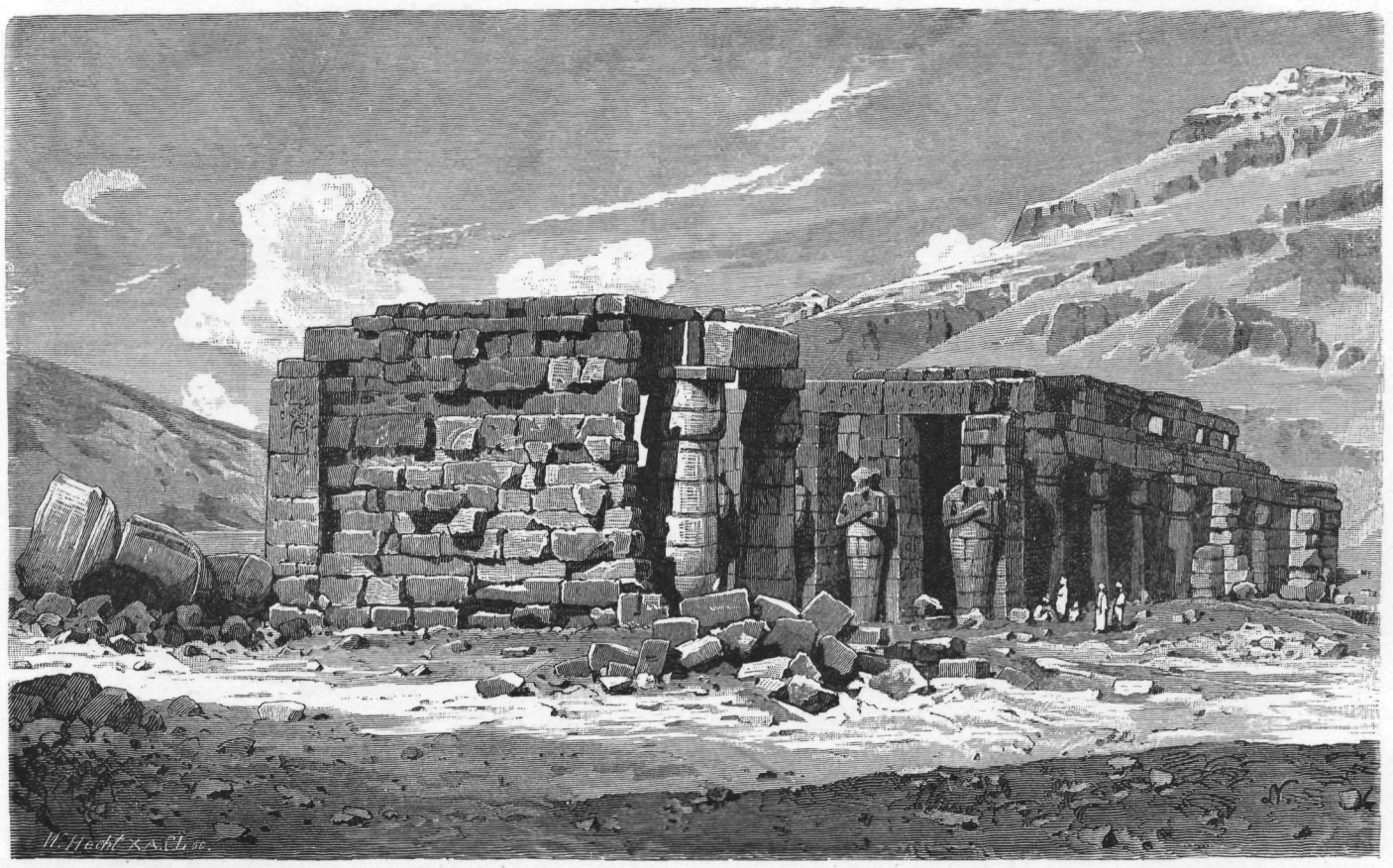
PLAN OF THE RAMESSEUM.

The temple proper was approached by a hall like that of Abydos, but this was not supported on square pillars, but on ten deeply-fluted columns of the plant-like type, of which only eight now remain. On the back wall we see twelve pairs of gods, eight of which are, beyond a doubt, personifications of the branches of the Nile that intersect the Delta, and correspond to other figures on the left, representing the Nile of Upper Egypt. Of these figures the inscription says:—"As they approach the king, their arms are filled with choice produce and stores, and all the good things that the earth brings forth are gathered by them to add to the joy on the great feast-day of Amon, the father."

These words refer to the great "feast of the Valley," *heb en-ant*, when, on the 29th day of the second month of the inundation, the statue of Amon was brought forth from the sanctuary with much magnificence and solemnity, and conveyed across the Nile to the Nekropolis, that the god might there offer sacrifices to his ancestors in the other world. The priests of the house of Seti received the procession with the splendid bark Sam, the most sacred of all the vessels that were preserved in the temple of Karnak; in this the statue of the god was placed, and borne first to the Memnonium of Seti, and then round and about the Nekropolis, preceded by a

crowd of temple servants, who strewed the way with sand. The solemnities ended with a grand nocturnal spectacle, on the great sacred lake of which traces may still be seen to the extreme south of the Nekropolis.

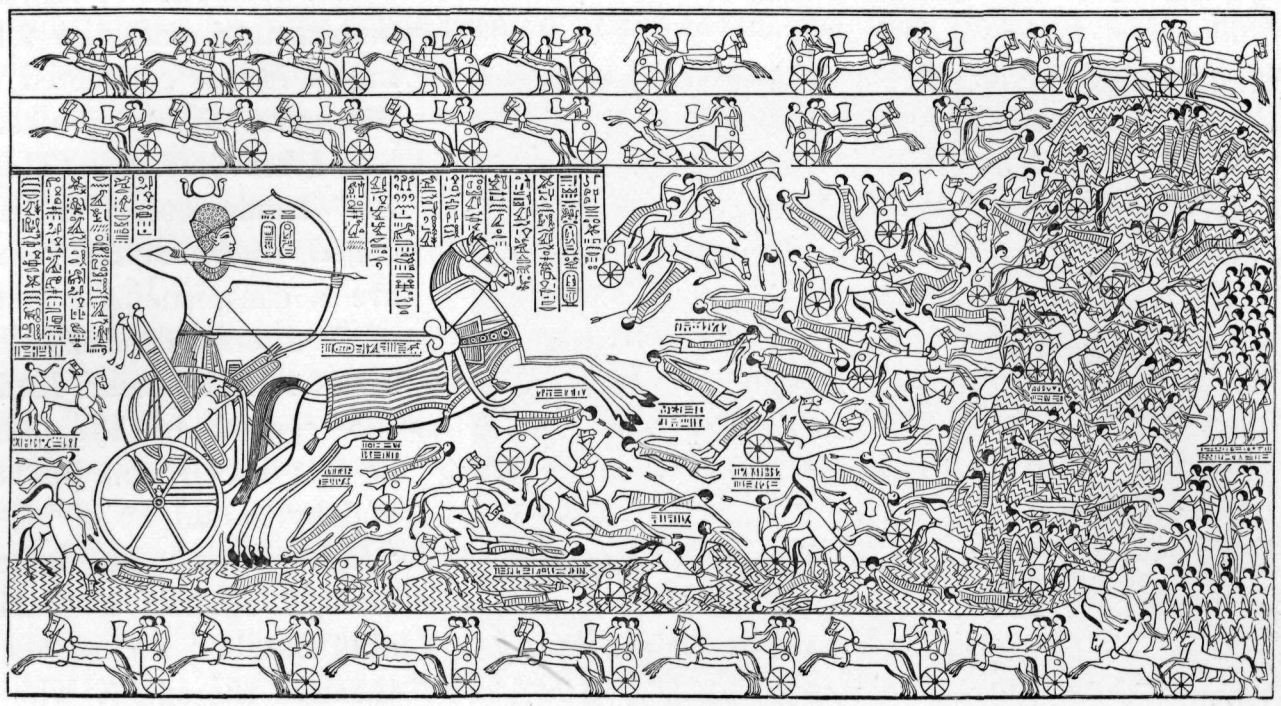
The Egyptian religion prescribed to all its followers that they should visit the tombs of their dead and bring offerings, in grateful remembrance of their parents and forefathers; and as, day after day, millions of suns had gone to rest—as men do—behind the realm of tombs in the Libyan hills, the god himself was brought to do honour to his departed ancestry, and to sacrifice to them. The young sun might not forget its departed predecessor, and the god's visit to the Nekropolis set



RUINS OF THE RAMESSEUM.

men the example of a pious remembrance of their forefathers. Three groups of halls and chambers formed the nucleus of this Memnonium, and the most ancient of its pictures and inscriptions appear to be executed by the same artists whose masterpieces we admired at Abydos, and whose work we shall again meet with in the tomb of Seti. The work done under Rameses II., in completion of this Memnonium, which was unfinished at the time when its founder died, are far behind those of his father's time in finish and style. Extensive school buildings were attached to the house of Seti, but they were constructed only of brick, and have totally disappeared. If we are to believe the statement of Diodorus, that the father of Rameses II. (Sesostris) had him brought up with all the boys born in the country on the same day, and exercised in all the most arduous mental and physical labour, we may assume that the house of Seti was the scene of this wise prince's training; nay, if the Exodus of the Jews under Moses is rightly placed in

the time of Rameses' successor, and if the lawgiver was in fact brought up with the Pharaoh's children, this must have been the school where he passed his youth.[1]



A BATTLE, FROM THE RAMESSEUM.

We know from inscriptions that Rameses enjoyed royal honours from the day of his birth, that he was called a "captain of armies" when he was only ten years old, and that he proved his valour as a warrior in very early youth. We need not here follow his career in his expeditions to the countries of the north and south, or relate in detail how, treading in his father's footsteps, after his father's death when he ruled alone, he endeavoured to work the gold mines between the Nile and the Red Sea, and to supply the road across the desert with new wells.[2] At Memphis and Heliopolis, at Tanis—his usual residence—at Thebes and Abydos, in the hot regions of Nubia beyond the cataract, and wherever a city was founded in obedience to his commands, he built temples and chapels to the gods; his image was carved in rocks far in

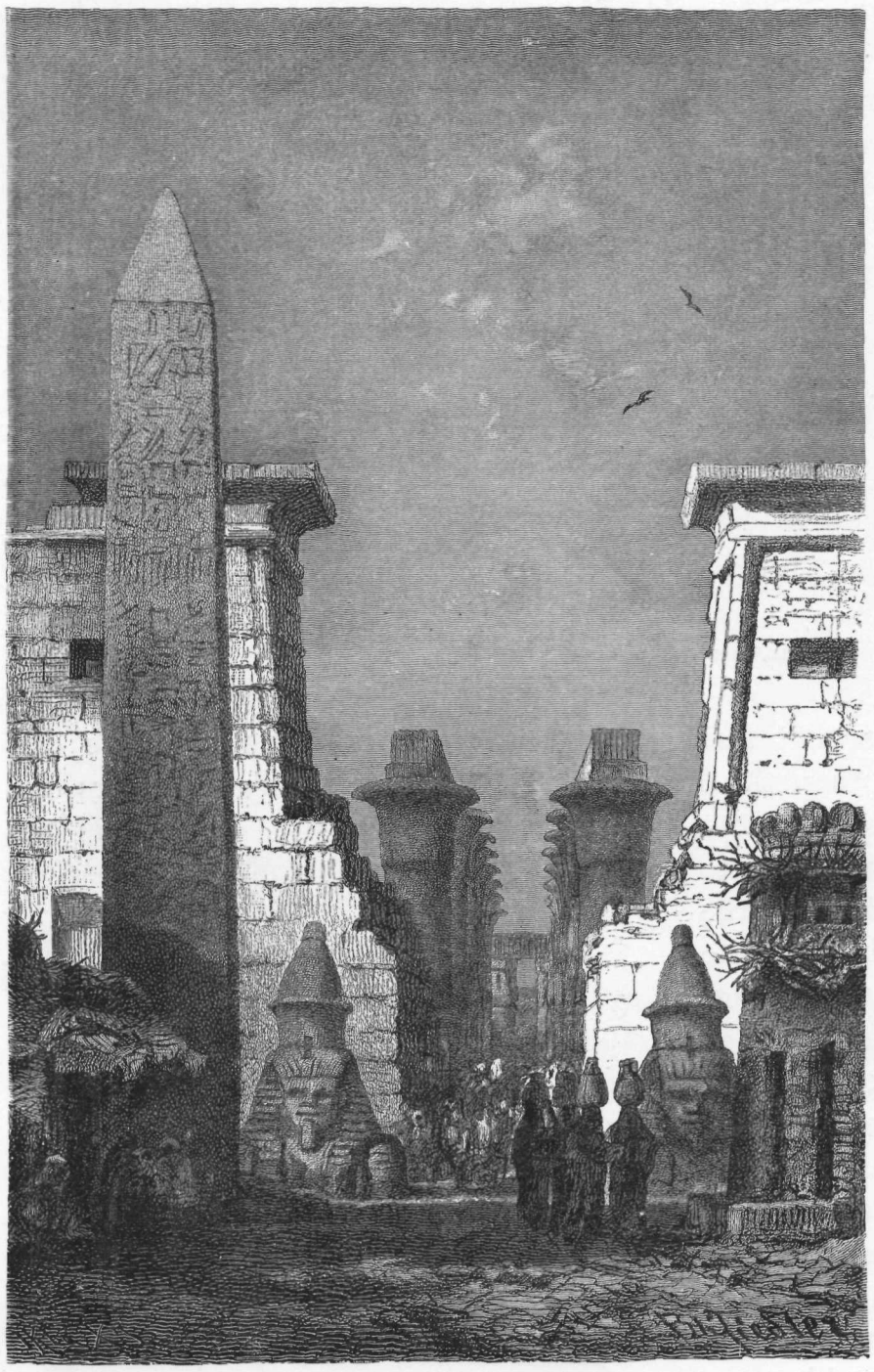


BUST, FROM THE RAMESSEUM.

[1] The details and inscriptions on this building are all given in Mariette's "Karnak."

[2] The inscriptions relating to the wells are given by Prisse in his "Monuments Égyptiens," pl. 21, and Lepsius, "Denkmaeler," III., pl. 139—141. They have often been translated: "Records of the Past," Vol. VIII., p. 67; Brugsch Bey's "History of Egypt."

the interior of Asia, and his name was perpetuated on all those buildings founded by his father, which he, like a dutiful son, completed. One of his own works, however, must be here particularly mentioned, for it is one of the noblest creations of Egyptian architecture and the founding of it was connected with the most highly praised of his achievements. This is the Ramesseum, as it is called, of which the remains are a conspicuous ornament of Western Thebes. In a furious battle near Kadesh, the capital of the Kheta, he was cut off from his army, and by the might of his own "right arm," he defended himself against a considerable number, forced his way through the enemy who surrounded him, and then setting himself again at the head of his troops, he defeated the Kheta army, and forced them backwards into the river. Pentaur, the chief poet of his time, sang of this great deed of arms in an epic, which was inscribed on temple walls and in papyrus rolls[1]—the Iliad of the Egyptians. "I was alone, and none was with me," is the cry that the poet puts into the mouth of the king; but Amon stood by the distressed Pharaoh and fought for him, and so the rescued king built a magnificent temple in the Nekropolis as a thank-offering, and to keep his own glorious deed in remembrance. On the principal architecture of this votive building the often-repeated burden of Pentaur's epos may still be read: "I was alone, and none was with

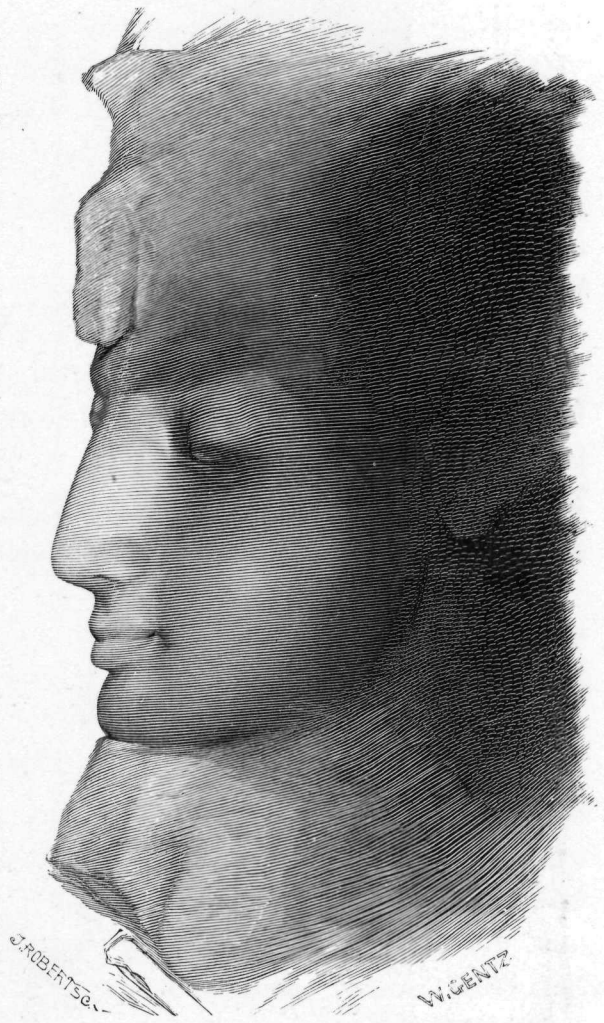


PYLONS AND OBELISK OF RAMESES II. AT LUKSOR.

[1] The principal one is the third Sallier papyrus, in the British Museum. It has been translated by several Egyptologists, and the translations will be found in the "Records of the Past," II., p. 65, and following, and Brugsch Bey's "History of Egypt." The war is supposed to have happened about B.C. 1380. The papyrus is in the Hieratic character, but the texts in hieroglyphics appear on the walls of Karnak.

me." His artists have carved rich and vivid battle-scenes on the broad surfaces of the walls of the pylons, representing the fight at Kadesh, the camp of the Egyptians, the flight of the Kheta and their allies, and the king himself as of colossal stature, towering above his foes. The turmoil of the battle, the fiery onset of the horses, the heroic stature of Rameses, by whose side two lions are raging and fighting, the terror of the vanquished, and the hurry of the fugitives, are vividly depicted.

In the first court (A in the plan), the king had a statue erected, which now lies in fragments on the earth, but which once exceeded even the statue of Memnon in size, and this one, too, was made, not of sandstone, but of granite. The whole was seventeen mètres and a half (about forty-six feet) in height; one ear, which is well preserved, is three feet three inches long. Diodorus speaks of the Ramesseum as the tomb of Osymandyas, and describes it very accurately on the whole.



HEAD OF QUEEN NEFERTARI, FROM ABOO SIMBEL.

The second court (III.) is distinguished by its colonnade, which encloses it on all the four sides, the roof being supported by columns on the east and west; but on the north and south sides by pillars, which are crowned by mummy-shaped statues of Osiris, with their faces towards the court. I may here take occasion to observe that figures are never employed in Egyptian architecture as Caryatides, but are always supported against the pillars or pilasters which serve to carry the superstructure. On the upper portion of the eastern side of the pylon, which closes this court is another wonderfully animated representation of the conquest of the Kheta, and topmost of all, there is a picture of the ceremonies at the coronation of the king; but we find this repeated, and in much better preservation, at Medinet Haboo.

The great hypostyle (IV.), "the Hall of the Presence," is unique in its way. Diodorus called it the *Odeum*, or concert-hall, and it is led up to by a few steps. It is on the same general plan as the great hall of Karnak, having taller columns, with floral capitals in the middle, and lower columns with bud-formed capitals on each side, and the same arrangement for equalising the height of the columns and obtaining light; but while Seti's vast hall takes the senses and imagination by storm, filling the beholder with astonishment and awe, this hall, with its more modest dimensions and wonderfully pleasing *ensemble* delights the most fastidious taste. Probably it was under its astronomically decorated roof that thirty judges of the tribunal of Thebes met under their president, for the administration of justice. Nothing, however, remains of the statues of the judges which are said to have stood here; these are said to have been figures without



VILLAGE OF KARNAK.

hands,[1] to show that they were incorruptible, and their president was represented with closed eyes, as being inexorable even to entreaty. The Egyptians were the first to understand that Justice should be blind, for they hung round the neck of their chief judge an image of their Themis with her eyes closed. A few plinths for statues still remain in this hall, and in the fore-court which opens out of it some heads in grey granite have been preserved, of very fine workmanship, and with a charm of expression in the eyes and mouth which it is difficult to describe.

While in general it is only on the outer walls of temples that battle-scenes occur, we find one of remarkable beauty in this hall. How bravely the horses prance onwards—how furious is the fighting on the walls, which are being scaled with ladders, while the vanquished foes are flung down from the battlements. Many of the king's sons take part in the battle, and all his sons are depicted on the farther wall of the hall, with their names, titles, and dignities, in long array. It was the thirteenth of his many children whose fate it was to succeed his father on the throne at a ripe age. Among his daughters, who are also represented, Bent-anat was the most beloved and respected; to her even the cartouche of the queens is granted.[2] Many very interesting pictures are to be found in the smaller chambers of this building. One of these, on which the name of the great Pharaoh is being inscribed on the fruit of the Persea-tree by the god of learning and the goddess of history and books, has already been given to the reader. The small pillared hall in which this picture in relief occurs was probably the library of the temple, of which Diodorus tells us that it was inscribed with the words "the sanctum of the soul!"

Extensive ruins and rubbish-heaps are all that remain of the great structures in brick which adjoined the Ramesseum—lecture-halls and houses for teachers and disciples, and residences for the priests; the tombs of some of the librarians have also been found, and numerous rolls of papyrus, of various contents, show us that the college attached to this votive temple may be regarded as a great centre of all the intellectual life of the time. The most famous of the writers engaged here were Pentaur, Kagabu, Anana, Hora, Mer'apu, Bek-en-ptah, and others.[3] In the romance of "Uarda"[4] I have attempted to reproduce, from the data on the monuments, as faithful a picture as possible of such a nursery of Egyptian learning, and I selected for my purpose the House of Seti, which grew up and flourished before the Ramesseum; this was not founded till after the battle of Kadesh.

On the eastern bank of the Nile Rameses not only finished the buildings begun by Seti, but decorated with statues of himself the great gate which led up to the immense hypostyle constructed by his father—see the plan of Karnak (V.); he also surrounded the oldest part of the temple with a wall, and extended it by

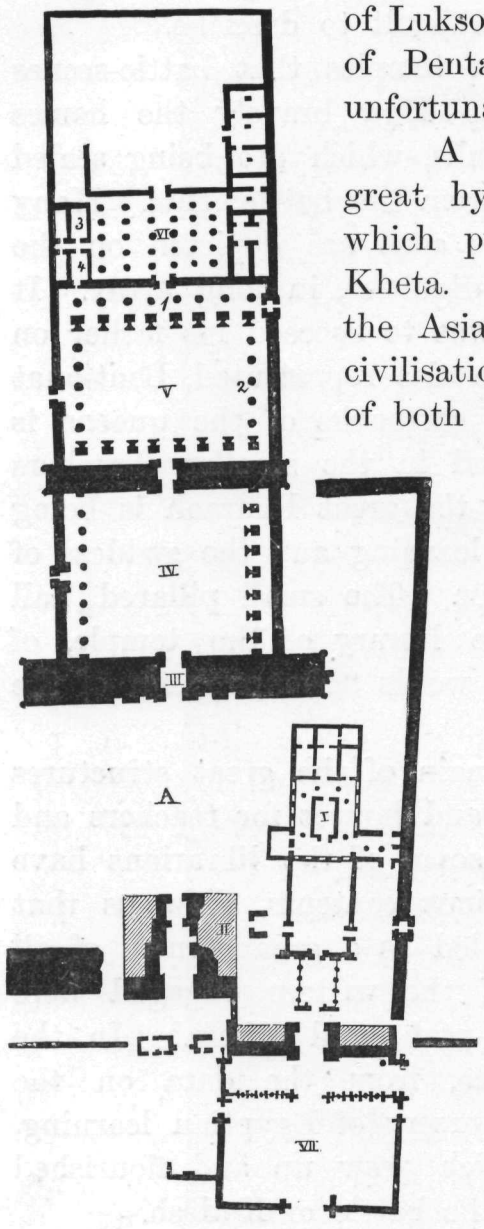
[1] No perfect ancient statues of this description, except such as are seated on the ground, and entirely enveloped in drapery, have been found.

[2] There is some mystery about Bent-anat, or, as her name means, "daughter of Anaitis," the daughter of Rameses II. Her mother was probably an Asiatic, but it is uncertain if of Khita or Hittite origin.

[3] The compositions of these authors are found in Hieratic in the different museums of Europe. The most important are in the British Museum and Turin, and have been published in fac-simile, as the "Select Papyri of the British Museum" and the "Papyrus de Turin," by M. Pleyte.

[4] "Uarda: a Romance of Ancient Egypt."

adding some fine buildings to the north. Then he finished the great temple founded at Luksor by Amenophis III., adding, as an approach to it, a large court and an immense pylon, in front of which he erected a colossal statue of himself and two obelisks; one of these has become famous by having been carried to Paris, where it stands in the centre of the Place de la Concorde. Rameses here commemorated his victories over the Kheta, covering the walls of the propylon of Luksor with pictures of camps and battles, and the epic poem of Pentaur was also inscribed here in a place which is now unfortunately inaccessible.

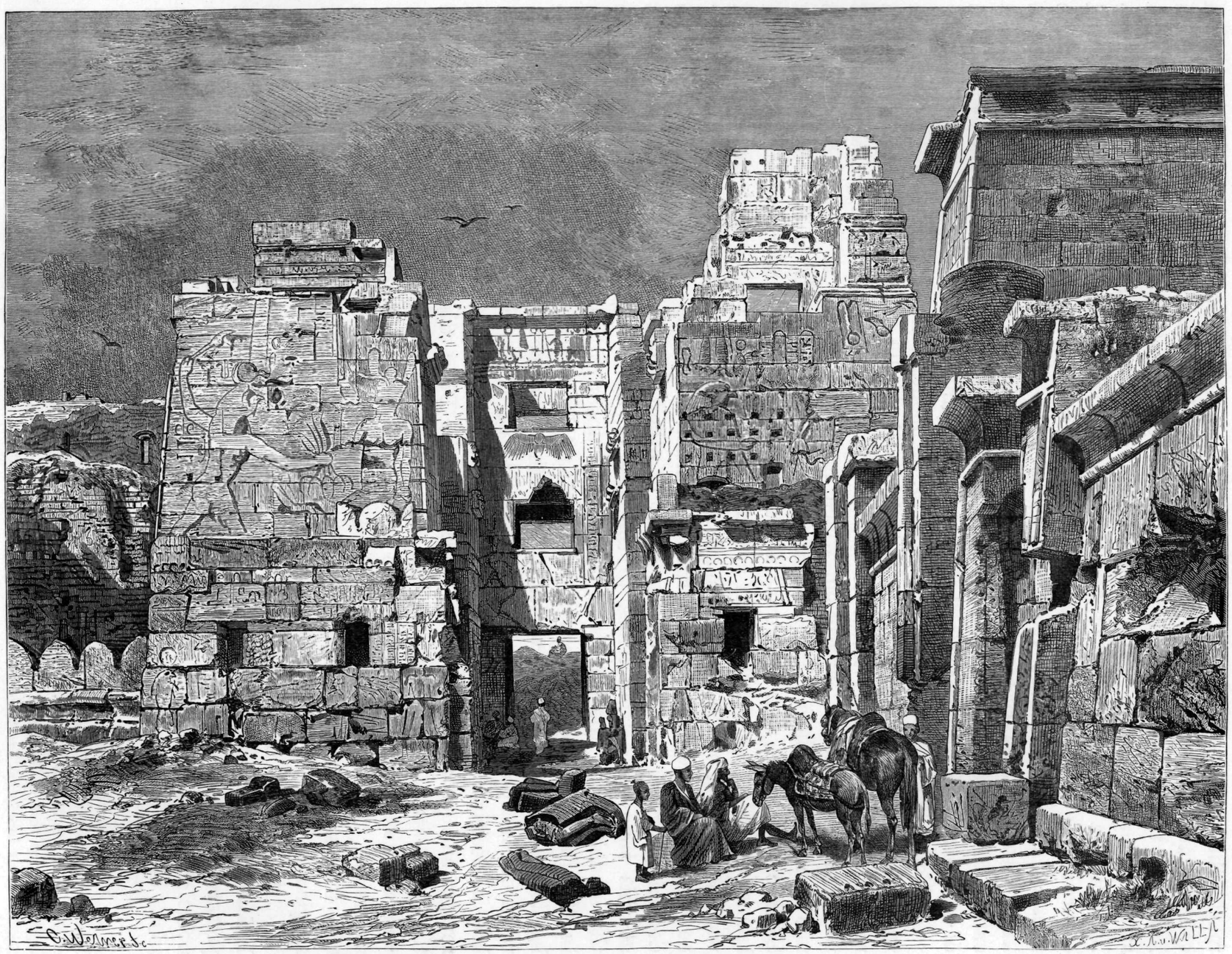


PLAN OF THE TEMPLE OF MEDINET HABOO.

A stela was discovered in the wall to the south of the great hypostyle at Karnak, on which was a copy of the treaty which put an end to the war between Rameses II. and the Kheta. This document[1] excites our respect and admiration for the Asiatic nation, which must have reached a high pitch of civilisation, and it raises our opinion of the high political status of both the nations who were parties to such a treaty. The Kheta king secured the alliance thus effected with the Egyptian sovereign by giving him his daughter in marriage, and this greatest of all the Pharaohs was thus enabled to enjoy the results of his successes in the field, and to spend the last decades of his reign—which lasted sixty-seven years—almost without interruption in the exercise of the arts of peace.

I have spoken of all that Rameses did in beautifying Thebes, but one more of his works is worthy of special mention; this is the rock temple of Aboo Simbel, on the western shore of the Nile, by the second cataract. This sanctuary is hewn out of the ferruginous reddish-brown sandstone of a cliff in the Nubian hills. The attempt was here made to produce the same effect by hewing and carving out the stone, as was attained at Karnak by free construction, and with perfect success; no one who has once seen the façade of the temple of Aboo Simbel—which shall presently be put before the reader—can ever forget it; no one, as he stands in front of it, can find in his fancy or his memory any image to compare with it, and the traveller, even in Egypt where he has been satiated with all that is most huge, is filled with fresh and frank admiration as he stands in the rock-hewn halls of this temple. In front of it, where with a fortress-like slope it faces the Nile, stand colossal statues exceeding that of Memnon in size. They are worked in the living rock, and represent Rameses II. and his wife Nefert-ari; and between his feet, on a smaller scale, are his children. The art and skill with which these gigantic statues are executed, both as to their general effect and their finish in

[1] The original is stated to have been engraved on a plate of silver, and was probably in Egyptian and Khitan, or Hittite hieroglyphs, but no duplicate out of Egypt has been identified.



INTERIOR OF THE SO-CALLED PAVILION IN THE TEMPLE OF MEDINET HABOO.

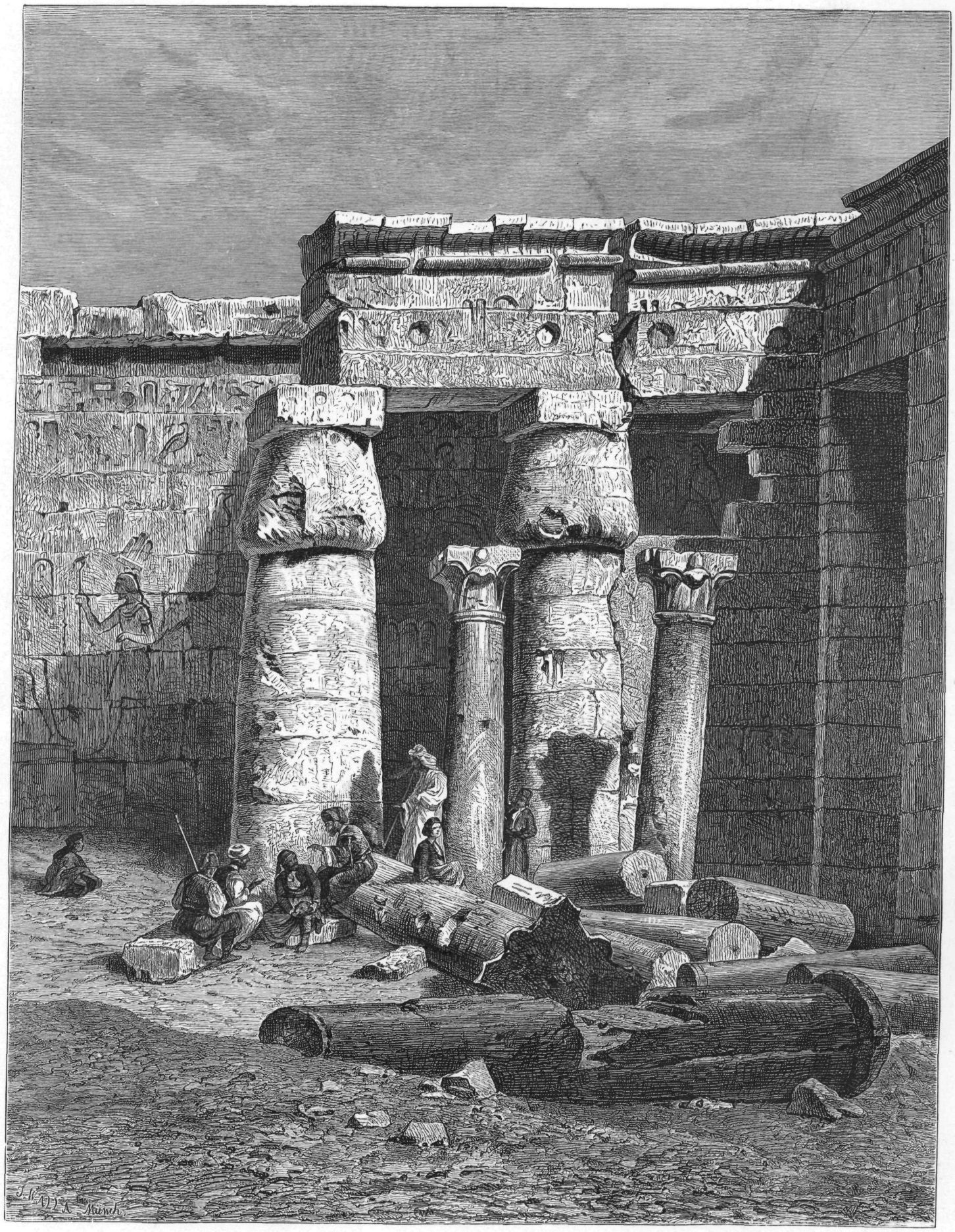
details, are quite marvellous; magnanimity and dignity joined to gracious sweetness mark the features of both king and queen, and when we tear ourselves from contemplating them, and enter the temple, our admiration rises at every step; three halls—in the first of which large statues of Osiris enthroned sit in state—and ten smaller chambers open one out of another, and the torches carried by our guide light up an endless gallery of pictures and inscriptions sculptured in the rock and covered over with a thin coating of plaster and paint; these refer to the same scenes and events as are recorded on the walls of the Ramesseum. We see the king with his lions rushing on the Kheta; and in the sanctuary at the innermost end of the cavern we see the Pharaoh worshipped with divine honours by the side of Harmachis (Hor-em-Khuti), Amon of Thebes, and Ra of Memphis.[1]

Following the example of his father, Menephtah, the son of Rameses II., often went from Thebes to Tanis in the Delta, and finally made it his capital. In his reign the scholars of the house of Rameses worked with zeal, and greatly developed the resources of their institution, which may be regarded as the precursor of the museum of Alexandria. We have already seen that at Tanis, in the midst of a half Semitic population, the Hebrews in particular were driven to many kinds of forced labour, of which we also have an account in the Bible. I have said that Menephtah was the Pharaoh of the Exodus, and it is not difficult to assign a reason for the severity he displayed towards the Semitic population of those eastern provinces of his dominions which bordered on the lands of other Semitic nations, for we know that at this time the Libyan tribes to the west of the Nile had allied themselves with the inhabitants of the islands of the Mediterranean to attack Egypt. An inscription in the great temple of Karnak tells us that he defeated these enemies in a great battle near Prosopis;[2] but we learn from other documents, of the years following the reign of Menephtah, that the event known to us as the Exodus of the Israelites had had a decisive effect on the history of Egypt, for soon after it had taken place, revolts and usurpations of the princes of the Delta districts disturbed the empire to the utmost. The Delta was for some time subject to a Syrian named Aarsu, and ambitious pretenders from time to time snatched the crown from the legitimate sovereign. At last the vigorous hand of Set-nekht restored peace to Egypt. His son, Rameses III., was the founder of a new dynasty, which was destined to an end as gloomy as its beginning was happy and hopeful.

Among all the temples on the western shore of the Nile, that of Medinet Haboo is distinguished by the grandeur and originality of its plan and the excellent preservation of its most important parts. It was Rameses III. who erected this noble structure close to a small temple built by Thothmes III. (1. in the plan) in the south of the Nekropolis. Under the Ptolemies and the Romans this was enlarged

[1] The mummy of Seti I., whose alabaster sarcophagus, removed from his tomb in the Biban-el-Melook, is in the Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, was found in the pit of the Deir-el-Bahari, whither it had been hastily removed in the reign of Herhor, of the XXIst Dynasty. The mummy of Thothmes III. was also found in the same place; but another mummy, supposed to be that of Rameses II., has been attributed to Rameses XII.

[2] This inscription has been published by Duemichen, "Historische Inschriften," 1867, and translated by De Rougé in his "Mémoire sur les Attaques dirigées contre Egypte vers le XIV. Siècle avant notre ère" in the *Revue Archeologique*, Paris, 1867. Brugsch, "Egypt under the Pharaohs," II., p. 123, asserts that they were races of the Caucasus allied with Libyans, an opinion not to be universally accepted.



COURT WITH REMAINS OF A CHRISTIAN CHURCH AT MEDINET HABOO.

with much magnificence; and after the doctrines of Christianity had dethroned the old gods of Egypt, a Christian congregation established itself in its halls, and built a church in its courts. Mariette's forced labourers uncovered much that had been overthrown at that time, and to this day the villagers of Medinet Haboo bring away the nitrogeneous rubbish from the interior and use it as manure for the fields. The pictures and inscriptions which cover all the walls supplement the knowledge derived from Harris's great papyrus,[1] and make the inquirer perfectly acquainted with the deeds of Rameses III., of whom Herodotus relates many stories, calling him "Rhampsinitus the wealthy." A curious structure opens into the temple of Medinet Haboo, which has often been supposed to be a king's palace (II. in the plan), and which the French called the "Pavilion." The king, however, no more lived in this than in any other Memnonium or temple. The whole building, such as we see its remains, with its numerous pylons, courts, and halls, was dedicated to the memory of its founder and of his achievements, and served as the scene of various festivals, more particularly of the great coronation festival, or Feast of Steps. The *Pavilion*, in front of which are two little watch towers and a wall with battlements, consisted of two high wings in the form of truncated pyramids, and a building connecting them with a roadway through it. The interior of this very interesting structure is divided into two floors or storeys, with steps leading to the upper one, and is divided into several rooms with many remarkable pictures in relief on the walls. Among these there are some pictures of the private life of the king; one, for instance, showing him as engaged in playing at draughts with young ladies. But these pictures do not in the least prove that the rooms in which they occur were inhabited by the king; they were analogous to the pictures we have before met with in the tomb chapels of private families, and it would appear that this so-called Pavilion was used as a place of meeting for the descendants of the Pharaoh when they visited his Memnonium.

If we stand in the road-way that passes through this structure and look westward, we obtain a grand picture; through a gate in a massive pylon we look across one great court to another beyond it, and then over broken pillars, fragments, and ruins to the very foot of the Libyan range, which shuts in this stupendous scene.

Going through the gateway we find ourselves standing in front of the second largest pylon in Egypt (III.). Not pausing there, we enter a spacious enclosed court (IV.) with a colonnade on each side, that on the left formed by a row of floral columns, and that on the right by a series of pillars with figures of Osiris. The next court has a colonnade all round. Here we find the columns of the Christian church before mentioned, most of them on the ground; and beyond this again are the broken columns of a hypostyle (VI.), out of which open some well-preserved chambers, while behind them lie other ruined halls and rooms. This temple cannot fail to impress deeply any lover and connoisseur of architecture as a noble and grandiose production of the art. In its second court—if anywhere—with its

[1] Translated in the "Records of the Past," Vol. VI., p. 21, and following. This document, dated in the thirty-second year of Rameses III., describes the antecedent political state of Egypt, and the gifts the king made to Heliopolis, Memphis, and Thebes.

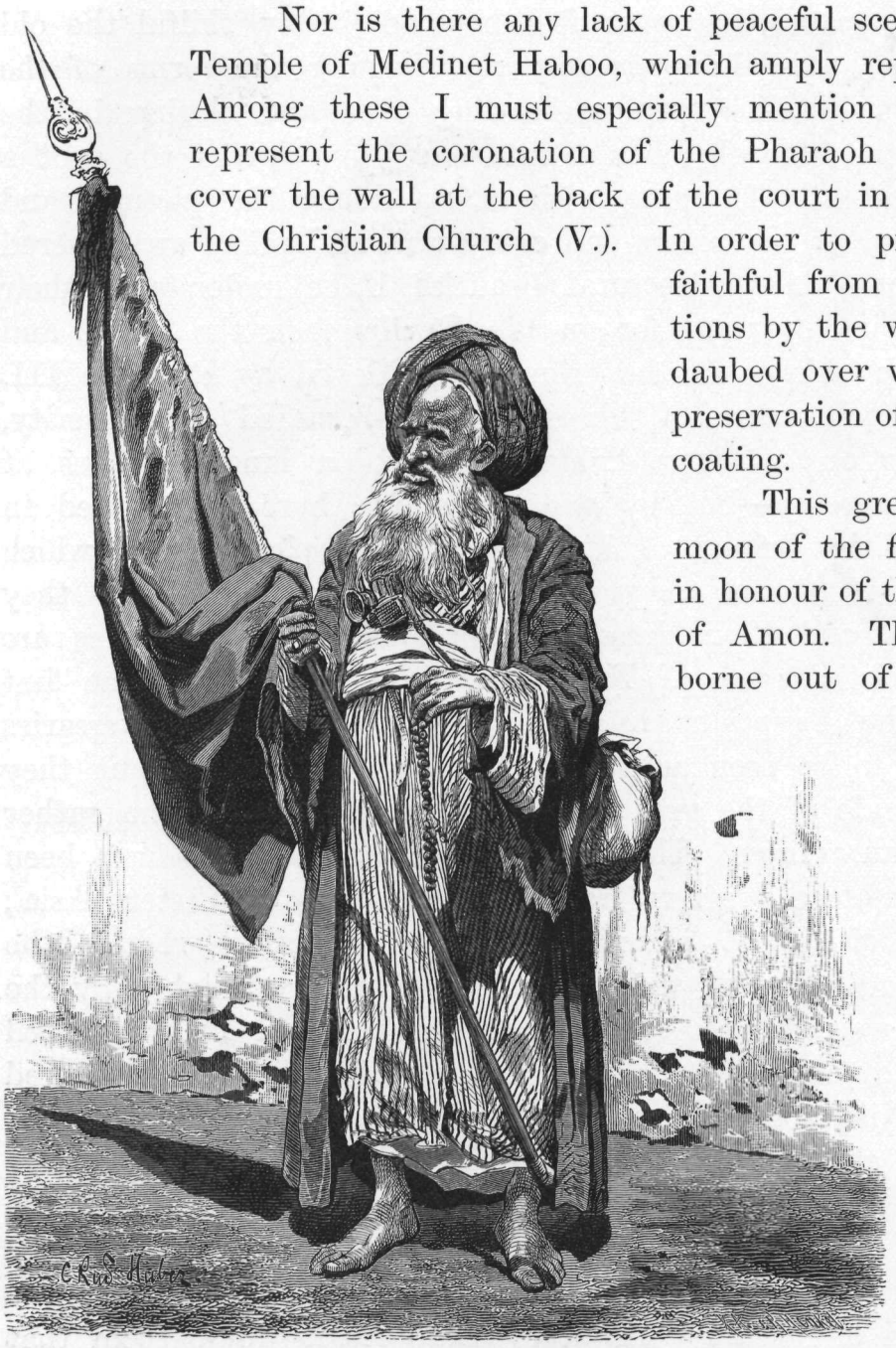


A SNAKE-CHARMER IN THE SECOND COURT OF MEDINET HABOO.

colonnades, its pillars, and its statues, he must feel how admirably skilful the old masters were in producing novel and happy results by varying the forms of the supports in their buildings. The hollow cornice, bending over and closing in the space, which has no roof but the blue sky, has a fine effect, and gives the spot a particular effect of calm retirement. To many visitors, no doubt the pictures and inscriptions with which the whole of the rooms and every wall and pillar are covered will be still more attractive than its architectural beauties, if he understands their meaning and can interpret their language; for in the Pavilion, on the pylon, and on the north wall of this Memnonium, all the triumphs achieved by Rameses III. in the fifth, eighth, and eleventh years of his reign, are recorded for posterity, graphically and in long inscriptions. Fierce fights, and not on land only—as at Karnak, Luksor, and the Ramesseum—but by water also, are here represented in relief in stone, and heightened by brilliant colouring. The peoples against which the Egyptians defend themselves are of very various races; some of them they attack in their own dominions, and their dress, armour, and type of features are depicted in the most characteristic manner. New foes, whom we met for the first time under Menephtah, call the Egyptians into the field. Their old adversaries the Kheta and Shasu are still to be seen among the Pharaoh's enemies; but they sink into insignificance by the side of the great confederation of nations who gather under the standard of the Libyan princes. The tribes of the east seem to have been driven to the west and south before a great migration of the hordes of Western Asia; and the nations to the west of Egypt joined hands with them to reduce the supremacy of that powerful kingdom. But the arm of Rameses was mighty by the grace of Amon; the Libyans were defeated, and their dismembered limbs counted before the king. Hardly three years later a combination of many tribes poured down upon the mouths of the Nile, arriving by land from Asia Minor through Syria, and by ship from the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean; but they were signally defeated by sea and land. Egypt, however, was again attacked by the Libyan tribe called the Maxyes (Mashuasha); she had to defend herself against the attempts of the Tyrrhenes (Tuirsha of the Sea) and other islanders; and from the names that have been preserved of races conquered by Rameses, it would seem that his armies penetrated as far as Cilicia, and that his fleets subjugated Cyprus and other islands. Among the nations mentioned as hostile to Egypt are some whose names and position we know from the Greeks, while others cannot be positively determined as corresponding to any nations of antiquity.[1]

In the pavilion we see portraits of the princes of these people; on the north wall is a picture of the sea-fight in which they fell or were taken captive, and we also see Rameses III. represented—perhaps allegorically—as conquering a lion.

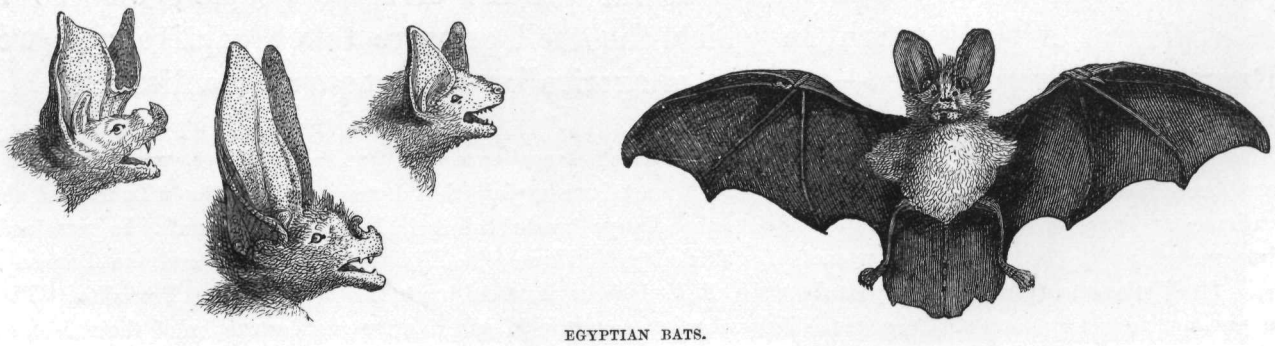
[1] Brugsch thinks that most of them are races of Colchio-Caucasian origin, but, as I believe, wrongly. This is not the place for a discussion of our different opinions, but I must here explain that I maintain that the "Tuirsha of the Sea" are Tyrrhenes or Tyrsenes, the Schardana Sardinians (who always boasted of their Libyan origin, and who remained there till a late period under the name of Chartanoi), the Shakalsha Sicilians, the Akaiuasha Achæans, and the Danaau Danaoi (Greeks). The Pulasatha have been supposed to be Philistines or Pelasgoi, or a Libyan race, the Prosoditæ. These last may be perhaps merely a colony of the original Pulasatha left to settle in Africa after the destruction of their fleet, and who designated themselves, in contrast to the Egyptians, as Pelagioi, or men of the coast. It is quite open to us to suppose that they may be the same as that famous nation of the Pelasgoi who are so often mentioned, and whose origin is not yet established.



A BEGGING DERVISH

Nor is there any lack of peaceful scenes among the pictures in the Temple of Medinet Haboo, which amply repays the most careful research. Among these I must especially mention the series of paintings which represent the coronation of the Pharaoh at the Feast of Steps. These cover the wall at the back of the court in which we find the columns of the Christian Church (V.). In order to prevent the congregation of the faithful from being distracted at their devotions by the works of the heathen, they were daubed over with Nile mud, and we owe the preservation of their colours to this protecting coating.

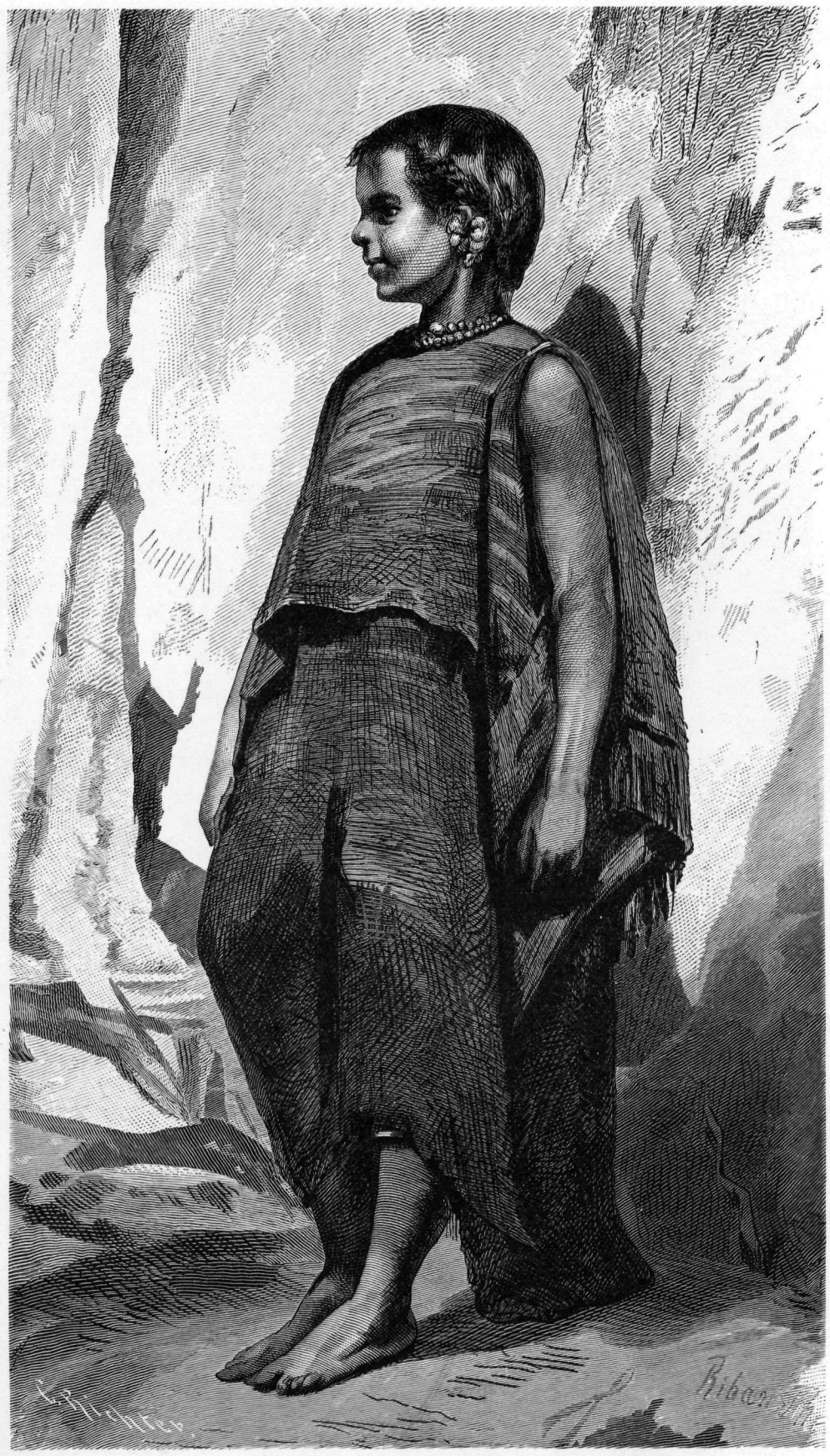
This great feast was held at the new moon of the first month of harvest (Pashons), in honour of the god Khem,[1] the creative form of Amon. The king, sitting in a litter, is borne out of his palace into the open air, accompanied by his body-guard, his fan-bearers, and the princes of his family. Musicians swell the pomp and festivity with the sound of trumpets and drums, bald-headed priests burn incense, and the preacher or reciter leads the singing with his book of hymns in his hand. The continuation of the picture shows the statue of the god Khem as the end and object of the procession. Once he is shown under a canopy, but afterwards he is concealed under hangings on a sort of platform or scaffold, decorated with garlands, and borne by priests and fan-bearers, while other priests follow with ornamental plants and a sail, the emblem of



EGYPTIAN BATS.

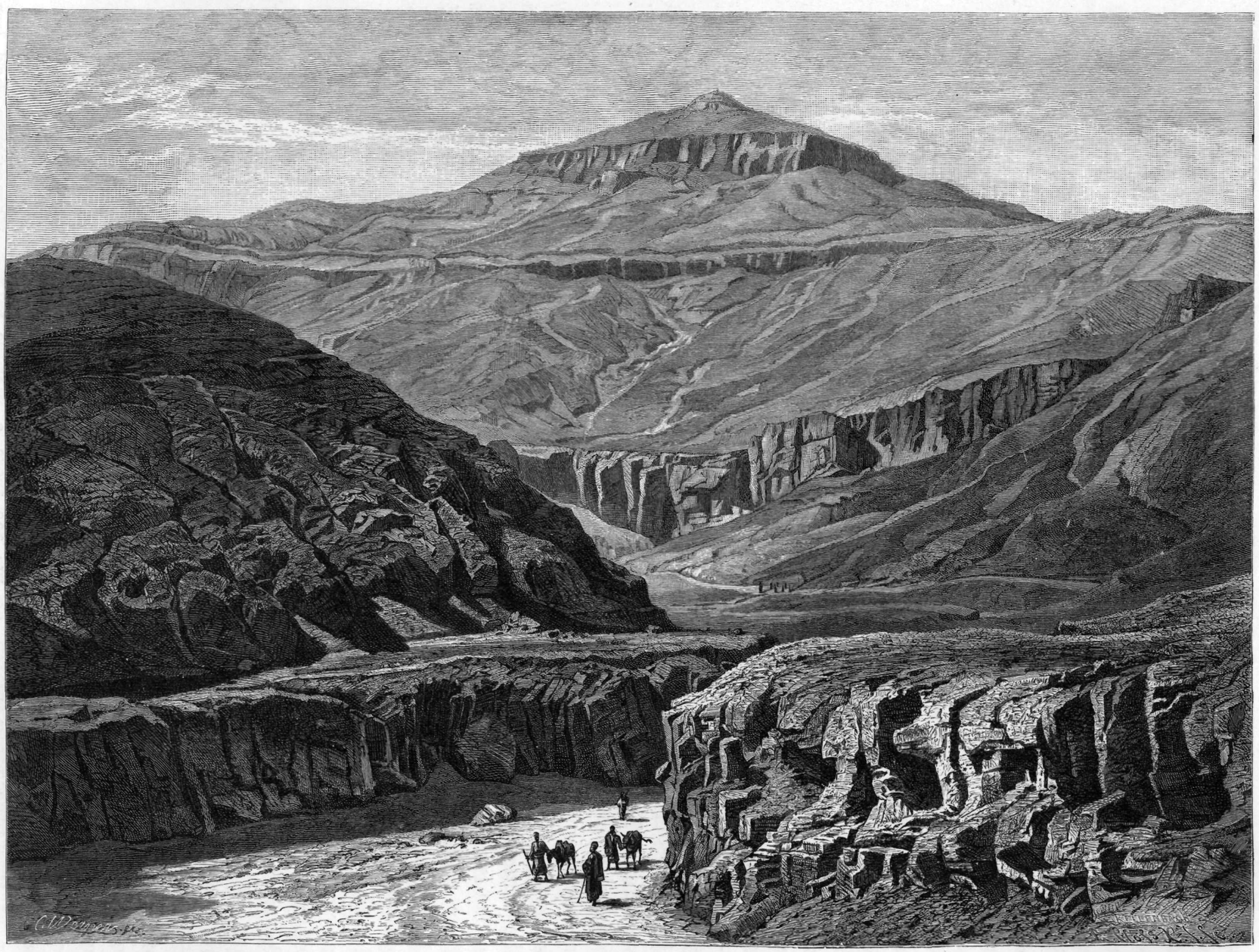
[1] The name of this divinity has been read as Min, or Amsi. He was also a form of Amon and Horus united.

the breeze of freshness and delight. The king brings incense and drink-offerings to the god, and over his head soars the vulture of victory, which we almost invariably find when the Pharaoh is depicted as showing himself to his people or as going forth to battle. Then comes the white bull of Khem, with the king's favourite wife and the festival reciter. A long train of Pastophoroi precede the sacred bull, bearing various emblems —images of the gods, vessels of sacrifice, and the statues of the king's ancestors. This solemn procession goes out to meet the sovereign, before whose eyes one of the ceremonies of coronation is now performed. Four geese,[1] called by the names of the children of Horus,[2] are let fly, in order that they may carry to the north, south, east, and west, the news that Rameses has set the crown upon his brow. More to the right there is a picture of the second ceremony, in which the king cuts with a sickle a sheaf of corn offered him by a priest. The queen looks on at this proceeding, which, as we see from a picture in the Ramesseum, had been



A WATER-CARRIER FROM ABD-EL-KURNAH.

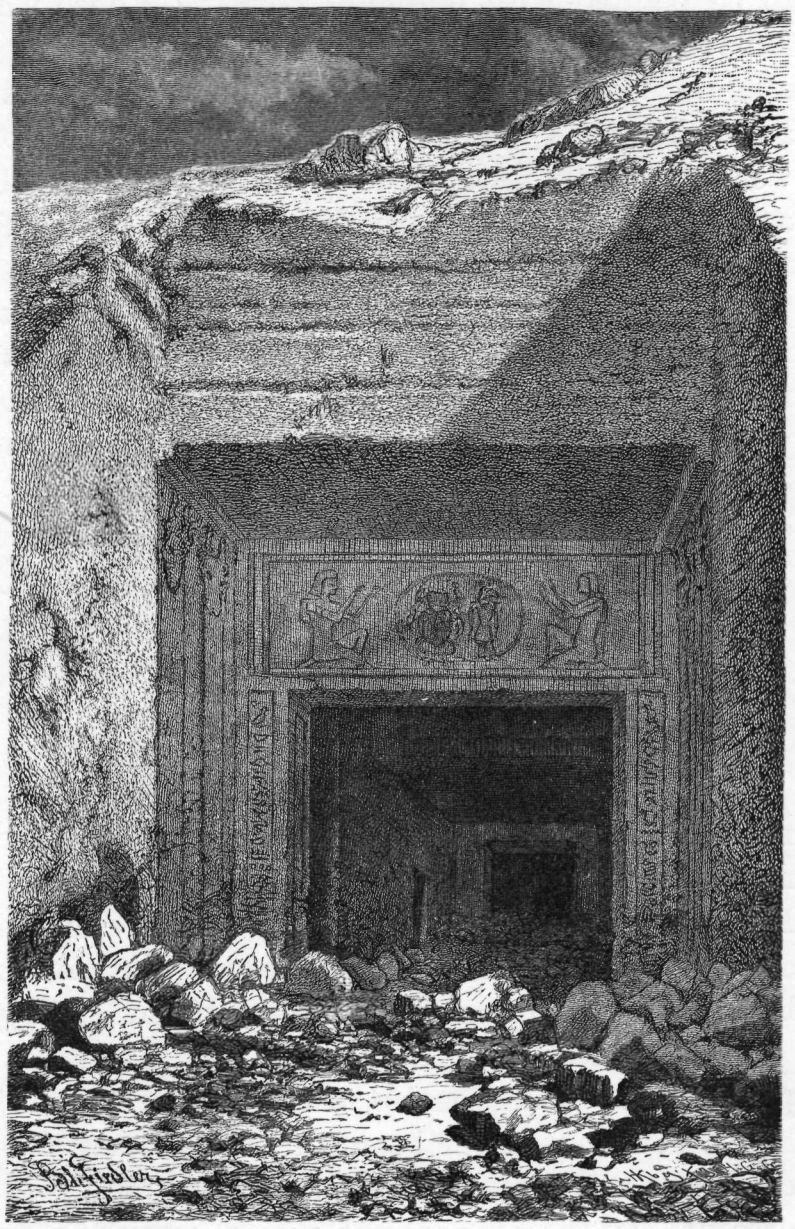
[1] Or pigeons. [2] Amset, Hapi, Tuautmetef, and Kabhsenuf, the so-called genii of the Karneter, or Hades. One of the names of a bird was *Ari-en-pe*, "guardian of the Heaven."



ENTRANCE TO THE VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

in use by earlier Pharaohs; a second picture of the white bull and another train of the king's ancestors, complete this part of the paintings.

Farther on we see Rameses III. with all his children—eighteen sons and fourteen daughters—bound to their father by a long sash or tie. Inscriptions explain the pictures in every instance, and these have a very splendid effect, although, of course, only a small number of soldiers stand for a vast army, and a whole choir of singers and musicians can only be represented by a small number, since the wall, though of considerable extent, is limited. Kallixenos, a Greek writer, has described a similar procession which was got up by Ptolemy Philadelphus, and from the accounts given by him, who was an eye-witness, we are fully justified in assuming that each man here represented stands for a hundred men in the king's train. It is very remarkable that to this day the inhabitants of the Nekropolis select this temple to assemble in, when any sight is to be seen, in preference to any other spot.



ENTRANCE OF A KING'S TOMB IN BIBAN. EL-MULOOK.

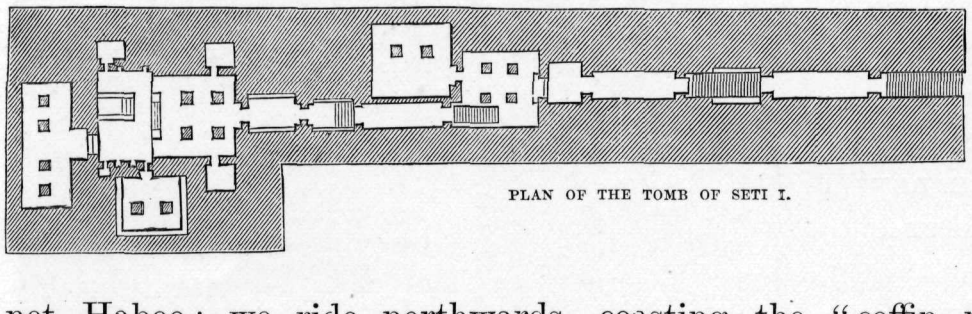
Rameses was certainly the most splendid, and apparently the wealthiest, of the Pharaohs. Who does not know the delightful story of the treasure-house of Rhampsinitus and the architect's son?

Duemichen has lately discovered on the left side of the broken columns of the hypostyle of Medinet Haboo (VI.) four connected chambers (3 and 4), in which, as the inscriptions tell us, the more than royal gifts were stored which this generous king dedicated to Amon in his Memnonium. And the endowments enumerated in Harris's papyrus are no less enormous with which he enriched the temples of Memphis and Heliopolis and the great sanctuary of Karnak.[1] At Karnak he added to the buildings a small temple (I.) to the west of the great hypostyle, and a larger one dedicated to the god Khunsu,[2] which, if it were not overshadowed by the gigantic edifices around it, would be admired and praised as a wonderful effort of architecture.

[1] Translated in the "Records of the Past," Vol. VIII., p. 5.

[2] Or Chons, the Moon god, son of Amon and Mut.

Rameses III. won most of the treasure that he applied to these immense works from the enemies he conquered; part he derived from mines, quarries, and commercial enterprises: for his fleets, like those of Hatasu, brought spices and rarities from the rich shores of the Indian Ocean. For thirty-two years he filled the throne of the Pharaohs, and during the last part of his life, which was undisturbed by any great war, he devoted himself to the domestic welfare of the Valley of the Nile, which he caused to be planted with umbrageous trees—a deed which won him perpetual gratitude. The fame of his wealth has outlasted that of his achievements, and it was the superabundance of riches which alienated him and his children from the severe simplicity of an earlier time. He lived surrounded by a harem, in whose pestilent soil conspiracies[1] were constantly fostered, to which he was near falling a sacrifice, and he ended his days as the mere tool of the priests, enervated and enfeebled, and scorned by his contemporaries, after sharing his sovereignty with his son. Even during his lifetime the greater part of his treasure was transferred to the temples; the sacerdotal power struggled for the mastery with the royal authority; and his successors, who, like him, all bore the name of Rameses, were at last reduced to surrender the crown of Egypt to the high priest of Amon. The great man's descendants were but an ignominious race,[2] of which few memorials survive beyond a few additions to the temple of Khunsu and their tombs.[3]



PLAN OF THE TOMB OF SETI I.

The famous Biban-el-Mulook, or Valley of the Kings' Tombs, is at some distance from Medinet Haboo; we ride northwards, coasting the "coffin mountain," and passing by many tombs and the hovels of the fellaheen. Before reaching that part of the Nekropolis known as el-Assasseef, we come upon an old dervish with his banner, asking alms of the fellaheen for his order. We saw this same man again on a pretty little horse, and accompanied by a servant, but still pursuing his calling as a beggar.

El-Assasseef is full of tombs, one of which is the largest of all the tombs of private personages. A millionaire of the time of the Saïte kings[4]—Pet-Amen-hotep by name—had it hewn out in the beautiful white limestone hill of this part of the Nekropolis. The chambers are numerous, and the corridors are interrupted by deep niches; but at the present day the inscriptions which cover the walls, and which all refer to death and the future life in the nether world, are quite blackened, and myriads of bats inhabit this and the neighbouring tombs. At sundown they fly to the Nile to drink in dense masses, like a dark cloud driven before the wind, but by day they hang head downwards from the roofs of the tombs, and make it both difficult and unpleasant to visit them, for they exhale a disagreeable sour smell, and it is not easy to copy and work where

[1] Described in a papyrus at Turin, also translated—"Records of the Past," Vol. VIII., p. 53.

[2] The Ramessids of the XXth Dynasty.

[3] These, however, present great interest, from their astronomical representations, and the scenes they represent of the Egyptian Hell, or Hades.

[4] About B.C. 600.

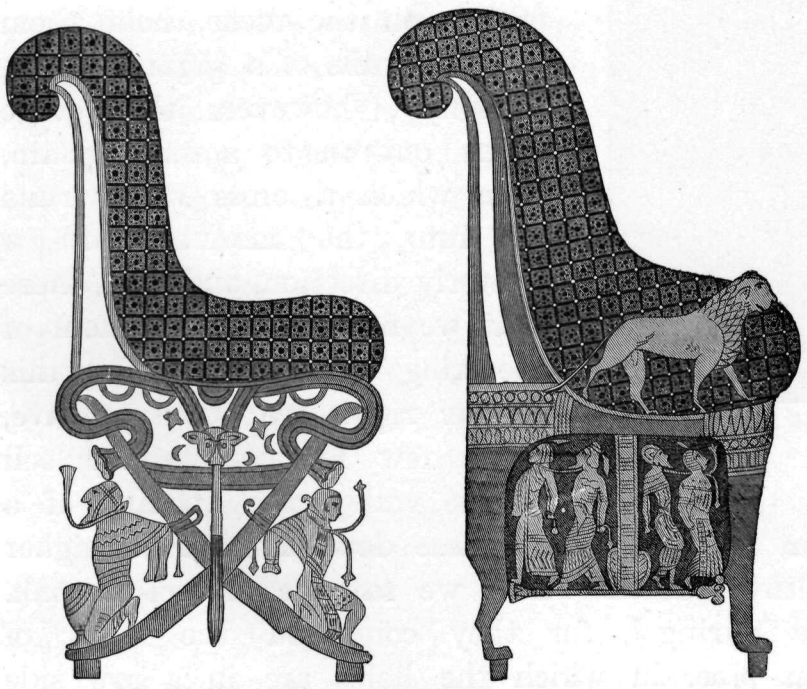
these creatures, startled by the torches, flutter uneasily round the light, and often beat it out; not unfrequently I have known them end by hanging themselves on to my beard. However, they do no farther harm, and a light blow with the hand is sufficient to disengage them.

Adjoining el-Assasseef lies the hilly soil of Drah aboo'l Neggah, which has been turned over in every direction by Mariette's labourers. It contains the most ancient of all the Thebain tombs, and it was here that the coffins of the kings called Antef (XIth Dynasty), now at Paris and London, and the richly ornamented mummy of Queen Aah-hotep, were disinterred. At that time more importance seems to have been attached to the adornment and preparation of the corpse itself than to the tomb, which before the XVIIIth Dynasty here often bore the form of a pyramid, supported on a cubical base.



MENEPHTAH.

We may reach the Valley of the Kings either by the somewhat difficult path over the cliff separating el-Assasseef from Biban-el-Molook, or by following the road of the Pharaohs, which still exists in the plain, and starting north of the house of Seti, leads up a steep slope into the famous gorge. By choosing the steep mountain path, we obtain a magnificent view opening into the rocky amphitheatre and ruins of Dayr-el-Bahree, as well as a wide and beautiful prospect over the Nekropolis, the Nile, and Eastern Thebes; but riding round by the lower road, we see the narrow pass through which, in past ages, the mourning train followed the bier of the Pharaoh by a well-kept road into the valley of death.[1]

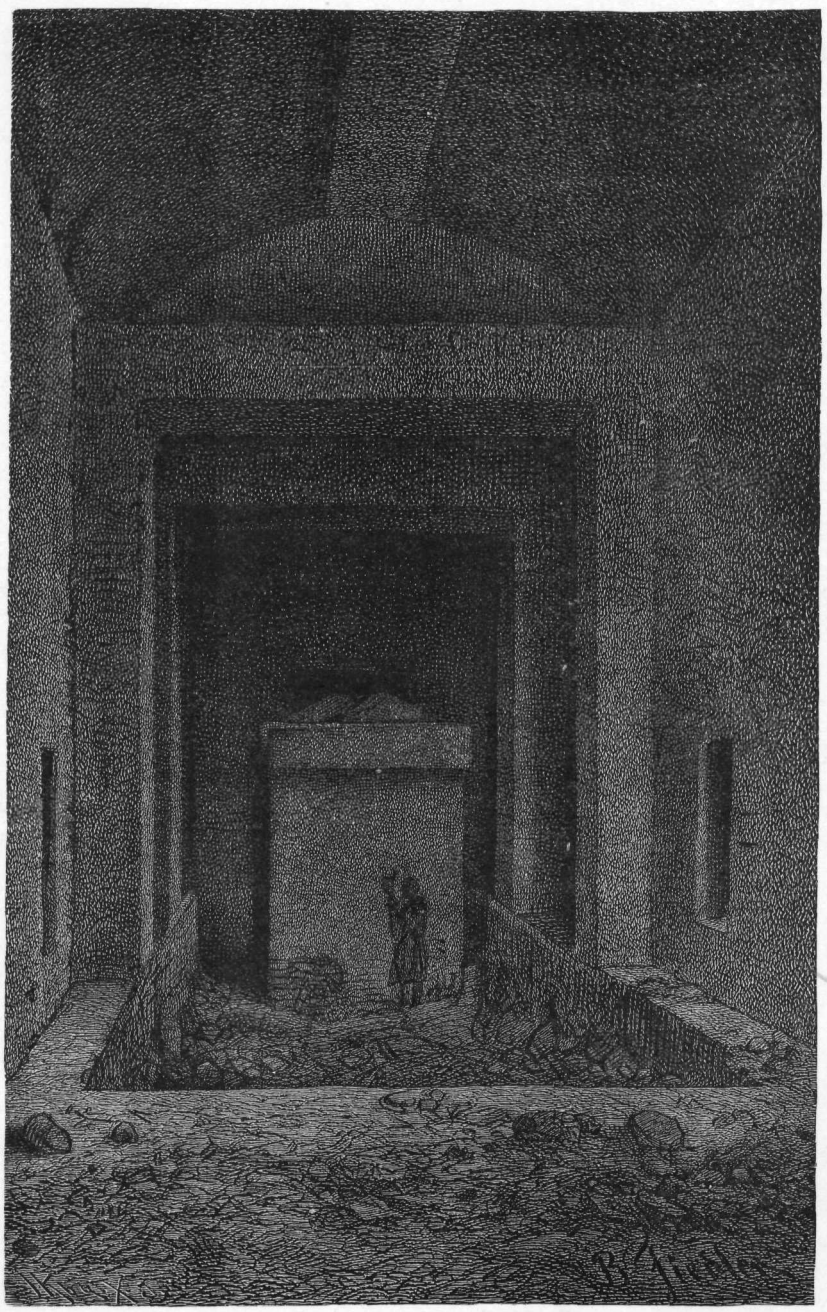


ARM-CHAIRS (REPRESENTED IN THE TOMB OF RAMESES III.).

The gorge into which this pass opens is indeed a valley of

[1] It is at the narrowest point of this mountain pass that I have laid the scene of the overthrow of Paaker's chariot in the romance of "Uarda," when Uarda herself is run over by the Princess Bent-Anat.

death. It is closed in on both sides by bare walls of yellowish limestone, streaked with dark stains, which are as black, particularly at the edges of the rocks, as if the sun had scorched them; and these cliffs, which sometimes approach and sometimes recede, are never at any great distance apart. Not the smallest herb or blade can strike root in the rocky cliffs or on the soil of the valley; all the creative activity of nature seems paralysed in this realm of death. Still, it is not devoid of inhabitants; here and there a snake wriggles across the sand, a scorpion lurks under blocks of stone by the path, long rows of vultures perch on the topmost ridge, and in the early morning, or after sundown, jackals sneak out of the tombs and caves where they lurk during the day. But no pleasing object meets our gaze, and the black nodules of flint that lie embedded in the yellow limestone look down on the wanderer like sinister Argus-eyes. The intense heat of the midday sun pours down into the narrow and dismal gorge, and its rays, falling on the rocks, heat them like the walls of a gigantic oven. Presently, however, the gorge opens out on to a small plain, from which a cross valley runs up into the mountain in a westerly direction, and it is there that we find the most ancient of the kings' tombs. Leaving this to our right, we soon perceive, at a few feet above the soil of the valley, the opening of a tomb in the rock, and there another, and yet more; these doorways are all higher than those of the graves of wealthy citizens which we saw at Abd-el-Kurnah. The Greeks called these rock-tombs Syringoi, for they compared the walls of Biban-el-Mulook to the reed of a Pan pipe, in which the holes are in a row side by side.



SARCOPHAGUS IN THE TOMB OF RAMESES VI.

But now we jump from our saddles—from afar we see the number 17, and we know that the seventeenth tomb, which was hewn out by order of Seti I. to

contain his mummy,[1] exceeds all the others in size and magnificence, though that of Rameses III. is indeed hardly second to it.[2] That is No. 11. It was Wilkinson, the historian of antiquity, who numbered the rock-tombs of Biban-el-Mulook.

I devoted many weeks to the study of these tombs, but years would hardly suffice for copying the endless series of inscriptions that cover their walls. The tomb of Seti I. is the oldest in this part of the valley; that of his great son, Rameses II., has not as yet been discovered,[3] but those of his successors, down to the last Rameses of his family, have long since been found and opened. They are all constructed on the same general plan, but differ in the number and size of the chambers hewn in the rock, and in the number and finish of the inscriptions and pictures which cover the walls. They are, in fact, as we may say, pyramids dug out instead of built up; and just as the real Pyramids testify by their magnitude to the length of the reign of their builders, so we may infer from the depth and completeness of these rock-chambers what wealth and means were at the disposal of the king in whose time they were hewn out. The simplest consist of a passage, a hall for the sarcophagus, and an inner chamber; the largest have a long range of corridors, halls, and chambers, which we go down into by steps or sloping planes, while the fellah boys precede us with lights. The sculptures and paintings on plaster only seldom refer to the earthly career of the deceased, while, on the other hand, *Tuat,* or "the abyss"—the nether world and all the busy life that fills it—are fully represented. The principal personage in this "divine comedy" is the glorified king, "the flesh of Ra."[4] It is not till he reaches his destination, after his journey through the nether world, that he is filled with the very spirit of the Most High, and becomes wholly divine. The boat in which he crosses the abyss, under the guardianship of a serpent, is guided by the gods of the nether world, prayed over by their worshippers, and imperilled by the evil demons of the abyss. Anubis, the guide of the soul, the Hathor of the under world, Isis and



SHESHANK (SHISHAK) HOLDING HIS ENEMIES BY THE HAIR. (*From the Hall of the Bubastides.*)

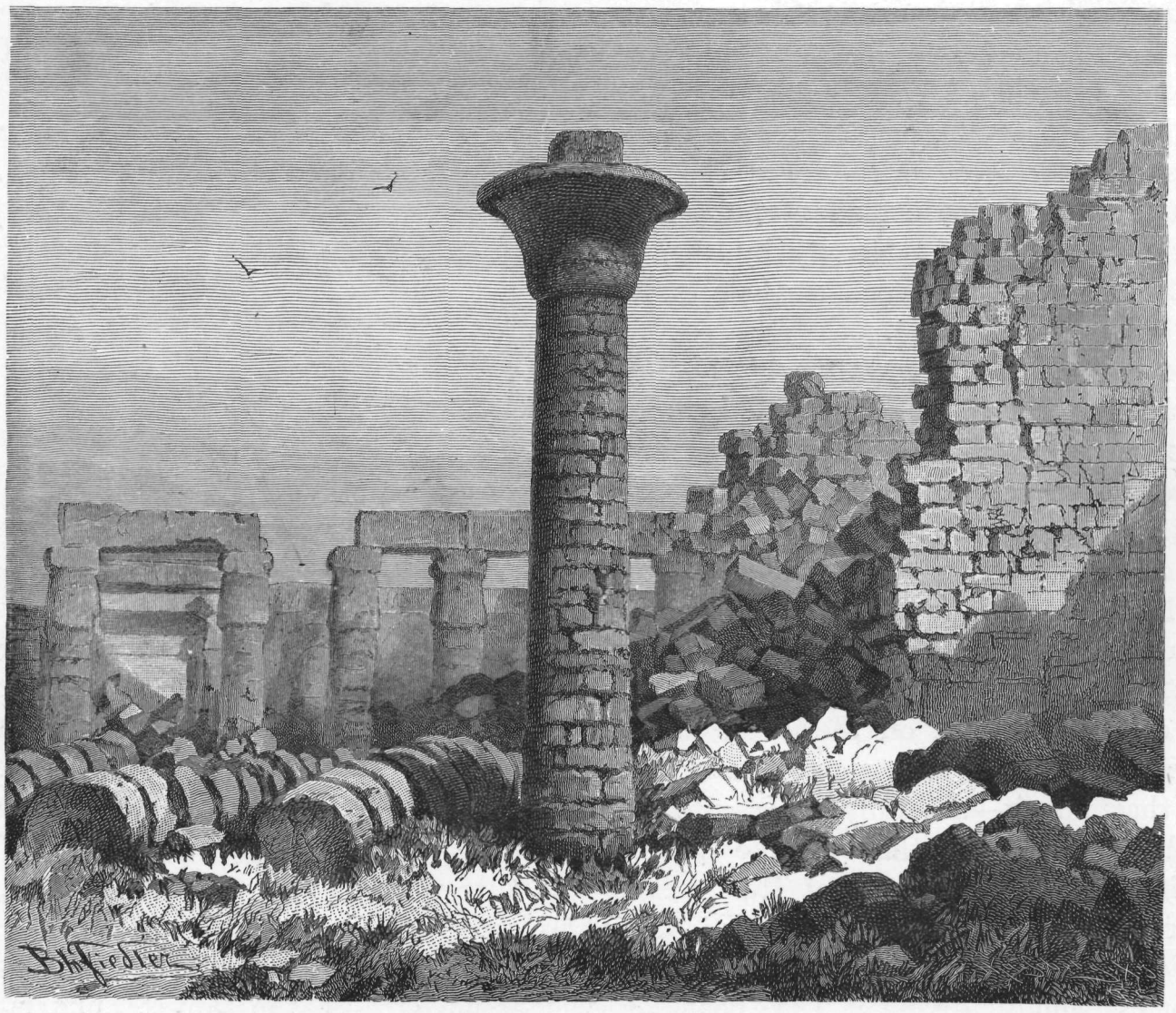
[1] His mummy has been recently discovered in the pit of the Deir-el-Bahari with others already mentioned. His alabaster sarcophagus, the finest of the class yet discovered, is in the Soane Museum, its inscriptions referring to the sun's passage through Hades during the hours of the night, have been published by Sharpe and Boncmi, and translated by Lefebure, "Records of the Past," XII., p. 5 and following. The mummy of Seti I. was found in a single wooden coffin, wrapped up in an inscribed shroud, at the Deir-el-Bahari.

[2] The rose granite sarcophagus of this king has been removed. The cover is in the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge; the chest is in the Louvre, at Paris. The fate of his mummy is unknown.

[3] It has probably been long rifled, as vases of gilded wood, part of the sepulchral furniture, are in the British Museum. It is doubtful whether the mummy and coffin with his name found at the Deir-el-Bahari belong to Rameses II.

[4] *Af en Ra,* or Af. He is represented with the head of a goat.

Nephthys conduct him, and after he has submitted to his trial and justification, and gazed at the torments of the reprobate, he is permitted to enter the Empyrean, the heaven of fire and abode of the blest. Here his apotheosis is accomplished, and he becomes a radiant spirit, whose name is the name of God, who is one with the gods of heaven, differing from them in nothing. There the pious rejoice over him, and all the nations of the earth do homage to him—Egyptian



COLUMN IN THE GREAT COURT OF KARNAK.

and Semitic, Negroes, and the light-hued Libyan races; hymns resound in his praise, even the gods bow down to him, the stars rise and set in his presence, and years and days pass by him. The inscriptions and pictures in the tombs of Biban el-Mulook are the "Book of the Dead" of the kings. Certain texts and symbols recur in the same parts of them just as they do in the temples. The texts, of course, differ from those in the tombs of private persons as the nature of "Ra made flesh," the God incarnate and seated on the throne of Egypt, differs from that of the ordinary mortal. Among these texts the long hymn which is usually inscribed on the walls of the corridor beyond the antechamber is particularly worthy of notice. It is called "The praises of Ra in Amentis" (the nether-world), and



INTERIOR OF THE SO-CALLED APE-T TEMPLE AT KARNAK.

has been admirably deciphered and interpreted by Naville[1] from four different texts; it contains seventy-five adjurations, composing a sort of Litany addressed to seventy-five personifications of Ra. This, which constitutes a book or chapter by itself, is introductory to all the others, and served to remind the initiated—for only the most privileged even of these were permitted to enter the tombs of the Kings—in pictorial language, of the pantheistic and fundamental views of their mystic doctrine, according to which Ra is the all-embracing, the "Pan" who includes all things and all the gods in himself. Out of him nothing exists, and whatever is is a manifestation of his manifold forms. These forms, as we here learn—but on what grounds we know not—were supposed to be seventy-five in number. To each of them a small statue was dedicated, and the departed soul must know their names by heart and the appropriate invocation in order to attain to a perfect union with Ra. If he accomplished this he would live for ever; he was permitted to assume any form he pleased, and appear as the god animating the universe, as the sun or a star, as a man, animal, or plant. His mummy was carefully preserved, and his statue erected, so that he might when he desired it mingle in the common life of men in the same form as he had borne while alive; this was called *Ka*, and regarded as something independent and self-subsistent.

The splendid tomb of Seti I. is often called Belzoni's tomb, after its discoverer. That numbered 14 exceeds it in size—it is, however, nearly two hundred feet in length—but in no other tomb are the sculptures so fine in style or so admirably executed. A steep flight of steps leads down into it, and the plan laid before the reader (*ante*, p. 294) will afford an idea of the enormous labour which Seti required of the workmen who hewed these chambers and galleries out of the rock, and covered every portion of them with pictures and inscriptions. The "Golden Hall" was the name given to the cubical room in which Belzoni found the empty alabaster sarcophagus of the great king, now preserved in Sir John Soane's Museum, London. The walls of a side chamber, where there is the picture of a cow, are covered with mythological texts of value and great importance,[2] and a rough-hewn corridor at the end of the tomb proves that the deceased king proposed to extend it still farther; a few of the pictures even remain unfinished; they are lightly outlined with red, and the boldness and decision with which they are sketched excite our admiration to this day.

The tomb of Menephtah (No. 8), the Pharaoh of the Exodus and the grandson of Seti I., is rich in inscriptions of great interest; but it was never finished, and is unfortunately much injured by travellers, who are in the habit of making pic-nics there.

The tomb of Rameses III. (No. 11), the builder of Medinet Haboo, is commonly known as the tomb of the harp-player, from a picture preserved in it. Its pictorial decorations are uncommonly rich, but cannot be compared as to style and finish with those of the tomb of Seti. A peculiarity of this sepulchre is the arrangement

[1] "La Litanie du Soleil." 4to. 1875.

[2] Referring to the destruction of mankind by the gods, and the subsequent creation of the human race by Hero. The hieroglyphic texts and their translation have been published by M. Naville in *The Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology*, Vol. IV., p. 1.

of eight chambers adjoining a large hall. One of these was dedicated by this the wealthiest of the Pharaohs to the gods of the harvest, of blessing, and of the inundation; another, in which the king's weapons are represented, is like an armoury, and a third is of particular interest in the history of civilisation and the industrial arts, for in it are representations of the furniture and domestic utensils of Rameses III., such as vessels and baskets, metal and cabinet work, among which we see elegant and costly seats. These pictures of objects relating to the earthly life of the deceased sovereign are quite unique in Biban el-Mulook, which was dedicated so exclusively to the dead; and they show us how hard the wealthy Rhampsinitus found it to part from his worldly possessions.



A SHEPHERD AT KARNAK.

There is a very famous tomb which was constructed for Rameses VI., of the XXth dynasty, and which the English, for no reason but that they follow the example of the Romans, designate as the grave of Memnon. A multitude of mystical pictures cover its walls, and even the ceiling in the "golden hall" is covered with astronomical signs.[1] Names and mottoes, scribbled in both Koptic and Greek, make us acquainted with many admirers of this tomb who visited it even in the first century of the Christian era. Among the pictures —which are, however, much debased in style—the most interesting are those which refer to the punishment of the wicked. The picture of a boat out of which an ape is dragging a pig has given rise to the name, bestowed by the French, of the "Tomb of metempsychosis"; and it does in fact offer a picture of the condemned soul which, metamorphosed into the unclean swine, is driven out of the company of the blessed by the dog-headed ape, the animal sacred to Thoth, whose duty it is to supervise the weighing of hearts.

We must leave the tombs of the XXth dynasty, and even those of the XVIIIth

[1] The rising of the stars during the hours of the night, described by Lepsius in his "Einleitung," s. 203. The heaven was supposed to be in shape of a female, and the stars to rise on the places corresponding to the eyes, ears, and other parts of her body.

dynasty, in the western branch of the Biban-el-Mulook, unvisited, I regret to say, as well as the smaller tombs of the queens, and those lately discovered of the high-priests of Amon, who expelled the Ramesside sovereigns from the throne and governed Egypt as an independent dynasty, the XXIst.[1] Their names are to be met with at Karnak, and particularly in the temple of Khunsu, begun by Rameses IV. and finished by his sons and grandsons. History is silent as to any famous deeds they may have done, but Herr Brugsch discovered at Abydos an important monument, from which we learn that the kingdom, weakened and impoverished under their rule, fell a prey to an Assyrian king called Nimrod.[2] Very possibly this event put an end to the sacerdotal rule, and it may have been the exiled kings of the Ramesside family who invited the assistance of the Asiatic foe. At any rate, the crown fell into the hands of the Assyrians, for the founder of the XXIInd dynasty, which made its residence at Bubastis in the Delta, was a son of Nimrod, who died in Egypt. This prince, Sheshenk, who accustomed himself and his followers to Egyptian manners, and who appears to have governed it quite independently of his Asiatic fatherland, is the Shishak of the Bible, who assisted Jeroboam against Rehoboam the son of Solomon, invading the kingdom of Judah and besieging and capturing Jerusalem. The names of the petty kingdoms overthrown by Shishak—among which we find that of Judah—were engraved by command of Shishak on the south wall of a building (3) adjoining the pylon opening westward from the great hypostyle of the Temple of Karnak. Amon gives his enemies into his hand, and he holds them by the hair of their heads, that he has collected into a bunch in his grasp. This building contains other pictures and inscriptions of the same date, and Sheshenk also built the two colonnades (*c d* and *e f*) to the south and north of the first great fore-court (VI.) at Karnak. His house reigned over Egypt for 174 years.

Internal dissensions would seem at last to have wrought the ruin of the Bubastide dynasty, and it was only a few decades after their fall when the enfeebled kingdom of the Pharaohs—in whose northern provinces Semitic princes still continue to rule—fell a prey to the Ethiopians, who had for a long time appropriated to themselves much of the culture of Egypt in their southern home and in Napata their capital. They also added to the splendour of the national sanctuary at Thebes.

The tall caliciform pillars in the first court (VI.*g*), which border the great causeway leading from the western pylon (VI.) to the great hypostyle—and many of which are fallen—bear the name of Taharka, the last of the Ethiopian kings of the XXVth dynasty, but they were probably erected before his time.[3]

[1] The discovery of the mummies and coffins of the kings of the XXIst Dynasty at the Deyr el Bahree, or Deir el Bahari, is quite recent. Amongst those discovered were the Queen Netem-mut, wife of Herhor, in a gilded coffin; the coffins and mummy of Pinotem, high priest of Amen Ra; the coffins and mummies of Makara and her baby; the mummy of Pinotem II.; the mummy and coffins of Pinotem III., grandson of Herhor; coffins and mummy of Masharuta, son of Pinotem II., the same of a Queen Hathorhantaui, and those of the Queen Hes-em-hib — all living from about 1100 to 1000 B.C.

[2] Very doubtful, no Assyrian king named Nimrod having been identified either in the Assyrian or Babylonian lists.

[3] The vicissitudes of Tirhakah, and his conflicts with the Assyrians, are found in the annals of Esarhaddon and Assur banipal or Sardanapalus. Absolute chronology begins with Tirhaka, B.C. 738.

The growing power of Assyria soon absorbed the vassal kingdom, which was thus lost to the Ethiopians, and they kept possession of it until Psammeticus I. formed a league with twelve other governors of provinces, and, with the aid of Greek and Karian mercenaries, succeeded in throwing off the Asiatic yoke; he then governed liberated Egypt as Pharaoh in Saïs, his native town and capital. I have already made my readers acquainted with the revival of the arts which took place under him and his successors. We find evidence of this in the small temple to the north of the great sanctuary of Karnak. Under Psammeticus III., the son of the great and wise Amasis, Egypt fell into the hands of the Persians, and their king, Cambyses,[1] who has been most unjustly accused of being the destroyer of the great temple; the worst injuries it has received—besides those from earthquakes, floods, and Christian bigotry—were inflicted by the Macedonians, who, however, erected many buildings in Thebes, as the northernmost portion of Medinet Haboo (VII.), the little Temple of Dayr el Medeinet, and the Temple of Ape-t, as it is called, dedicated to Osiris, in the great temple of Karnak, where it adjoins the Temple of Khunsu. This building was formerly used by Mariette Pacha as a museum, and the great hall, filled with mummy-cases, stelæ, and statues, has a very picturesque appearance. The granite holy of holies (I.) was rebuilt under Philip Arridæus, the feeble successor of Alexander the Great. The proplyon in front of the Temple of Khunsu is worthy of remark, and the additions to the high gateway of the hypostyle (*h*), due to the Lagides, are of fine proportions.

When the inhabitants of Thebes revolted against the Macedonian yoke—as Révillout has lately discovered that they did—and for nineteen years withstood the kings in Alexandria, under native Egyptian princes, and when again, at a later period, a new revolution broke out in the city of Amon under Ptolemy Lathyrus, the Macedonians ruthlessly attacked the rebellious city, which could not forget the traditions of its supremacy; and many a temple-wall behind which the insurgents had intrenched themselves, many a gateway, and many a column, was overthrown.

Under the Roman emperors little was done for the ancient capital of the mightiest sovereigns of the world, now reduced to the condition of a provincial city; and when Christianity was introduced into the valley of the Nile many of the rock-tombs became the cells of recluses, many venerable monuments and noble statues were reduced to ruins as being the works of the heathen, and many temple-halls transformed into Christian churches.

Under Islam Thebes has lost its position as a city. Shepherds feed their flocks where palaces once stood, and the inhabitants of the villages that have sprung up amongst its ruins have so little respect for the remains of antiquity that they burn the finest fragments in their lime-kilns, cut up statues, pillars, and columns, into mill-stones, and build their huts with the finely-hewn blocks. But in spite of this vast process of destruction, which has been carried on for centuries, there is not in the world a ruined site which can compare with Thebes in grandeur. If we go to the top of the great pylon to the west of Karnak (VII.), and look down and round on the vast sanctuary and the buildings that surround it, we are irresistibly reminded of the words put by Homer into the mouth of the indignant Achilles. The son of

[1] B.C. 527.

Peleus declares that he will never again meet or join in counsel or deed with the Atrides.

"In circuit of Egyptian Thebes, where much hid treasure lies,
Whose walls contain an hundred ports [1] of so admired a size,
Two hundred chariots may a-front with horse and chariot pass."[2]

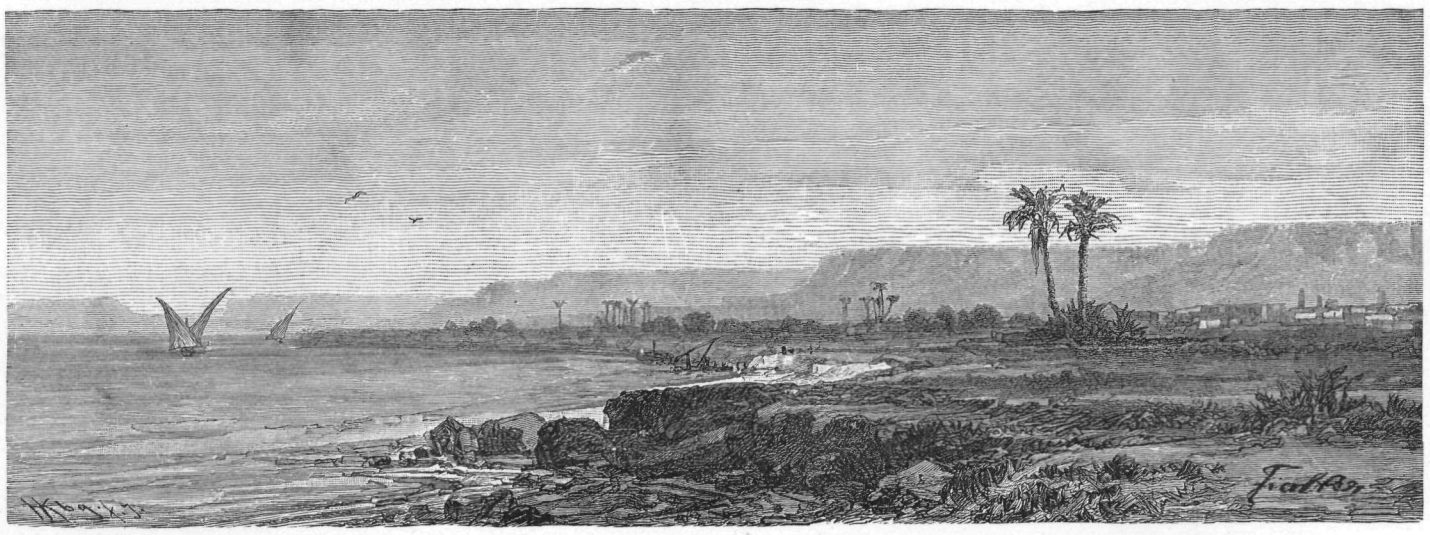
The hundred gates, it is true are overthrown, but a great number of pylons have remained, and highest of them all is this one from which we survey the whole sanctuary of Karnak in its entirety. It is enclosed by a circumscribing wall of bricks of Nile mud. Five gateways, each possessing a pylon, lead to the interior. The two southern gates were connected with the temple of Luksor by rows of sphinxes, and a causeway bordered by sphinxes led from the western door of our vantage-ground towards the quay and steps by the Nile, where the processions embarked in festal barges when they had to cross the river to the Nekropolis. The vast forecourt lies at our feet; colonnades shut it in to the east and west, and in the middle a few yet remain of the gigantic columns which bordered its central pathway, and which in former times perhaps were overshadowed by a velarium, or awning. We look through the high gateway of the second pylon in the most spacious hypostyle ever planned, and on the most ancient part of the temple, with its obelisks—some still erect, more fallen—its polygonal columns and pillars, with statues of Osiris, on to the granite chamber forming the holy of holies. To the south stand more pylons, and the sun is mirrored in the sacred lake of Amon. If we turn our eyes towards the west we still see smaller temples outside the enclosing wall. Never to be forgotten is the picture of this gigantic structure, whether by daylight with its sparkling and shining granite, or by moonlight, when the doubtful light exaggerates the outlines, when the statues and pillars cast blacker shadows, and the mysterious spell of the night adds its charm to the stupendous scene.

[1] Gates.

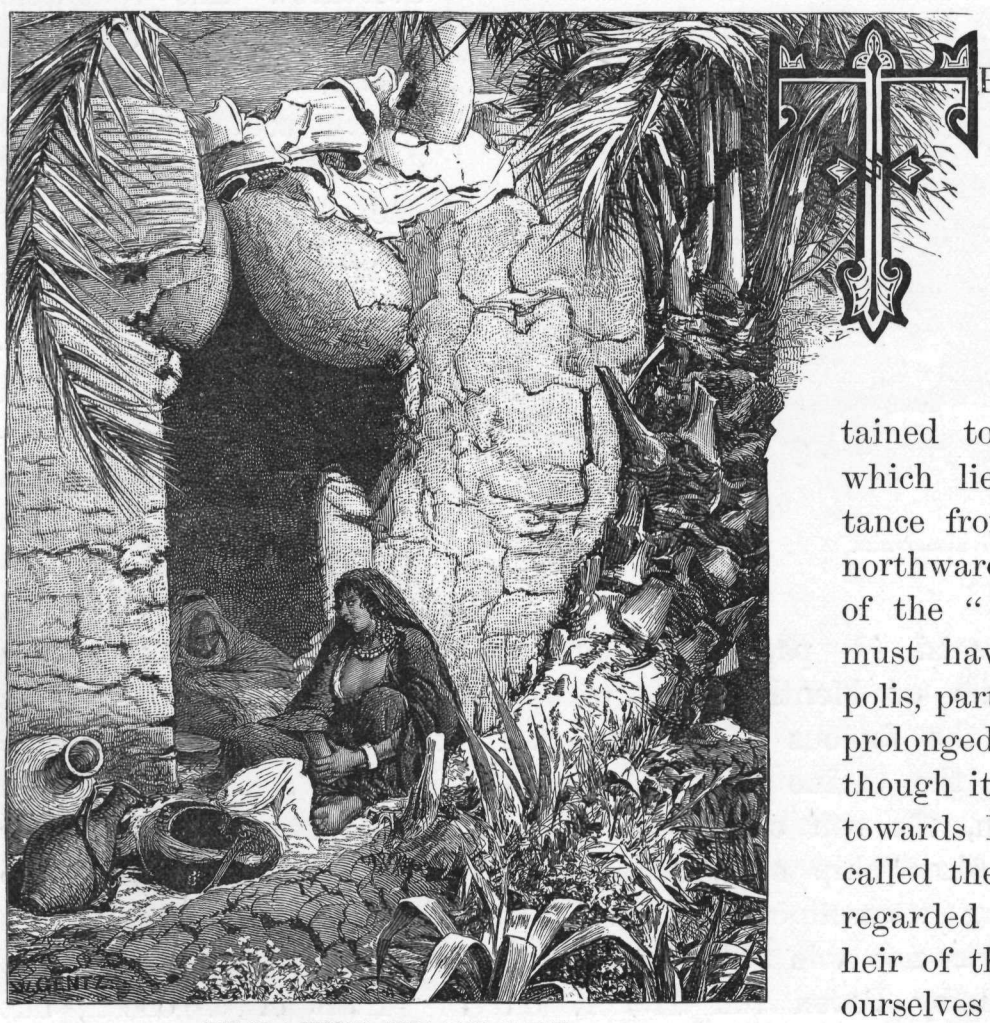
[2] Chapman's translation of the "Iliad."



VOYAGE TO THE NEKROPOLIS.



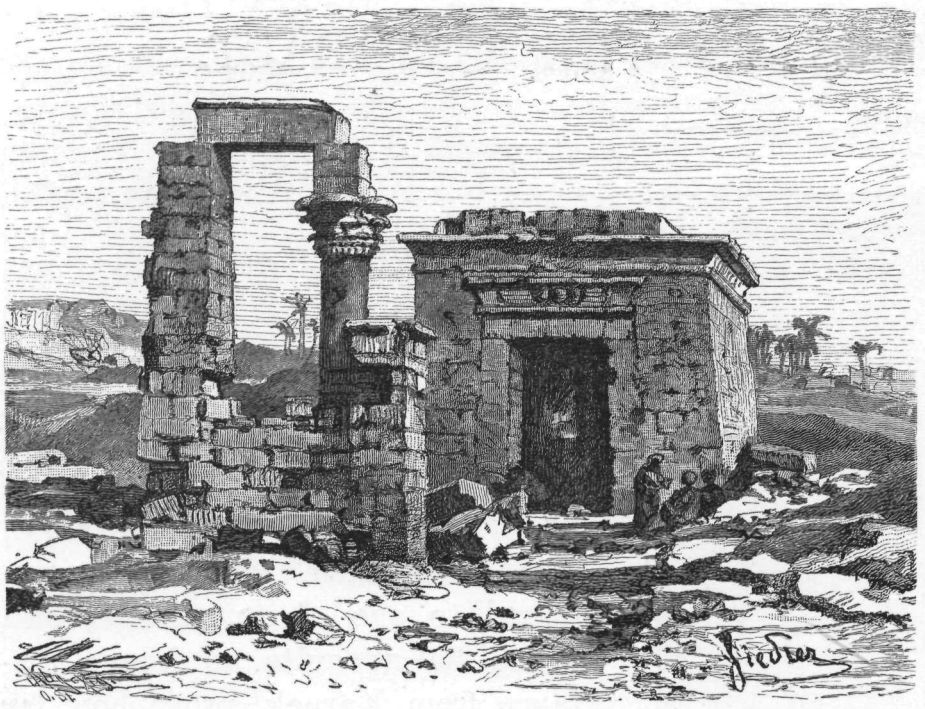
From Thebes to the Cataract.



HUT OF A FELLAH, WITH ROOF OF POTS.

THEBES as a city has vanished from the face of the earth. Not a king's palace, not a citizen's house, remains of it; but the ruins of the temple of Medamot, which formerly appertained to one of its suburbs, and which lie at quite an hour's distance from Karnak, prove how far northwards the roads and streets of the "city of a hundred gates" must have extended. The Nekropolis, particularly in later times, was prolonged to the south. It is as though it stretched out a long arm towards Hermonthis, which may be called the Versailles of Thebes, and regarded as both predecessor and heir of the city. We have allowed ourselves to linger longer than we originally intended over the marvels of the city of Amon, but at last the mooring rope is loosened which tied our dahabeeyeh to the bank by Luksor, we wave our adieux to our Koptic friends Todros and Moharreb, who have brought us a farewell offering of new wheat-bread and a few fine antiquities

as tokens of remembrance; we return the salvo of muskets by which our good friends of Luksor and the village of Abd-el-Kurnah do us such honour as they can at our departure, and proceed on our voyage southwards up the river, which has by this time become perceptibly narrower. On horseback Hermonthis—or Erment—may be reached in two hours, but the journey by water is much longer, in consequence of the windings of the river. Still, we reach it before sundown. We have soon wandered round the town and its little bazaar, and next morning we ride to the ruins of the town which once was the proud neighbour of Thebes. Beyond a few ancient columns and blocks of stone, there is little now to be seen of the Temple of Menth,[1] the sun and war god, with the Mamisi by the side of it, and these have been described by former travellers, or depicted—as in the accompanying cut—with pen or pencil. About sixteen years since an audacious *entrepreneur* sacrilegiously overthrew this venerable sanctuary and used its stones, all covered with ancient sculptures, for the foundations and walls of one of the Viceroy's sugar factories. The name of the place has, however, been preserved—in Greek Hermonthis, in old Egyptian An Menth—easily recognisable in the Arabic name Erment. It is much to be lamented that the pictures should have perished which decorated the Mamisi (v. page 229), and which represented the "Sun of both worlds,"[2] the wife of Menth, who, with the aid of various divinities and in the presence of the famous Cleopatra, gave birth to the *child Horus.* This event, attributed to the divine triad of Hermonthis, was a servile allusion to the birth of Cæsarion, the son of Julius Cæsar and Cleopatra;[3] and another picture of the finest workmanship showed the infant son of the greatest hero and the most enchanting woman of their day nursed at the breast of his divine foster-mother. I was not able to find the profile of Julius Cæsar, which was seen so lately as in 1871 by Baron von Holler, on the front of a chest; but coins of the province of Hermonthis are well known which bear the sacred bull of the war-god Menth rushing into battle head down and tail in air. Hermonthis,



TEMPLE OF HERMONTHIS.

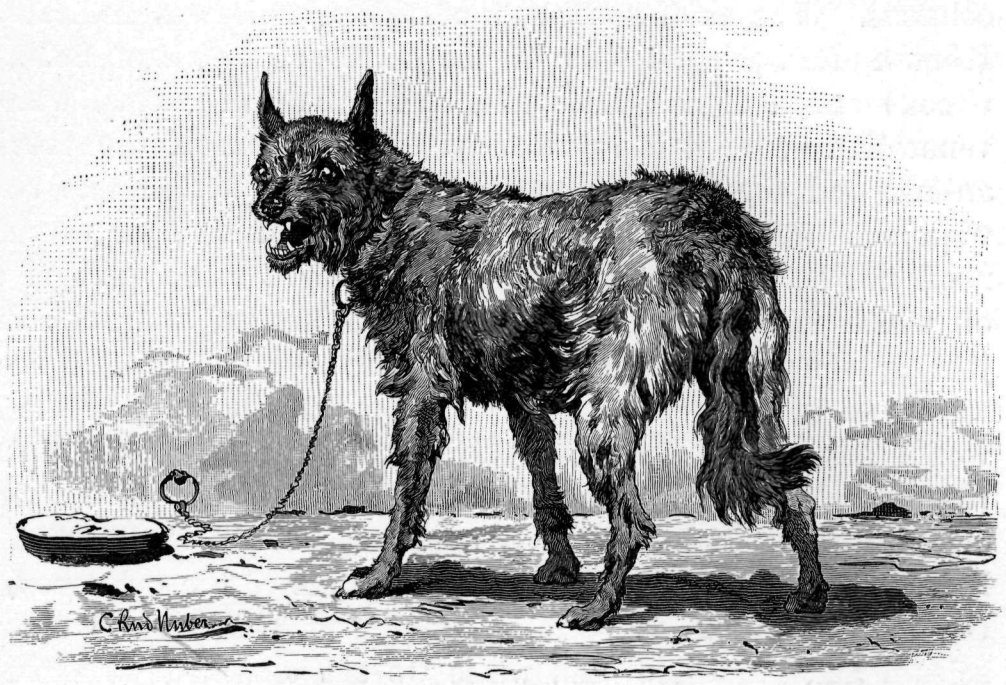
[1] Mentha, or Mentu. It is said of Rameses II. that his hand was firm on his chariot, like Mentha. This god, also called Mentu-Ra, was a solar deity.

[2] Ra-ta-ta.

[3] The first century B.C.

which at an earlier period belonged to Thebes, rose under the Lagides to be the chief town of a district and the seat of a great revenue office.

The modern town of Erment is at about half an hour's ride from the scanty remains now left of the ancient city. In the villages we pass through we often are obliged to beat off the woolly grey dogs, which are very superior in courage and beauty to the fellah curs, and are highly prized in Lower Egypt both as house dogs and as guardians of the hearth and home.



A DOG AT ERMENT.

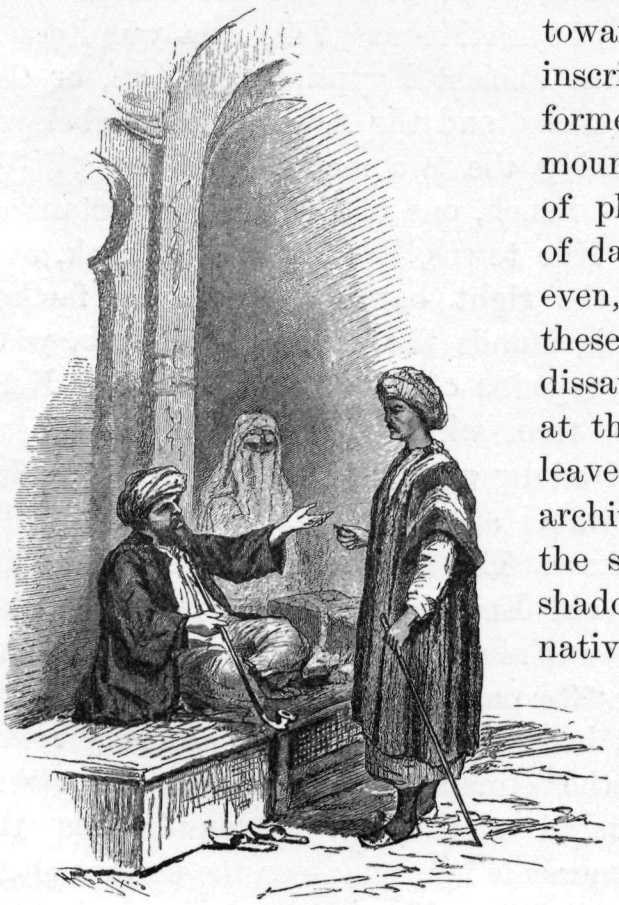
Between Erment and Esneh, which we soon reach as we sail southwards, we pass the first narrows of the Nile. The swift current here passes the foot of the Arabian hills, which force it against the overhanging cliffs of the western shore, where we see the tomb of the Sheykh Moosa. This spot was known to the ancient Egyptians as *Anti*, or the two rocks, and the Arabs call it Gebeleyn, meaning the two mountains.



A BOY OF ESNEH.

Esneh, one of the most important of the Nile towns, lies on the left bank, and on the right bank, a few miles farther south, stands the village of el-Kab, with the remains of the ancient town of Nekheb, from which it seems to have been derived by a general migration of the inhabitants after the final expulsion of the Hyksos. This seems to be indicated by the old Egyptian name, *Seni*, which was first explained by Duemichen ; this, meaning "the passage from one place to another," has become Esneh, and it probably refers to the circumstance that the town was situated under the old empire—as the monuments inform us—on the eastern shore of the Nile. However, any one who has

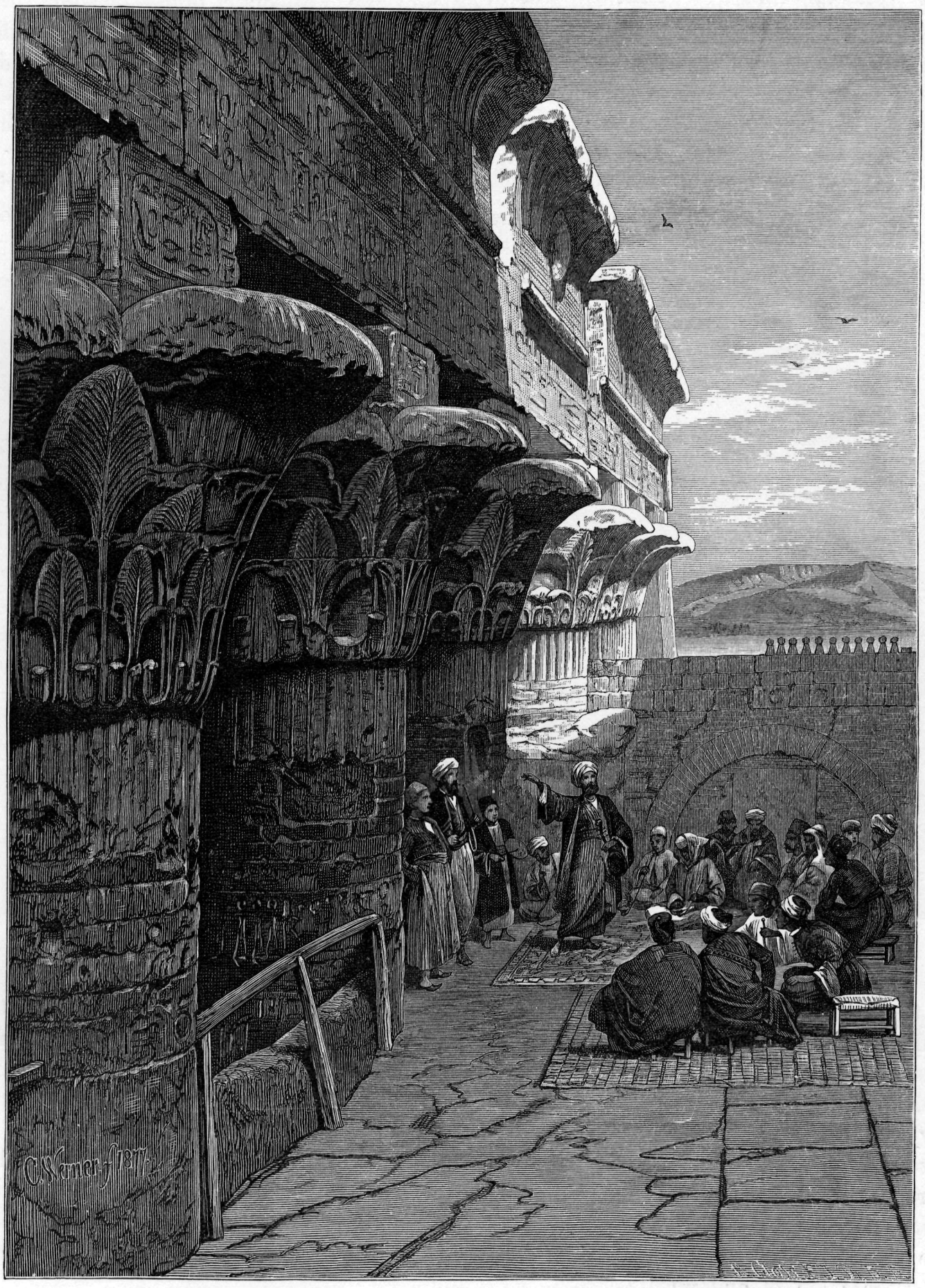
seen the fine hall of the temple at this place—of which unfortunately every other portion is buried in rubbish—will easily understand that it is quite possible that the ancient Egyptians should have also called Esneh *Ani*, or the city of columns. The chief sanctuary of this temple was dedicated to the triad Khnum (or Khnum Ra), Nebuu (one of the forms of Neith of Saïs), and her son Kahi. The Greeks called Esneh Latopolis, from the fish Latus, which was held in particular veneration here; it is represented on the coins of the province.[1] Though this sacred animal and the worship accorded to it are not in fact mentioned in the great hall with columns, which is approached from the harbour through the town, this omission need not surprise us, for the hall is only a small part of a great temple, the whole of which is completely buried in sand, stones, and rubbish. The sanctuary and adjoining chambers, the courts and pylons—much indeed lies actually underneath the streets of the modern town, and to restore the ruins to the light of day half of Esneh would have to be destroyed. Even the hypostyle, which still exists, is buried up to the capitals of the columns in earth and rubbish. The approach is through a narrow closed alley belonging to the revenue collector of the district, and down a flight of steps lighted from the gaps between the capitals of the outermost row of columns, we reach the interior, which is perfectly uninjured, and we are amazed at the extent of this solemn and grandiose hall, while we are charmed with the harmonious co-ordination of the details, and admire the fertility of invention and indefatigable industry of the sculptors who covered every inch of this vast space with pictures and inscriptions. The architraves and roofs are supported on twenty-four columns, each of which is above 38 feet in height and raised on a high plinth. The shafts have a particularly slender and graceful effect, growing slightly thinner towards the top, and they are covered all over with inscriptions. All the capitals are different, but all formed on the same type; a large flower-bell surmounts the column, each decorated with some details of plant-growth—as palm-branches, grapes, bunches of dates, the severed stems of some water-plant, fungi even, and the ribs and venation of leaves. Most of these capitals vary in depth, and yet the eye is not dissatisfied with the effect, for the annulets or fillets at the top of the shafts, which seem to tie up the leaves or branches, are all on the same level. The architect who designed this temple—where now, as the sun sinks, the level shafts of light throw long shadows—well understood the indigenous art of his native land, but he had, too, his eyes well open to the works of the Greeks, who at that time ruled in the Nile valley.



IN THE BAZAAR OF ESNEH.

Thothmes III. had founded an earlier temple at Esneh, but the fine hall I have

[1] All these provincial coins of Egypt were struck in the reign of Trajan, Hadrian, and the Antonines, A.D. 97—179.



PILLARED HALL OF ESNEH.

just described was not begun till the middle of the Ptolemaic dominion, and was finished by the Roman emperors. The inscription in the hypostyle of Esneh which mentions the name of the Emperor Decius is the very last ever chiselled in hieroglyphics on the wall of any Egyptian temple. The hieroglyphics which cover every part of the pillared hall of Khnum-Ra are full of peculiar complications and flourishes, but they will reward the attention of the student in many respects. Particularly noteworthy is the calendar set forth on the inner wall of the front, which makes us acquainted with all the festivals and processions held here and in the neighbouring towns in honour



MARKET IN ESNEH.

of the triad of Esneh. On the tenth day of the first month—Thot—the statue of the goddess Nebuu—*i.e.*, the Neith of this district, whose name signifies "the universal," was veiled, and this custom reminds us of the inscription on the statue of Athene, or Neith of Saïs, which, according to Plutarch, ran as follows:—"I am all in all, and my veil hath no mortal ever raised." The figure of the Pharaoh catching birds by throwing a net, which occurs in the sanctuary of Karnak, and in many other temples, is repeated here. The calendar of festivals at Edfoo teaches us what these pictures mean, strange though they seem as a decoration for a sacred spot. The unclean fish are symbolical of the hated foreign nations, and the captive birds are an allegorical representation of evil spirits.

Crossing the market and bazaar of Esneh, we reach the quarter of the town where the Ghawazee most do congregate, for since Saeed Pasha banished the whole class of singers

and dancers from Cairo to Esneh it has remained one of their favourite head-quarters, though the curious traveller may see these girls exercising their art, and hear the concomitant minstrelsy on the various native Oriental instruments, at Keneh, Luksor, and even among the ruins of Karnak, in strange association

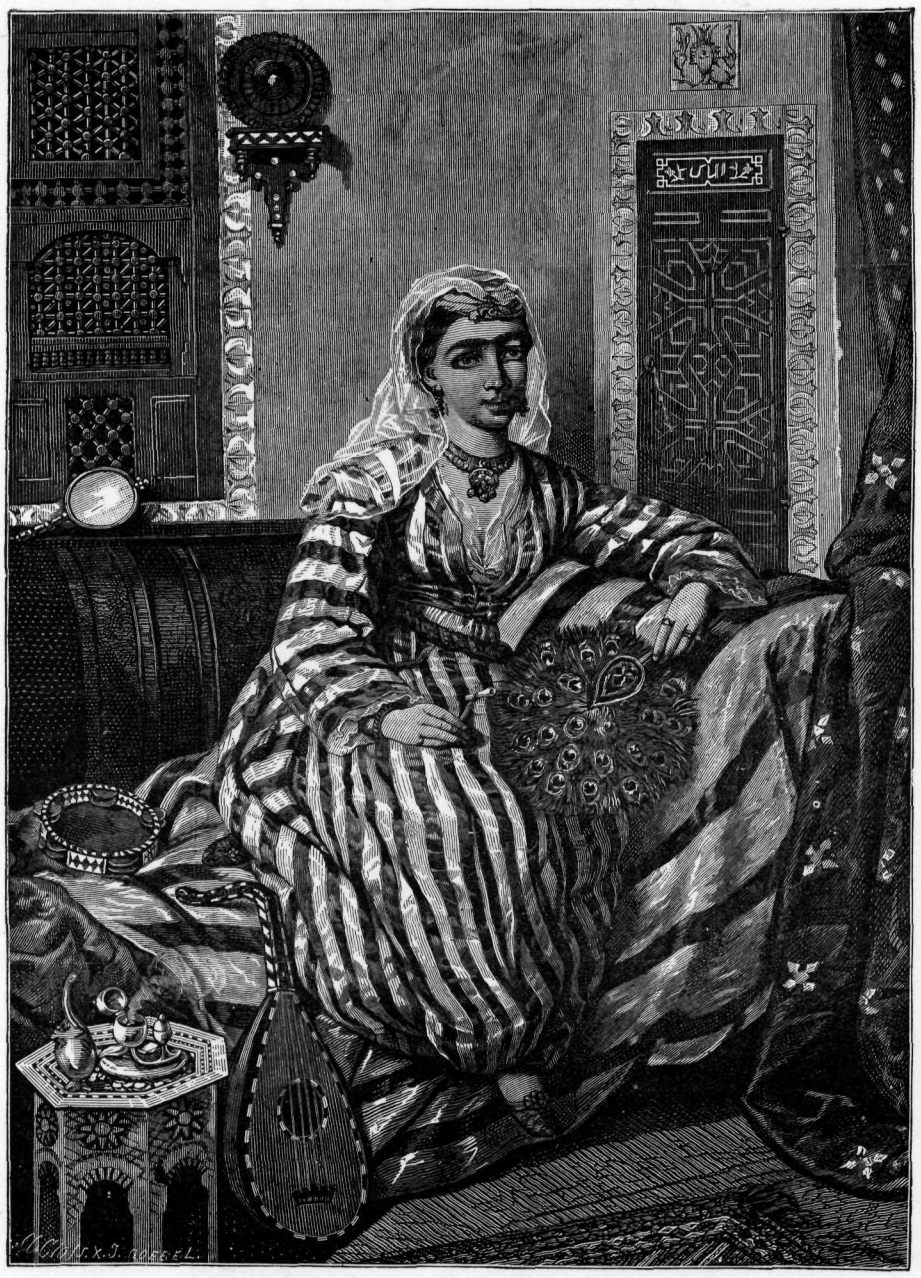


VILLAGE DANCERS.

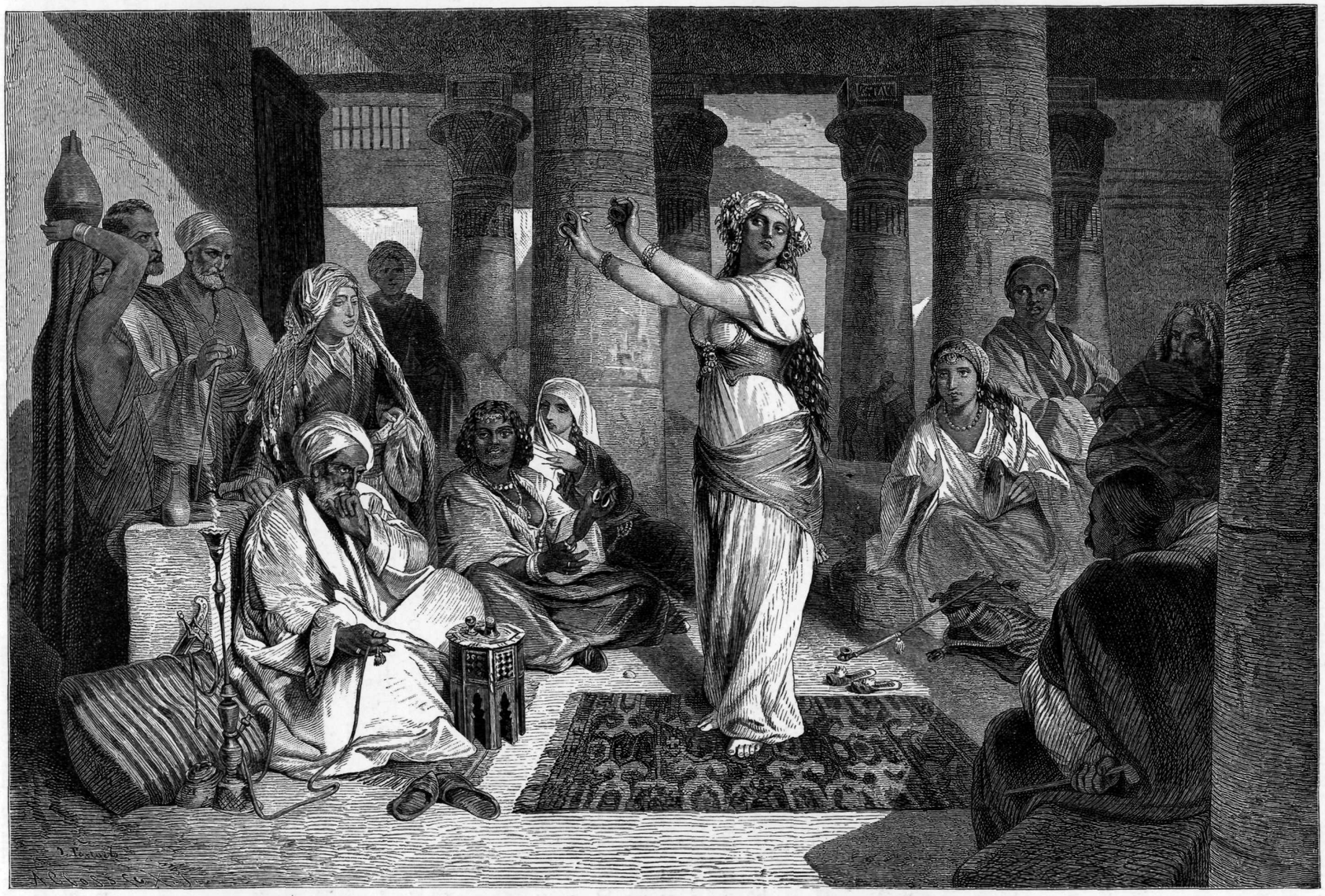
and contrast with the surrounding scene; indeed, opportunities of seeing them offer in almost every village of Upper Egypt. Certainly the rhythmic movements and measured tremblings, writhings, bendings, and gestures, of these dancers, with the declamations of the singers, are ill adapted to a taste accustomed to other performances, even when we see the most famous of these artistes, and these are

certainly not to be met with at Esneh, nor in any other of the Nile towns—nowhere, in fact, but in Cairo itself.

In that capital the performers who entertain parties of ladies and gentlemen with singing and dancing are not merely Ghawazee, but members of an ancient guild, to which the story-tellers also belong. Among them certain laws of the art of singing have grown up, which are hardly intelligible to a European, and which every singing-girl learns to obey, whether she sings in Keneh, Luksor, or Esneh. And, indeed, the passionless chant of irregular intervals, though it is not beautiful to our taste, is not devoid of art. The voice is produced with a nasal intonation, and the chant always ends with a long cadence. Even the performances of the skilled artists that are commonly educated among the musicians of Cairo, on the flute and clarionet, the lute and the kanoon, appear strange to our ears; but the skill and accuracy with which several of them play together in unison excites the frank admiration of connoisseurs. The singing and dancing gipsy-girls of the provinces, with their smart clothes and not too severe morals, who, nevertheless, affect a special purity of accent in their Arabic when they sing and recite, are quite excluded from the better classes of society; while the singers who form the highest class of musicians in the capital, if they are really distinguished performers, are held in high esteem, and often make a rapid fortune. Here, as in Europe, among these favoured mortals the women hold their own against the men in number and estimation. The women, who are known as Awalim, or, in the singular, Almeh—*i.e.*, a learned or instructed woman—begin their career in the house of some great personage, and when the first bloom of their charms is faded, and they are discarded by their master, they adopt his name, and remaining connected with him,



ALMÂS, A DISTINGUISHED ARAB SINGER.

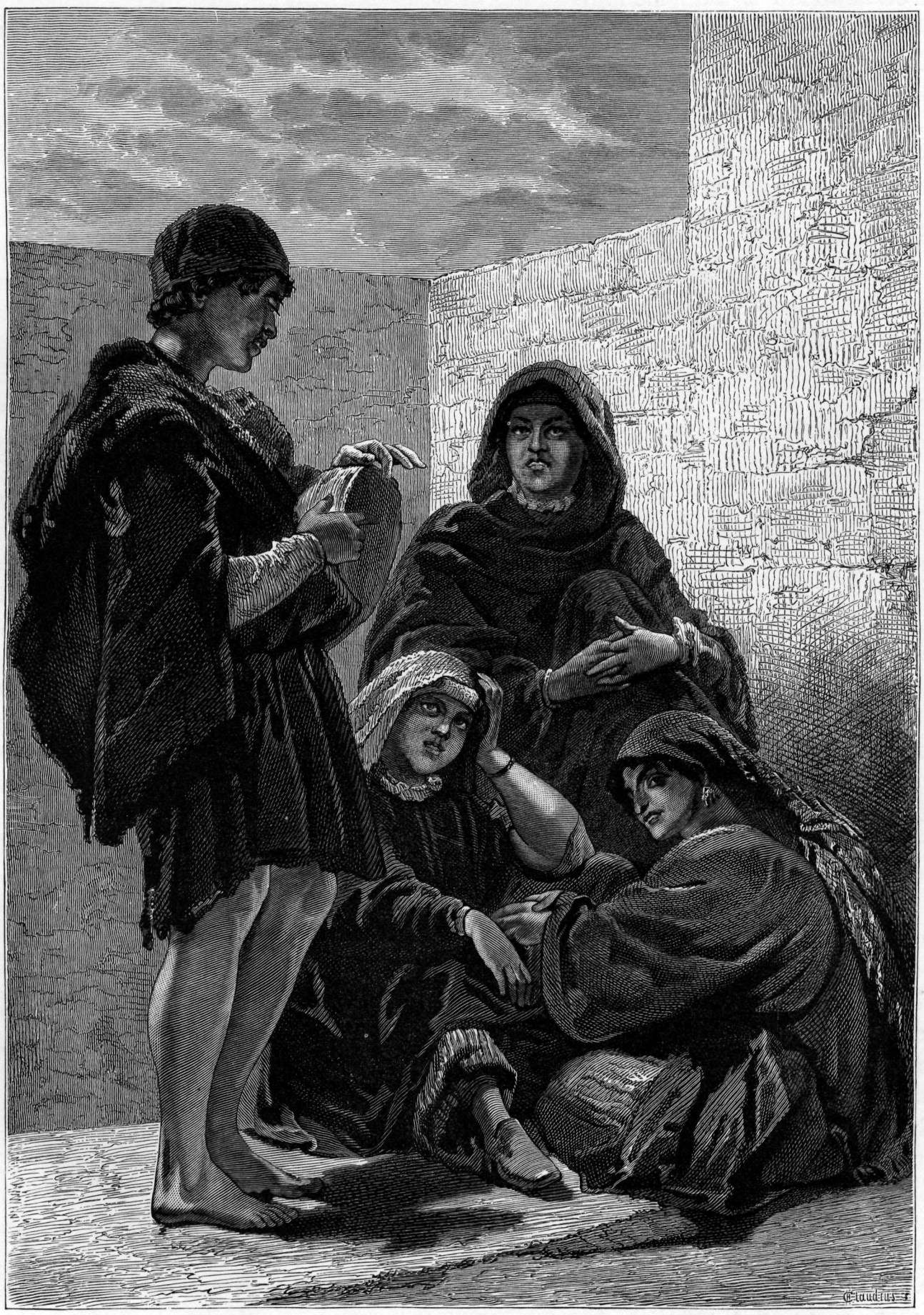


DANCE IN THE RUINS OF KARNAK.

to a certain extent, as his clients, they sing in public with more or less profit. They are in request at all festivities, particularly at weddings, and sing to the ladies in the harems, or even to men, but then they are usually concealed behind a curtain or a lattice. When they have a good reputation they are highly—nay, even extravagantly—paid; frequently marry, and have the advantage of a man's protection; and when the freshness and charm of their voice is worn out they retire into private life, and end their days in comfort and peace. If they cannot rise to the first rank they must be content to sing in cafés, and to live on the contributions of the audience.

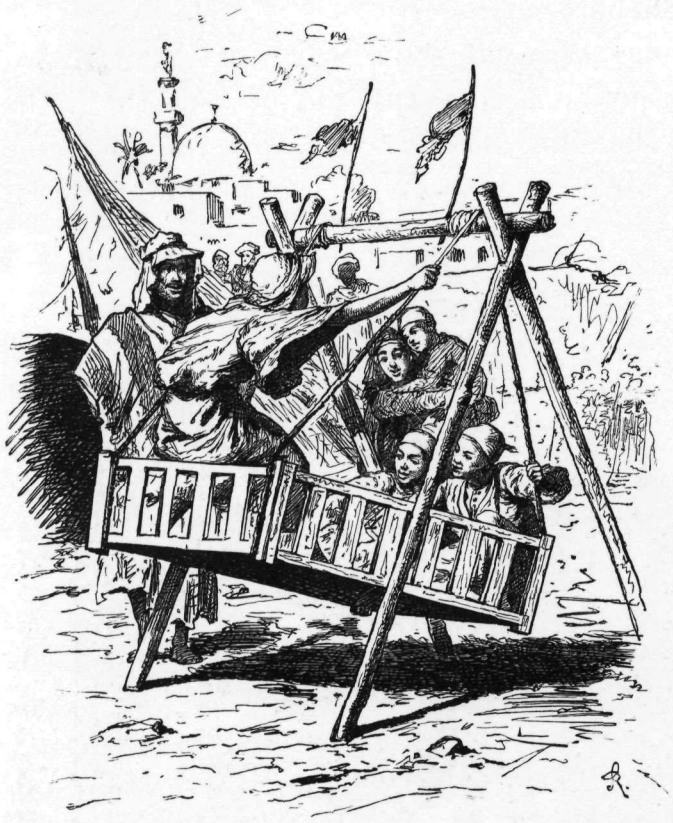
By far the most famous and respected of these singers within the last quarter of a century was a remarkable woman who called herself Almâs, or the diamond, and whose portrait, as it was painted by a German artist named Lorie, we are here able to put before the reader. I myself never heard the Almâs, but my friend Gentz not only heard her, but was allowed to draw her. According to this painter's account she sang at a party at the house of a rich Cairene, hidden behind a curtain, and always only a few verses at a time, and the more eager the sympathy and applause of her turbaned audience the more impassioned was her singing. But I must give the reader Gentz's lively description in his own words:—"'God send thee applause!' cries one. 'Sing again, enchanting nightingale!' says another. 'Sweet dove,' exclaims a third, 'charm us with your cooing a little longer!' And really it seemed as if we were listening to the cooing of doves, the fascinating notes of the nightingale, the caressing songsters of the woods. Just as the nightingale pipes forth her melancholy song in the silence of the night, every now and again bursting out into louder melody, so the passionate Almâs would pause from time to time, apparently without any rule, but quite conscious of the effect she was producing. Had she learnt it from the bulbul, or from the diamond her namesake, which will not sparkle under every light? When she sang a song, which says, 'I murmured and cooed, and lulled thee as a dove, but thine ear was deaf to me,' the feelings of the audience were so deeply excited that at the end of the song, which is particularly touching, they were all sobbing with emotion. The agitation rose to its highest pitch when the singer declaimed the story of her life. When she was young and fair she met a Persian, a physician, fell violently in love with him, and hoped to share the joys of affection by a marriage with him; but the beautiful dream was dispelled.' She parted from the man she had so ardently loved, and became an Almeh. Even now the remembrance of that time of first love fills her soul with anguish; her unsatisfied longing and love are the source of her inspired song."

In the East, the land of lavish liberality, the golden harvest reaped by such a singer is no less abundant than the applause she gains. A noble German lady who was so fortunate as to hear Almâs sing in a harem told me that the ladies forming the audience vied with each other in pouring handfuls of gold pieces, rings, and other trinkets, into her lap, and that she was paid quite as much for an evening's entertainment as Patti or Gerster. Even the male singers have an outwardly prosperous lot, but it is only for a short time that they can maintain themselves at the same level as their female competitors, for the fully-developed voice of a man is far less pleasing in combination with the falsetto



VILLAGE MUSICIANS.

tones of Arab music than the higher pitch of a woman's. The clear voices of boys and youths, on the contrary, are particularly charming, and their singing is often preferred even to that of women.[1]



A SWING.

The gipsy girls, or Ghawazee, of Esneh, who sing and dance gaily dressed and ornamented with jewels of thin gold, are satisfied with a more moderate remuneration. They do not hide behind a curtain, and rarely succeed in gaining even the approbation of their European hearers, much less in charming them; but their performance is often by no means lacking in feeling and expression. In many of their dances they display an extraordinary suppleness of body and limb, and their gestures, which are not devoid of grace and sentiment, reveal a fervour of passion, which often rises to the verge of frenzy, and then certainly far outsteps the limits of the beautiful. Among the minstrels who accompany them I shall never forget an old man at Luksor, who played the rebabeh, and who used his little instrument with such skill and power that the Europeans in the audience would join sincerely in the loud cries of "Y'a salâm" of his Arab hearers. One merit is conspicuous even in the lowest grade of singers, male and female, who lift up their voices to the accompanying clang of the darabukkah and hand-clapping, even when their dancing can excite no sentiment but utter disgust; they keep perfect time, and give themselves up entirely to the matter in hand. The modern Egyptians are, in their way, an extremely musical people, as their ancestors were before them. Even the labouring classes, and particularly the sailors, sing at their work. Music accompanies every pleasure they take part in, and even the recitations of the story-tellers, round whom they love to gather when the turmoil of the day is lulled to rest. These performers, who also belong to the guild of singers, are always to be found in front of the coffee-houses in the evening. They sit on a low platform covered with a carpet, and commonly two of them go about together, carrying a rebabeh, the time-honoured accompaniment of the story-teller—a sort of violin



A TILT, OR ROUNDABOUT.

[1] Attention has been called to the lavish rewards bestowed on singers by the early Khalifs.

strung like a violoncello. The stories they tell change from time to time. At the present day the heroic romances of Antar, Sayf e Yezen, and Aboo Zeyd, have almost entirely supplanted the beautiful stories of Sheherezadeh.

I should like to invite the reader to come with me some warm starlight night, and listen to these highly-coloured romances, or to accompany me beyond the walls of the city and see the bustle and throng of the annual fair which, just at the time of year I write of, is held at Esneh—as at Cairo—in honour of the Prophet's birth-day, and attracts all the inhabitants to the scene of the festival. The children particularly are a delightful sight, riding in the swings and roundabouts—but time is flying, and we must not even wait to visit the beautiful gardens that enclose the Viceroy's palace, the bazaar, the Koptic church, and the market-place—for a fresh north breeze is blowing, and early to-morrow morning we hope to visit the remains of the ancient Nekheb, now *el-Kab*, *i.e.*, the town, from which Esneh seems to have been an off-shoot.



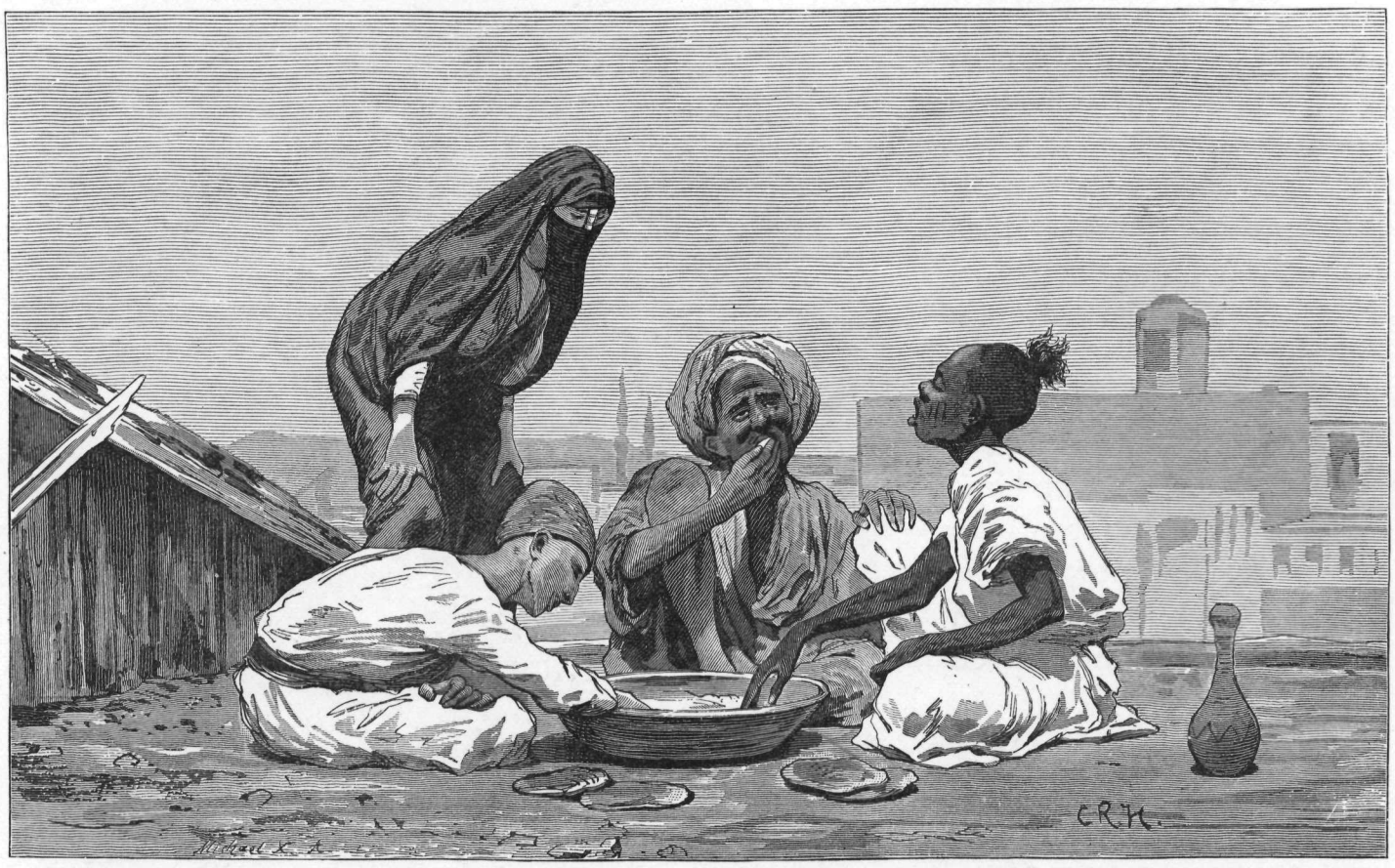
FELLAH BOY FROM EL-KAB.

By daybreak next morning we have reached our destination; we disembark on the eastern shore, and repair, in the first place, to the ruins of the fort of Nekheb, a mighty quadrangle enclosed by a wall which has no equal for solidity; each of its sides measures 2,080 feet in length, and is more than 36 feet thick, so that many chariots might drive abreast on the top of this wall, as on a broad dyke-road. Behind it stood the temples that have now totally vanished, and probably also the palaces of the king, protected from any attack, while thousands of citizens, at any rate, could here find safety in case of danger. The bricks of which this gigantic structure is composed have no stamp or inscription to tell us the date of its erection; but the valley of el-Kab is full of ruins, from which we learn that the old

[1] Known to the Greek as the city of Eileithyia, the Egyptian Nekheb being considered the Eileithyia or Lucina of the Pantheon. She was the antithesis of Uat or Buto, as the Greeks called the goddess of the North. Nekheb was represented by a vulture and uræus, wearing the white crown or the *atef*. The city was the capital of the Lalapolite nome.

town of Nekheb existed in the time of the builders of the Pyramids, and was famous as the city where the goddess of the south was worshipped whose name it bore.[1]

A ride eastwards, to the Arabian hills, is full of interest both to the antiquarian and the mineralogist, for on no spot in the Nile Valley is there a greater variety of mineral forms, and a richer treasure in inscriptions is hardly anywhere to be met with. These are to be found on the bare face of two rocky hills, as well as in some small temple-buildings of high architectural merit; and in other places we meet with them in some very remarkable rock-tombs. The



FELLAHEEN AT MEALS.

cubical temple dedicated to the Moon-god Thoth by Rameses the Great is minute, and not much bigger is the little desert-temple which was built at the time of Thothmes IV. and his son Amenophis III. Here we again meet with the sixteen-sided polygonal columns, decorated like those at Deyr el Bahree with the mask of Hathor. It was not till the time of the Ptolemies that this ornament, after being neglected for centuries, was once more adopted; we saw it at Dendera, where it acquired fresh development in the Hathor capitals, as we may call them.

Between the little temple of the XVIIIth dynasty and the chapel of Rameses II. two bare rocky mounds stand up from the midst of the waste, on which hundreds of the contemporaries of the builders of the Pyramids have left inscriptions more or less roughly executed. Of these, though sorely let and

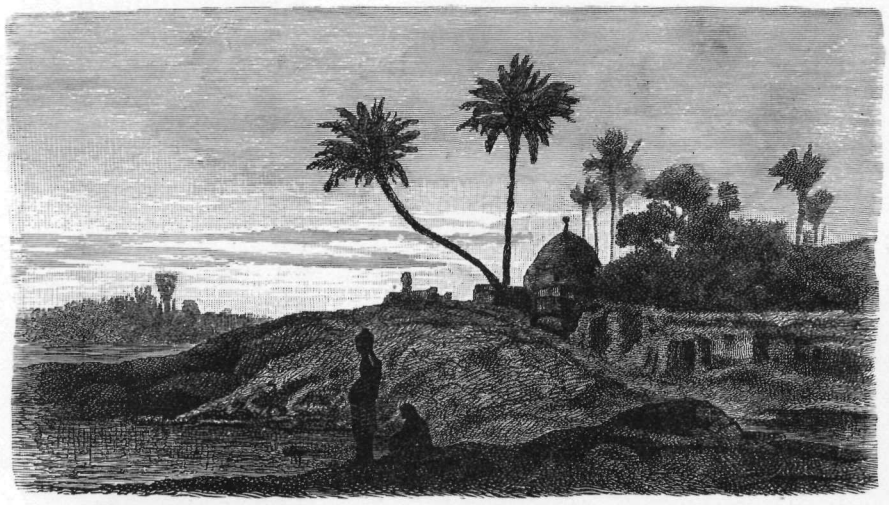
[1] In the reign of Amenophis II. El-Kab or Nekheb, like Kush or Aethiopia, was governed by a succession of princes.



FELLAH OF EL-KAB.

hindered by a violent storm of wind, I obtained some impressions; and we learn from them that even at that early period the service of the "white" or "translucent" moon-goddess Nekheb attracted numerous pilgrims, who sacrificed to her in the desert by the pale light she afforded them.

On our way back we glance at a rock-temple dedicated in honour of the same divinity by Rameses III., and subsequently beautified by Ptolemy IX. (Physkon); and we may visit the row of tombs facing the Nile which were made for the members—male and female—of a great family who during peace served as priests and priestesses of Nekheb, and as instructors and nurses to the Pharaohs, while in war they distinguished themselves among the brave hosts who freed Egypt from the yoke of the Hyksos. This is particularly related of the "chief of the ships"—admiral, as we may say—Aahmes the son of Abna, who, under Aahmes I., took part in the siege of the Hyksos' fortress of Abaris, and in the subsequent events of the war of emancipation made himself so famous that, as I have already mentioned, he was honoured with special distinctions.[1] In the time of his father Abna—as we learn from the inscription on his tomb—Egypt was visited by a severe famine, lasting many years; and Heinrich Brugsch has adduced weighty reasons to prove that this period of dearth is to be identified with the seven years of famine of which Joseph, the prudent son of Jacob, made such wise use for the advantage of the Pharaoh.



TOMB OF A SHEYKH.

In the other tombs of El-Kab, most of which belonged to the wealthy officials related to the "Admiral" Aahmes, we find many interesting representations of the private life of the Egyptians, and among the inscriptions which accompany them we meet with the song—near a picture of a harvest—which the labourers were wont to sing while the oxen were treading out the corn.[2] In this primitive specimen of Egyptian popular verse the same rhyme-like consonance is observable which at a later period was adopted by the priestly poets to charm the ear of their listeners.

A thing that strikes us in these tombs is the vast number of swine kept by the priests of Nekheb, though from a very early date under the Pharaohs they were abominated as the most unclean of all beasts. Herodotus, however, explains the circumstance by informing us that pigs were sacrificed to Selene or Nekheb—the moon-goddess—at the full moon. He does not mention the origin of this custom; but

[1] The inscription has been repeatedly translated by Egyptologists.

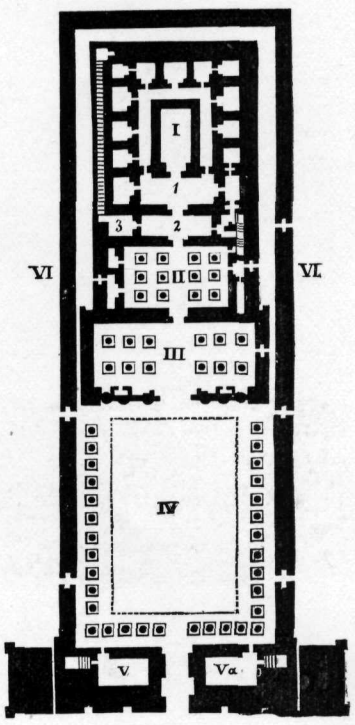
[2] "Tread, O ye oxen, the straw for yourselves, the corn for your master."

the monuments inform us that the Egyptians believed that Seth-Typhon, in the form of a wild boar, endeavoured to overcome and swallow the full moon, which is exposed all by itself to the perils of an eclipse. The killing of the swine at the full moon gave symbolic expression to the pious desire to injure the moon's enemy, and to support her against her antagonist.[1]

After the expulsion of the Hyksos, the worship of Nekheb-Selene underwent a complete transformation; for, like the sun-god Amon of Thebes, the moon-goddess Nekheb had conducted the armies to freedom and victory, with the Pharaohs, who had been brought up under her aegis, at their head. Amon thus acquired the dignity of king of the gods, and Nekheb that of the goddess of victory, whom we see soaring in the form of a vulture before the Pharaoh as he goes forth to battle or performs any solemn ceremony; she protects the king with her extended wings, and lends her aid to other mortals also, but especially to women in those straits and times of peril when they most need support. To the Greeks she was known as Eileithyia. She is patron goddess of the south country, as Buto is of the north; and just as Buto is identified with Isis, Nekheb is with Hathor.



COIN OF BERENIKE.



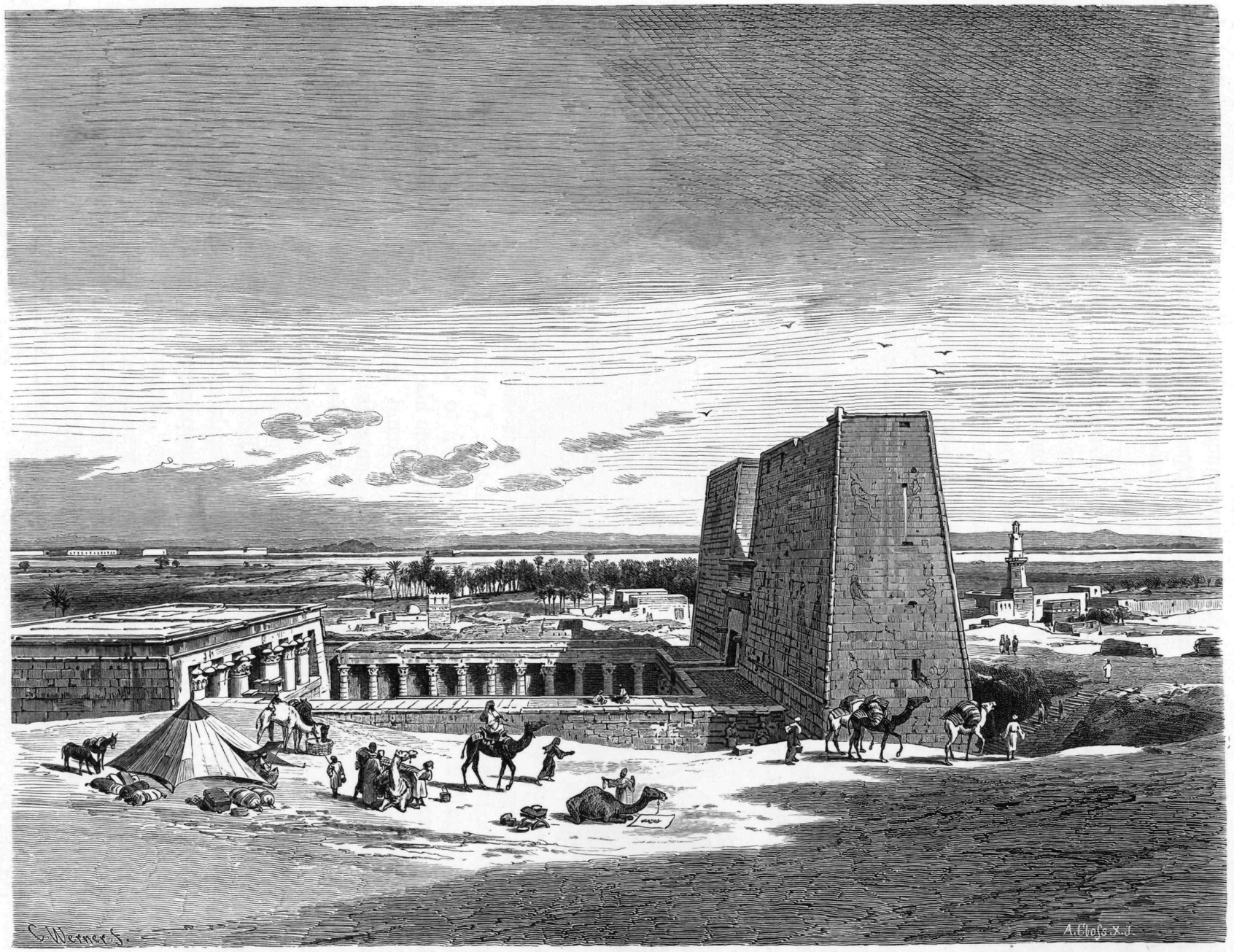
PLAN OF EDFOO.

I hired a fellah and the boys whose donkeys we rode to assist me in my labours at El-Kab, and it was very amusing to see the light-footed lads chasing the sheets of paper that were carried away by the wind. Before starting for Edfoo, I was obliged, in spite of all I could say to the contrary, to accompany the elder man to his home in order to see his son, who was ill, and to cure him if possible. I found the family squatting round a bowl, and eating its contents with their hands. The lad was half blind, and in order to cure him a coin had been tied to his tarboosh with a thread, but as it hung it more often rested on his nose than on his eye.

A voyage of a few hours brings us to Edfoo,[2] which is distant about thirteen miles from El-Kab. It lies on the western bank of the Nile, surrounded by villages and hamlets, and a rich and well-tilled champaign; but the eastern bank at this point lies so high that it is rarely overflowed, excepting in a few spots, and so is little cultivated. Here and there only do we see a green field, a village, or, close to the shore, the dome of a sheykh's tomb. From some distance off we catch sight of the tall pylons of a magnificent temple, which we reach in a quarter of an hour from the landing-place. Not very many years ago this famous sanctuary was almost

[1] Portions of the tombs at El-Kab' are published in the "Description de l'Égypte."

[2] The *Hut* of Egyptian inscriptions, Apollinopolis Magna of the Romans. It has not been published in the same complete manner as Denderah and Abydos.



TEMPLE OF EDFOO.

impenetrable, for the fellaheen had established themselves in its courts and halls, and even on the roof, and sand and rubbish choked all the chambers and passages. Mariette succeeded in obtaining the viceroy's consent to his clearing it; and when he had driven the sparrow's brood out of the eagle's abandoned nest, and settled them anew in the plain of Edfoo, he accomplished the disinterment of the temple of Horus so successfully, that at the present time it may be said to be the most perfect, the best preserved, and the best cared-for building in the whole of Egypt. Nay, it may be asserted, without any exaggeration, that if the priests of Edfoo could rise from their graves with all their sacred paraphernalia, once more to do honour to the supplanted gods of the Nile valley, they would here find every chamber, every crypt, and every step just as they left it 1,600 years ago. Without replacing a single stone, the votaries of the divinity might march in solemn procession and in the prescribed route throughout the sacred precincts which have so long been desecrated; and should they have forgotten, during their long sleep, the purpose and use of each chamber, the inscriptions, marvellously well preserved, would inform all who could read the hieroglyphics, of the object to which each hall and cabinet was devoted. As regards preservation, Edfoo is superior even to Dendera, for there the outer portions of the temple have disappeared, all but one propylon, and here no part has suffered any considerable injury.

The sanctuary of Edfoo was dedicated to the great god Horus, who overthrew the evil principle Seth, or Typhon, for his father's sake; and the town to which it belonged was therefore called by the ancient Egyptians Hut, after the winged sun-disc, or the city of the throne of Horus, or the city of the raising of Horus (to the throne of his father Osiris), or sometimes the city of the piercing (*tebu*)[1] of Typhon, in the form of a river-horse. The Greeks compared Horus to their Apollo, the god of light or the sun, and called the city of Horus Apollinopolis.

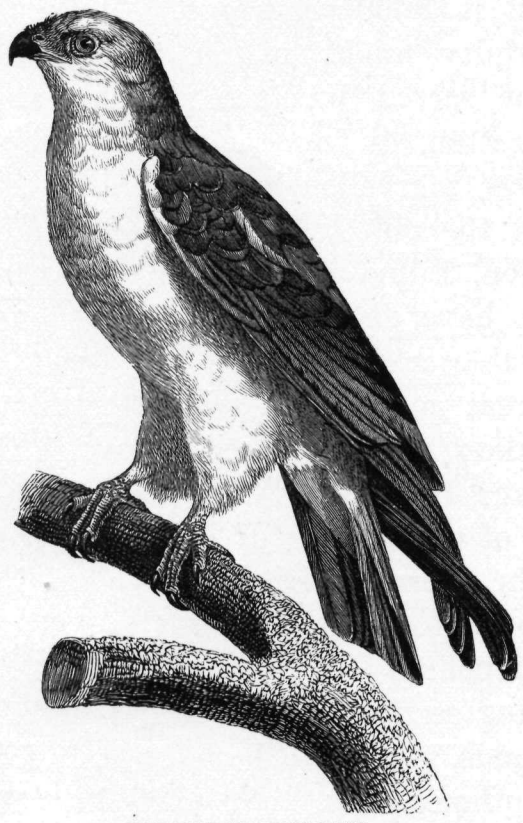
The great sanctuary in which we are now standing seems to have been founded at a very early date; indeed, Ptah, the oldest of the gods, is said to have built it for Ra. Kings of the XIIth Dynasty, as well as Thothmes III., took part in the services carried on in it; the venerable structure was still intact at the time of the Persian dominion, but under the first Ptolemies it had become necessary to erect a new temple on the old site.

Euergetes I., the third of the Lagide kings, whose wife Berenice is frequently named in conjunction with him, began the building in accordance with the plans of one of the best Egyptian architects (a high priestly official, whose name, Imhotep-ur-se-Ptah—Æsculapius the great, son of Ptah—has been preserved in an inscription.[2] It is a mighty structure, which was not finished till 180 years later, under Ptolemy Dionysius, or Auletes, the father of the famous Cleopatra, in the year 57 B.C. Huge pylons stood at the entrance, facing those worshippers who approached the sanctuary, decorated with the likeness of the Pharaoh as victor over his enemies, and having in front of them obelisks and standard-poles, that have long since disappeared. The visitor entering the bronze portals found himself in a vast peristyle (IV. in the plan), surrounded on three sides by colonnades, and at the upper end of it rose a tall hypostyle

[1] *Tebu*, meaning piercing, is the Koptic Atbo; hence the Arabic Edfoo.

[2] The great Æsculapius, son of Ptah.

(III)., into which no glimpse was possible, since walls connected the pillars which closed in the peristyle in front. In this court, as its name tells us, sacrifices were offered, and the image of the god and his sacred barque were displayed to the pious. The actual temple-building is closely allied to that of Dendera as to the arrangement and decoration of the rooms; only here at Edfoo, in the place of Hathor, who is ubiquitous at Dendera above all other divinities, we find Horus, whose name is written with the figure of the bird sacred to him—the sparrow-hawk. Innumerable representations of this bird meet the eye, here in large images of granite, there in gaily-painted figures of the god, and everywhere as a hieroglyphic sign; and it is impossible in this place, above all others, to glance otherwise than kindly at these wide-winged and bold-eyed hawks, which are common throughout Egypt, and which we meet with every day sitting on the hollow cornices that crown the colonnade of the great courts, or wheeling round the towers of the lofty entrance.



EGYPTIAN SPARROW-HAWK.

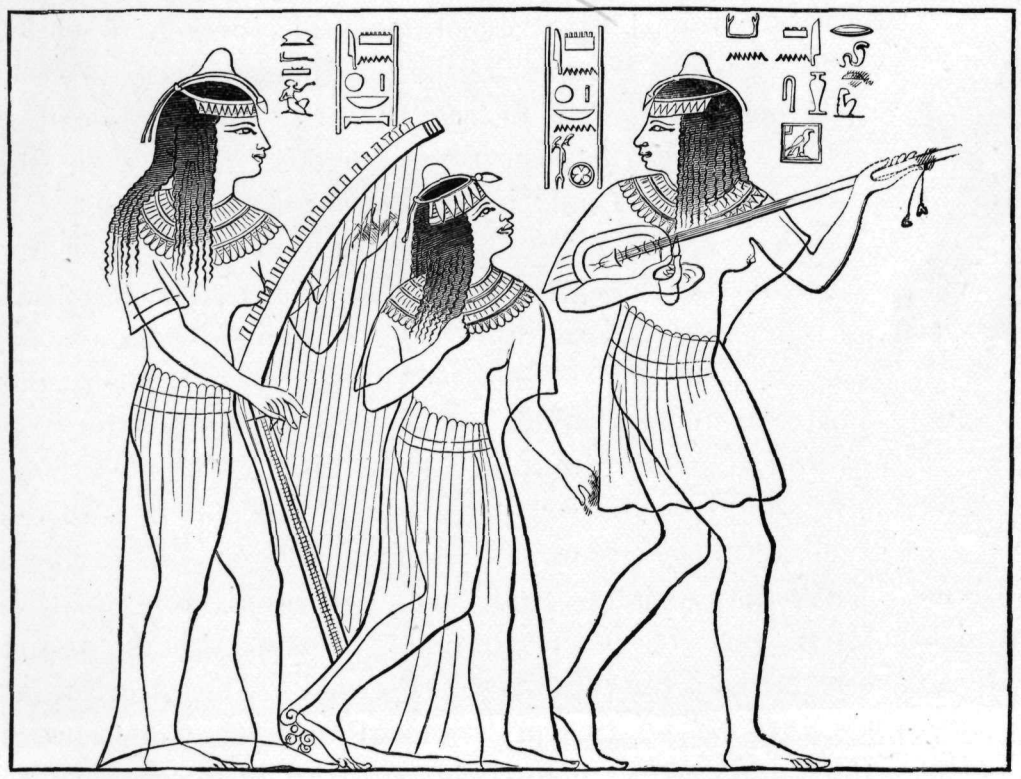
After passing through the hypostyle, which at Edfoo is the great fore-court, of which the roof is supported by eighteen columns, we come to a prosekos with twelve columns (II.), which is called the great banqueting-hall; thence we proceed through the hall of sacrifice (2) and the central hall of the "repose of the gods," and reach the sanctuary (I.), and the grand throne, which consists of a huge block of porphyry, brought to Edfoo during the Persian dominion by the native Egyptian king who ruled in opposition to them—Nectanebos I. It reminds us of the shrine, likewise hewn out of one block, which, according to Herodotus, was brought, under King Amasis, by 2,000 men from Elephantine to Saïs, where it had to be erected outside the temple. Among the rooms which adjoin those here mentioned, there are many that are dedicated to separate gods. In others certain ceremonies were to be performed; and in others, again, the garments, vessels, and treasure of the temple were preserved. The inscriptions in the laboratory and the little library are of the greatest scientific interest. The library was full of papyrus and leather rolls, and it adjoined the front wall of the hypostyle lying to the right of it; in the corresponding chamber to the left the king was purified by two priests with holy water and incense before he might enter the sacred interior of the temple. As at Dendera, the roof was reached by a straight stair and by a spiral flight of steps, and here, as there, not the smallest spot is bare of inscriptions and pictures. Among these, the most worthy of mention are the account of the wars of the gods, on the inner western side of the outer wall, which is finely constructed of fitted blocks of stone (VI.); the lists of districts—which have essentially contributed to our knowledge of ancient Egyptian geography—and the calendar of festivals.

In the great inscription, which is devoted to a description of the wars of the gods, it is minutely related how the god of Edfoo — here named Hor-Hut, went forth to battle against Seth-Typhon, to fight for his father Ra Harmachis,[1] and how he vanquished him in many battles in various parts of Egypt—nay, even on the farthest shore of the Mediterranean.[2]



WINGED SOLAR DISC.

By the side of Ra, and second to him, stands Thot, the incarnation of reason, the Logos of a later period; he is his counsellor, and he gives to each battle-field a new name, with some figurative significance. The first battle was fought in the district of Edfoo; at the beginning of it Hor-Hut transformed himself into a winged sun-disc, and on his right side and his left side the goddesses Nekheb of the south and Buto of the north, in the form of the deadly Uraeus snakes, cling to him to help him. After Seth-Typhon had been completely overthrown by his wonderful antagonist, Ra commanded that, in memory of the heroic deeds done by Horus in this form, and of his victory, the winged sun-disc should be represented in all dwellings and cities where man worshipped the gods, so as to protect them against the approach of evil. Thoth fulfilled this command, and so it came to pass that the winged sun-disc is to be seen over the entrance to every holy place of antiquity in Egypt[3]—a talisman against evil. But it is not only over the temple doors that this symbol occurs, but in many other sacred spots—as, for instance, on sarcophagi, and on the pediments of tombstones — as a charm against the foe of Horus the god of light, who conducts the dead to their new life. Seth-Typhon was vanquished in the form of a river-horse, and this pachydermatous monster was therefore held in special horror at Edfoo, where—besides the secondary gods



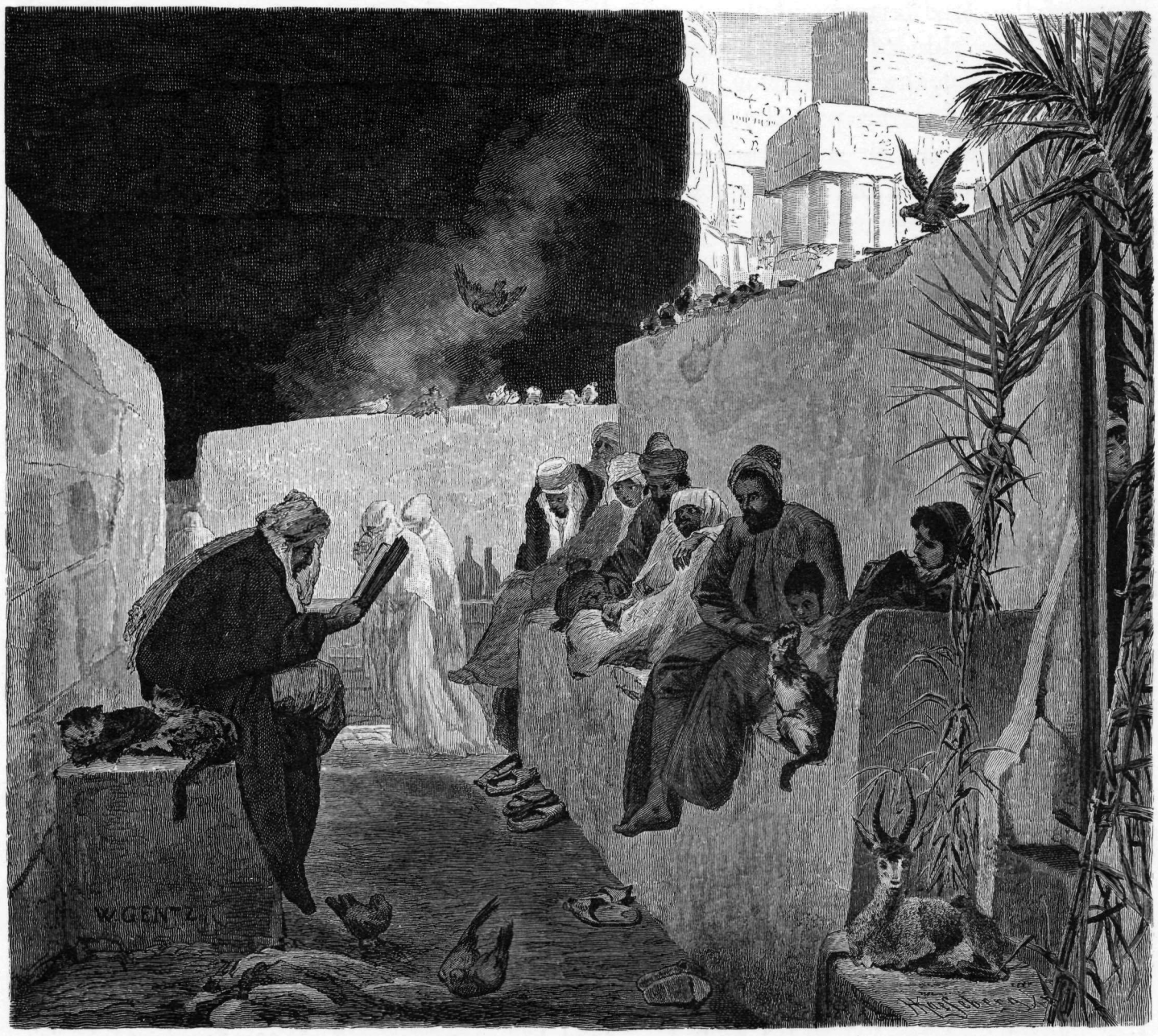
OLD EGYPTIAN MUSICIANS.

[1] The sun-god here stands for Osiris, being the earthly embodiment of Osiris, who was called the soul of Ra.

[2] Details of these events are to be found in Naville, "Textes relatifs au Mythe d'Horus," also Lefèbure, "Le Mythe Osirien."

[3] A long description of the Hut or winged disc is given in Brugsch, "Dict. Geogr.," pp. 539—40, where it is stated that when above sanctuaries it signifies that these sanctuaries belong to Hor-Hut, Horus of Apollinopolis Magna.

of the cycle of Hor-Hut—Hathor, Horus, "the uniter of the land," and Ahi, the god of love, were especially worshipped. The calendar of festivities at Edfoo gives a very exact account of the form of worship of these divinities, for they name every feast day, indicate the route to be followed by the processions, and declare what the offerings

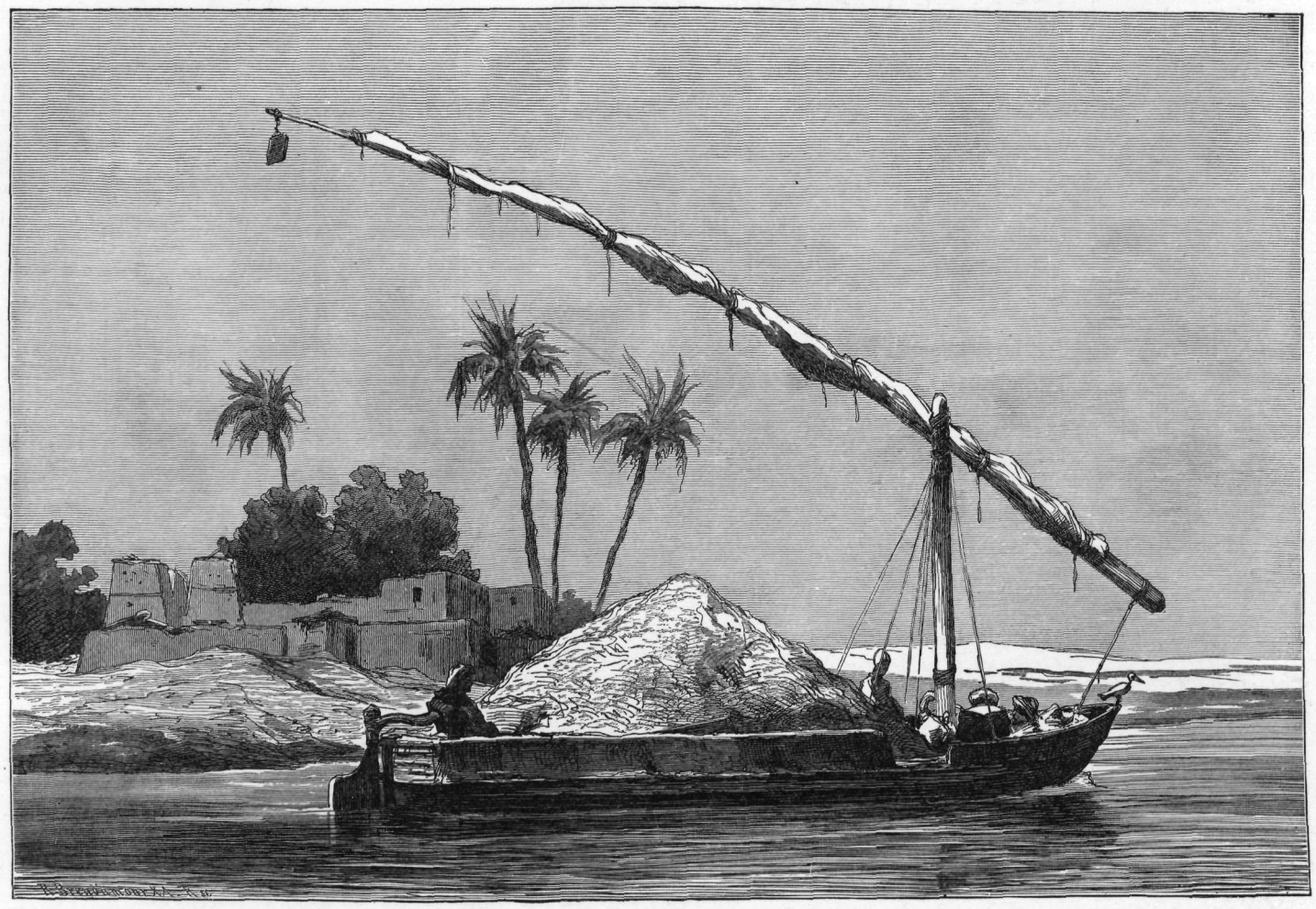


READING THE KORAN IN AN ANCIENT TEMPLE.

to be brought on each solemn occasion were to consist of. Besides bread, beer, wine, cattle, and geese, which were the gifts laid on the altar on every occasion, swine were to be sacrificed here at the full moon, just as they were to Nekheb; and from the same idea, on a certain festival an ass was slaughtered, as being an animal dear to Seth-Typhon, the enemy of Horus.

We find frequent mention of the visits paid by the Hathor of Dendera to her husband, the god of Edfoo, every year at the new moon, when the Nile began to rise; nay, we can point out the very door through which she made her entrance into the

sanctuary. One of the gods of Edfoo—"Horus, the uniter of the two countries"—returned this visit once a year, at the new moon of the mouth of Pashons, accompanied by his companion gods. All that took place on the occasion of the "beautiful festival of the journey to Dendera" is minutely detailed in the calendar. The god was to remain with Hathor for five days, and as "the brave annihilator of evil," he was to destroy everything in her province that was inimical to good. Music and song were heard at this and many other festivals—indeed, on all joyful occasions; and we also learn that it was sometimes the duty of the chief musician of the temple to play the harp



CORN-BARGE.

himself in honour of Hathor. On certain days the rolls of manuscript were opened; on others herbs were gathered and eaten by the pious; and on others, again, certain solemnities were performed, which had reference to the swelling of the Nile and the gathering of the produce of the soil. What a splendid sight this noble building must have presented when, in accordance with an ancient ordinance, it was illuminated, much like the great "lamp-burning" by which the Saïtes turned night into day in honour of Neith!

It is hard to tear ourselves so soon from this magnificent temple, whose inexhaustible abundance of inscriptions tempts us to months and years of study, and we think once more with gratitude of Mariette's labours and the liberality of the Khedive, which combined to effect the disinterment of the temple of Edfoo, to drive out the fellaheen who had taken up their abode in this venerable monument, and to settle



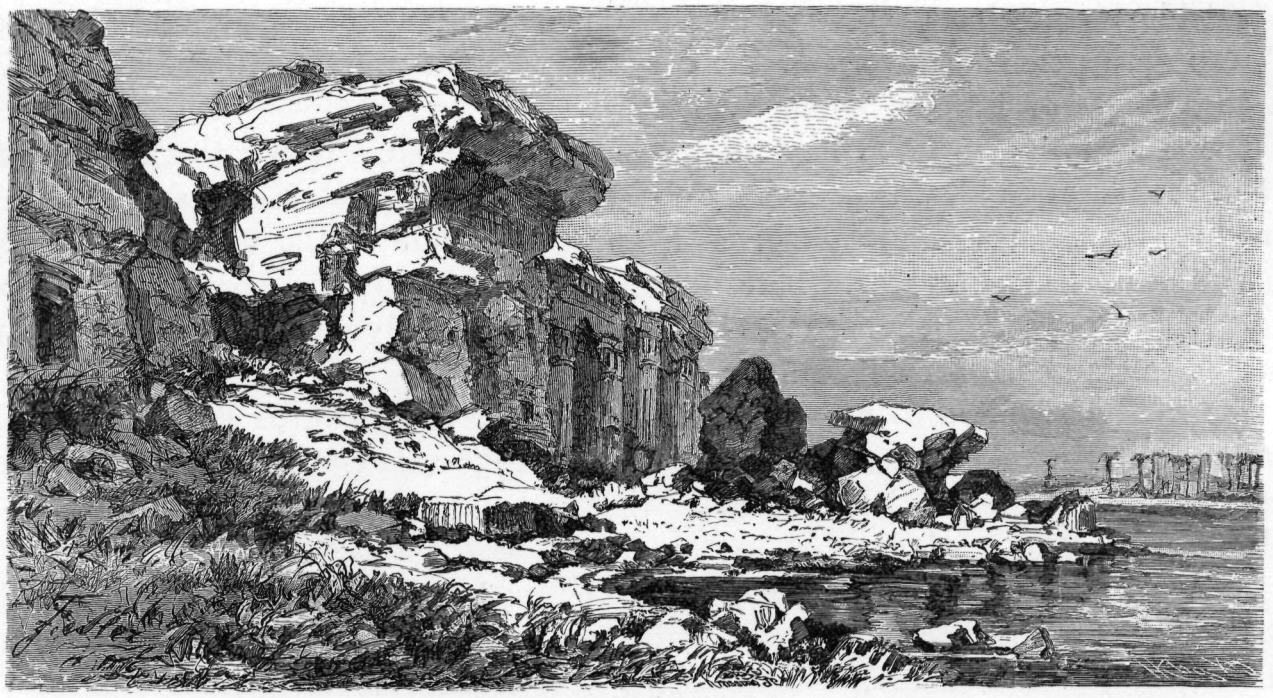
GIPSY WOMAN OF GHAWAZEE.

them outside its precincts. Now the sacred places belong once more to the ancient gods, who may perchance overhear the sheykhs, who not unfrequently recite the Koran there to a circle of Moslem listeners.

The Nekropolis of Edfoo has not yet been discovered. It lay to the west of the city, and the desert-sand, which entirely chokes and covers it, defies excavation. After looking into the Mamisi[1] and the sacred spring by the side of the temple of Horus, we make our way back to the Nile, where our dahabeeyeh awaits us close by a corn-barge that carries a party of fellaheen and a wandering family of Ghawazee, with their mother, a tall and handsome woman.

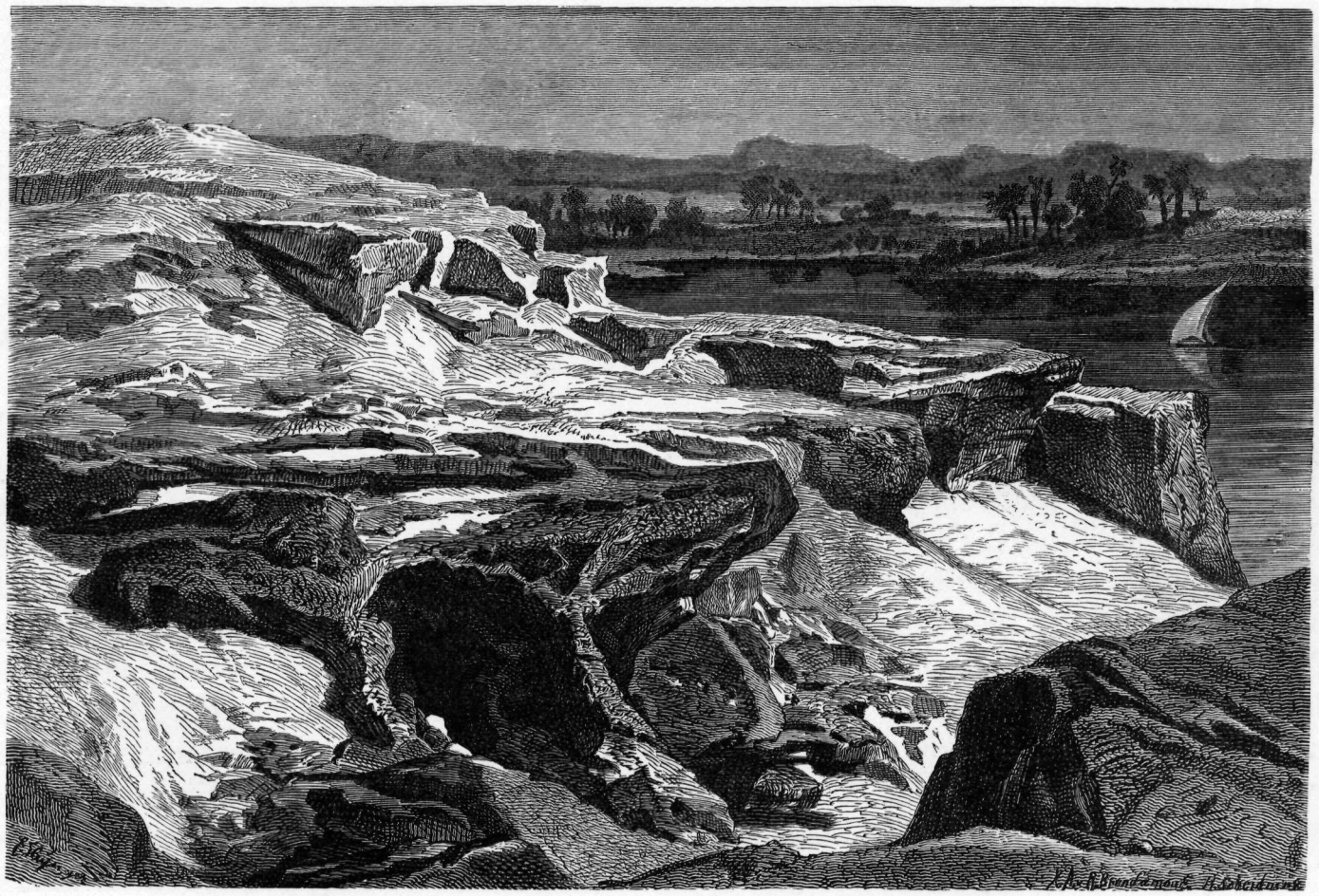
We shall be willing to break our farther progress southwards soon after we have begun it, in order to spend a few days in following the ancient road across the desert Redeseeyeh, on the eastern bank towards the Red Sea; for this we must mount the camel of an Ababdeh, and on our way we can visit the small rock-temple erected by Seti I., at the spot where he had caused a well to be dug for the refreshment of the thirsty traveller. The most important of the inscriptions which decorate this structure informs us of the successful accomplishment of this undertaking, and states that the water flowed in as abundantly as in the "spring-caves" of Elephantine at the first cataract. The Egyptian word, which has the meaning "spring-cave," is *kerti*, or *kerker*; hence the Koptic *celcel*, in which the Arabs supposed they had found their own word *silsileh*, a chain. We shall ere long reach the Narrows, known to this day by the process of corruption above indicated as Gebel Silsileh, or the Mountain of the Chain. It is a remarkable spot, at a few miles south of Redeseeyeh, where the rocky shores of the Nile close in so much that a legend has grown out of the meaning of the Arabian name *Silsileh*, to the effect that in ancient times the passage could be barred by a chain thrown across from one side to the other. The stream here rushes wildly and tumultuously through the rocks that hem in its waters, and which, on both sides of the river, consist of a handsome yellow fine-grained sandstone. Hitherto the heights that coast the river have been of limestone or of chalk formation; still, it has not escaped our notice that in almost all the great temples those parts of the building which were exposed to the air were constructed of sandstone, and not of limestone, and of sandstone precisely similar to that which forms the eastern and western walls of the narrow rapids at Gebel Silsileh. And if we walk along the Libyan shore, where we have disembarked, and after looking round us, cross the swift and narrow stream, and mount to the ridge of the hills on the Arabian shore, scrambling by the bad foot-path from rock to rock, we shall soon be convinced that every block of sandstone which was employed in building the highest temples ever raised—in a country, too, where there are more temples than in any other part of the world—was hewn by the masons who obeyed the mandates of the Pharaohs out of these yellow hills, which now have the appearance of the empty husks of innumerable pomegranates, out of which pips without end have already been picked, while an inexhaustible supply still remains. The open halls and galleries are of vast extent, and in the smooth walls the traces of the mason's chisel are still to be seen where, with wonderful skill, he separated the blocks from the living rock. The surfaces from which the slabs were divided are as smooth and level as if in those primitive days man had possessed the secret of softening the stubborn rock;

[1] Place where the birth of the god is represented.



THE NILE TABLETS AT GEBEL SILSILEH.

and yet we find none but bronze tools, none at all of iron or steel—possibly, indeed, because these have perished more easily in the course of centuries than those of pure copper, or of copper alloyed with zinc.



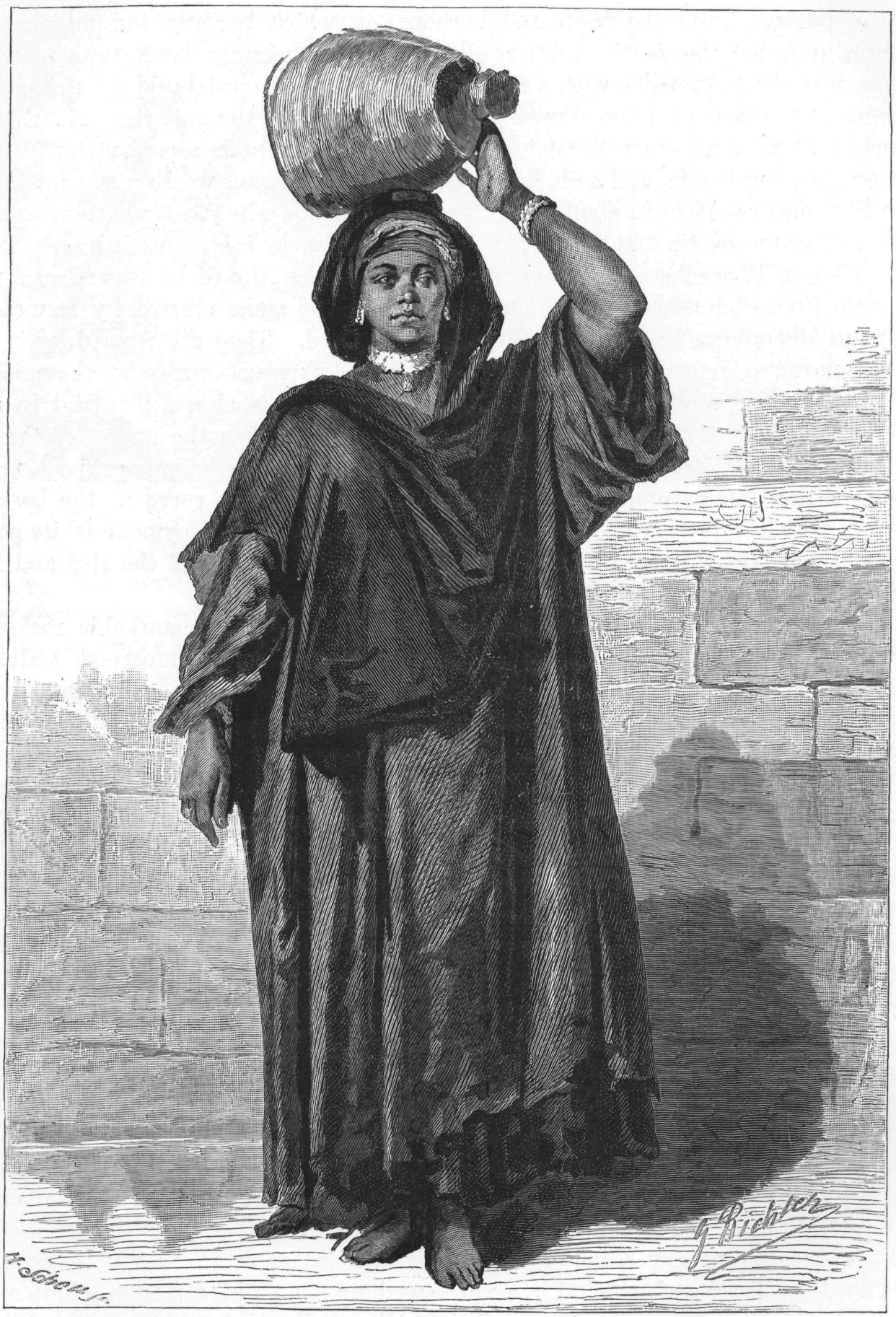
THE NARROWEST PART OF THE RIVER AT GEBEL SILSILEH.

The city to which these quarries anciently belonged was called Khennu, or the "place of passage," and the town and harbour, in which barques innumerable must have been crowded, lay on the eastern shore. On the western bank, near to smaller Latomiæ, was the Nekropolis, with a few rock-tombs and several buildings dedicated to the service of the gods; for the narrow pass was regarded as the gate through which the Nile (which at Khennu—now Silsileh—was called the "pure or sacred water") entered Egypt proper from Nubia, and so it happened that here solemn worship was paid to the Divine Nile, and sacrifices in abundance were laid upon his altars. Close to the western margin of the stream, we find to this day three remarkable tablets with inscriptions, in which different Pharaohs caused hymns in praise of the Nile to be incised, and which differ little from each other in form and substance. The stelæ erected by Rameses II. and his son Menephtah I. are particularly well preserved. They are framed, as it were, with sculptured pilasters, and have at the top a hollow ogee cornice, in the middle of which the sun-disc spreads its wings. The hymn, which is almost identical in all, is full of poetic glow and power. The sacred stream is invoked as the Father of the gods, as the Abundance, Blessing, and Benefactor of Egypt. Anana, the greatest poet, next to Pentaur, of the Ramesseum, thought this fine hymn worthy to serve as the basis of a new hymn which is preserved in a papyrus roll.[1] Besides the enjoyment of its poetical contents, it has yielded very important data as to the periods of the rise and fall of the Nile in early times.

Farther to the north, and near the top of the cliff, a remarkable rock-chapel invites the attention alike of the antiquarian and of the unlearned visitor; of the former by its numerous, and not unimportant, inscriptions of various periods, in both hieroglyphic and demotic character; of the latter by the beautiful pictures in relief, representing the king, Horus (Horemheb), returning from his victories in the south on a throne-like litter, borne on the shoulders of twelve nobles of the realm.

On landing at Gebel Silsileh we found the bank, which in former times must have swarmed with labourers, boatmen, priests, and pilgrims, absolutely deserted. At last, however, a woman made her appearance near the quarries on the Arabian side, tempted forth by the sight of our flag from afar—a fellah woman; and presently two ragged men, whose type of countenance bore no trace of the true Egyptian. These were people of the Begah tribe—Ababdeh Arabs, of those families who have given up their nomad life in the desert, have settled in Egypt, and now speak bad Arabic instead of the language of their own people (the To Bedeeyaweeyeh). We had already met with these tamed children of the Desert and of Nature at Redeseeyeh, divested of all their genuine character. Those who want to see them in their original wild freedom must seek them in the desert, which is their home, and there we meet with a remnant of human life which recalls the days when our race lived in closer intimacy with Nature, and enjoyed all the delights of which idyllic poets sing, and which could only flourish undisturbed where man, in his narrow experience, asks little more than the daily necessaries of life. The Begah race—of which I am now speaking—has but a meagre share even of these, for the mountains and valleys, and the strip of shore lying between the Nile and

[1] A translation of these inscriptions is given in the "Records of the Past," Vol. IV., p. 107; and Maspéro, "Hymne au Nil," 1868.



FELLAH WOMAN.

the Red Sea, where they dwell, all lie within the hottest and most arid district of the Arabian Desert. This poverty-stricken land is nevertheless well worthy of more thorough investigation, and G. Schweinfurth has recently travelled through it several times; but the best description of it is that given by Dr. Klunzinger, who lived for six years at Koseyr, on the Red Sea, busily occupied as a physician and naturalist. In the following meagre account of this remarkable district I have incorporated a great deal derived from the treasures of information which this amiable and learned gentleman put at my disposal, many of his notes being as yet unpublished.



ACACIA OF THE DESERT. (*Acacia Seyal.*)

The range of hills enclosing the Nile valley to the east were known as early as the time of Herodotus as the "Arabian mountains," and the backbone, so to speak, of the great ridge that composes them consists of primitive rock, granite, syenite, porphyry, diorite, micaceous schist, and others of lighter or darker hues. To the south this ridge is connected with the highlands of Abyssinia; to the east it is separated from the mountain mass of Sinai and the Arabian peninsula by the vast fissure which is now filled by the Red Sea. This rocky chain has been tossed and rent by Nature into a number of mountain ridges difficult to distinguish and identify, and intersected by a labyrinth of long and often deeply-cut valleys, crossing each other in the most confused manner. Here and there it shoots up in dome-shaped or boldly-jagged peaks, a few of which reach a height of more than 6,000 feet. It is full of natural beauties, of picturesque mountain scenery, and stupendous cliffs of the most gorgeous colours, intersected with veins of every hue. The splendour of the rocks displays itself, unveiled by any clothing of soil, and bare of every vegetable growth or deposit; here in soft and graceful forms, there in wild and bold ones, and everywhere in its original mould. But it is not absolutely devoid of all the charm of organic life, for from time to time —rarely, indeed, and in most cases only once a year, in the winter months—dark storm-clouds gather round the heads of the mountains, and soon the rain pours down with such violence on the hill country that it seems as if all the collected vapours of the year were being restored to the earth in one tremendous torrent. The brooks and cascades that tumble down the rifts and crevices in the mountains collect in the valleys, the streams form a regular system of little



GAZELLES.

rivers, and at last gathering in one main valley, the flood rolls on either slowly and majestically, or vehemently, ruining all it meets with on its way, till it loses itself in the Red Sea or the Nile—according to the direction it has taken, east or west, as it fell from the water-shed. But the triumph of the waters is brief in the desert, and within a few days after the sluices of heaven have been opened, after a torrent has foamed down every gorge, and a river danced through every valley, the desert is as dry and as arid as before. But the beneficent element .has waked the slumbering germs of vegetable life; by every rivulet and declivity millions of green things are sprouting, and the soil of the valley is alive with growing herbs. Shrubs and trees even, as acacias and Marh (*Leptadenia*) tamarisks, forming whole groves, and all the biennial and perennial plants, acknowledge by the fresh green of their branches and shoots how deeply they feel refreshed. Ere long, in the fresh breath of the spring—from January to March—lovely flowers unfold their gems of yellow and rose, tempting out the gay butterflies, wild bees, and wasps that flutter round them, and the beetles, lizards, and ants that creep among them. The skin of the gazelle and antelope grows brighter at this season, as does that of their cruellest foe the wild cat of the desert. All the natural wells and tanks are full; here and there a brook still trickles, or a tiny cascade is dying, drop by drop, where a few weeks since a mighty cataract came roaring down. Now is the time to rejoice in spring in the desert, to go forth into the still valleys of the free and open wilderness, and to drink in that glorious pure air which is peculiar to the desert, and to be met with nowhere else on earth. The citizens, and the villagers too, love to hold their spring festival on Easter Monday in some desert valley—*Shimm-en-neseem* they call it, or air-breathing, for soon—too soon—the scorching breath of the simoom will blow, the shrubs and herbs will dry up into thorny hay, and only the brushwood and trees will remain to give any sign of life.

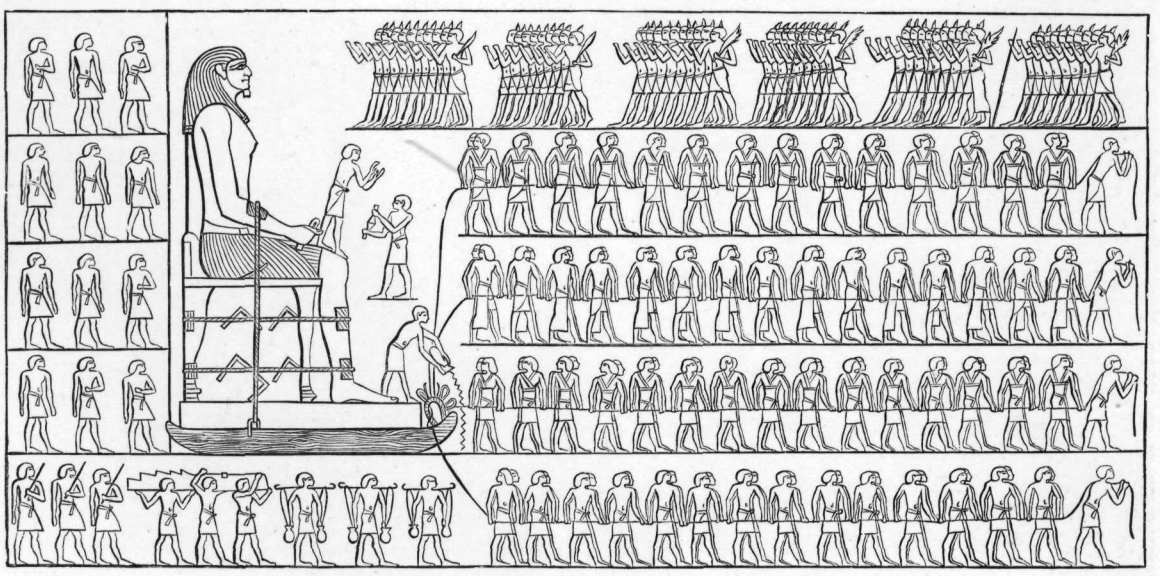
Light-coloured stratified rocks of marine origin, and mostly of a calcareous nature, have been deposited above the crystalline formation of primitive rock on the east, west, and north. Thus, the whole western margin of the Arabian Desert, which falls precipitously towards the Nile in almost every part, presents the aspect of an elevated limestone plateau all the way from Cairo to Gebel Sisileh, where, as I have said, sandstone hems in the river, and on to Assouan, the southernmost town of Egypt, where the primitive rock comes down to the shore. This high plain, for the most part, exactly resembles the eastern portion of the great Desert of Sahara, and it may indeed be regarded as a continuation of this desert, interrupted by the valley of the Nile. These spring torrents of rain are, however, peculiar to it, and almost unknown in the Libyan waste. Where the eastern declivity of the Arabian range slopes down to the shore of the Red Sea, light-coloured stratified rocks lie over and between the black primary formation. These hills rise in long ridges, belonging partly to the upper cretaceous series, but partly, too, to the more recent deposits of the Red Sea, which once covered this range, but has gradually receded, in consequence of the upheaval of the land. This is proved by the vast quantity of fossils found in this formation, all of recent forms, such as still exist in the Red Sea; it is probably the decomposition of these organisms that has converted the more recent strata of these deposits into gypsum.



ON THE COAST OF THE RED SEA.

The Arabian Desert is almost everywhere unavailable for any purposes of extensive commerce. It is arid, barren, and pathless; and thus it is that only the most recent maps reproduce the features of this district with any approach to accuracy, close as it lies to the fertile shores of the Nile. In parts the range is intersected by steep transverse gorges running east and west—here coalescing to form a wider valley, leading from the Nile to the Red Sea, and there a defile, hemmed in by a not insurmountable pass; and here it was that at a very early date the traffic—frequently spoken of in these pages—between the Nile Valley and the sea, and thence with Arabia and India, first flourished, and grew to be a by no means insignificant commerce. Several such high roads might be mentioned as existing in Upper Egypt.[1]

There is also a road which for the most part follows the ridge of the mountain range from Cairo to Koseyr, and even farther south. Under Mohammed Ali there

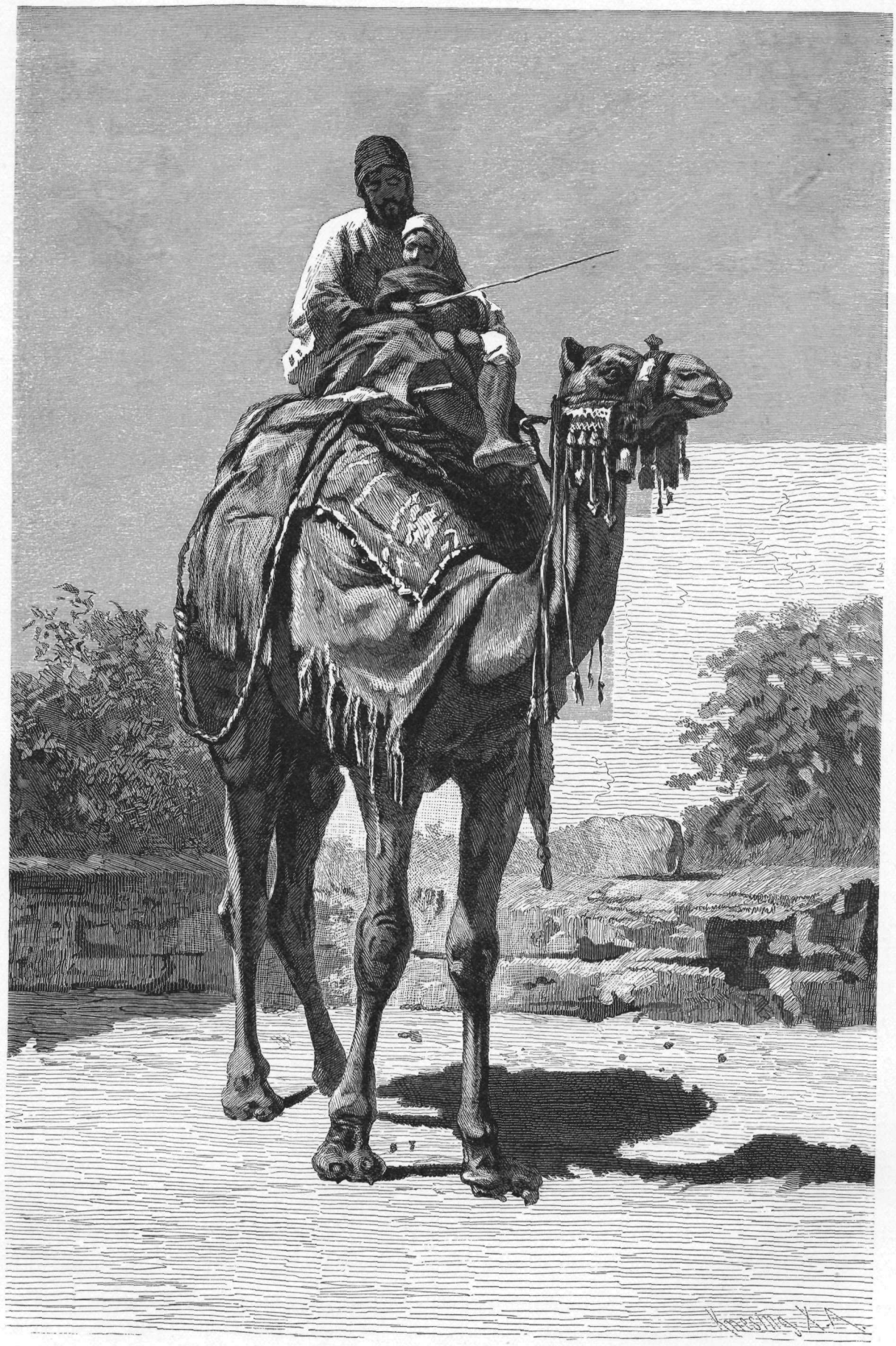


TRANSPORT OF A COLOSSUS, FROM A TOMB AT EL BERSHEH.

still existed on this road a postal service, now long since given up, and the men on dromedaries who served on the line travelled from Koseyr to the capital in no more than eight days.

The oldest and most famous of all these highways is that which led from Koptos to the Red Sea, through the valley now known as the Wadee Hammamat, and called by the ancient Egyptians Rohanu. It was a busy high-road, not alone for trading caravans, but from time to time for stonemasons and soldiers, whose task it was to hew the costly building materials from the hard rocks, which here abound, and to prepare the vast monoliths which were finished *in situ*, and then to convey them all to the residence of the Pharaohs. A remarkably beautiful kind of alabaster, of a fine honey yellow or white as snow, is found in these mountains. This was quarried in the

[1] The most important were—and to a certain extent are still—the road leading from Esneh or Edfoo to the old sea-port of Berenice and ancient Mohammedan town of Aydab, and those starting from Kuft (Koptos), Koos, or Keneh, on the Nile, and ending at Koseyr, the Leukos Limen of the ancients. A road also runs from Keneh in a north-easterly direction to Safageh and Gimsheh, near to which it is probable that the sites of the Ptolemaic ports of Philoteras and Myos Hormos must be sought for.



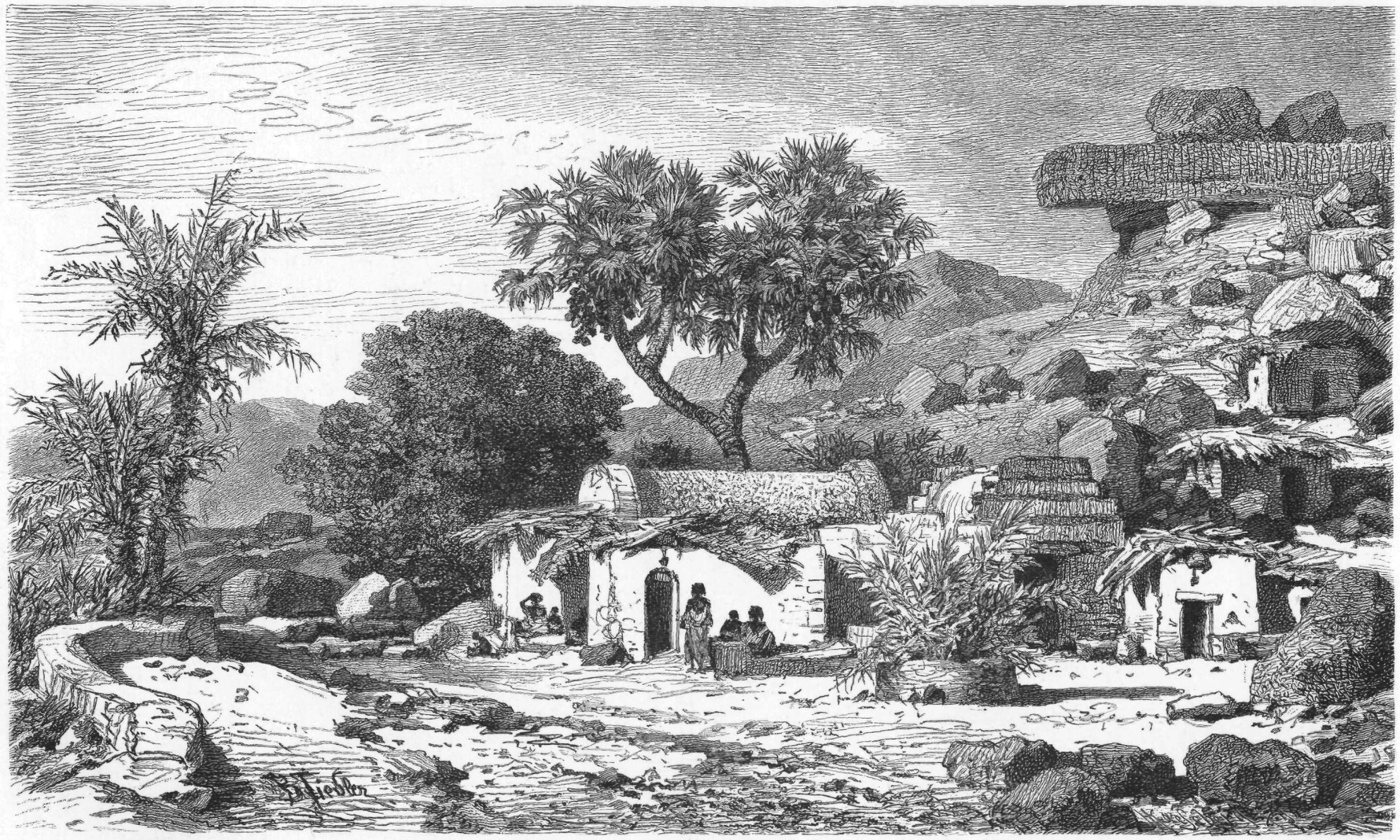
CAMEL RIDER.

Mons Alabastrites of the ancients, to the east of Sioot, and applied to various works of art; and from the *Mons Porphyrites* of the ancients—Gebel Dukhan, probably—a fine red porphyry, justly prized by the Greeks and Romans, was procured. In these quarries, in times of persecution, many unflinching Christians expiated their constancy by torments, sufferings, and death. The ancient Egyptians themselves particularly valued the dark-green diorite and dioritic breccia which crop out here, and of which sarcophagi, statues, sphinxes, and other works of art were made on the spot. In the Valley of Rohanu, near which this business seems to have been especially active, we find numerous inscriptions incised, with more or less skill, in the rocks by the way-side, and recording for the benefit of posterity what works they were that were executed here, and for which Pharaoh; under which particular official, by whom—as especially selected for the task—and in how long a time. The most ancient of these memorials are of the period of the end of the Vth and beginning of the VIth Dynasty, and the latest are of the Roman period. No quarries with any regular establishment of labourers ever existed in Wadee Hammamat; but when a particularly fine and durable block was required for some very special purpose, an expedition was sent out commissioned to select it, to hew it, and to transport it to the Nile. The transport of these masses is one of the achievements of Egyptian labour which we find it most difficult to conceive of as feasible, when we reflect that it involved conveying the most stupendous weights over mountain and valley, without the aid even of camels. The strength of men—and of men alone—was available to move the mighty mass, and it was employed with lavish and reckless prodigality. Provisions for the overseers and labourers were carried into the desert on ox-carts or men's shoulders, as we learn from a picture already spoken of in a tomb in El Bersheh, representing the transport of a colossus; this picture we now put before the reader. In the Valley of Rohanu we find a long record to the same effect, incised in a rock in hieroglyphics by an official under Rameses IV. A troop of 8,365 men were sent forth, under an unlucky star, by the successor to the great founder of Medeenet Haboo, to bring durable stone to Thebes for the magnificent structures founded by him, but either never completed, or now altogether vanished from the face of the earth. There were 5,000 soldiers, 2,000 serving-men, the labourers to drag and push the sleds on which the blocks were loaded, and 800 Hebrews, whom we must suppose were prisoners of war condemned to forced labour; these formed the nucleus of the expedition, which was conducted by high civil and military officials, and was accompanied by fifty drivers, each conducting a cart drawn by six yoke of oxen, and by a large number of swift-footed bearers, who had to supply the labourers with provisions. Highly-skilled Egyptian artists accompanied this train, among which were 130 masons; and as the dying gladiator greeted the Roman emperor with a joyful salutation, so the captains of this host of labourers address the Pharaoh in words of solemn gratulation in these inscriptions, although they are forced to admit that 900 of their host—that is, more than one man in every ten—have fallen victims to the



THE CAMEL AND ITS DOUBLE.

[1] These quarries were first opened in the reign of Claudius, A.D. 41—54.



VILLAGE NEAR ASSOUAN, ON THE BORDER OF THE ARABIAN DESERT.

journey through this wilderness.[1] Even in our own days an equally numerous army of labourers would scarcely fare better in this waste if it relied on oxen, and not on camels, for its supplies of food and drink. To Leopold Karl Muller, one of our most experienced Orientalists, the camel seems so absolutely inseparable from the people who make use of it that he even fancies he has discovered a certain resemblance of affinity between them, and he has reproduced this in a picturesque and comical manner. The fact, nevertheless, remains that the inhabitants of the Nile Valley, at the time of the Pharaohs, never used the camel, which now seems so indispensable an element in their life. And yet there were stronger temptations than those already mentioned to attract the caravans of Egypt into the Arabian Desert; for what loadstone has ever proved so powerful to prompt the enterprise of splendour-loving despots as gold and precious stones? and in ancient times both were to be found in the range between the Nile and the Red Sea: the latter in the famous emerald mines between Koptos and Berenice, which Cailliaud thinks he re-discovered at the foot of Gebel Sabâra, at four days' march south of Koseyr, though he only found here a little fine serpentine and heliotrope. Gold was procured from gold mines, of which numerous accounts have been handed down to us from both early and later antiquity. They are mentioned in hieroglyphic inscriptions; a papyrus at



AN ABABDEH ARAB.

[1] This interesting inscription will be found translated in Brugsch's "History of Egypt under the Pharaohs," Vol. II.," 168—170.

Turin[1] contains the most ancient of all known maps, which represents the neighbourhood of the gold mines as near the sea, and in a very characteristic projection; while the Greek Agatharchides, who flourished in the earlier half of the second century before Christ, gives a graphic and heart-rending picture of the dismal fate of the convicts who were condemned to work in these mines.

These have, perhaps, been re-discovered at Gebel Olâki, in the Wadee Lekhooma, near Berenice; at any rate, there are there some abandoned and perfectly exhausted gold mines, which were still worked in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries of our era, under the Mamlook Sultans. As soon as Mohammed Ali heard of the re-discovery of these ancient workings, he sent one European *savant* after another — Cailliaud, Belzoni, Figari, Linant—to endeavour to discover precious metals, or at any rate coals, somewhere in his dominions; and even under the Khedive Ismail, Wadee Hammamat was diligently searched for coal not many years since. A private company did actually for some time procure sulphur from the limestone coast near Gimsheh, and also obtained petroleum from Gebel-ez-Zeyt (the oil mountain); but all these attempts and undertakings have met with shipwreck in modern times, partly from the slender yield of the different openings, partly from the difficulty of keeping the labourers supplied with food and drink, and of transporting the produce obtained. Throughout the southern portion of the Arabian range, which is habitable by reason of its larger supply of water, we find traces of former traffic, such as highways, wells, tanks, and ancient mines, and the remains of the desert stations already mentioned as established by the Pharaohs, and which, at the present day, are called by the Egyptians *Wekkalat en nusará*, "Caravanserais of the Christians." The small stone fortifications, or towers, which Klunzinger met with high up on mountain ridges, and more particularly in spots where

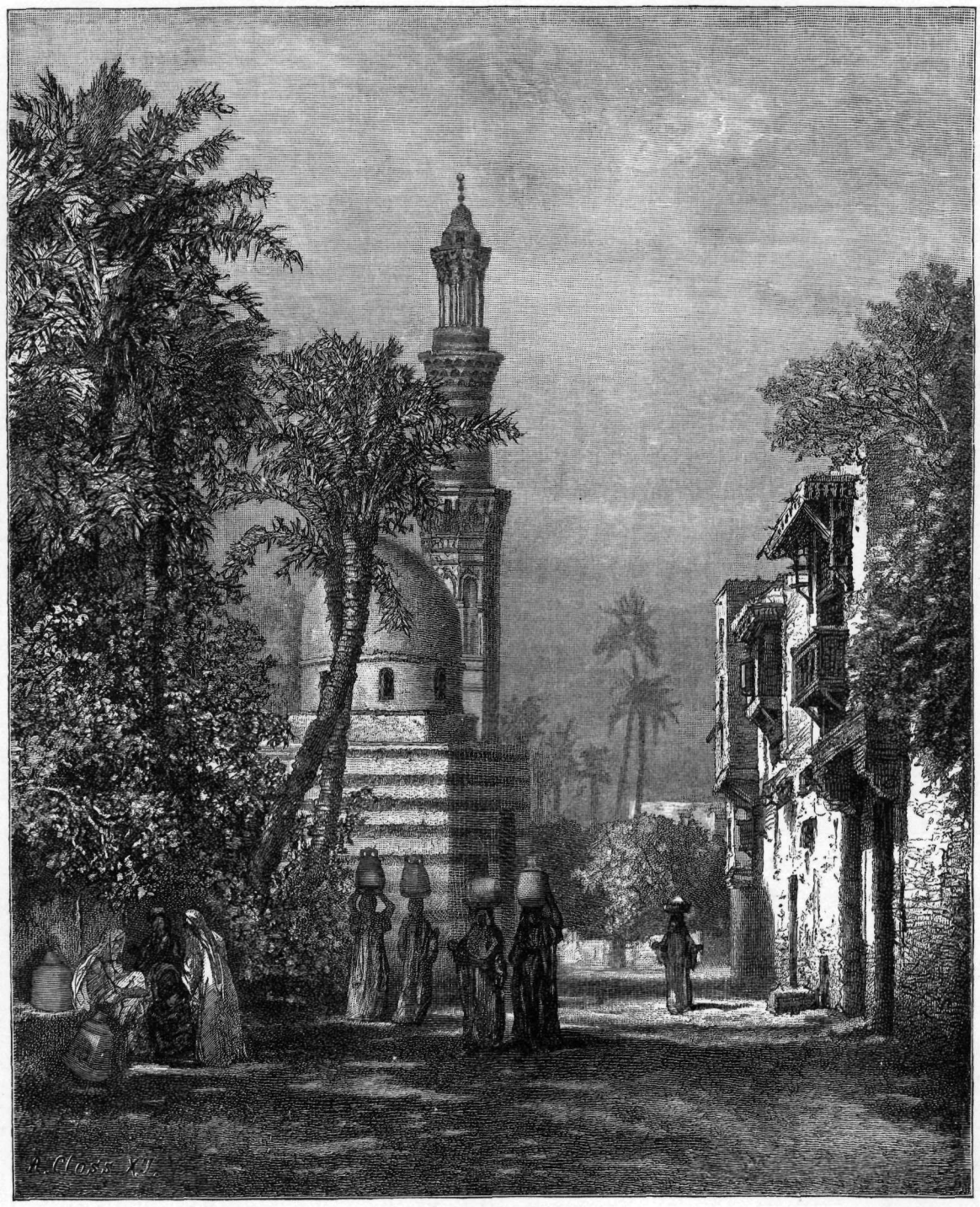


ON THE BANK OF THE NILE.

[1] Published by Lepsius, "Auswahl Taf;" and, subsequently, Chabas "Les Mines d'Or." These mines were worked in the days of Seti I. and Rameses II., about B.C. 1320. The translation of the inscriptions relating to them at Redeseeyeh, has already been pointed out, as in the "Records of the Past." Other inscriptions relating to them have also been published by Cailliaud, "Le Voyage à l'Oasis de Thebes," 1822–1824.

roads divide or cross, he supposes may have served as guide-posts, watch-towers, or signal-stations.

The population now living in the desert is very thinly scattered; its hamlets consist of perhaps one permanent dwelling, with two or three—or at most six—tents



GOING TO FETCH WATER.

or wretched huts, and only one real village is to be seen on the road from Keneh to Koseyr, called Lakeytah. The tribe of Makâseh, now consisting of not more than 3,000 souls, wander restlessly about among the mountains of the northern part of the range; they are of Semitic blood, and nearly allied to the Bedaween of the Sinaitic peninsula. The district in which they live in family groups ends—towards

the south, at the latitude of Gimsheh. The Ababdeh, the nomadic tribe which occupies the more southern district of the eastern desert as far down as the Tropic of Cancer, are at least ten times more numerous. They are of totally different origin, and are rightly included among the Nubio-Ethiopian tribes, to which the Begah also belong who are distributed over the mountain belt of Nubia and towards Abyssinia, between the Nile and the Red Sea. The Bisharee and Hadendoah are distinguished among the Begah tribes by their well-made, though rather lean, figures, and by a refinement and regularity of features, so that, in spite of their very dark skins and their elaborately dressed hair, they are among the finest of the human race. Their hair they either twist into artificial curls or allow to hang down in small tight plaits. These are the descendants of the Blemmyes, who are described by Greek writers as being the next neighbours of the Egyptians to the south, and who are most frequently spoken of in connection with their sudden and bloody raids on the frontier districts. In the middle ages—nay, even at the beginning of this century—it was dangerous to traverse the strip of desert occupied by them, but they are now the most peaceable of mortals, and even a solitary traveller or foreigner may wander among them without peril to life or property. It was Mohammed Ali who tamed them, by forcing their chiefs and sheykhs to settle in the valley of the Nile, and by holding them responsible in life and estate for the good conduct of their tribe. Their wants are few, and they are gentle and abstemious; they only seek a spot of pasture-land in the desert for their little flocks of sheep and ill-fed camels, and they solace their leisure by performing sham fights and war dances with swords and shields to the thin and feeble melody of a flute. Their modest existence is a true desert idyll, which might inspire a poet's verse if only the pangs of hunger could be overlooked which they and their lean kine are condemned to suffer, and which make their inhospitality—a rare defect in nomadic tribes—a very pardonable sin. Their huts, built of laths covered with ragged cloths, their cave-dwellings, and their household goods, are to the last degree wretched, and equally miserable is the pittance they earn as camel-drivers and hangers-on to caravans, or by dealing in the meagre produce of their country, such as herbage for fodder, camels' dung, water, gums, and wood, which they sometimes burn to make charcoal. Those among them who live in the vicinity of the Red Sea, like their forefathers the Ichthyophagi, live on the fish and other creatures that the waves may throw up on the shore, for they never venture out to sea to catch them.

The Ababdeh, whom we meet at the quarries of Gebel Silsileh, stare in mild astonishment at our operations, and escort us back to the dahabeeyeh that is waiting to carry us farther southwards.

As we go on, the shore on each side of us gets yellower still, and more and more deserted; the men and women who are working the water-wheels grow darker in colour and scantier of clothing, the villages and palm-groves are smaller and farther apart. Everything that meets the eye now is Nubian, and no longer Egyptian. The noonday sun is scorchingly hot; out there on a sand-bank two crocodiles lie motionless; and as the sun sinks in the west the glowing hues of the evening sky no longer tinge the tall pigeon-houses of Upper Egypt, and we look in vain for the fellah-women coming down to the river in long files to fetch water, for the stream



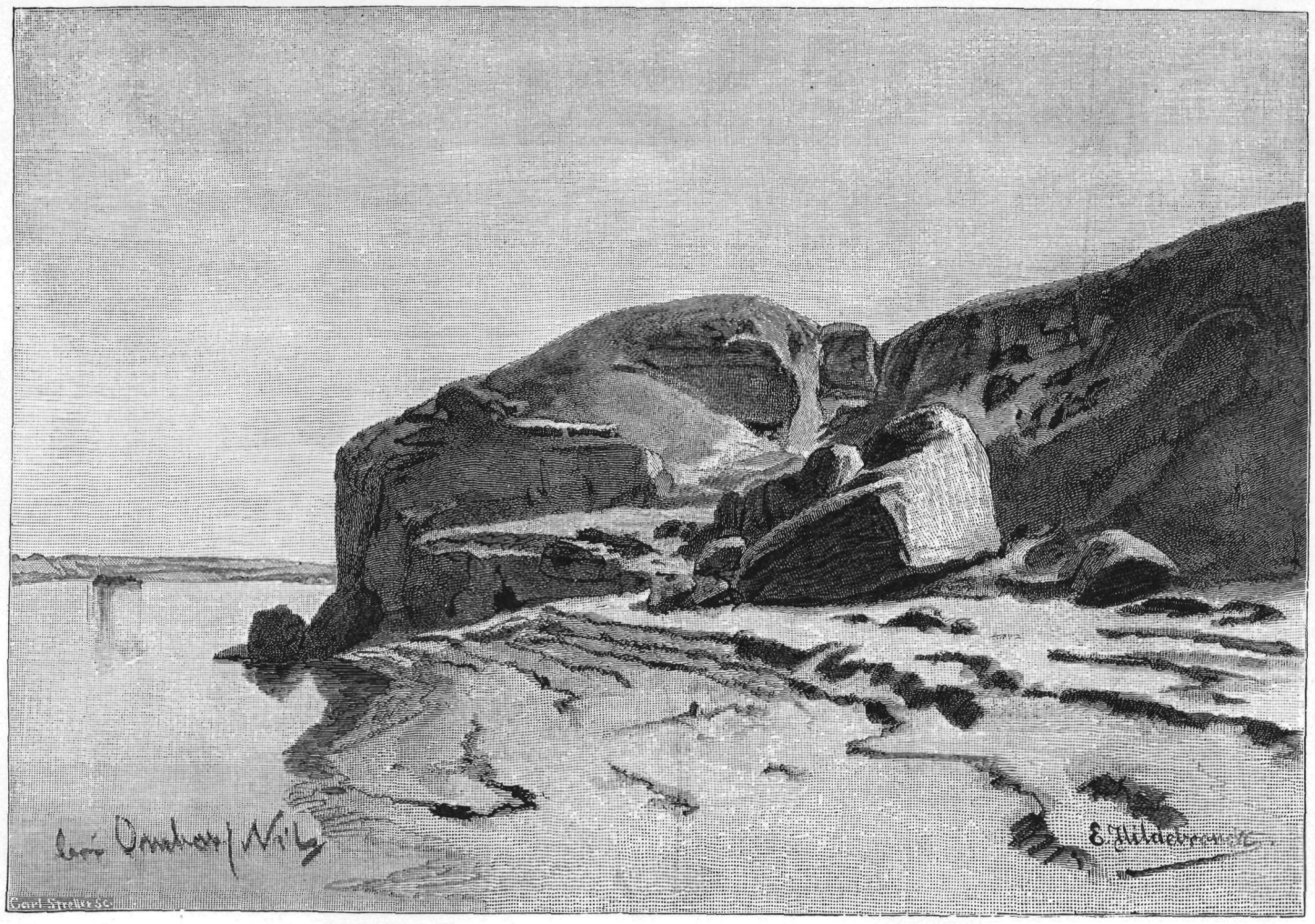
TEMPLE OF KOM OMBOO.

is either hemmed in on both sides by bare rocks, where white patches of sand shine in the fissures like snow-fields, or these are divided from the shore by stretches of desert, interspersed with small patches of arable land.

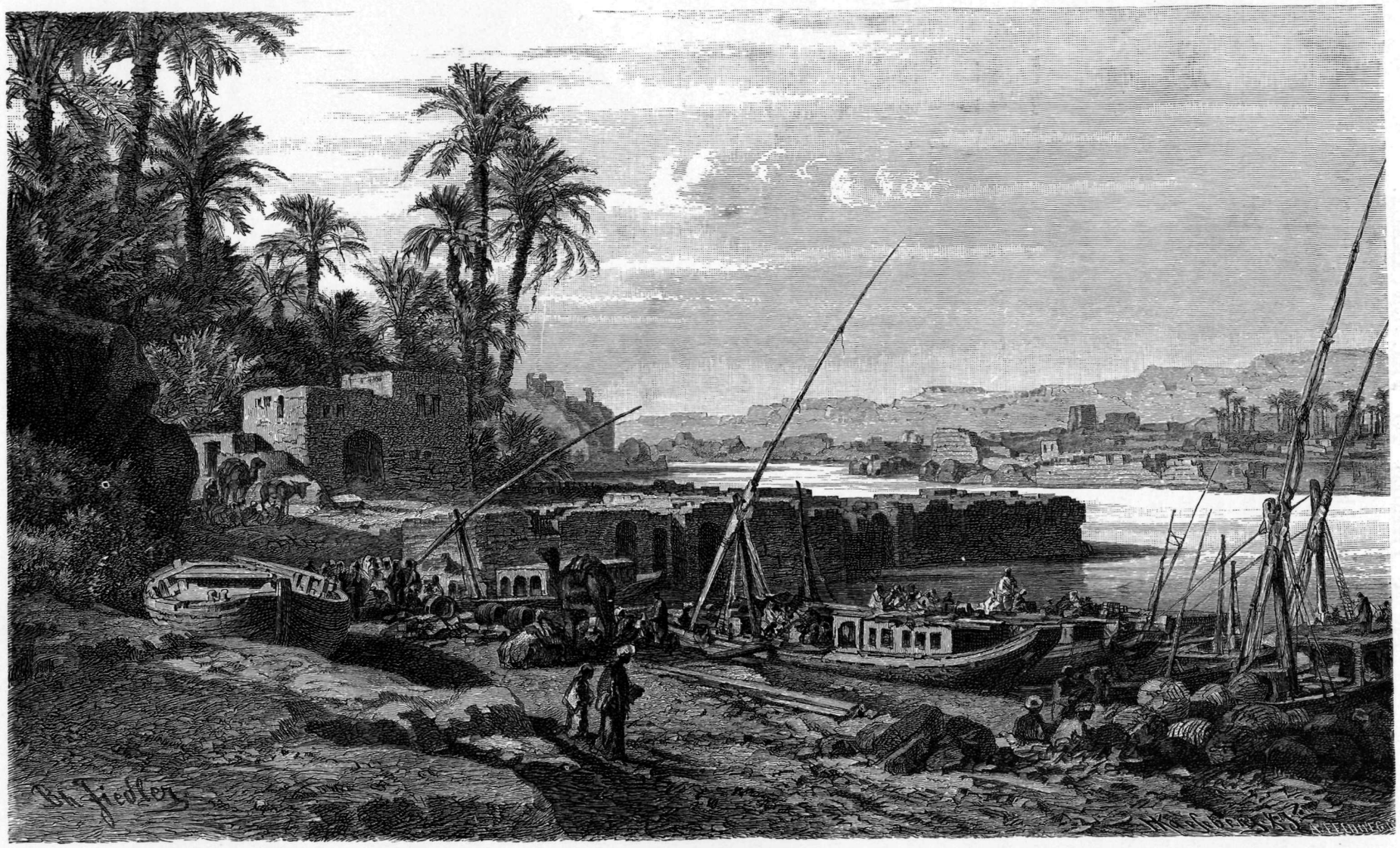
Long do we gaze at the glories of the flaming west, but now, looking eastward, we catch sight of an ancient temple high up on a bare cliff, and bathed in the glow of the departing sun; then night falls, and the dahabeeyeh comes to an anchor among overthrown blocks and pillars, over which the water rushes and tumbles. The sanctuary above us, which now looks down through the unbroken silence of the night, lighted by the dim white rays of a crescent moon, and looking like some ghostly stronghold, is the famous Temple of *Nubi*, the Egyptian "city of gold," from which name, in the form of Unbi, came the Greek Omboi and Ombos. The Arabs call this abandoned sanctuary Kom Omboo, or the ruin-heap of Omboo; but of the populous city which once belonged to it they know nothing, for it long since fell a prey to two mighty enemies—the desert sand and the current. Not a stone, not a trace of a foundation wall is left; nothing but the temple, with its inscriptions, remains to bear witness of its former existence. And the two insidious foes which have destroyed the abodes



COIN OF CLEOPATRA TRYPHÆNA.



BANK OF THE NILE AT KOM OMBOO.



PORT OF ASSOUAN.

of man will, sooner or later, not spare the temple of the gods. In a few centuries the Temple of Kom Omboo will have ceased to exist; for while the sand of the desert fills up its halls and chambers more and more, the stream carries away the front, piece by piece; it has swallowed up the adjoining buildings, and threatens to undermine the cliff on which it stands. When Duemichen stood once in the mild and tender moonlight of a Nubian night at Kom Omboo, these were the words he wrote in his diary:—"This splendid temple on the height looked to me like a magnificent sarcophagus ready for its interment; the moon and the stars were the lights on the bier, and the figures of the gods and kings on the walls stood like a solemn mourning train on the pale and ghostly light. The river rushing at the foot of the cliff was the open grave destined to receive it, and the dash and roar of the waters its funeral lament."

Soon after sunrise we disembark, and even at this distance the singular arrangement and architecture of this sanctuary is a conspicuous feature. It was founded by Thothmes III.,[1] finished by Rameses III.,[2] and rebuilt under the Ptolemaic kings.[3] It may be divided longitudinally into two quite distinct parts. We see two gates instead of only one on the side facing the Nile, and over each of these the characteristic hollow cornice, decorated with the winged sun-disc. The back part of this double temple is also in two divisions, and each terminates in a sanctuary corresponding to the gateways. This disposition of the plan of the Temple of Kom Omboo is sufficient to suggest that two independent divinities were worshipped here; and this was, in fact, the case, for one-half of it was dedicated, as the inscriptions tell us, to the great Horus (*Har-ur*; in Greek, Arueris), and the other half to Seth-Typhon, who was worshipped here in the form of a crocodile, or of the crocodile-headed Sebek. The latter ruled in the darkness, and Horus ruled in the light. Horus and Seth were called the hostile brothers, who, after their reconciliation by Thoth, were established side by side—and not at Kom Omboo only—as personifying the double power of the gods and kings alike to reward and to punish, to set up and to put down. The district of Nubi, like that of the Fayoom, was regarded as Typhonic, because a form of Seth was worshipped there with the crocodile, which was sacred to him, and it was often omitted in the religious portion of the lists of districts.

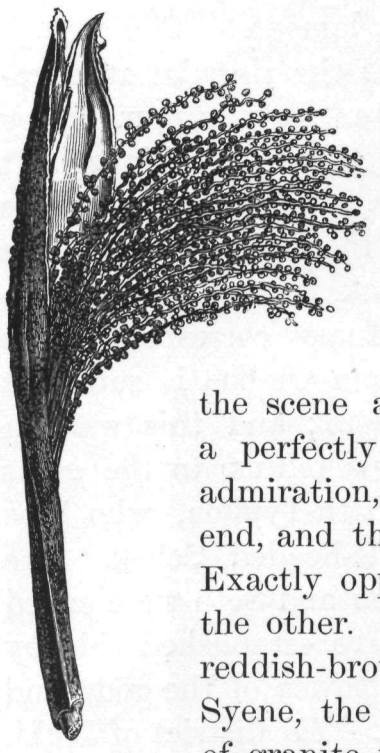
The capitals of the columns of Kom Omboo are richly decorated with foliage ornaments, and the astronomical ceiling paintings in the hypostyle are particularly worthy of observation; they have been left unfinished, and it can still be seen how the small design was copied and enlarged by the aid of squaring out the surface. A very remarkable alteration is perceptible in the proportions of the figures adopted during the whole of the New Empire. Here we find the human figure no longer divided into eighteen parts but, as Lepsius has found, agreeing with the data given by Diodorus, into twenty-one parts and a quarter, from the sole of the foot to the top of the forehead. Greek influences are visible in many parts of the decoration of this temple; nay, in the architrave of the back wall of the first prosekos we find a Greek inscription in fine bold uncial letters, which "the foot-soldiers, horsemen, and others stationed in the province of Omboo caused to be incised for the god Arueris, the

[1] About B.C. 1503. [2] B.C. 1200.

[3] By Ptolemy V., Epiphanes, 204 to 181 B.C., till Ptolemy XIII., Neos Dionysos (81—51), and his wife Cleopatra, who in Kom Omboo is called Tryphæna.

great Apollo, and the gods worshipped with him, in consequence of their goodwill towards them in honour of the royal Ptolemaic couple"[1] (Auletes and Cleopatra Tryphæna). The pylon, which was erected by Tiberius Cæsar,[2] has long been overthrown; the bases of a few columns in the fore-court were dug out in 1873. Besides these, nothing remains of the exterior of this fine double temple, excepting a portion of the outer wall in burnt bricks, in which there is a window; this never has been met with in the enclosing wall of any other temple.

As we proceed on our journey southwards, we are tempted to think that in this region Seth has won a long-enduring victory over Horus, and that some mysterious power here forbids the beneficent river to open the stores of its mercies. How arid and sandy are its shores, how few and far between its villages! The eye wearies of the intense yellow of the plains, from which, at noon, some very fiend seems to have chased every vision of shade. A soft air bears us slowly up the stream that rushes to the sea, and night falls once more before we can reach Assouan, the city of the cataracts, and the frontier town of Egypt; but when we wake next morning we find that the dahabeeyeh is moored to the quay of this river-port. We hurry out of our cabin, and as we glance on the scene around us, we seem to have been transported by magic into a perfectly new world, and abandon ourselves unreservedly to surprise, admiration, and delight. The Nile here looks as if it had come to a sudden end, and the dahabeeyeh is lying in a land-locked lake of beautiful outline. Exactly opposite, the rocks and cliffs rise from the water, piled one upon the other. These, like all the rocks in this neighbourhood, are of a shining reddish-brown, for we are here in the harbour of the ancient town of Syene, the native land of syenite, and in the very heart of the great dyke of granite which protrudes from the Arabian range westwards, as if on purpose to check the course of the Nile. But the brave stream has succeeded in breaking through its prison of primæval rock at the first cataract, of which we shall soon hear the roar. From the purple tone of these rocks the fresh rich green stands out in lovely relief where the palms are just opening their huge sprays of flowers. Assouan, to our left, is surrounded by palm-groves, which completely conceal the lower part of the town, but not the grey houses of the higher quarter. From the eastern shore of the Nile, where the town stands, and exactly opposite to us, a noble fragment of a wall—perhaps the last vestige of a ruined bath-house of the time of the Byzantine Emperors or of the first Khalifs—projects into the stream towards the island of Elephantine, which—shaped, it is said, like an oleander-leaf—is brightly and refreshingly green with fields, shrubs, and palm-trees. Behind this island the landscape to the west is closed in by a ridge of hills belonging to the Libyan range, and crowned by a ruined Arab castle. The dark-coloured walls of this ruin stand out in picturesque contrast against the yellow sand of the desert, which makes us wonder what indeed this verdant valley



FLOWER-SPRAY OF THE DATE-PALM.

[1] The inscription is given, Letronne, "Recherches pour servir à l'Histoire de l'Égypte," 1823, p. 7. The above translation is free.

[2] A.D. 14–37.

would have been without the river which here enters Egypt after surmounting the mighty barrier Nature has set to its flow at the first cataract. Assouan is, in fact, at the very threshold of Egypt, and the Egyptian name *Soun* seems admirably well-chosen,



BAZAAR IN ASSOUAN.

meaning, "allowing the entrance." From this name *Soun* came the Greek Syene, and then Assouan, from the Koptic Suan.[1] In very early times the chief town of the district to which it belonged stood on the island opposite, and was called, like it, *Ab*

[1] Many foreign names beginning with a consonant have received the prefix of A in Arabic, to facilitate their pronunciation by the Arab tongue: thus, Sioot has become Asioot.

the town of elephants, or of ivory, probably from the abundant supply of that material, which was the most important article of commerce with the Soudan. Under the Greeks, who gave the beautiful island the still familiar name of Elephantine, the garrison town on the eastern shore of the Nile took precedence over that on the island,



HASHIM, A NATIVE OF ASSOUAN.

and in spite of the many attacks it suffered from the Blemmyes and their successors, it continued a flourishing town, while that of Elephantine fell into decay. There is not much to be seen now, it is true, of what was famous among the ancients as Suan—Syene. The granite quarries, which I have so often mentioned, and which we will presently visit, have lain unworked for centuries, for we know only too well how far it lies from the idea of the Mohammedans to erect buildings for posterity. The vineyards,

which in the time of the Pharaohs produced the highly-esteemed wines of Suan, have disappeared to the very last vine-stock, and the celebrated shadowless well of Syene has shared the same fate. This well must have been situated exactly under the tropic line, since no shadow was cast there at noon; and this circumstance was taken advantage of by Eratosthenes[1] (276 and 196 B.C.) for the purpose of measuring the surface of the earth by the method which is still pursued, and the accuracy of his results can only be accounted for by the exactitude with which the distances of the boundary-stones on the northern and southern frontiers of each district were measured, and registered in the books of the Government or of the administrator of taxes. This well, lying directly under the noon-day sun at the summer solstice, would seem to have been very ancient even in the time of Eratosthenes, for the supposition seems well founded that so long ago as in 700 B.C. the Egyptians had sunk the shaft to mark the time when the northern margin of the sun at the solstice stood exactly above Syene.[2]



DANCING APE.

Among the celebrated men who in former times dwelt at Syene may be named Juvenal, the famous satirist, who was exiled as prefect of this remote frontier city in order to remove him from Rome; but he was not happy among the Egyptians, and lashed their superstitions and more particularly their worship of animals in verses of cutting severity. We find some lines which clearly prove how heavy the poet's heart was in his exile on the frontier of the torrid zone. They run as follows:—



OUR NUBIAN SERVANT, MAHOMMED SALEH.

"Mollissima corda
Humano generi dare se Natura fatetur
Quæ lacrymas dedit; hæc nostri pars optima sensus."

("Nature herself confesses to have given the tenderest hearts to the human race, as she gave them tears; this is the best part of our faculties.")

At the present day Assouan, the successor of ancient Syene, is not distinguished from the other cities of the Nile by anything but the extraordinary variety of its inhabitants. This strikes the eye the moment we attempt to quit the dahabeeyeh, and go on shore—yes, attempt, for the boat is besieged by a perfect host of

[1] He was invited to Alexandria by Ptolemy Euergetes I.

[2] Eratosthenes knew that on the longest day the sun casts no shadow at noon in Syene, while in Alexandria at the same time the angle of the gnomon marked the fiftieth part of a circle. From this he inferred that the distance between Alexandria and Syene was the fiftieth part of a meridian = 7° 12′. According to the latest measurement the exact distance is 7° 6′ 30″.



NUBIAN OFFICIAL.

people, all striving to detain us, and direct our attention to the various wares they display. Many offer ostrich-feathers and eggs, others ivory rings, and simple, but by no means inelegant, bracelets, made of silver and gold, and manufactured in Nubia; others, again, the native arms of the Soudan, panther-skins, painted wooden bowls, and a great variety of fine basket-work and mats. Even the strange petticoats, or aprons, of the women of these provinces, made of strips of leather, arranged to overlap each other, and form a thick fringe, are offered for sale under the quaint name of "Madama Nubia." An Egyptian sailor is making a trained ape, that he has brought from farther south, dance to the sound of a tambourine; while a dusky Bisharee, with nothing on but his loin-cloth, tries to attract attention by performing a war-dance, wriggling his hips, and flourishing his lance and shield, a knife is fastened to his arm, with a number of amulets; and some men from Dongola are eager to induce us to buy similar talismans.



THE GOD KHNUM.

All the language of these Children of the Sun is perfectly unintelligible to us, for most of them speak only one of the three Nubian dialects, Kenoos, Mahâs, or Dongolauee. The Berberines, as they are called, whose native district may be regarded as extending from about Kom Omboo to the fourth cataract, do not learn Arabic till they have travelled to the cities of Egypt proper — Cairo generally, or Alexandria. Arabic is not used in Nubia itself, nor understood except by the citizens, by men who have travelled, or by the Sheygeezeh, or other tribes of Arab race who have wandered into Nubia. These Berberines might be called the Savoyards of Egypt, for, like those mountaineers, they frequently quit their home in quite early youth to seek the busy life of cities, whence, after earning what they consider a sufficient sum, they return to their native land. In Cairo and Alexandria they are commonly met with as servants, door-keepers, cooks, and coachmen. The little Saîs, whom I have already introduced to the reader, and most of his fellows, are Berbers; for so long as they are young their lungs and legs are more indefatigable even than those of the native Egyptian boys. They are, indeed, generally endowed with all the gifts we most look for in a servant. Even honesty is one of their attributes, and they hang together so closely in their voluntary



COFFEE-HOUSE.

exile that, on the one hand, they always succeed in keeping black sheep out of the flock, while, on the other, they are so ready to help and support each other that many officials of consideration, wealthy dragomans, restaurant keepers, and carriage owners, belong to their race. In Assouan itself particularly the Arab and Nubian element are of quite equal importance among the well-to-do citizens; nay, most of the principal merchants, who carry on an extensive trade in ostrich-feathers, ivory, gums, senna-leaves, wax, tamarinds, skins, horns, dried dates, and other produce of the Soudan, are of Nubian descent. A distinguished personage in the town, to whom I had a letter of introduction, took me into the house of a Nubian merchant, which, though plain enough outside, as is usual, was beautifully fitted and furnished within; and more bewitching and graceful little creatures than this gentleman's brown children I have rarely seen.

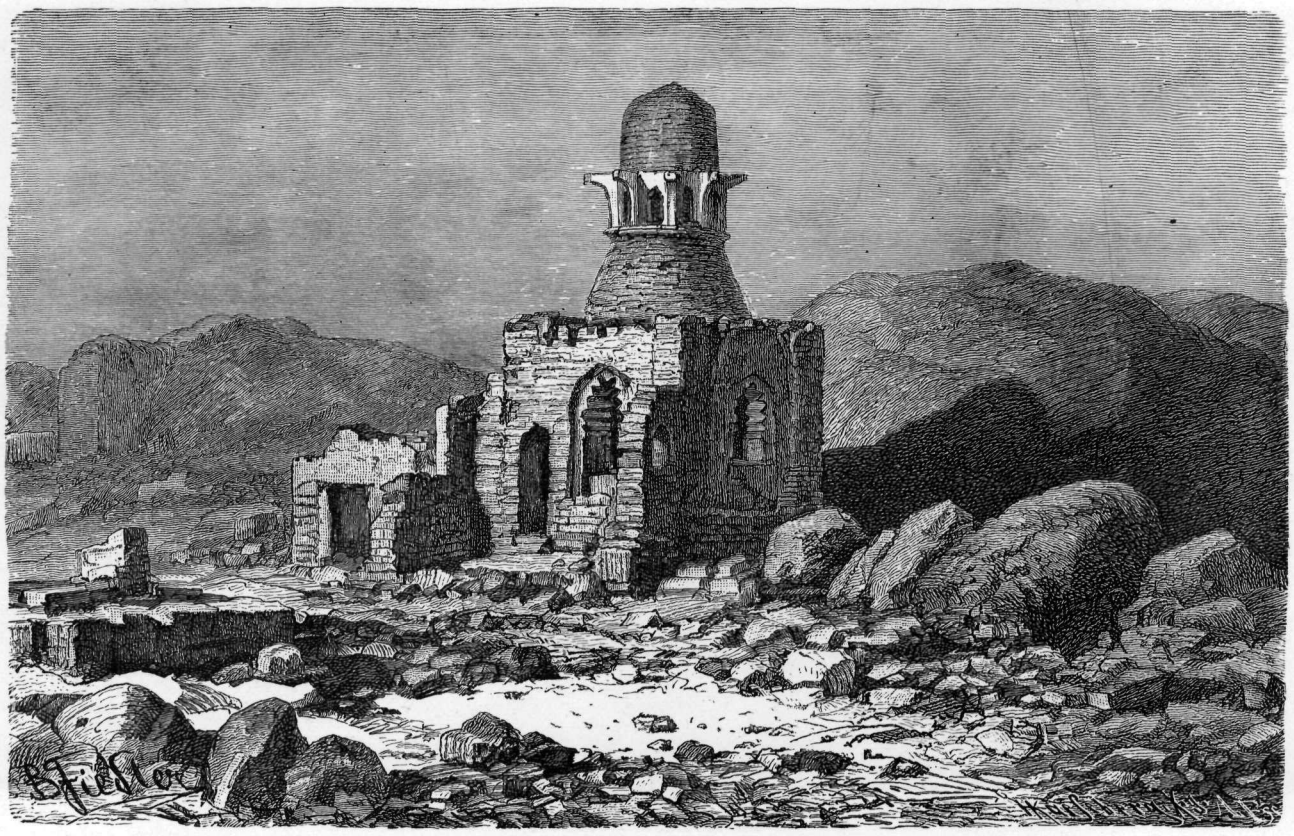


NUBIAN BOY OF GOOD FAMILY.

The streets and bazaars of Assouan offer nothing remarkable. We will pay them but a short visit, and then take a boat for the passage, of only a few minutes' length, to the island of Elephantine. How lamentably ruinous is this site of the former capital of the southernmost province of Egypt! Here, where formerly stood the streets of a city mentioned on hundreds of monuments, we now find a few wretched villages, with a population of half-naked Nubians. The beautiful sanctuaries of the ram-headed god Khnum (with whom the goddesses of the cataract, Sati and Anuke, were here worshipped), which owed their foundation to Thothmes the Great and Amenophis III., and which still a few centuries since excited the admiration of travellers, are destroyed, all but a gateway of granite and a statue of Osiris, and part of the materials have been used for a palace built at Assouan by Mohammed Ali. Even in the river-wall there are several blocks to be seen, covered with inscriptions, which have been removed from venerable structures, and applied to baser uses. A kinder fate has, however, protected the ancient Nilometer, and Mahmood Bey, a skilful and learned astronomer, educated in Europe, has been able to restore it, by command of the Khedive. He set up a new standard of measurement by the side of the old one of Pharaonic date, and restored the venerable monument to public utility, with its fifty-three steps and eleven scales. It stands on the west side of the island, opposite

the town of Assouan. At the time of the Pharaohs it was a good inundation when the Nile rose to twenty-four ells and three inches by this standard.

All the remains of antiquity existing in this island do not repay the traveller nearly so well as a walk to the southern declivity, covered as it is with rubbish and ruins, for here we obtain a view of a landscape of indescribable wildness and quite peculiar charm. A perfect labyrinth of granite crags is opened out at our feet, and among them the Nile, dividing into a hundred arms, here rushes in a tumultuous torrent, and there, hemmed in by a barrier of rocks, calmly mirrors the sun. A soft roar falls

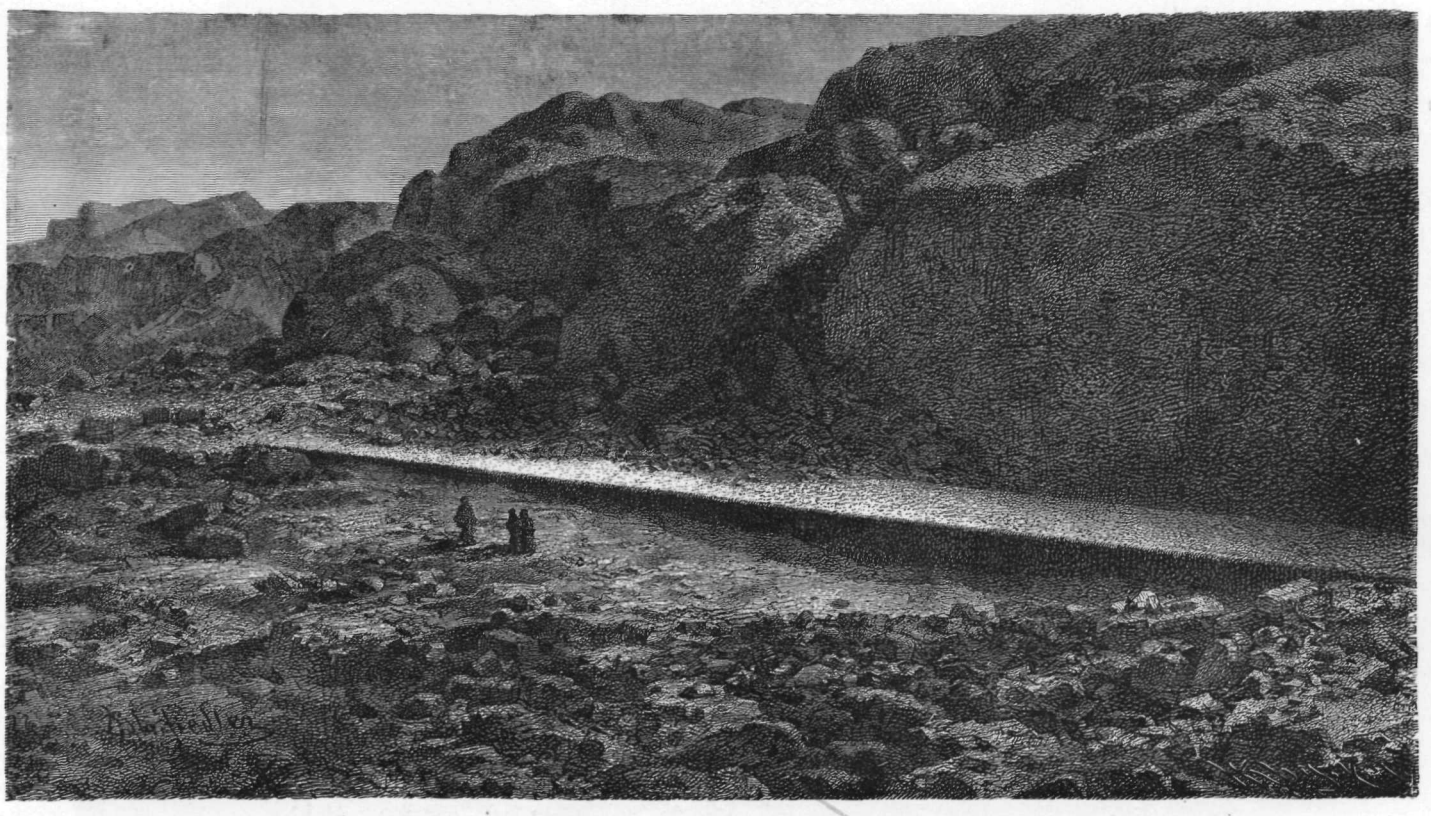


MAUSOLEUM IN THE DESERT NEAR ASSOUAN.

on the ear, reminding us of the old time when men believed that at this spot the Egyptian Nile took its rise from two caverns, while its cradle in the far south was to remain a mystery unsolved by mortals, until it was revealed to him by Isis at the twelfth gate of the nether world. Magnificent festivals, lasting for seven days, were held on the island of Elephantine, in honour of the beneficent river, and Greek historians record that on these occasions two bowls, one of gold and one of silver, representing, perhaps, the sun and the moon, were flung into the roaring waters. The Pharaohs were wont to assist at these solemnities, and among the names recorded in an inscription on the rocks south of Elephantine as having been present on such an occasion we find those of Rameses the Great, with his favourite children, his son Khamus, and his daughter Bent-Anat.

As yet, however, we have not seen the cataract itself. In order to reach it we must return to Assouan, hire some good asses, which we wait for in front of the most modest of cafés, and ride through the town into the open country. On our way we

are met by men who offer the native pottery for sale; and I must allow that the clay vases and pipe-bowls made here are very little inferior in elegance to those of Sioot and Keneh. Just outside the palm-groves, which surround the city, we will dismount, in order to visit a small temple which lies a little off the road to the left. This was founded by Euergetes I.,[1] the third of the Ptolemies, and dedicated to the goddess Isis-Sothis, who was venerated as the lady of the dog-star, Sirius, which was to the ancient Egyptians so important an element in reckoning time. She also was often worshipped as Sati, "the sender," or "swift-shooter" (sending the Nile as the hunter



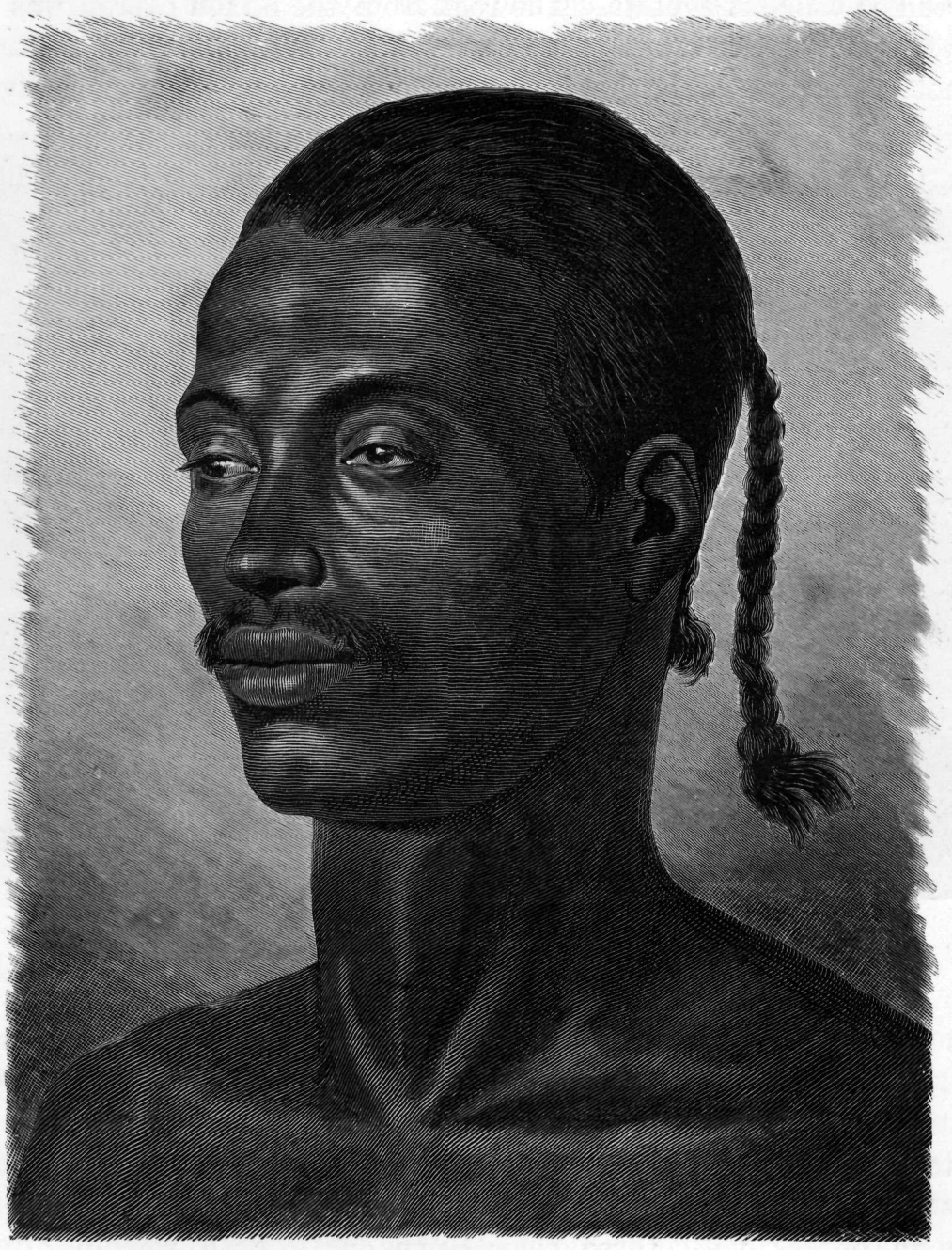
AN UNFINISHED OBELISK.

sends the arrow). After this we soon leave behind us the city and the buildings on the outskirts—one of which is the country-house of a wealthy Hebrew—with the palm-groves that give the landscape its smiling and verdurous aspect, for the Abyssinian asses are swift and spirited. A new picture now opens before our eyes: the desert lies all round us, broken only by bare granite rocks and tombs, on which the sand lies like a yellow shroud. The thousands who sleep here are not ancient Egyptians, but Moslems, many of whom lived within the first centuries of the spread of Islam in Egypt, and whose survivors decorated their graves with tombstones which perpetuate their names to later generations.

The oldest of these tablets bear inscriptions in a venerable Kufic character, and date from the ninth and tenth centuries of our era. Texts from the Koran may be read on many of them, which is a singular circumstance, for the prophet desired that such texts should not be inscribed on tombs. Parallel to this vast burial-place, along the

[1] B.C. 247.

middle of it, and in the heights which divide the Nile from the desert, stands a row of more or less handsome mausoleums and tomb-mosques, dating, for the most part, from the time of the Mamelook Sultans. Although they are ill-kept and falling into ruins, they are a great ornament to the landscape, and bear witness to the flourishing condition of Assouan under the dominion of the Khalifs. Many of them

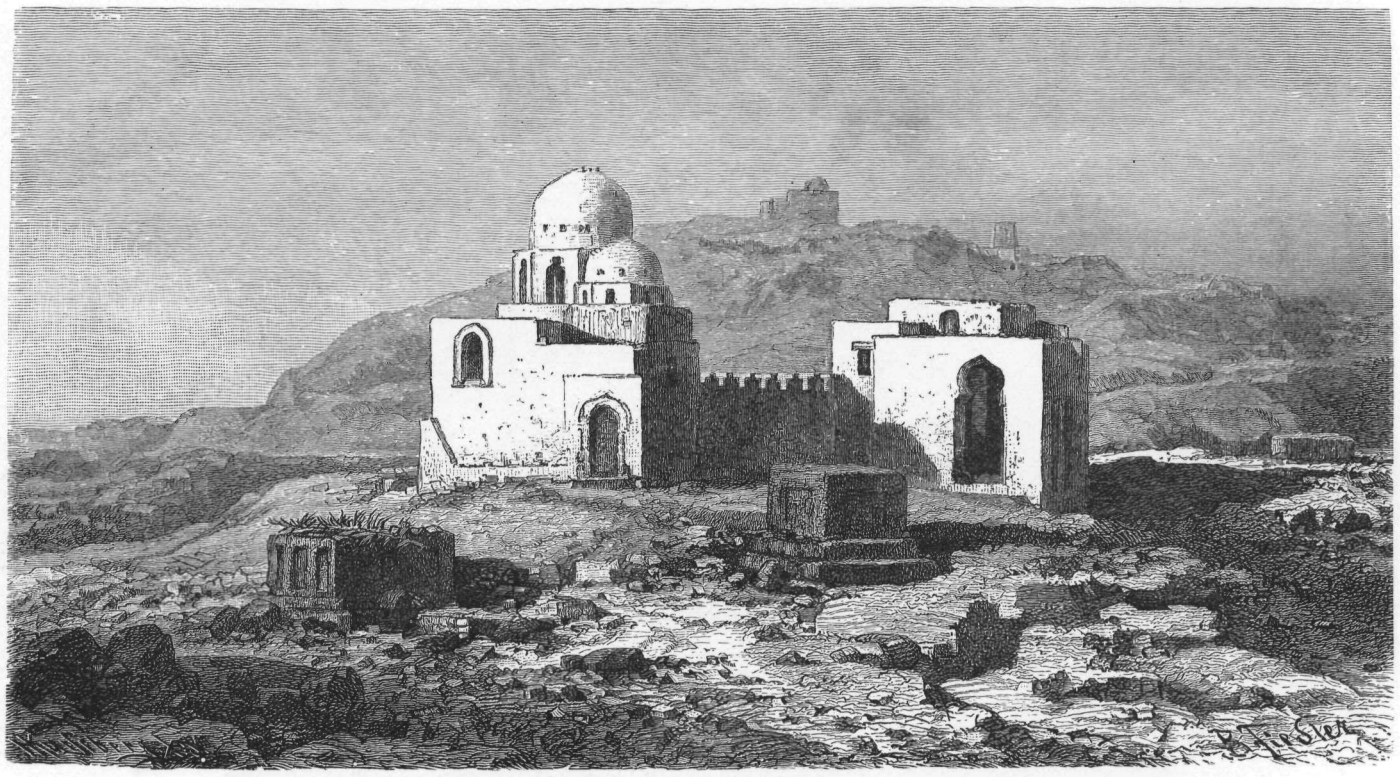


ABYSSINIAN.

remind us of the graves of the Mamelooks in the vicinity of Cairo; and the cemetery of Assouan is not much inferior in extent to the Karafeh at the foot of the citadel, in the capital of the Khedive.

Before proceeding any farther on our ride southwards, we will diverge to the east, and visit the quarries, which were worked with equal perseverance by the Pharaohs who built the Pyramids, by the exterminators of the Hyksos, by the

Ramessides, the Saïtes, the Ptolemies, and the Roman emperors. The granite found here derived its name of syenite from Syene, the ancient name of Assouan, and was already called so by Pliny; but, strangely enough, modern mineralogists give the name to a quite different mineral, in consequence—as I am informed by my friend Herr Zirkel—of a curious error on the part of the mineralogist Werner, who thought he had found in the rocks of a formation near Dresden all the characteristics of the granite of Assouan, and so called it syenite. The rock from the Saxon capital was consequently regarded as typical syenite, until it was proved by Wad that the rock occurring at Assouan is not syenite at all in that sense, since its properties are wholly unlike those



MOSQUE-TOMB NEAR ASSOUAN.

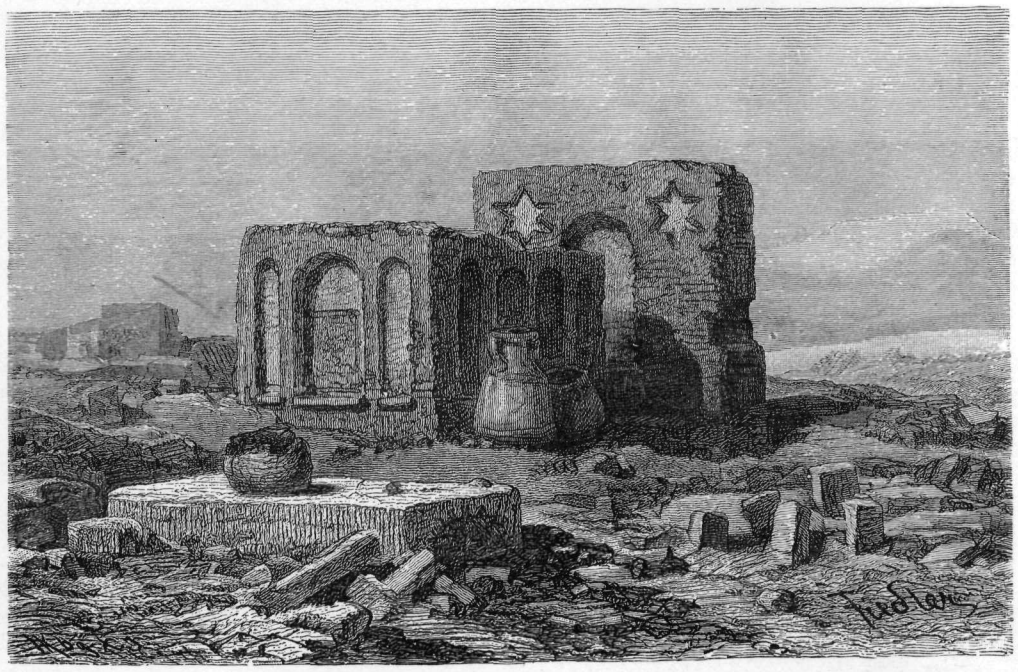
of the rocks of the Dresden formation. When Rozière found a similar mineral on Mount Sinai, he suggested the adoption of the name sinaite, instead of syenite, which it resembles in sound; but this designation has never come into vogue.

Even to this day we find in the old granite quarries very remarkable traces of the industry and skill of the masons who wrought for the Pharaohs — here a huge block, there an obelisk with three sides hewn out. Both remain attached to the living rock by the nether side, and afford a proof that the ancient Egyptians executed these granite monuments in the quarry itself. How admirable must the skill have been which enabled these handicraftsmen to disengage the gigantic mass of stone, so laboriously wrought, from the granite wall of which it had formed an integral part!

In these quarries—which, on the whole, are much less imposing and grand than those of Turrah and Gebel Silsileh, because the granite has all been hewn from the face of the rock — I sought for a long time up and down, and could not discover a single instance of a fractured block hanging unfinished in its place as witness of

any failure in the process of quarrying; on the contrary, the economy with which the blocks were squared out *in situ* excites our utmost admiration. On the upper surface of one block, of which three sides are ready hewn, it is easy to detect the exact outlines traced by the master mason, and which seem to indicate that it was destined to form a roof slab and two uprights or traverses; and where the three portions were to be separated holes have been drilled, as it would seem, with a gimlet or gouge, in a straight line across the block. Were these for the introduction of wet wedges? Was it by this means that obelisks even were riven from the rock? or was fire employed for this purpose?

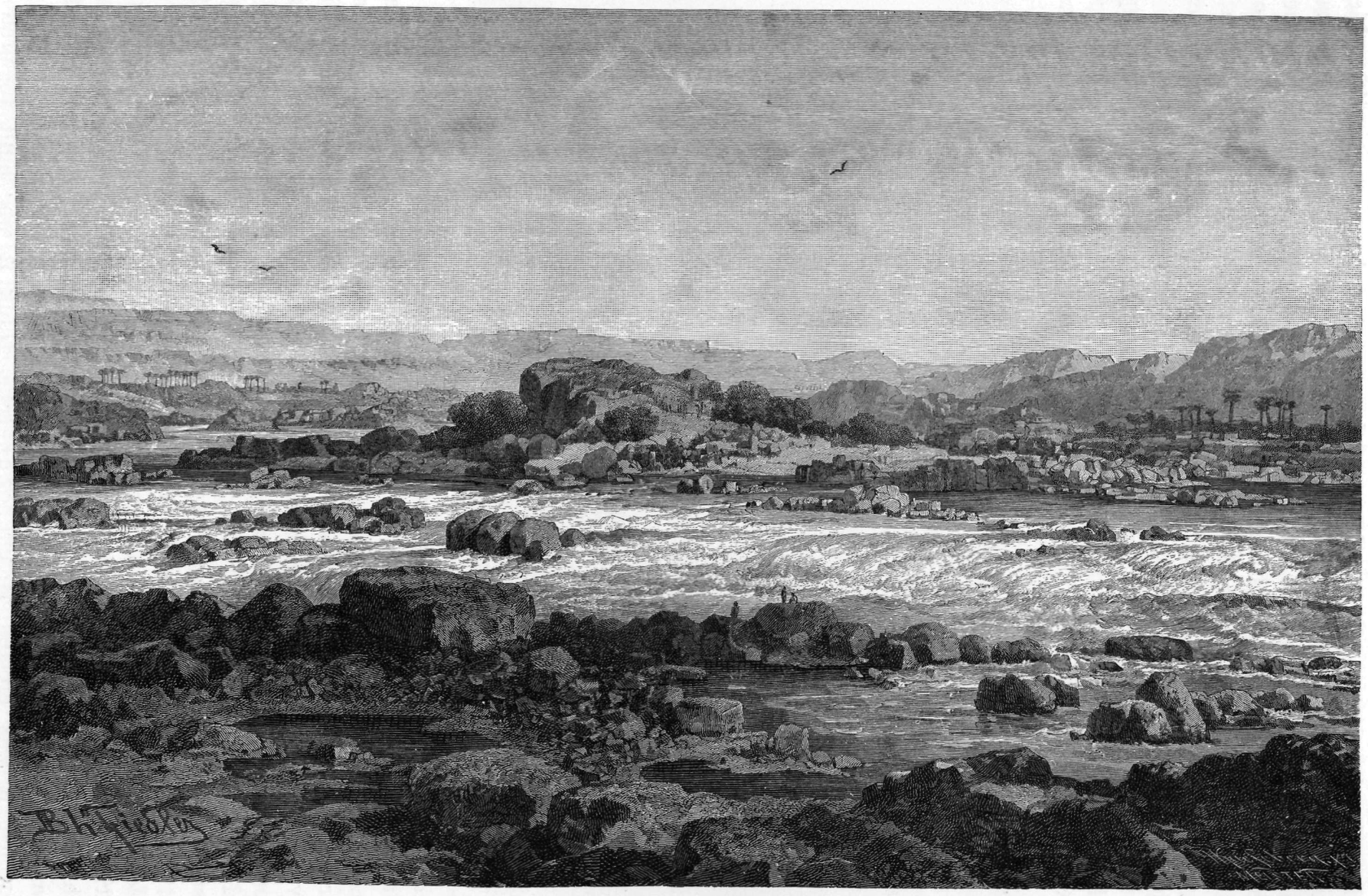
On our farther ride to Philae we are met by a party of Nubian men and women, riding on camels, and a few Abyssinians, bringing asses to sell at Assouan. The road is sandy, and much used. The asses and camels tread with such accuracy in the footsteps of their predecessors that long ruts are formed side by side along the road, like deep grooves made by a wide heavy wheel.



IN THE DESERT BETWEEN ASSOUAN AND PHILAE.

The surrounding scene is wilder and gloomier at every step, for cliffs rise up on each side of us, many of which have a sort of vitreous brown lustre, as if burnt by the sun, while others are dismal and black. But even here traces of human activity are not wanting, for we come upon inscriptions innumerable left by travellers, pilgrims, princes setting out or returning home, warriors, and grandees of every date of Egyptian antiquity, hastily engraved for the most part in the hard rock on each side—invocations to a god, or memorials to posterity of how far their travels had extended.

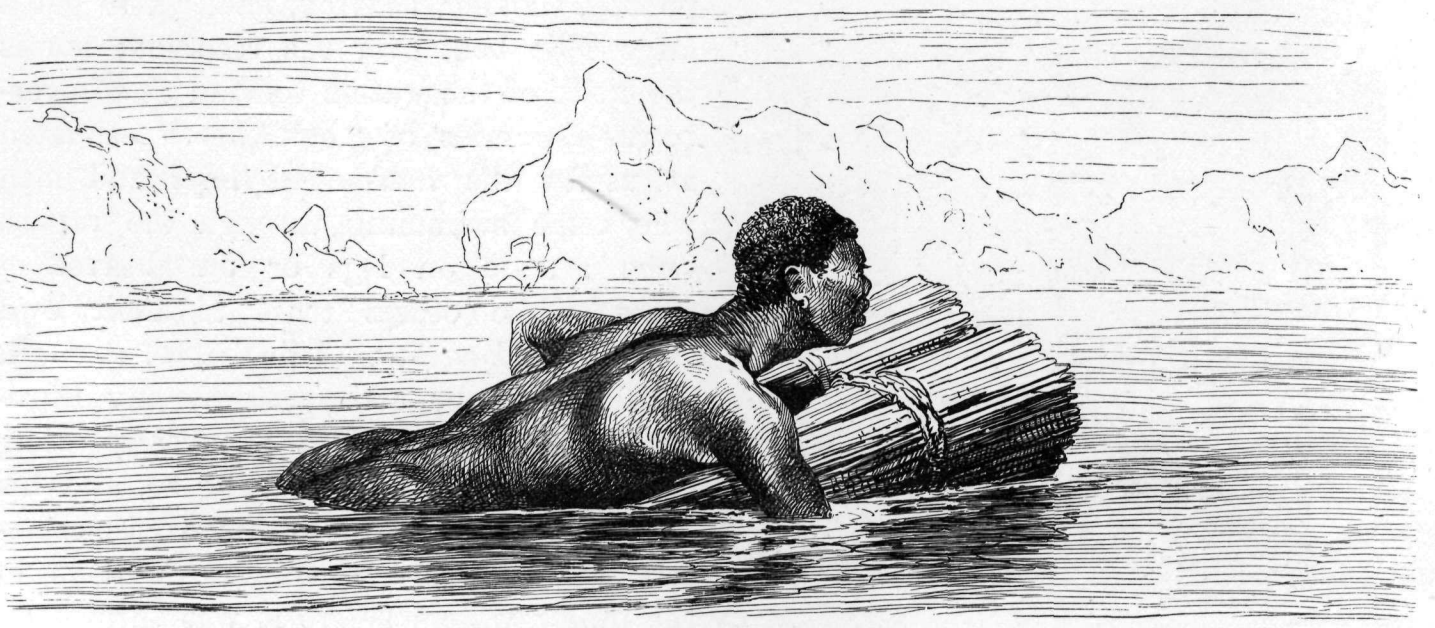
Now the tomb-mosques in the range of hills have disappeared, though the hills still part us from the stream, but a new object of human workmanship attracts our attention: a high, strong wall, breached in several places, and built of bricks of Nile mud; this, which we first see on our left, twice crosses the road, and only ends close to the shore, opposite Philae. It is many, many hundred years old, though Strabo, who travelled to Philae in his carriage, and by a better road than that on which we are now ambling along, makes no mention of it. The object with which it was erected is unknown; some think it was built to protect the Egyptian frontier against the raids of the robber tribes of the Blemmyes and Nobates, and some suppose it was a frontier limit for tolls and duties. Burckhardt was told



THE FIRST CATARACT.

that it formed the bank of an artificial canal, by means of which water was conveyed from the Nile to the plain of Syene; and the natives, knowing no names of pre-Islamite rulers but those of Pharaoh, Alexander the Great, and Cleopatra, have told other travellers a wonderful fable of how Cleopatra dwelt at Syene, sent her son to school at Philae, and built this wall to protect the road her darling must travel by from wild beasts. In ancient times, certainly, there can have been no lack of wild beasts in this region; and they have given rise to another no less absurd legend that the Pharaohs drove many criminals into the desert, there to be devoured by lions and their fierce companions, and that this mysterious wall was erected to bar their return.

Wilder, drearier, and more utterly deserted at every yard, we advance farther into the desert; the midday sun pours down with fierce heat on the dark rocks



NUBIAN SWIMMING ON A BUNDLE OF REEDS.

by the roadside, the fiery wind drives burning sand in our faces, and man and beast long for water. Weary and thirsty, presently we turn the angle of a rock that seems to bar the road, and lo! before us stands a clump of sycamores; their leafy crowns cast a broad shade, while waving palms cluster round a neat house, the residence of the Austrian Missionary Society. The waters of the Nile are shining before us, so enclosed by mountains as to look like a lake, with the loveliest of all islands—Philae, the templed isle of Isis—mirrored in their surface. A comfortable boat is by the bank; merry boys, clothed less than scantily, as brown and shining as bronze, and as lithe as "troutlets in a pool," take the oars, and sing as they ply them, and in a few minutes we land on the beautiful spot where I once passed several memorable and indescribably delightful weeks.

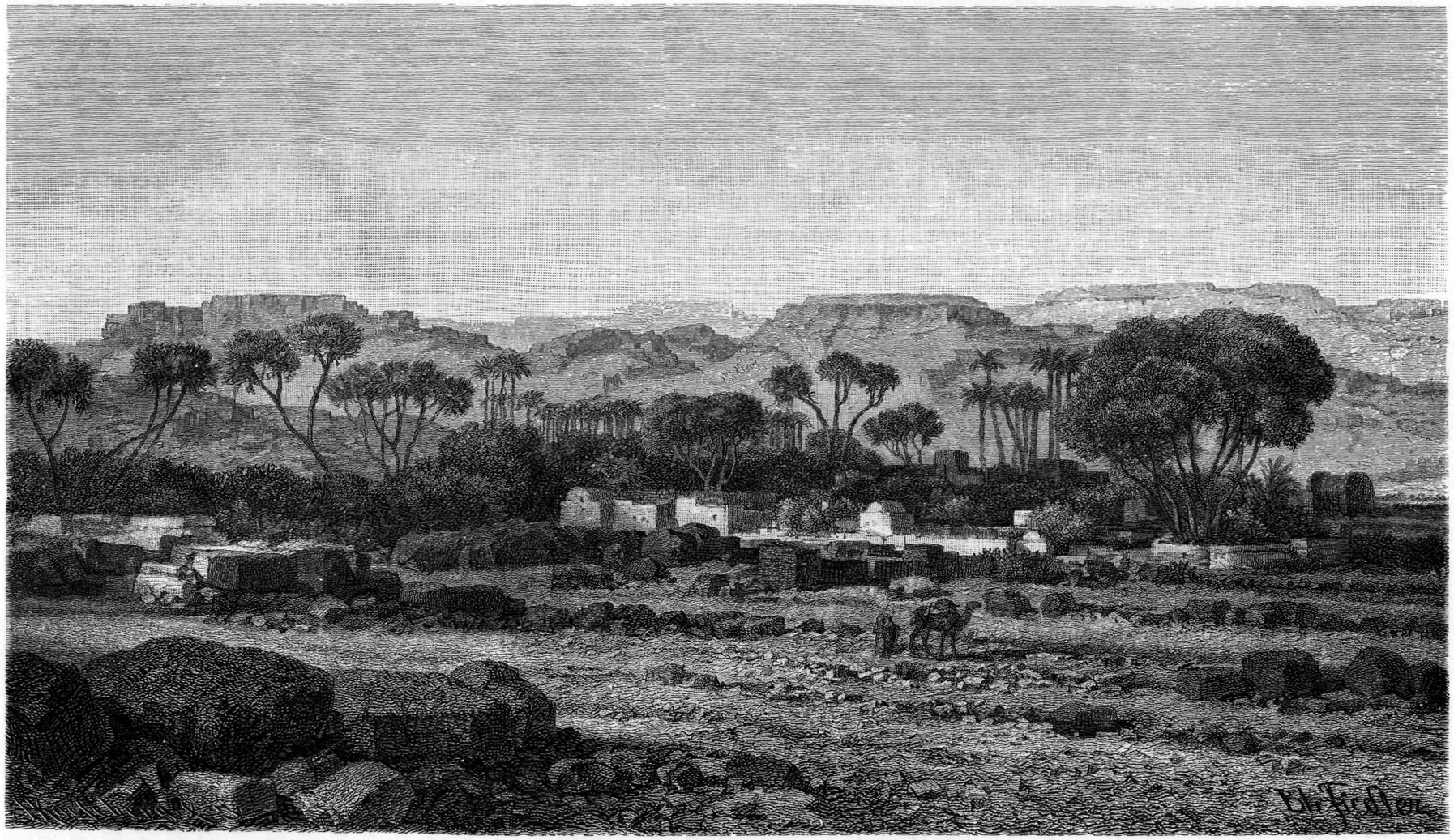
The cataract is now behind us; until now it has been hidden by the hills which border the road all the way to Philae; and now, before we give our attention to the Temple of Isis, we will visit the rapids. The route usually followed by travellers is to turn off to the west, about half-way down the desert-path by which

we rode to Philae, thus coming out close to the rapids, on which the proud name of cataract is most undeservedly bestowed. The falls of the Nile are not like those of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, where the river flings itself from a high ledge into an abyss; the course of the Nile is broken here by a vast accumulation of granite boulders, and the waters rush in divided torrents, eddying and roaring through the rocky chasms. The swift flood in many places is dashed back from the stubborn stone, and tossed into spray with a thundering blow; and though the ancient legends of the deafness of the dwellers by the cataract, who lost the sense of hearing from the noise and tumult of the waters, are mere myths, the voice of the torrent as it forces its way through the Biban-esh-Shellal (the Gate of the Rapids) is no gentle one. Yet it does not drown the shouts and songs of the Nubians, who, when the water is low, collect in hundreds, pulling, shoving, heaving, hauling, to get a large Nile boat over the cataract; nor is the noise of the waters so loud as to overpower the cries of "bakhsheesh" shouted at us by the half-naked boys and men who come swimming through the rapids, some astride on logs or on sheaves of canes, while others trust to their own strength and agility. This feat of strength should never be attempted by any European. Mr. D. Cave, a promising young traveller, lost his life in doing so, and his body—which now rests in the Koptic cemetery at Assouan—lay for eight days in the guilty waters before it was thrown on shore. I myself made a rash attempt to shoot the rapids in a small boat, and I extract the following description from a letter written a few hours after, when it was still fresh in my mind. "I had on board two of our own boatmen, besides an experienced sailor and a half-grown Nubian lad. An old Re'ees, used to the cataract, took the tiller. Behind the village of Shellal we could hear the roar of the waters, which grew louder every instant. The rocks and boulders in the river are of a reddish-brown, but in spots where they are constantly wetted by the torrents, and rapidly dried by the fiery sun of these latitudes, the surface shines like the black mirror of a muddy pool, or, as Robert Hartmann says, the polished surface of a well-worn smoothing-iron.[1] Before, behind, all round, above, and below, I saw nothing but rocks, little pools, and the wide blue sky; my ears seemed filled with the spell of roaring waters, and as the boat approached the rapids this rose to dull thunder,



WANDERING HUCKSTER.

[1] This enamelled surface on granite was also observed by A. von Humboldt at the cataracts of the Orinoco. According to Russegger, it is caused by an oxide of iron; according to Delesse, by a siliceous deposit from the waters of the Nile on the face of the stone.

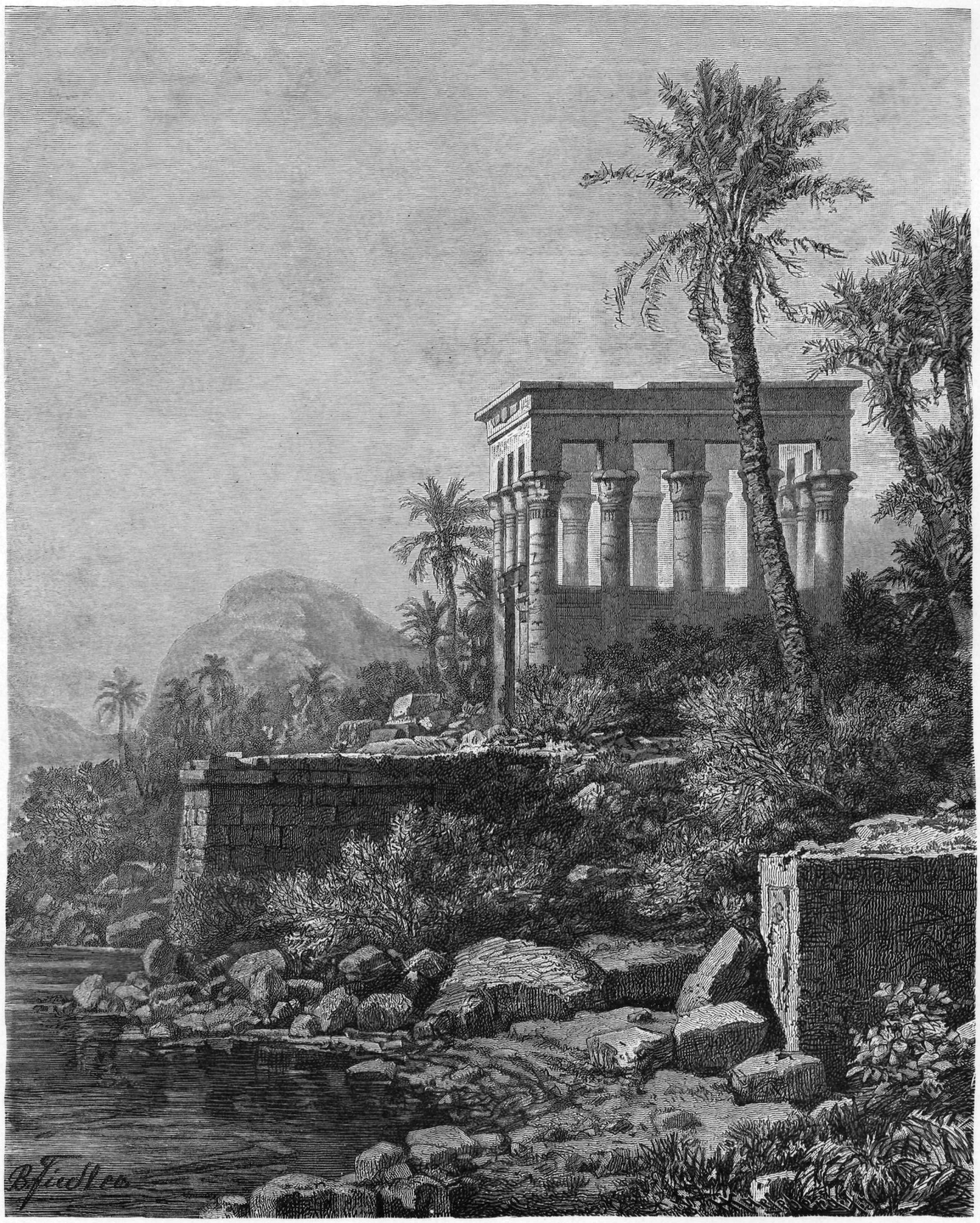


VILLAGE BETWEEN ASSOUAN AND PHILAE.

like that of surf on a rocky shore. Here the men had a few minutes of tremendous effort, while they cheered and encouraged each other by constant appeals for help to their saints, particularly to the holy Seyyid el-Bedawee, who is regarded as the rescuer of those in imminent peril. At every stroke of the oar they shouted "ya Seyyid!" or "ya Mohammed!" and the poor creatures at the ropes dared not pause a moment, for we must surmount the strength of the mid-current, or be dashed to pieces against the rocks. The Re'ees who guided the boat was a sinewy man of about sixty; as long as we were in any danger he kept his brown neck at full stretch, and he looked like an eagle watching his prey, with his keen eye keeping a sharp look-out, and his lean aquiline features. All went well at first, but on the left side there were only a man and a boy to row, and on the right two men. Just as we passed the second fall, and had to turn into a fresh channel, though the sailors on the left pulled with all their might, their strength was insufficient, and the current gave the boat such a lurch that it turned stern foremost. This was the crowning triumph of the passage for the Re'ees, who never for an instant lost his presence of mind, but, holding on to the tiller with his foot, helped the weaker oarsman with his hands, turned the boat round again, steered us into the right channel, and then down the lower and calmer reach of the river as far as Assouan. The whole passage lasted forty-two minutes."

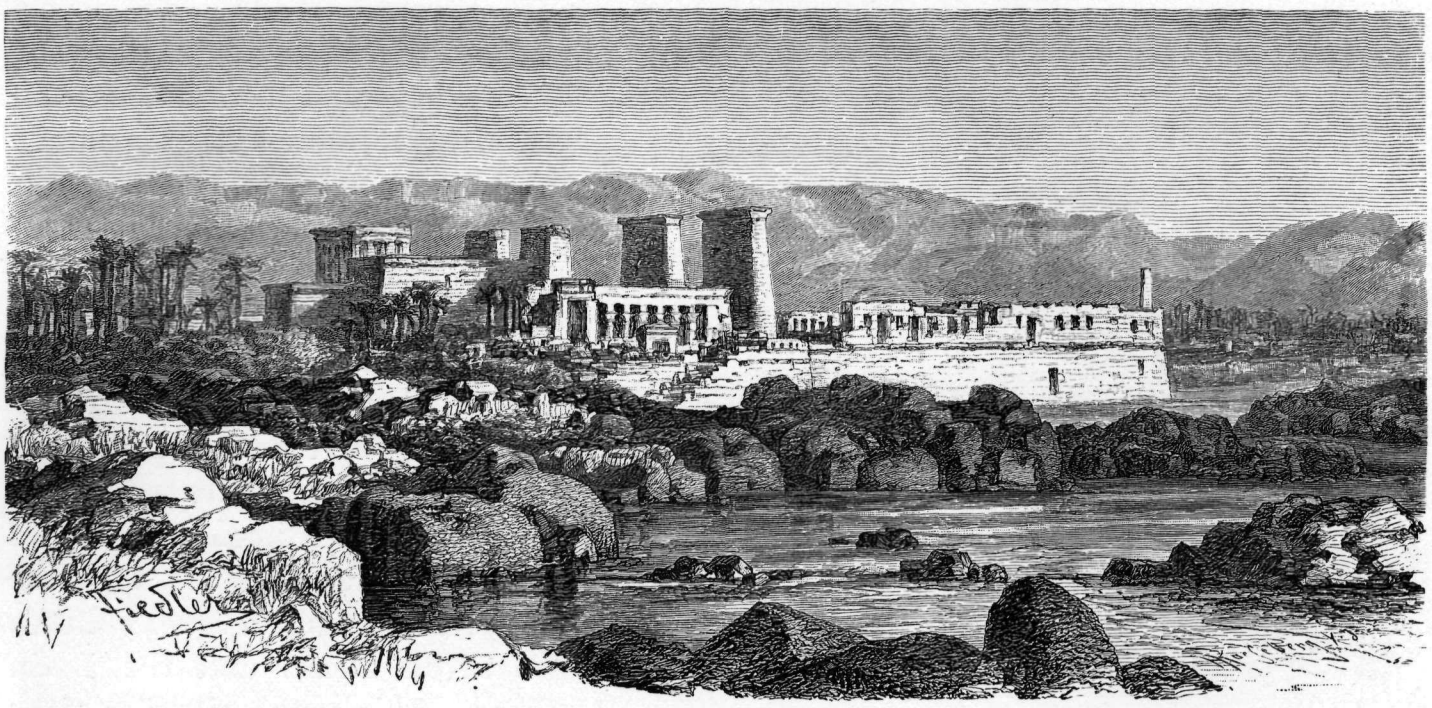
The two villages on the eastern shore of the rapids, and in which the cataract boatmen live—Shellal and Mahudah—are wonderfully pretty, lying among palms, sycamores, and green shrubbery, which stand out in charming contrast from the red-brown rocks and cliffs; and in and near the Nile numbers of dahabeeyehs and Nile boats here lie ready for travellers who have come to the cataracts by land, and now wish to be conveyed in person or to send on their luggage to the south by boat. The neat houses, too, in these villages, and the huge heaps of dried dates which lie by the landing-place, prove that the natives of the district know how to take advantage of their favourable position. They are not so far advanced as to have a bazaar of their own, but I bought of a wandering huckster at Mahudah, who dealt in the greatest variety of wares, a tinder-box, on which was the familiar name of a town in Thuringia and a picture of Prince Bismarck!

The islands of the cataract lying between Assouan and Philae are some of them most picturesque in structure and appearance, and offer a rich field for historical inquiry in the numerous inscriptions which cover the walls of rock. The two largest are Sheyl and Konosso; the former is particularly remarkable by the immense variety in the colour and form of the rocks, and the abundance of incised inscriptions we find on them; but on Konosso also many governors of the Ethiopian provinces, the princes of Kush, and other high personages have immortalised their names. It was called the "Island of Libation"—*Kebh*—probably with reference to the river, which the divinity here seemed to pour forth like wine from a sacrificial vessel, and it was dedicated, like the other islands, to the divinities of the cataract, Khnum, Ankeh, and Sati. It was in their service that the pilgrims whose names we find cut in the cliffs were wont to visit these rocks, and climb up them—an undertaking which, as I can testify, is not one of the pleasures of life, particularly under the noon-tide sun.



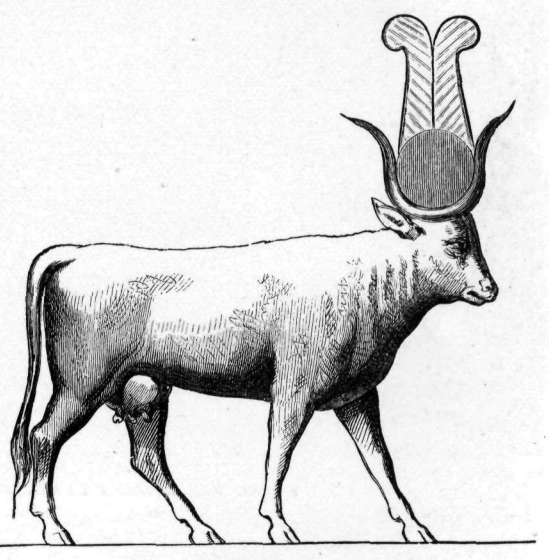
THE KIOSK ON THE ISLAND OF PHILAE.

Let us now turn our back on the whirling rapids and the scorching rocks, and visit that loveliest of islands, the often but never sufficiently praised Philae.



PHILAE.

I once for some weeks set up house in the peristyle of the Temple of Isis, which is quite secluded, being enclosed on every side. With the help of some boatmen and Saleh we pitched our tent on the shady side of this beautiful court, contrived a kitchen and larder for ourselves in one of the temple chambers on the *rez-de-chaussée,* and established a small commerce with the natives of the island of Bigeh, on the western side, who supplied us with milk, eggs, and fowls. The moon grew to fulness, and began to wane again during our stay, and the silent nights which it was our happiness to spend in this wonderful and lovely spot were full of unutterable delight.



THE COW OF ISIS.

What is it that gives this island the charm which no one ever disputes? Is it the splendid buildings which stand on its soil? Is it the wreath of delicious verdure that decks its shore, and which made that illustrious landscape-gardener Prince Pückler Muskau long to turn Philae into a park? Is it the sparkling, laughing, dashing waters of the river, that has rescued and enclosed it from the desert, and that dances round its shores? Is it the jagged crown of granite peaks and boulders which form its rampart on the northern side, or the smiling plain which turns its face to the south? Is it the glorious blue sky of this rainless region, which is never dimmed,

summer or winter, by a shadowy cloud? All these separately may be met with in no less perfection—nay, in even greater perfection—in other spots in Egypt. Still, where in all the wide world is there another place where all these beauties are so combined and harmonised to one lovely whole, and sanctified, as it were, by the reverend associations and historical memories that pervade the very atmosphere of the spot?



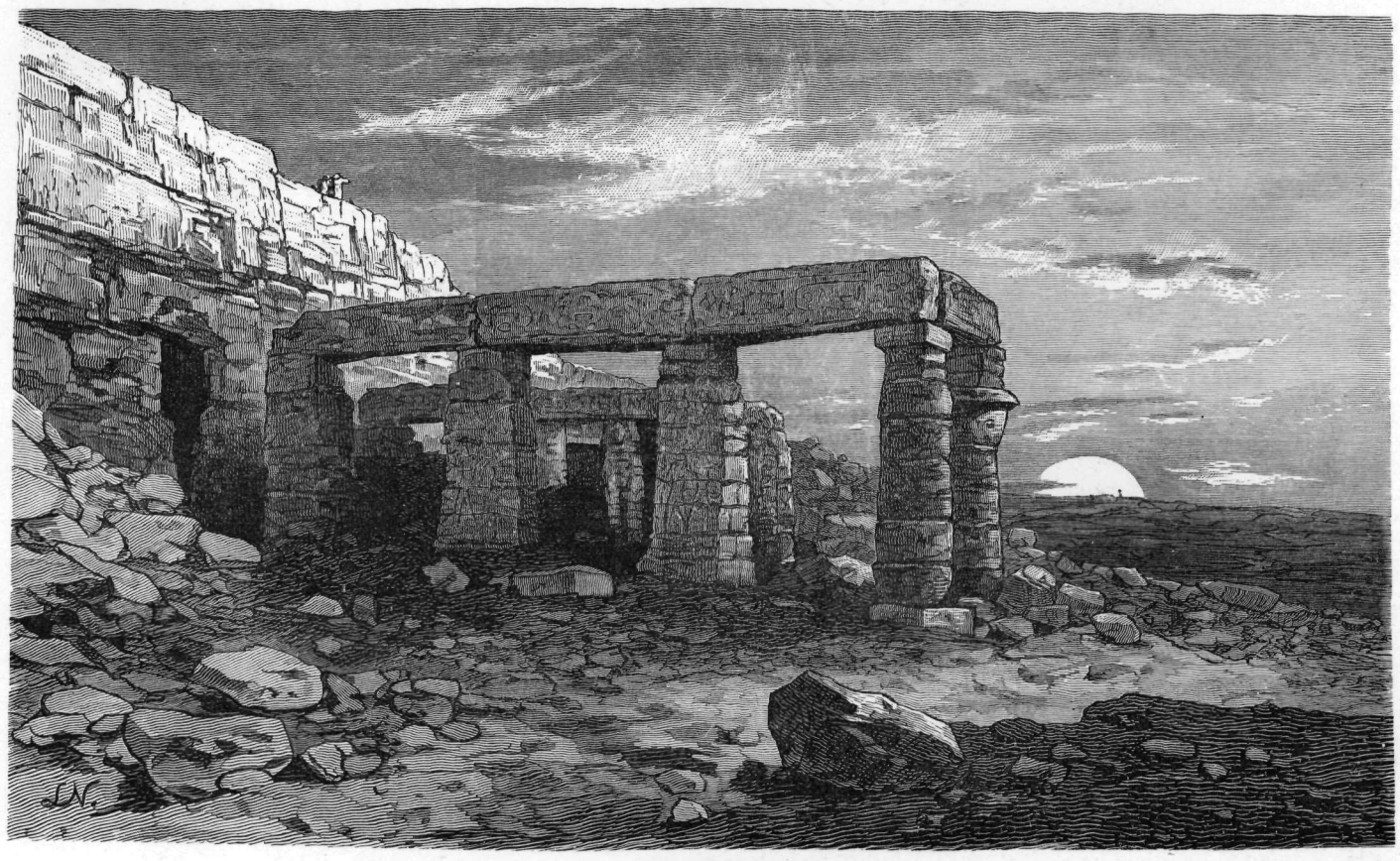
KOPTIC WOMAN GOING TO CHURCH.

It was a true instinct that led the priests of Pharaonic times to dedicate this pearl of the Nile to a feminine divinity — to Isis, who stood foremost of a trinity with Osiris and Horus, while many subsidiary deities were added to the cycle. The ancient name of this island was *Alek*, or, with the article, *P-alek*, and *Ph-alek;* hence the Greek Philai and the Latin Philae. This name signifies "the island of ceasing," or of "the end," in reference to the pilgrims travelling from Egypt proper, whose journey commonly ended at the sanctuary of Isis, which, with a tomb of Osiris, was erected on this island. There can be no doubt that there were temples here already at a very early date—at least as early as the XIIth Dynasty—and that the island was then the goal and end of pilgrimages; but the earliest monuments now remaining, and which replaced others that had fallen into decay, are of the date of Nectanebos II.,[1] who reigned, in defiance of the Persians, a native king over his fellow-countrymen. The centre of the Temple of Isis was built by the Ptolemaic princes, and further enlarged and decorated by Roman emperors down to Diocletian, who visited Philae in person.[2] To this day, on the northernmost angle of the island (XI. in the plan; see page 367), there stands a triumphal arch, built on the Roman model, which bears his name, and which was perhaps intended to commemorate his victory over the

[1] B.C. 352.

[2] A.D. 284.

Blemmyes. In order, however, to subdue the enemy to his own ends, he granted them favourable conditions of peace, such as cannot have been pleasing in the eyes of the priests of Philae, since he gave their wildest and most dreaded neighbours permission to take part in the worship of Isis, and even to carry away with them into their own district the beneficent and efficacious image of the goddess — most likely a figure of a cow, the animal sacred to Isis—in order to solemnise certain festivals. The ancient heathen creed held its own against Christianity, and this, in its turn, resisted Islam, longer here above the cataract than in any other spot throughout the Valley of the Nile. It was not until the sixth century, and under Justinian, that



ROCK-TEMPLE OF GIRSHEH.

the worship of Isis was forcibly overthrown at last and for ever, and the doctrine of the Redeemer established in its stead. The beautiful hypostyle was turned into a church, the inscriptions and pictures on its walls being plastered over with Nile mud, and so the eyes of the faithful were preserved from pollution. Later on, a separate Christian church was built, where, for several centuries, the Koptic Christians met for worship; but it is now destroyed, as well as the village that clustered round it.

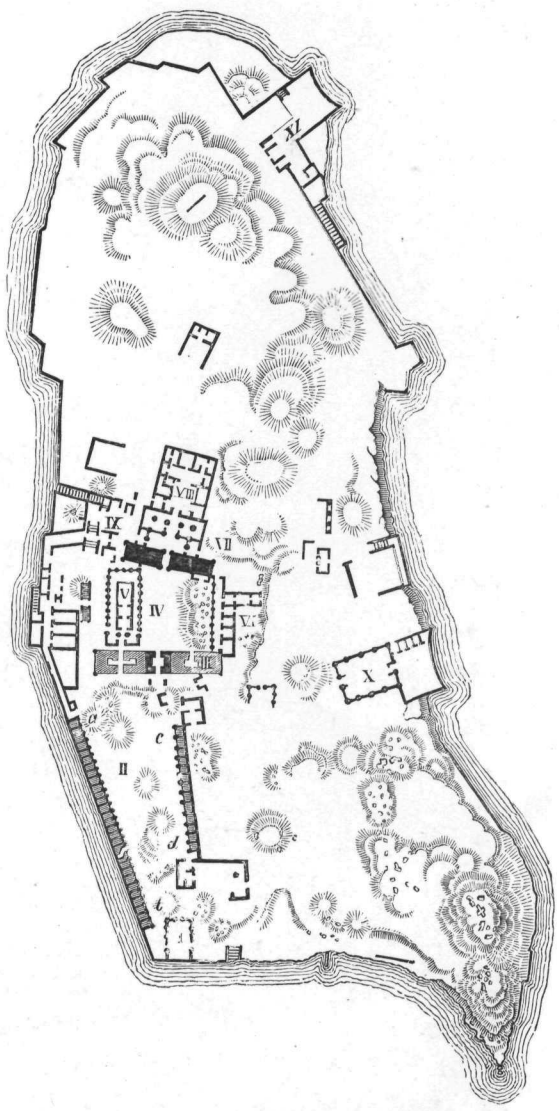
Philae is now totally uninhabited, but there was a time when it was crowded with pilgrims and voyagers. The Pharaohs who were going forth to war against the peoples of the south came here to sacrifice and pray to the highly revered goddess. Many temples of antiquity may still be seen between the first and second cataracts—free architectural structures—as well as others hewn in the rock of the Nubian shore.



FAÇADE OF THE ROCK TEMPLE OF ABOO SIMBEL.

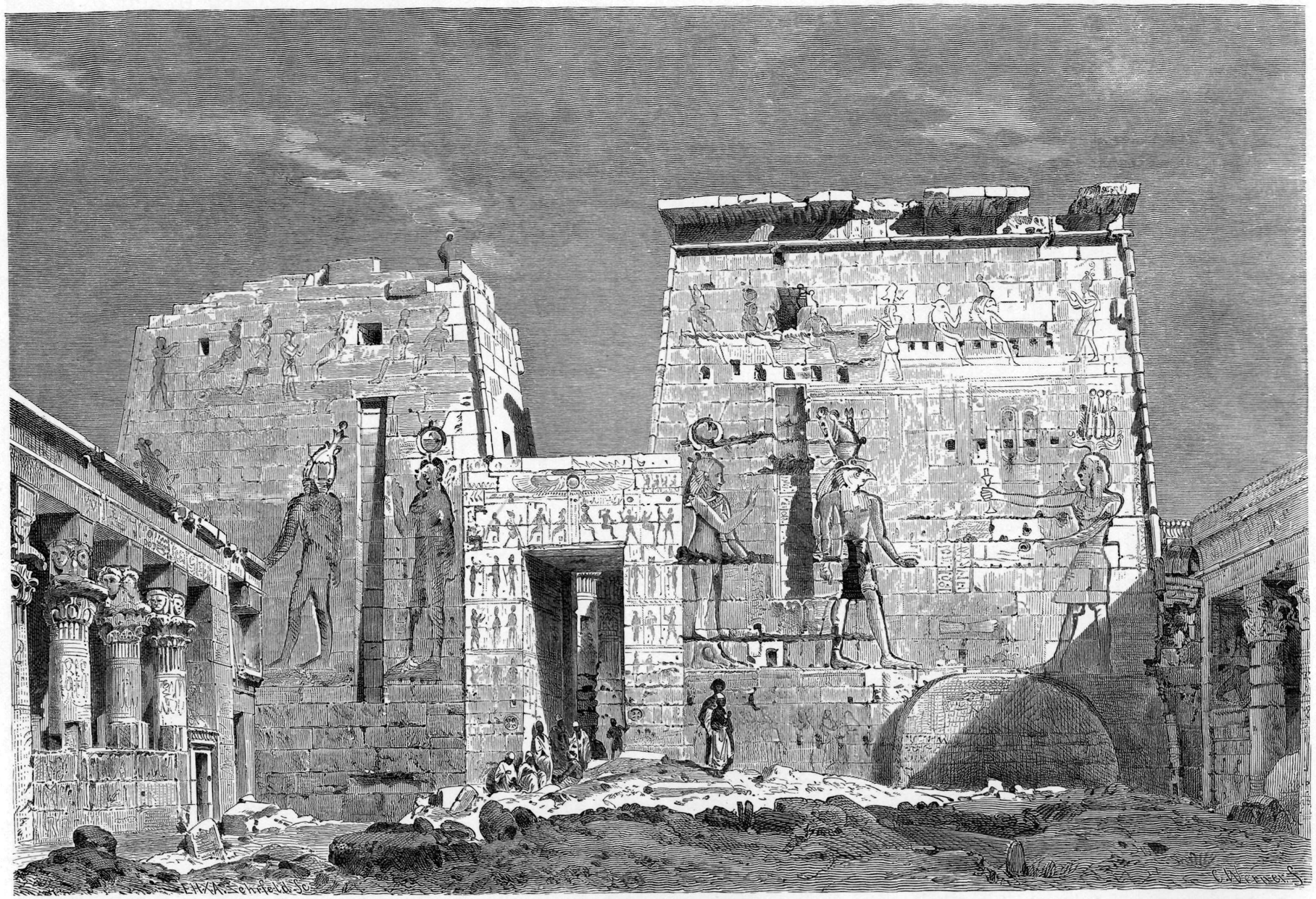
I can here merely allude to most of these; but I have put before the reader a view of the grand façade of the rock-temple of Aboo Simbel, of which I have already spoken, and one of the temple at Girsheh.

It is beyond a doubt that the Egyptian artists who conducted these great works, and the kings by whose command they were carried out, can never, when visiting them, have neglected to worship at the shrine of Isis. At the time of the Ptolemies the priests were obliged to appeal to the kings for protection against the enormous number of pilgrims, who consumed all their provisions, and threatened, as they averred, to reduce them to want, and to deprive the gods of the offerings due to them. When, at a later date, the worship of Isis and Serapis was adopted in Rome and the most various parts of the world, the number of votaries who desired to visit the high temple and home of the great and beneficent goddess, and the grave of Osiris at Philae, would not, of course, at all diminish; even the Greeks in Egypt used their sacred names to attest the most solemn oaths.



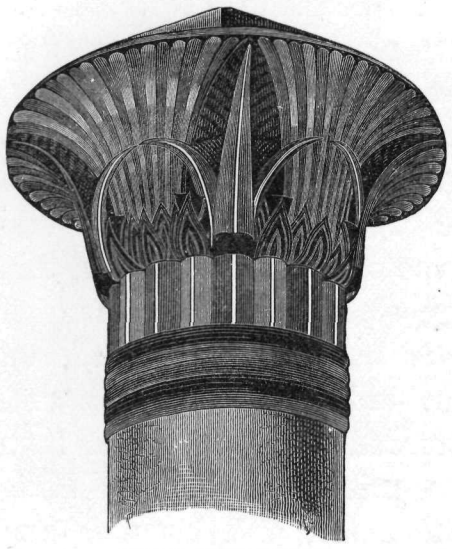
PLAN OF THE ISLAND OF PHILAE.

It was natural, too, that many of these pilgrims to the island should desire to leave behind them some witness of their visit, and so it came to pass that among the pictures and hieroglyphics of Egyptian style we find an immense number of inscriptions in prose and verse. Most of these are composed in Greek, and some of them are remarkable in form or matter, and they are incised in all parts of the temple of Isis. Most of them occur in the south of the island, where the most ancient remains of the sanctuary stand. The banks of the island, which in shape somewhat resembles the sole of a shoe, are protected against the force of the rising waters by a strong wall of ancient masonry, beautifully fitted, and well preserved in almost every part. The processions which formed here to do honour to Isis, and which escorted the gifts from the different provinces of Egypt and the cities of Ethiopia, must have approached the island down the stream: that is, from the south; and thus we see that on the southern shore there was a flight of landing-stairs and a sort of reception quay, decorated with pillars and obelisks of sandstone (I. in the plan), and enclosed only by a low wall between the columns. This was built by Nectanebos; and it was here that the priests assembled to await the decorated barques, with their passengers and freights. These were next conducted by a long court (II.) to the first propylon (III.), which was erected by Nectanebos, and its noble size and proportions gave it a commanding pre-eminence over the rest of the building.

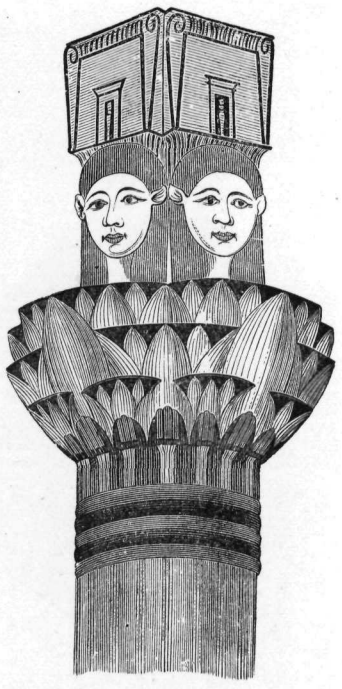


PERISTYLE IN THE TEMPLE OF ISIS IN THE ISLAND OF PHILAE.

Formerly two obelisks[1] stood in front of the centre gateway, guarded, as it were, by granite lions; but only the lower portion of one now remains, and the lions are overthrown and mutilated. In Roman times this long and sunny processional way was closed in by a colonnade on each side. That to the west (*a*—*b*) coasted the stream, and was planned by Tiberius, and finished under Caligula, Claudius, and Nero. The stone ceiling was coffered after the Roman model; the colours of the pictures and hieroglyphics on the inner side of the wall next the river have been splendidly preserved; and the variety of form and decoration of all the capitals is quite extraordinary in the row of columns—now thirty-one—on the side next the causeway.



CAPITAL, WITH FOLIAGE.



CAPITAL, WITH MASKS OF HATHOR.

The colonnade corresponding to it on the eastern side (*c*—*d*), for some undiscoverable reason, could not be made to run parallel with the first, and was never completed. Of the sixteen columns originally placed there, only three have finished capitals; the others were only rough-hewn, and intended to be finished after being placed on the shafts. The median line of this court deviates greatly from that of the rest of the temple, and throughout the structure the general direction of the different parts varies greatly, only coinciding occasionally. This circumstance is only explicable by supposing that here, as at Luxor, more ancient buildings had to be considered. The façade of the pylon which turned towards the causeway (III.) here, as everywhere else, displays a grand war scene, representing Ptolemy Philometor slaying his enemies. The procession next made the circuit of the beautiful enclosed peristyle (IV.), in which our tent was pitched. Coming to it from the south, we see on the centre gate of the pylon the inscription which was engraved by the soldiers of the first division of the army led by Napoleon into Egypt, in memory of their great expedition, "in the seventh year of the Republic" (March 3rd, 1799). The words "République Française" and the name of Buonaparte were subsequently



COIN OF PTOLEMY PHILOMETOR.

[1] The obelisk with the Greek inscription, removed by Belzoni for Mr. W. C. Banks in 1815. From the name of Cleopatra on the obelisk being the same as that in the Greek inscription, it aided in the decipherment of the hieroglyphics. A translation of the hieroglyphical inscription by Lepsius was made before the Royal Society of Literature about 1838, and published in the *Literary Gazette*.

erased, but they have since been restored, and this motto written above them in black: "Une page d'histoire ne doit pas être salie" (No page of history should ever be defaced). This peristyle being enclosed to the south by the great pylons, it is shut in on the other three sides by three independent buildings. On the west is a cella (V.), divided into four chambers, enclosed by a colonnade on all sides but the south; on the east is a colonnade, of which the capitals bear masks of Hathor, and behind it are some small rooms (VI.); to the north is the temple itself (VIII.), the hypostyle being divided from the court where we were living by two pylons. In the right-hand wing of this pylon a large slab of granite, rounded at the top, is built into the wall, on which, as an indestructible document, a list is recorded of the gifts in land made to the priests of Isis by King Ptolemy Philometor, and his wife and sister Cleopatra. It was the same sovereign who built the edifice which lies on the western side of the court, and to which belong the above-mentioned seven Hathor-faced columns (V.) The Emperor Tiberius also added to the decorations of this structure, which is correctly regarded as being the Mamisi, or birth-house, of Philae, for most of the pictures and inscriptions remaining in it relate to the birth of Horus and the rearing of the divine child by Hathor and Nepthys. The sweetest and tenderest of maternal duties are here depicted, always with reference to the young prince and his sovereign mother. Thus we see the child Horus being taught to play the nine-stringed lute by Hathor, while Isis stands behind him, and seems to superintend the lesson.

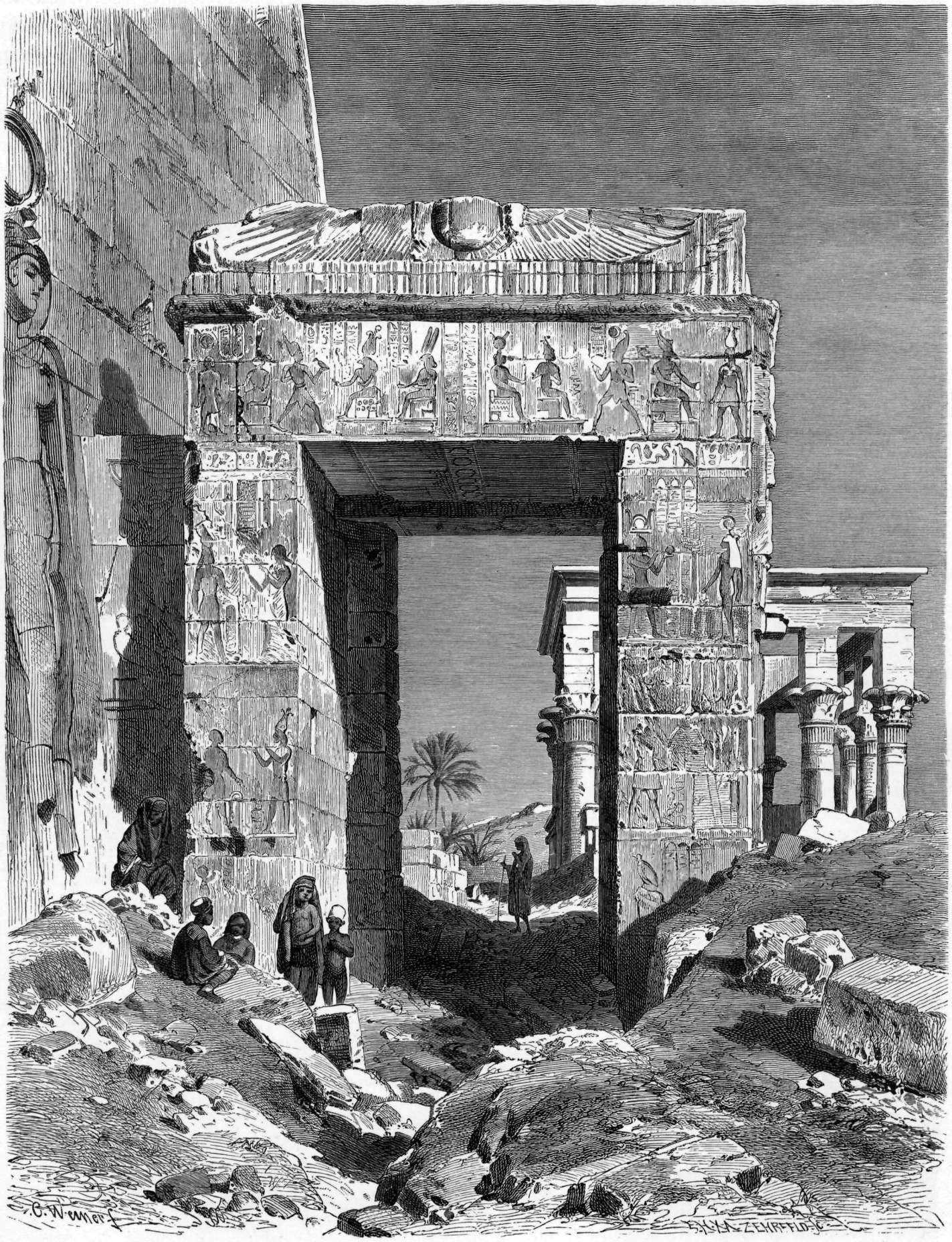


ISHMAEL, THE NUBIAN.

The little chambers lying opposite to this building, in one of which a duplicate of the demotic text of the Rosetta stone was discovered, are of some interest. In one of these—that which Saleh adopted as his larder, and Ishmael, the black cook, used as his kitchen—the king, and with him, no doubt, the whole body of the initiated, had to submit to certain ceremonies of purification before he could be permitted to enter the hypostyle and the inner halls of the temple. It was called, indeed, the "room of purification." Next to it was another room, designated as the library in the



THOTH.



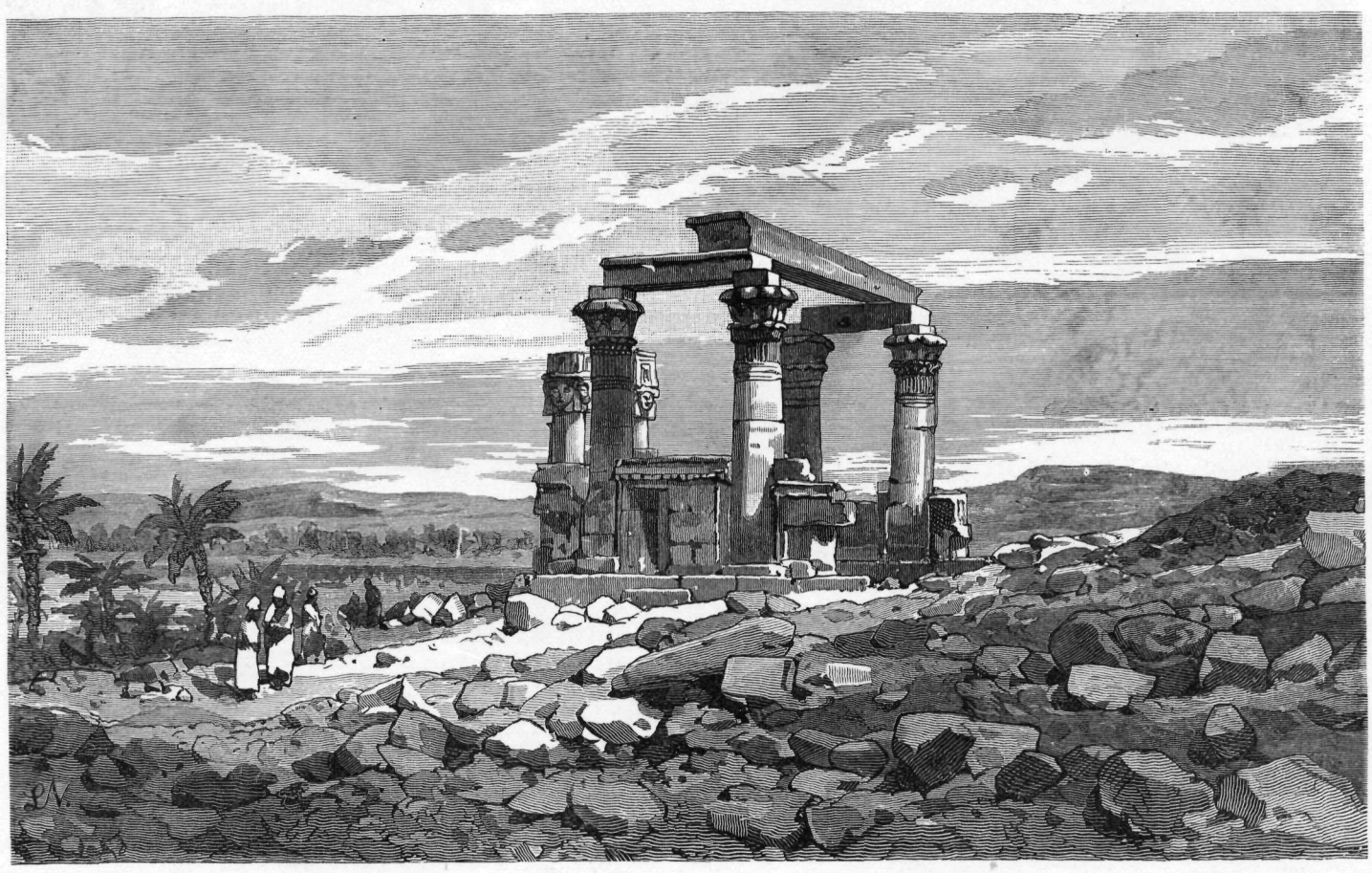
FROM THE TEMPLE OF ISIS AT PHILAE.

inscriptions on its doorway and walls—Safekh, the goddess of history, being the presiding deity. A niche on the north wall, with the sacred ibis of Thoth above it, and the dog-headed ape below, contained the various sacred rolls. The rows of hieroglyphics which we read all round the door of this book-room inform us that besides these manuscripts, which refer to the entrance and departure of those who came to the temple, and ten books brought from Nubia, the deeds and documents of the temple were preserved there, written on leather or parchment, and the records of the gifts offered there to Isis by the kings. At the southern end of the colonnade, and behind these chambers, is a doorway, where we find, incised in the stone, instructions for the door-keeper and the visitors admitted by him into the sanctuary.



COIN OF PTOLEMY PHILOPATOR.

Returning to the court, we now pass through the middle door of the second pylon (VII.) into the hypostyle, which is light and gaily painted—well suited, in short, to this, the most pleasing in style of all the great temples. It has four rows of three columns, with beautifully-painted foliage-capitals, and being only half roofed in, it is well lighted from above; but the full glare was probably moderated by a velarium—



TEMPLE OF KARDUSSEH IN NUBIA.

indeed, the holes are still visible through which the ropes to haul the awning were passed. On the roof there are astronomical devices, and in the stone walls we see crosses cut out. These and a Christian altar-niche, decorated with the same symbol, and constructed by a Byzantine architect, prove that this hall at some time served as a house of prayer for the inhabitants of Philae after their conversion to Christianity.

The rooms which open from the back of the hypostyle, and which terminate in the sanctum, and the chambers connected with it are richly covered with inscriptions. The little treasure-rooms and the hieroglyphic records all over their walls show that the temple of Isis was richly endowed by the Ptolemaic princes. The second and



THE ISLAND OF BIGEH.

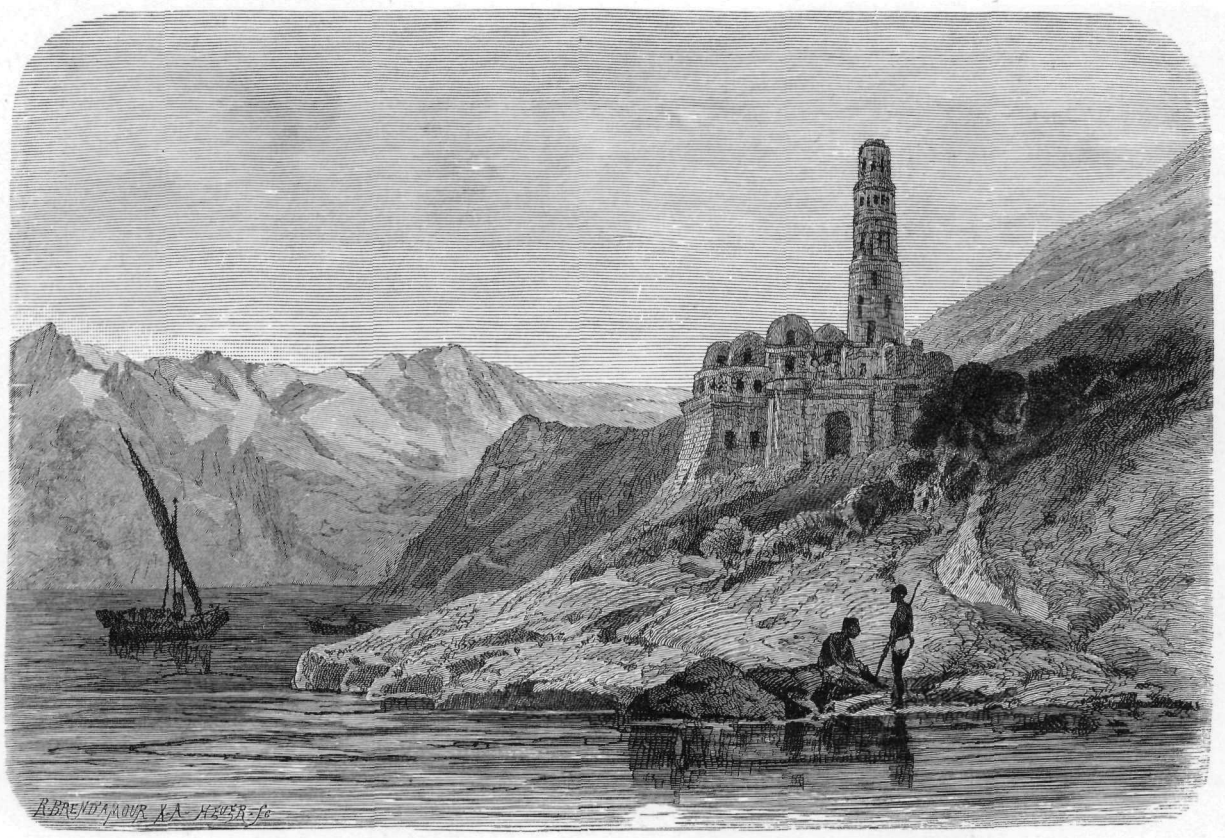
third of the Ptolemies—Philadelphus and Euergetes I.—caused the central portion of this temple to be built; but other members of this royal house—of whom we need only name Ptolemy Philopator—took an interest in its adornment. On its roof was the chamber of Osiris, in which the god—out of whose mummied corpse flowers blossomed, while the gods of the nether world stood ranged beside him—was expected to resuscitate to new life.

Among the smaller buildings of Philae, by far the most famous is that known as the Kiosk, or "Pharaoh's bed," a pavilion on the eastern bank of the island (X.), built by Tiberius, and which stands up in the pure and balmy air, a slender and airy structure, that delights the eye from afar. It was in a happy hour that that union was effected of Greek and Egyptian art which gave birth to this work.

The columns of this building are the slenderest that we meet with in any building in Egypt; and although it is sometimes said that the architect who designed it

made the imposts above the capitals which support the architrave too tall—they crown, indeed, the slenderest pillars that are met with in any building in Egypt—we are ready to forgive him this error of judgment, since it adds to the airy effect of this true pleasure-house, which was surrounded by palms, and was in its right place under this cloudless sky. At Kardasseh, in Nubia, south of Philae, there is an imitation of this kiosk, and it is not devoid of charm, though it has never been quite completed.

Opposite the western shore of Philae, from which it is divided by a narrow arm of the river, is the rocky island of Bigeh, called by the ancient Egyptians Senem, and, as the inscriptions record, it was a place of pilgrimage as early as in the time of



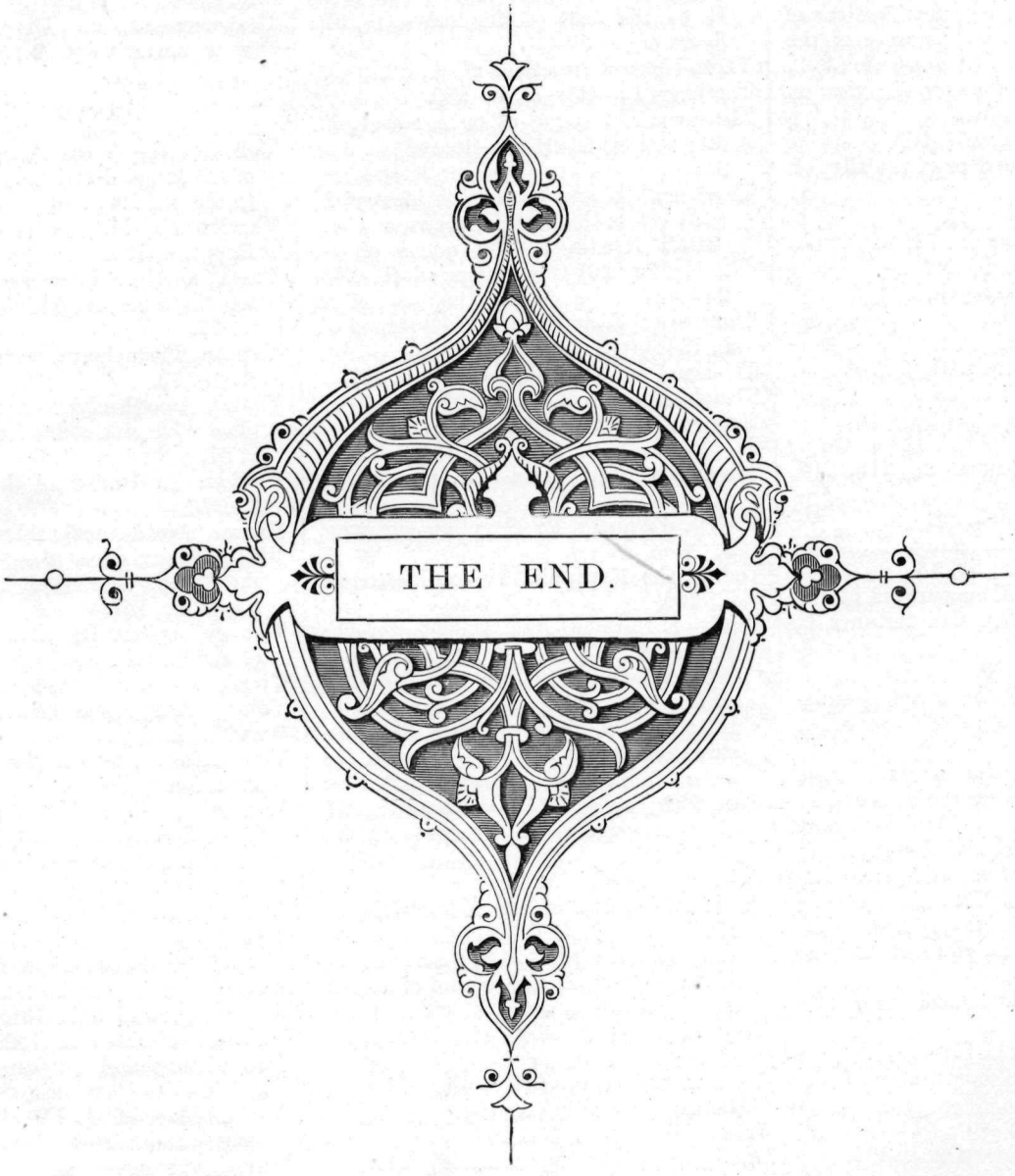
RUINS OF A KOPTIC MONASTERY NEAR PHILAE.

the kings of the XVIIIth Dynasty. A statue of Osiris of this remote period was found here, made of the fine rose-granite of this island, and with the name on it of Amenophis II. The small Ptolemaic temple on the eastern declivity of Bigeh gives a peculiar charm to the little island; a family of Nubians have made their home in it. The picture offered by this island, as we look at it from the western shore of Philae is highly characteristic, and even grand in its way. The best view is obtained from an outbuilding of the Temple of Isis, which stands between the river and the hypostyle (IV.). This also deserves particular mention for two pictures on its walls, one of which represents the naked cliffs of one of the islands, with the Nile-god in a cave at the foot pouring out the waters of the river, while a serpent guards him; the other represents the mummied form of Osiris carried across the Nile by a crocodile. This latter picture undoubtedly refers to the ancient myth which, in my opinion, is to be found again in the "Arabian Nights." The name of Philae is unknown in Egypt and Nubia; the

natives call it Anas el-Wugood, and Anas el-Wugood was beloved by the fair Zahar el-Ward (Flower of the Rose). The legend of this pair, of how they were parted, and how at last they found each other again, which is put into the mouth of Sheherezade, originated, beyond a doubt, on the shores of the Nile; indeed, the modern story-tellers begin it to this day with these words:—"I will build thee a castle in the midst of the great waters (*Bahr*) of Kenoos"—*i.e.*, Northern Nubia. The castle here meant is the Temple of Isis; and in the story of Anas el-Wugood it is related that the young hero of the story reached his beloved, who was imprisoned in a castle on an island, by swimming on the back of a crocodile. Must not this story have grown out of the legend of Isis and Osiris, who loved each other, and were parted, and the myth of the god who rejoined Isis, and the legend of the god who, by aid of a crocodile, reached the abode of Isis. The Osiris room in the temple of Philae is even at the present day held by the Arabs to be the bridal chamber of the happily-united pair.

Thus here—as is the case throughout Egypt—the new is grafted on to the old. It was to give each its due, and, wherever it might be possible, to point out how the one had grown out of the other, that I undertook to write this book; and I have constantly endeavoured to carry out my purpose during our journey to the utmost frontier of Egypt, from stage to stage and chapter to chapter, to the end.





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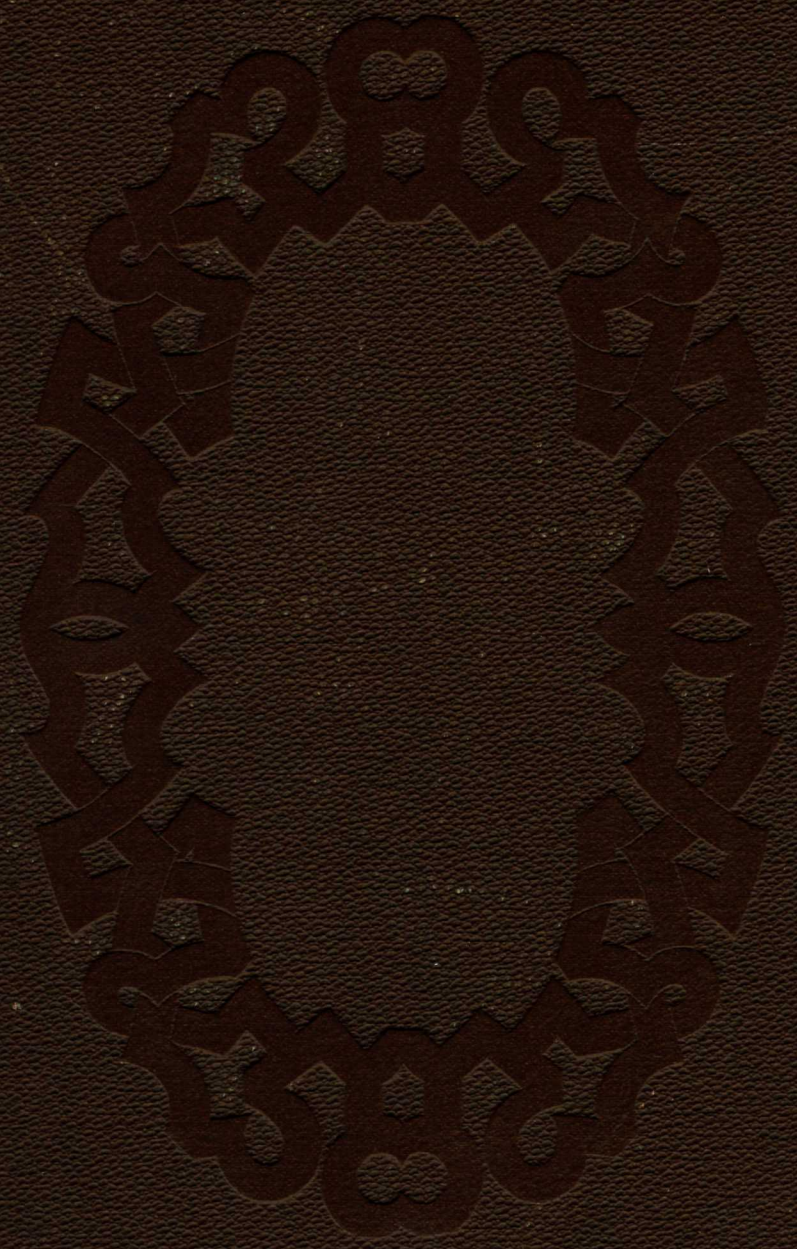
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